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ELLAND·A·NATION

ATLAS AND CYCLOPEDIA OF IRELAND

PART I.

A COMPREHENSIVE DELINEATION OF THE THIRTY-TWO COUNTIES,

WITH A BEAUTIFULLY COLORED MAP OF EACH, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY, SHOWING OVER 11,000 CITIES, TOWNS, VILLAGES AND PLACES OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

BY P. W. JOYCE, LL.D.

EMBRACING OVER TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE NATURAL SCENERY, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, ABBEYS, ROUND TOWERS AND OTHER ROMANTIC AND HISTORIC PLACES, REPRODUCED BY EMINENT ARTISTS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS ESPECIALLY TAKEN FOR THIS WORK.

PART II.

THE GENERAL HISTORY,

AS TOLD BY

A. M. SULLIVAN,

And Continued by P. D. NUNAN.

A Complete and Authentic History of Ireland, from the Earliest Ages. With Graphic Descriptions of the Battle of Clontarf, Strongbow's Invasion, Death of Roderick O'Connor (Last King of Ireland), Cromwell's Invasion, Siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne; Siege of Limerick, Penal Laws, The Volunteers, The United Irishmen, Catholic Emancipation and Repeal, The Young Irelanders, Fenian Insurrection, Home Rule and Land League Agitations, bringing it down almost to the United Irish League.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS OF THE LEADING STATESMEN, ORATORS, POETS AND MARTYRS OF THE EMERALD ISLE, TAKEN FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTINGS OF HAVERTY, REYNOLDS, LESAGE AND OTHERS.

NEW YORK:
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86 Walker Street.
1900.

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INTRODUCTION.

Mr. John Mitchel justly remarks, in one of his historical works, that the greatest conquest England ever made was to gain the ear of the world. In the case of Ireland especially, she has for centuries possessed not only its soil, but the advantage of telling the story of its people from her own viewpoint, while preventing them from making themselves heard in their own behalf. Down almost to within the memory of living men, education, even in its most rudimentary form, was a felony in Ireland, on the correct principle that the most effective method of subjugating and despoiling a people is to keep them in enforced ignorance.

"In that black time of law-wrought crime, of stifling woe and thrall,
There stood supreme one foul device, one engine worse than all:
Him whom they wished to keep a slave, they sought to make a brute—
They banned the light of heaven—they bade instruction's voice be mute.
God's second priest—the Teacher—sent to feed men's minds with lore—
They marked a price upon his head, as on the priest's before.
For, well they knew that never, face to face beneath the sky,
Could Tyranny and Knowledge meet, but one of them should die.
That fettered slaves will link their might until their murmurs grow
To that imperious thunder-peal which despots quail to know;
That men who learn will learn their strength—the weakness of their lords—
Till all the bonds that gird them round are snapt like Samson's cords.
This well they knew, and called the power of ignorance to aid:
So might, they deemed, an abject race of soulless serfs be made—
When Irish memories, hopes, and thoughts, were withered, branch and stem,
A race of abject, soulless serfs, to hew and draw for them."

In all countries the national history occupies a primal place in their schools and public institutions of learning, but Ireland is an exception. Irish history has never occupied in modern times in Irish universities, or the so-called Queen's Colleges, the honorable position which every other country in the world but Ireland assigns to the cultivation of its peculiar past. In schools established under the English government for the professed benefit of the people of Ireland it has been systematically ignored and suppressed. A few years ago a member of the Queen's University—the latest product of English education in Ireland—had the temerity to deliver a lecture on Irish history before the students of Queen's College, Belfast. Had the lecturer not ceased to be a student of the University, he would have been expelled for his profanity in introducing the name of Ireland within the walls of a college paid for by the Irish people, and dedicated to the united so-called sanctities of loyalty and nonsectarianism. With a vigor more violent than argumentative, he was attacked inside the university, and out of it, for having dared to speak of the country of Burke and Sheridan, of Grattan and O'Connell, in the presence of an Irish audience. He had even the honor of being made the subject of a "question," in the House of Commons, and of being gravely censured, by some ostensibly solemn members of Parliament, as "a person of seditious tendencies."

When the present system of national schools was established in Ireland, it was with the professed purpose of weaning the youth of the country from Irish ideas and aspirations. All reference to Irish history, literature, and national thought was rigorously eliminated, while the excellencies of the British constitution, and the benefits of British rule were set forth in diversified profusion. It was fondly hoped that the seeds of loyalty to British rule might thus be implanted, and Ireland be converted into a West Britain. But the attempt was doomed to ignominious failure. Once place the weapon of knowledge in the hand of youth, and the posses-

sor when grown to manhood will wield it as he wills. So it has been in Ireland. In no country is national literature more generously patronized, and liberally diffused. For ages the spirit of nationality was sustained and transmitted by the wandering bards, the traditions of the clans and families, and the legends and associations that cling, like ivy round a ruin, to every spot of the storied island.

But to the exiled Irish, and their descendants, even such channels and reminders of the history of their fatherland were denied. Compelled to combat for an existence among strangers, under new and adverse conditions, they had little time or opportunity to devote to the memories or glories of the past. Yet with a marvelous tenacity they carried with them, retained and transmitted to their children, the inheritance of their ancestors, and to this, in a great measure, may be attributed the status and moral solidarity which the Irish race occupies throughout the world to-day.

For, as Edmund Burke profoundly remarks, a man who is not proud of his ancestry will never leave after him anything for which his posterity may be proud of him.

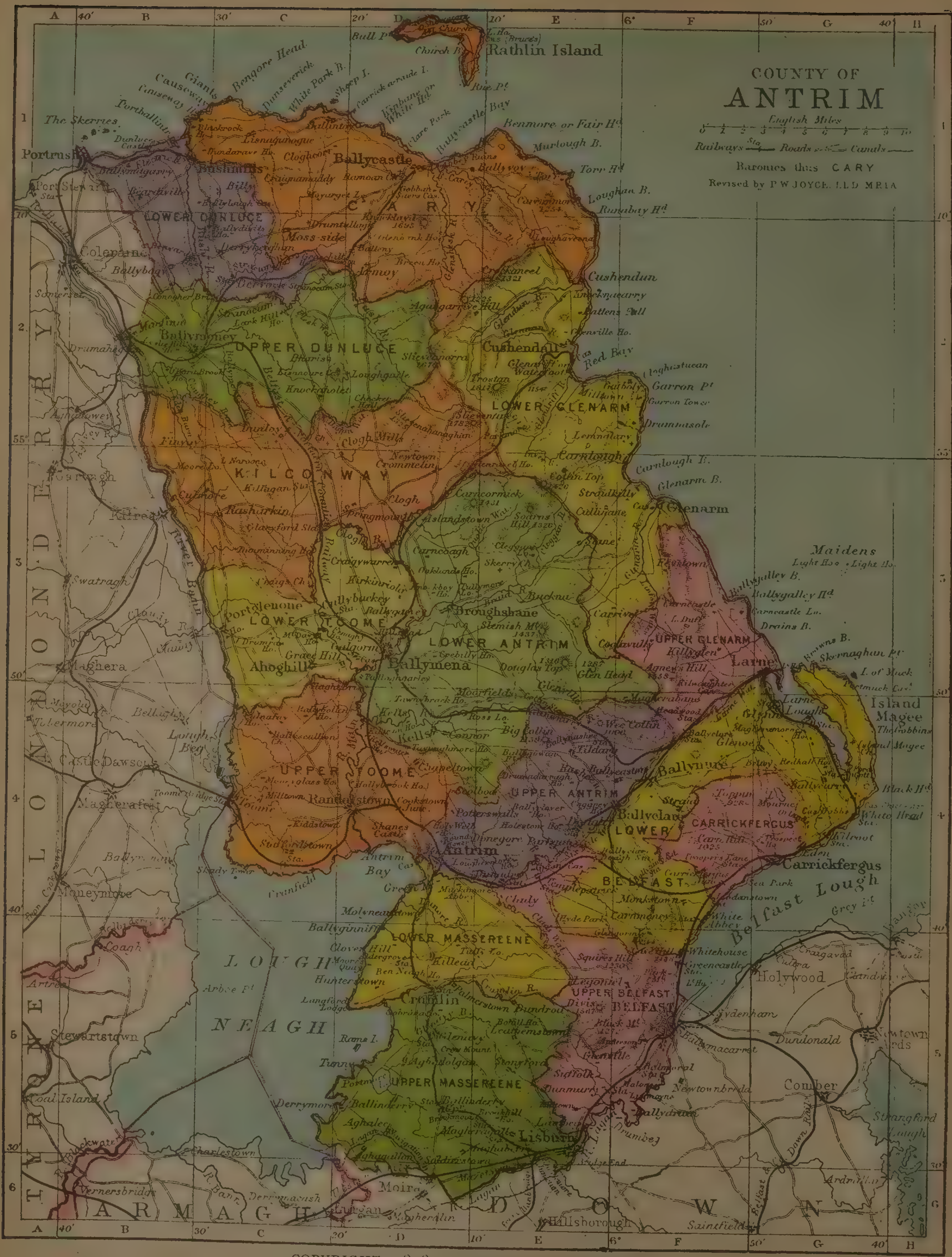
It is none of our purpose in these brief remarks to advert to the reasons why the Irish and those of Irish descent, especially in America, should be skilled in the history of their race. Here we are forming a great world-power, evolutionizing a new nationality, and to that nationality, combined of the best elements of Europe, the Irish have contributed, perhaps, the most essential part. A clamorous minority, indeed, chatter about Anglo-Saxonism, at once a misnomer and absurdity; but the cold figures of the statistics of emigration show that Europe, not England, is the mother country of America, and that to the building of our nationhood Ireland has contributed the greatest share. These, and kindred facts, are systematically ignored by English writers, and their American imitators, but they no longer dare to dispute them. A new school of history has been inaugurated, founded on modern scientific historical research; and the record of Ireland, as a civilizer, in the days when Europe, after the break-up of the Roman Empire, was a congeries of bloody factions and races, is now not only recognized but proclaimed by all modern authorities.

As we live in a busy age and country, however, we must adapt ourselves to our requirements and environment; and hence the publishers of the present work have placed within the reach of all Irish-American readers, and sympathizers of oppressed peoples, the most complete, condensed and lucid work on Ireland that has ever been published. It is an epitome of Ireland, in all her phases, a panoramic view of the ancestral island, which can be appeciated equally by the learned or unlearned, and read and scanned by all readers with pleasure and instruction. Ireland—geographical and topographical, picturesque, and historic, with her ancient ruins looking down on us with prehistoric venerableness, her antiquities, defying the acutest modern research, her churches, abbeys and monasteries telling in their eloquent remains "the power and faith of old," all are here presented in the most authentic form and in the best style of modern art. No expense has been spared in presenting in the most engaging form the Ireland of the Past and the Present to the reader; and at a price that will bring it within the reach of all.

It is needless to advert to the beauties of Irish scenery—which are unsurpassed—or the reminiscences that meet the tourist at every turn, or the manifold attractions that Ireland presents to all in her varying phases, changeful as her skies, and beauteous as her fields, and inspiring as the story that surrounds her.

To those who have been born in the Emerald Isle this work will be of personal interest, containing, as it does, maps of the thirty-two counties of Ireland; to those who have never visited its shores, its scenes of picturesque loveliness, which excite the admiration of every traveler, will be an incentive to see them in reality, when opportunity allows; while those to whom higher aspirations appeal will turn to the lessons which the pages of this work present to them, and, in reading the record of their ancestors, will realize the meaning of the poet:

> "They left us a treasure of fit and wrath,
> A spur to our cold blood set,
> And we'll tread that path, with a spirit that hath
> Assurance of victory yet."



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ANTRIM.

NAME.—The old form was *Aentruibh*, or *Aentrebh*, which probably means either "one tribe" or "one habitation:" but this is not quite certain. Antrim town gave name to the county.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length, from "The New Bridge" over the Lagan, near Lisburn, to the Giant's Causeway, 54½ miles: breadth, from Island Magee to Toome on the Bann, 30 miles: area, 1191 square miles: population, 421,943.

SURFACE.—An almost uninterrupted succession of hills and uplands, a kind of irregular plateau, long and narrow, extends along the coast from Belfast Lough to Fair Head, with a narrow belt of well cultivated land between it and the sea. Near Larne the mountains run down to the sea, forming magnificent scenery. From this plateau the land slopes inland, so that many of the main streams have their source near the sea, and flow west and southwest to Lough Neagh and the Bann.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The chief mountain summits are—Slemish (1,437), near the center point of the county, memorable as the scene of St. Patrick's early life: Trostan (1,811), Slieveanee (1,782), Slieveanorra (1,676), and Slievenahanaghan (1,325), all four near Cushendall: a little north of these, and west of Cushendun, Agangarrive (1,225), and Crockaneel (1,321): Knocklayd (1,695), a fine detached mountain mass near Ballycastle: Collin Top (1,426), Carncormick (1,431), and Soarns Hill (1,326), west of Glenarm: Divis (1,561), Black Mountain, (1,272), Squires Hill (1,230), and Cave Hill (1,188), all near Belfast: Carn Hill (1,025) and Toppin (928) near Carrickfergus.

COAST-LINE.—The coast, nearly the whole way round from Carrickfergus to Portrush, is broken into a succession of fine cliffs, pierced by many ravines, through which mountain streams, short and rapid, tumble into the sea. Cliffs formed of basaltic columns extend for many miles along the north coast, and attain their most striking development in Fair Head and the Giant's Causeway. A most picturesque road runs along the whole coast from Carrickfergus to Ballycastle.

HEADLANDS.—The chief headlands (going regularly round the coast) are—Bengore Head (367), of which the Giant's Causeway forms a part: Kinbane or White Head, topped by a castle ruin: Benmore or Fair Head (636), with its great ranges of basaltic columns: Torr Head, a spur from Carranmore Hill (1,254), 1½ miles inland: Garron Point, a grand cliff, near which is the singular detached tower-like sea rock—Cloghastucan: Ballygalley Head: the Gobbins, a series of lofty basaltic sea cliffs on the east side of Island Magee: Black Head and White Head, as you come toward Carrickfergus.

ISLANDS.—Rathlin, or Raghery Island, off the north coast: area, 5¼ square miles: shores abrupt and steep: highest point Slieveacarn (447), on the west end: in the northeast extremity are the ruins of Bruce's Castle, where Robert Bruce took refuge in the winter of 1306. The other islands are mere sea rocks, viz., the little group of the Skerries, near Portrush: Maidens, near Larne, with two lighthouses; and Muck Island, near the coast of Island Magee.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Belfast Lough lies between Antrim and Down: Larne Lough, a shallow inlet 5 miles long, confined on the east by the long, narrow peninsula of Island Magee: Ballygalley Bay: the sheltered little Bay of Glenarm; and near it, on the north, Carnlough Bay: Red Bay, at the mouth of the Glenariff River, with its remarkable caves: Murlough Bay, near Fair Head: Ballycastle Bay: White Park Bay, east of Bengore Head.

RIVERS.—The Bann forms the western boundary from where it issues out of Lough Neagh to the point where it enters Londonderry, a distance of about 27 miles: the Lagan runs on the southern boundary from near Moira to its mouth—about 22 miles. The Six-mile Water, flowing by Ballyclare into the northeast corner of Lough Neagh, near the town of Antrim: the Larne Water, hav-

ing its source near that of the Six-mile Water, but flowing in an opposite direction, falls into the sea at Larne: the Main, running southward by Cullybacky, Galgorm, and Randalstown, into the northeast corner of Lough Neagh: the Glenwhirry River and the Kells River, which form one stream, flowing west by Kells into the Main: the Braid flows west, by Broughshane and Ballymena, into the Main: the Glenravel Water and the Clogh River, forming one stream, flow southwest into the Main, near Clogh Mills: the Bush flows north, by Armoy and Bushmills, into the sea near the Giant's Causeway: the Carey and the Glenshesk, two mountain streams run into the sea at Ballycastle: the Glendun, which falls into the sea at Cushendun; and near it on the south, the Glenaan, running by Cushendall: the Glenariff, flowing through a beautiful glen into Red Bay, near Cushendall: the Glenarm River flowing by Glenarm.

LAKES.—A large portion of Lough Neagh belongs to this county. Lough Beg, an expansion of the Bann, a little below Lough Neagh, about 3 miles long and ¾ mile wide, contains several islands. Lough Guile, a small lake 7 miles east of Ballymoney, gives name to the surrounding parish: Portmore Lake, between the southeast shore of Lough Neagh and the village of Ballinderry, circular, and about a square mile in area: Lough Mourne, 3 miles north of Carrickfergus.

TOWNS.—Belfast (208,122, of whom 23,917 belong to Ballymacarrett, that part of Belfast lying in county Down), the assize town, at the mouth of the Lagan, the greatest manufacturing and trading town in Ireland—chief seat of the linen trade. Carrickfergus (4,792), on the shore of Belfast Lough, with its fine old castle perched on a rocky peninsula: halfway between Belfast and Carrickfergus lies Whiteabbey (1,452), with its flax-spinning mills: and nearer Belfast, still on the shore, is Whitehouse (975).

Following the coast, we come to Larne (4,716), in a beautiful spot near the mouth of Larne Lough, with the old castle of Olderfleet opposite it, on the Curran peninsula: Glenarm (1,276) stands in a lovely valley, nearly surrounded by mountains, and is noted for its beautiful scenery: Ballycastle (1,446), in a fine valley on the north coast, with Knocklayd towering over it: Portrush (1,322), on a sharp projecting point in the northwest corner, much frequented as a watering-place; 3 miles east from which is the ancient castle of Dunluce, perched on a rock high over the sea.

Lisburn (10,755—of whom 2,446 are in that part of the town belonging to county Down), stands on the Lagan (flax-spinning, weaving, bleaching): Ballymena (8,883), on the river Braid (manufactures, trade in linen and yarn): Legoniel (3,497), 3 miles northwest from Belfast: Ballymoney (3,049), within 3 miles of the Bann (linen, brewing, tanning). Antrim (1,647), on the Six-mile Water, where it enters Lough Neagh, gives name to the county; near it stands a round tower; and 2 miles west, on the shore of the lake, are the fine ruins of Shane's Castle. Ballyclare (1,475), on the Six-mile Water: Bushmills (1,103), on the river Bush, near Portrush—noted for its distillery.

MINERALS.—On the north coast at Fair Head, coal is found; the coal mines were worked there in very ancient times, as is shown by the remains of old coal pits and antique mining tools. There are salt mines at Carrickfergus; and excellent iron ore is raised in the valley of the Glenravel River.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The northern part of Antrim, north from the Glenravel River, was the ancient territory of Dalriada, commonly called Ruta, or the Route; all from that south was part of the old territory of Dalaradia. This latter part of Antrim (from the Glenravel to the Lagan, and west to Lough Neagh and the Bann) was, in later ages, called North or Lower Clannaboy (or Clandeboye), to distinguish it from South Clannaboy, in county Down—both Clannaboys being the territory of the O'Neills. Clannaboy (the whole, or the greater part) was more anciently called Trian Congaill. The plain between the rivers Bann and Bush was the ancient Elnè or Elè. The district extending from the barony of Lower Massareene to the barony of Lower Toome (inclusive) was anciently called Hy Tuirtre; and the old territory of Moylinny lay between the rivers Six-Mile Water and Glenwhirry.

The rugged district from Larne to Ballycastle—the territory of the MacDonnells—was, and is still, known as the Glens or Glynns of Antrim; so called from eight of those ravines mentioned

The following are the Glens: 1—Glenshesk, through which runs the river Shesk into Ballycastle Bay; 2—Glendun, through which the Glendun River runs, by Cushendun; 3—Glencorp, a little valley at the northeast of the parish of Layd, near Glendun; 4—Glenaan, traversed by the Glenaan River; 5—Glenballymon, through which runs the Ballymon River, joining the Glenaan, near Cushendall; 6—Glenariff; 7—Glencloy, the valley running from Carnlough up toward Collin Top; 8—Glenarm, the valley traversed by the Glenarm River.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

CARRICK-A-REDE. Near the village of Ballintoy, is the basaltic crag of Carrick-a-Rede—the Rock in the Road—with a flying bridge over a chasm more than eighty feet deep, connecting it with the mainland. The island is two and a half acres in extent, on which is a small cottage built as a fishing station. The bridge consists of two ropes or cables fastened to rings in the rock on either side, and a guide rope running parallel, and a boarded footpath. Over this women and children pass, carrying great loads, but to the inexperienced its crossing is a dangerous feat. The rock derives its chief interest from its being a fishing station for salmon, that annually coast along the shore in search of rivers to deposit their spawn. Their passage is intercepted by the rock, and the fish secured in the sweep of the nets. The rock is much frequented by tourists, attracted by the novelty of the feat of crossing the bridge.

ROUND TOWER.—A little to the north of the town of Antrim stands one of the finest specimens of the Round Towers in the north of Ireland; it is ninety-five feet high, tapers upward, diminishing from fifty-two feet in circumference at the base, to thirty-six near the top. The door is twelve feet from the ground, and is of a square form. Over the entrance there is a device in open stonework, resembling a Maltese cross, which would strengthen the idea of these towers having been erected within the Christian period. It is the opinion of the learned Dr. Petrie that this tower was built by Goban Saer in the seventh century, a celebrated architect of that age, to whom also is ascribed the erection of those of Kilmacduagh and Kilbannon, near Tuam. The peculiarity of the doorway and open cross will be readily understood from the accompanying engraving.

LORD ANTRIM'S PARLOR, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—The accompanying picture represents one of the apartments of the Giant's Causeway, in the County of Antrim, one of the most monumental wonders of nature. This natural cave derives its name from the story or tradition that one of the lords of Antrim once gave a feast within its gloomy and imposing walls. This great natural wonder is of basaltic formation, and comprises three divisions, the Little Causeway, the Middle Causeway, and the Great Causeway. The perpendicular pillars, which are so regularly placed as to impress the spectator with the belief that they had been fashioned by the hand and brain of some Titanic architect, number nearly forty thousand, are prismatic in form, and embrace any number of sides from three to nine; the whole area covering about three acres, yet all the clustering columns arranged and fitted:

> "With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
> With such design, so just in every part,
> That reason pauses, doubtful if it stand
> The work of mortal, or immortal hand."

GLENARM.—Glenarm, embosomed in a beautiful vale opening to the sea, presents an attractive view, with the turrets of the castle, and the picturesque surroundings like a moving tableau. There is not in Ireland a more fascinating and romantic little town; the beauty and variety of the adjacent scenery, and the dell-like tranquillity of the town and valley in which it is situated, are well calculated to attract the notice of the visitor and make an impression not soon to be effaced. The pros-

pect from the adjacent basaltic cliffs, 200 feet in height, is extremely interesting, embracing the castle with its minarets and gilded vanes embosomed in the woods of the richly-planted park; while just below are seen the silvery waters of the beautiful bay of Glenarm tranquilly sleeping between the lofty precipices which guard it upon the north and south, and far along northward the varied and picturesque coast as far as the Garron Point and the fort-crowned hill of Dumane.

GLENARM CASTLE.—Glenarm Castle has only been occupied as the family seat of the McDonnells, earls of Antrim, since 1750, after the destruction of their former summer abode at Ballymagarry. The gateway to the castle, a lofty barbican, is approached by a bridge crossing the river; and beneath its arch a beautiful carriage drive leads round to the entrance hall. The edifice has been modernized and rendered one of the most elegant and commodious mansions in the island. The demesne is especially worthy of admiration, occupying a long and deep glen or ravine, well wooded and watered by a beautiful stream abounding in trout and salmon, inclosed by lofty cliffs on the north and south; a natural cascade called the Bull's Eye forming a pretty feature in the walk along the river, which is broken into a series of charming waterfalls. The hill of Slieve Mish, where the captive boy St. Patrick tended the swine of the chieftain Milcho.

DUNLUCE CASTLE.—Among the remarkable features of the north coast of Antrim are the castles which crown its cliffs. Some of them are on insulated rocks, others upon the margin of steep precipices, and all illustrations of the active and warlike character of the ancient inhabitants. Dunluce Castle, in Irish "the strong fort," is situated on an insulated rock 120 feet above the sea level, and is probably the most picturesque ruin in Ireland. Connection with the mainland is formed by a single wall not more than eighteen inches broad, the chasm at each side being nearly eighty feet deep. It is built of columnar basalt, in many instances so placed as to show their polygonal sections. It is a very ancient fortress, and was according to the Four Masters founded about the year of the world 3668. It was captured by the McQuillans from the English in 1513, and was taken by the McDonnells of Antrim in the reign of James the First. Its history is so strange and checkered as to be akin to romance.

SHANE'S CASTLE.—This edifice, now in ruins, was the ancient seat of the O'Neills, the most powerful of the Irish septs. It stands in the midst of a beautiful demesne extending from Randalstown to and along the shores of Lough Neagh for a distance of three miles. The river Main flows through the grounds and is crossed by an ornamental bridge, connecting them with the Deer-park, which is of considerable extent. The castle was destroyed by fire in 1816, nothing being saved but the family papers. At present a portion of the stables are converted into a residence; all that is left of the castle being some ruined towers, and the fortified esplanade, upon which is a conservatory. The castle derives its name from Shane O'Neill, John the Proud, one of the most redoubtable foes the English power met in Ireland. He was assassinated at a banquet at the instance of the Lord Deputy, who kept his head spiked for months on the tower of Dublin Castle.

CARRICKFERGUS.—Carrickfergus is said to have derived its name from Feargusa, or Fergus, who was lost off the coast of the locality before the birth of Christ. Among the many historical reminders of this place is the castle, which is, perhaps, the only one of the very ancient castles at present in a habitable condition. Situated on an insulated rock, jutting out into the bay, it commands the approach to the opulent city of Belfast, and as a military position has been always regarded as of much importance. At a very early period it was selected as the site of a fortress, being one of the most celebrated of the military posts in the time of the Dalaradians, and ever since it has occupied a prominent position in the annals of the country. The castle was built by the celebrated John De Courcy, in 1178, who received a "grant" from Henry II. of all the land he might conquer in Ulster. Carrickfergus remained as the great stronghold of the English for centuries. In 1641, it frequently changed masters, being alternately in the hands of the Scotch, English and Irish.

PORTRUSH.—Portrush is regarded as the port of Coleraine, and is a pretty town of over a thousand inhabitants. It is situated within the shelter of a noble headland forming a peninsula, consisting of a large and picturesque rock, which has long been a subject of great interest to geologists. Steamers ply between the town and Glasgow, Liverpool and Londonderry. The scenery is very picturesque, embracing the Skerries islands, Dunluce to the east, and beyond the gigantic cliffs that overhang the causeway. Between Dunluce and Portrush are the famous White Rocks and caves, among them that known as the Priest's Hole, so called from its being the hiding-place of a priest after the Rebellion, who on being tracked and discovered by the soldiers, leaped to death in the seething waves below rather than surrender.

ALBERT MEMORIAL, BELFAST.—Among the many splendid architectural structures in Belfast, few if any are more imposing and graceful than that shown in the present engraving. It consists of a clock tower in sculptured stone, and stands at the foot of High Street. It was erected as a memorial to the late Prince Albert, Consort of Queen Victoria, by public subscription, and was completed in 1870. It is of Venetian-Gothic style, and is 147 feet in height. In a niche facing High Street stands a statue of the prince. As Belfast is the center of the loyalists in Ireland, such a memorial must be taken to typify their sentiments, instead of those of the great mass of the Irish people. Belfast is a thoroughly modern city, its growth and prosperity being the product of the present century, owing to its favored position, and its being the center of the linen trade.

CARRICK-A-REDE, ANTRIM.

ROUND TOWER, ANTRIM.

HONEY COMB, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY ANTRIM.

GLENARM CASTLE, ANTRIM.

DUNLUCE CASTLE, ANTRIM.

SHANE'S CASTLE, ANTRIM.

CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE, ANTRIM.

PORTRUSH, ANTRIM.

ALBERT MEMORIAL, BELFAST.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, BELFAST.

ARMAGH.

NAME.—County named from city. The name belongs to pagan times, and existed long before the time of St. Patrick. The oldest form is Ard-Macha, which means Macha's height: this Macha being a semi-mythical heroine, the founder of the palace of Emania, 300 years B.C.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length, from north to south, 33 miles: breadth from east to west, 21 miles: area, 512½ square miles: population, 163,177.

SURFACE.—The northern part—comprising the two baronies of Oneilland—is flat, with much bog. The greater part of the rest of the county consists of gentle hills, for the most part cultivated, or in pasture, with fertile valleys between. Toward the southern border it becomes more hilly, till the upland culminates in Slieve Gullion.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—Slieve Gullion (1,893), one of the finest detached mountains in the kingdom, rise abruptly from the plain. From its position, in the midst of a level country, it commands from its summit a view scarcely exceeded by that from any other mountain in Ireland. Near the top is a small, deep lake, celebrated in fairy legend. On the very summit is a great carn of stones, in which is an artificial cave formed of dry masonry. In this cave, according to legend, dwelt an enchantress, the fairy daughter of Culand, the mythical smith of the Dedannans. The Newry Mountains lie about 2 miles west of the town of Newry: highest summit—Camlough Mountain (1,385), separated from Slieve Gullion by a deep valley; and Ballymacdermot Mountain (1,019). The Fews Mountains run north and south through the two baronies of Upper and Lower Fews—to which they have given name—forming a long, low range, now in great part cultivated; of which Deadman's Hill (1,178), Carrigatuke, or Armaghbrague Mountain (1,200), Darigry (1,093), Tullyneill (1,014), and Mullyash (1,034)—this last in Monaghan—all lie near Newtown Hamilton, to the north and west. Vicar's Carn (819), lying 3 miles west of Markethill, is a remarkable hill, having a carn, with a curious cave on top. Three miles south of Newry is Fathom Mountain (820): at the extreme southeast corner, on the boundary, and belonging partly to Louth, is Anglesey Mountain (1,349). Round Forkhill, on the south border, are several low hills, the highest of which is Slievebrack (896), a mile northwest from the village.

RIVERS.—The Upper Bann enters Armagh near Carrick Blacker: and from this to where it enters Lough Neagh (12 miles) it flows through this county. The Blackwater, flowing into the southwest corner of Lough Neagh, forms, for nearly the whole of its course, the boundary between Armagh and Tyrone. The Callan River, flowing by the city of Armagh, and the Tall River, running by Rich Hill, join together, and the united steam enters the Blackwater 1 mile below Charlemont. The Cusher River, formed by the junction, near Mountnorris, of two small streams (the Creggan and the Blackwater), flows by Tanderagee, and joins the Bann 1 mile above Portadown. The White River runs south through Newtown Hamilton, and takes, as it goes along, the successive names of Cullyhanna River, Creggan River, and (in Louth) the Castletown River, (from three villages so called), joining the sea at Dundalk. Parallel to this, and 2 or 3 miles east of it, flows the Cully Water (formed by the junction of the Dorsey and Ummeracam), which enters Louth, and joins the Castletown River. Between this and Slieve Gullion is the Forkhill River, which lower down is called the Kilcurry River, and enters Louth to join the Cully Water. The Fane forms the southwest boundary for about 3 miles. The Tynan River takes name from the village by which it flows, and joins the Blackwater at Caledon.

LAKES.—In the southwest corner, north and west of Crossmaglen, is a group of small lakes, chief of which are—Ross Lake, a mile in length, a small part of which belongs to Monaghan: Lough Patrick: St. Peter's Lake (half belonging

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to Monaghan); Kiltybane Lake, Lisleitrim Lake, and Cullyhanna Lake. Camlough—a long, narrow sheet of water—lies in the valley between Camlough Mountain and Slieve Gullion. Clay Lake is in the west, near the village of Keady. In the north, bordering on Lough Neagh, are Lough Gullion, near the mouth of the Upper Bann; and, somewhat more to the west, the three lakes of Derrylileagh, Derryadd, and Annagarriff.

TOWNS.—The city of Armagh (10,070) is the metropolitan see of all Ireland: the cathedral was originally founded by St. Patrick, about the year 457, on a commanding site, given to him by the local chief—Dairè. That portion of Newry which lies in this county has a population of 5,657 (the whole population of the town being 14,808). Lurgan (10,135), in the northeast corner, is a neat and improving town: Portadown (7,850), on the Upper Bann, is a busy, thriving town. Keady (1,598) stands on the stream running from Clay Lake into Callan River. Tanderagee (1,592) is on the Cusher River, with Tanderagee Castle crowning the hill over it: Markethill (874) is a flourishing little town, near which is Gosford Castle, with its fine demesne. Newtown Hamilton (898) is beautifully situated in the midst of the Fews Mountains: Rich Hill (595), in a pretty spot on the Tall River, 5 miles from Armagh. Crossmaglen (872) is in the southwest corner: Charlemont (247), on the Blackwater, was formerly an important place, as it commanded a pass across the river: the old castle remains, and is now occupied by military. Charlemont and Moy, at the other side of the river, really form one town.

MINERALS.—Limestone is quarried plentifully round the city of Armagh—the finer part of which is good marble.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—This county formed a part of the ancient kingdom of Oriel. The eastern part of the kingdom of Oriel was called Oirtheara (pron. Or'hera, and meaning "eastern people"): it was the territory of the O'Hanlons, and the name is still preserved in that of the two baronies of Orior. The old territory of Hy Niallain is now represented in name and position by the two baronies of Oneilland. On the southern shore of Lough Neagh, round the mouth of the Bann, was situated the ancient district of Hy Breasail, or Clanbrassil.

The palace of Emania—which was the residence of the kings of Ulster from about 300 B.C. to A.D. 332—was situated a mile and a half west of the present city of Armagh. The remains of this old royal residence are there still, consisting of a great circular rath, or rampart of earth, with a deep fosse, inclosing 11 acres, within which are two smaller forts. The ruin still keeps the old name; for it is universally known as the "Navan Fort." The Gaelic name is Eamhuin, pronounced Aven (of which Emania is a Latinized form); and when the "n" of the Gaelic article ("an") is placed before this—as is done in many other names—it forms 'n Eamhuin, which is exactly represented in sound by Navan. In the first century A.D. this palace was the residence and training place of the militia called the Red Branch Knights, under Conor Mac Nessa, the Ulster king; they lived in, and took their name from, one of the houses, called Craobh-ruadh (pronounced Creeveroe), or the "Red Branch," and this house left its name on the adjacent modern townland of Creeveroe.

The finest part of ancient Irish romantic literature has reference to these Red Branch Knights and their exploits. Their chief heroes were Cuchullin—the mightiest champion of all—who lived at Dundalgan (see Louth); Conall Carnagh; Leary the Victorious; Fergus Mac Roy; and the three sons of Usna, namely Naisi, Ardan, and Ainlè. The three sons of Usna having been treacherously put to death by king Conor Mac Nessa, in violation of the solemn guarantee of Fergus Mac Roy, a large band of warriors, with Fergus at their head, left Ulster and entered the service of Maive, queen of Connaught. Soon after, queen Maive, with an army of Connacians, aided by the exiled Ulstermen, made a raid into Ulster and brought away a great spoil of cattle, especially from the district called Quelnè (see Louth); and thus a war was begun between the two provinces which lasted for seven years. During this war the mighty hero Cuchullin defended Ulster against the Connacians, and against his own exiled countrymen; and his exploits, and the general events of the war, form the subject of the

ancient Irish epic, the Tain-bo-Quelnè (see also Louth).

The highest point of the Fews Mountain (probably Carrigatuke) was anciently called Slieve Fuad, and was celebrated in old Irish romance.

On the Callan River, about 2 miles north of Armagh, is Bellanaboy, or the Yellow Ford; where, in 1598, a great battle was fought, in which Hugh O'Neill, earl of Tyrone, defeated Sir Henry Bagenal; and Bagenal himself and 1,300 of his men were slain. This ford has however, lost its old name.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.—The see of Armagh was originally founded by St. Patrick, about the year of 457, and is the primatial see of all Ireland. After the Anglo-Norman invasion, the question of eccesiastical supremacy was bitterly fought between the Irish incumbents of St. Patrick's see and the Archbishops of Dublin, who upheld the English interest. The latter took the title of "Primate of Ireland," while the Archbishops of Armagh, fortified themselves by assuming the title of "Primate of *all* Ireland." The distinction is maintained to the present day, the Protestant bishops even of both sees claiming the distinctive titles. The ancient Cathedral of Armagh was appropriated by the Protestants during the so-called Reformation, and has been since "restored" by the Robinsons, Beresfords, and other Protestant bishops of that see, though it was never restored to its Catholic owners. It has been surpassed, however, by the magnificent Catholic Cathedral, shown in the accompanying engraving, which was begun by Archbishop Crolly, about fifty years ago, and completed by Archbishop Dixon. It is one of the finest of modern ecclesiastical structures.

VIEW OF ARMAGH.

OLD ST. PATRICK'S, ARMAGH,

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH.

CARLOW.

NAME.—County named from the town. The old name of the town is Cetherloch (pronounced Keherlogh), meaning "quadruple lake" (Gaelic, Cether, four); and the tradition is that the Barrow anciently formed four lakes at the place where the town now stands; but of these lakes there is now no trace.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length, from the Pollmounty River at the southern end, to the northern boundary near Rathvilly, 32½ miles; greatest breadth at right angles to this, from Black Bridge on the Dinin River in the west, to the boundary line beside Ballyredmond House near Clonegall in the east, 20 miles; area, 346 square miles; population, 46,568.

SURFACE.—Nearly the whole of this county is level, forming a part of the great central plain of Ireland, and it is generally fertile and well cultivated: at the extreme southeast, and at the extreme west, it is skirted by mountains.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The Mount Leinster and Blackstairs Mountains, which form a continuous range, run for nearly their whole length (about 16 miles) generally on the border of the counties of Carlow and Wexford. Beginning at the northeast, Greenoge (1,399) and Kilbrannish (1,335); both west of Newtownbarry, lie wholly in this county. At the southern base of Kilbrannish Mountain is the Gap or Pass of Corrabut, traversed by a road running east and west between this hill and Mount Leinster. The boundary runs over the summit of Mount Leinster (2,610), a conspicuous mountain, the culminating point of the whole range. Knockroe (1,746) is 2 miles further south. South of this is Scullogue Gap, which separates the range of Mount Leinster from that of the Blackstairs, forming the only carriage-road pass across the mountains. South of the Gap, the summit of Blackstairs Mountain (2,409) lies on the boundary. That part of the county west of the Barrow (the barony of Idrone West) is hilly, rising in several places to over 1,000 feet.

RIVERS.—On the western side, the Barrow, where it flows by Carlow town, forms for 5 miles the boundary between Carlow and Queen's County; next flows through Carlow for 11 miles; and for 19 miles more forms the boundary between Carlow and Kilkenny. On the eastern side, the Slaney runs southward through the county for 18 miles, and for 3 miles more forms the boundary between Carlow and Wexford; after which it enters Wexford. The Burren River rises on the northern slope of Mount Leinster, and flowing northwest, through the middle of the county, joins the Barrow at Carlow. The Derreen, which enters Carlow from Wicklow, joins the Slaney 3 miles below Tullow: it rises in the southern slope of Keadeen mountain, east of Baltinglass in Wicklow, and is then called the Douglas, flows southwest for some distance, and then forms for a mile the boundary between Wicklow and Carlow, after which it enters Carlow: further on it forms again the boundary between Wicklow and Carlow for five miles, and then finally enters Carlow, ending its course in the Slaney a little further on.

The Clody rises in Mount Leinster, and flowing eastward, joins the Slaney at Newtownburry, running the whole way on the boundary between Carlow and Wexford. The Mountain River and the Corries River (also called, in the lower part of its course, the Black River or Dinin River) both join the Barrow at Borris. The Pollmounty forms the extreme southern boundary, and is joined from the northeast by the little river Drummin. The Lerr rivulet, joining the Barrow 3 miles north of Carlow town, forms a small part of the northern boundary.

TOWNS.—Carlow (7,185), on the Barrow, just where the Burren River falls into it, the assize town, is a neat, cheerful-looking town, of which the town of Graigue, (1,287), on the other side of the river (in Queen's county), forms a part. The remains of the old castle are on a hill over the Barrow. In the town is the Roman Catholic cathedral, near which is "Carlow College." Proceeding down the Barrow, we come to Leighlinbridge (835), 8 miles below Carlow, with the

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BRIDGE, CARLOW.

DUBLIN STREET, CARLOW

COURT HOUSE CARLOW

JAUNTING CAR

"Black Castle"—the ruin of an Anglo-Norman stronghold—near the bridge; and two miles below this is the pretty town of Bagenalstown (2,141), of which many of the working classes are employed in preparing the granite and "Carlow flags" (see next paragraph) quarried in the vicinity. Borris (1,617), on the Dinin, near where it joins the Barrow, is romantically situated in the midst of a rugged district. The other towns are Tullow (1,977) on the Slaney, in the midst of a lovely country; west of which a mile and a half is "Castlemore Moat," one of those old forts so numerous in the country, a conspicuous representative of its class. Hacketstown (721), placed on a hill, is in the northeast corner of the county; three miles south of which is the hamlet of Clonmore, or as it was anciently called Clonmore-Mogue, once a very celebrated religious establishment, founded in the sixth century by St. Maidoc or Mogue (who was not the same as St. Maidoc, the patron of Ferns in Wexford). Near the northern boundary of the county is the village of Rathvilly (302), beside which is the large fort or rath which gives name to the village and parish.

MINERALS.—The eastern half, and part of the west, of the county produces fine granite for building. The Castlecomer coal field (in Kilkenny) just touches Carlow at the extreme western side, so as to include a small portion of the barony of Idrone West. In connection with these coal fields there is a kind of sandstone that splits into layers and large slates, well known as "Carlow flags."

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—Moy-Fea was the old name of a plain lying in the barony of Forth. There were two districts in Leinster anciently called Fotharta (pronounced Fóharta): one was called Fotharta-Fea, because it included the old plain of Moy-Fea, above mentioned: and it is now represented by the barony of Forth. "Art, the son of Conn the Hundred-fighter (king of Ireland, A.D. 123) succeeded to the throne A.D. 165, and immediately on his accession he banished from Munster his uncle, Ohy Finn Fothart, who had aided in the slaying of Conn. Ohy proceeded to Leinster; and the king of that province bestowed on him and his sons certain districts, the inhabitants of which were afterward called Fotharta, from their ancestor Ohy Finn Fothart. Of these the two principal still retain the name, viz., the baronies of Forth in Wexford and Carlow."

Hy Felimy was the name of a tribe and district in the present barony of Rathvilly: the old name is still preserved in that of the town of Tullow-O-Felimy, now commonly called Tullow.

The tribe of Hy Drona gave their name to a territory extending on both sides of the Barrow—part in Kilkenny and part in Carlow: and that part of it lying in Carlow is still represented in name and position by the two baronies of Idrone.

The present poor village of Old Leighlin, west of the Barrow, was once an episcopal see: its first bishop was St. Laserian or Molaise (pronounced Molash'a) who lived in the end of the 6th and the beginning of the 7th century, and who had 1,500 monks under his rule at Leighlin. The ruin of the old cathedral is still there.

Another famous center of religion was St. Mullins on the Barrow, in the extreme west of the county, so called from St. Moling, who founded the church in the 7th century.

About a quarter of a mile south of Leighlinbridge, in the townland of Ballyknockan, is a great old moat or fort over the Barrow, which is the remains of the palace of Dinn Ree, the most ancient residence of the kings of Leinster. In connection with this old palace we have the following piece of half-legendary history. In the third century before the Christian era, Coffa the Slender murdered the king of Ireland and his son, usurped the throne, and banished the young heir, Lavra the Mariner, grandson of the king. Lavra fled first to Munster, and from that to Gaul. He entered the service of the Gaulish king; and after having greatly distinguished himself, he returned to his native land with a small army of foreigners to wrest the throne from the usurper. He landed at the mouth of the Slaney, and being joined by a number of followers, marched to the palace of Dinn Ree, in which Coffa the Slender was then holding an assembly with 30 native princes and a guard of 700 men. The palace was surprised by night, and all the inmates—king, princes and guards—were burned to death. Lavra then became king, and reigned for 19 years.

CAVAN.

NAME.—The town of Cavan (which gives name to the county) has its own name from the remarkable hollow in which it stands; Gaelic, Cabhan (pron. Cavan), a hollow—cognate with Latin cavea, and English cabin.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—From the main body of the county a long neck extends northwest. Taking this projection into the measurement, the extreme length from the northwest near Lough Macnean, to the southeast near Kingscourt, is 57½ miles, and its breadth from the southwest near Lough Kinale, to the northeast point near Cootehill, 27 miles; area, 746 square miles; population, 129,476.

SURFACE.—All the northwest projection, west of the Woodford River and Ballyconnell, is upland or mountainous—lofty, rugged, boggy and bleak. The rest of the county is a plain of undulations—a series of low round hills, with here and there a few considerable elevations, in many places much interspersed with lakes and bogs.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The chief summits in the northwest lie on the boundary. The highest is Cuilcagh (2,188), with its northern slope in Fermanagh, a fine mountain, rendered conspicuous in many of its aspects by the white quartz stones strewed over its surface. South of this, 1½ miles, is Binbeg (1,774). Tiltinbane (1,949) lies on the boundary with Fermanagh, 2 miles northwest of Cuilcagh; near its base the Shannon rises. These three, with several others, form a chain, which bounds on the northeast the fine valley of Glengavlin, traversed by the Owenmore River and the Shannon. On the southwest side of the valley are Benbrack (1,648), (between which and Cuilcagh is the Gap of Bellavalley, the entrance from the east to Glengavlin); and Slievenakilla (1,793), on the boundary, sloping on the Cavan side into Glengavlin, and on the Leitrim side to Lough Allen.

Four miles southeast of Cavan town rises the conspicuous hill of Slieve Glah (1,057); and Bruse Hill (851), near which is Bruse Hall, lies 5 miles west of Bellananagh.

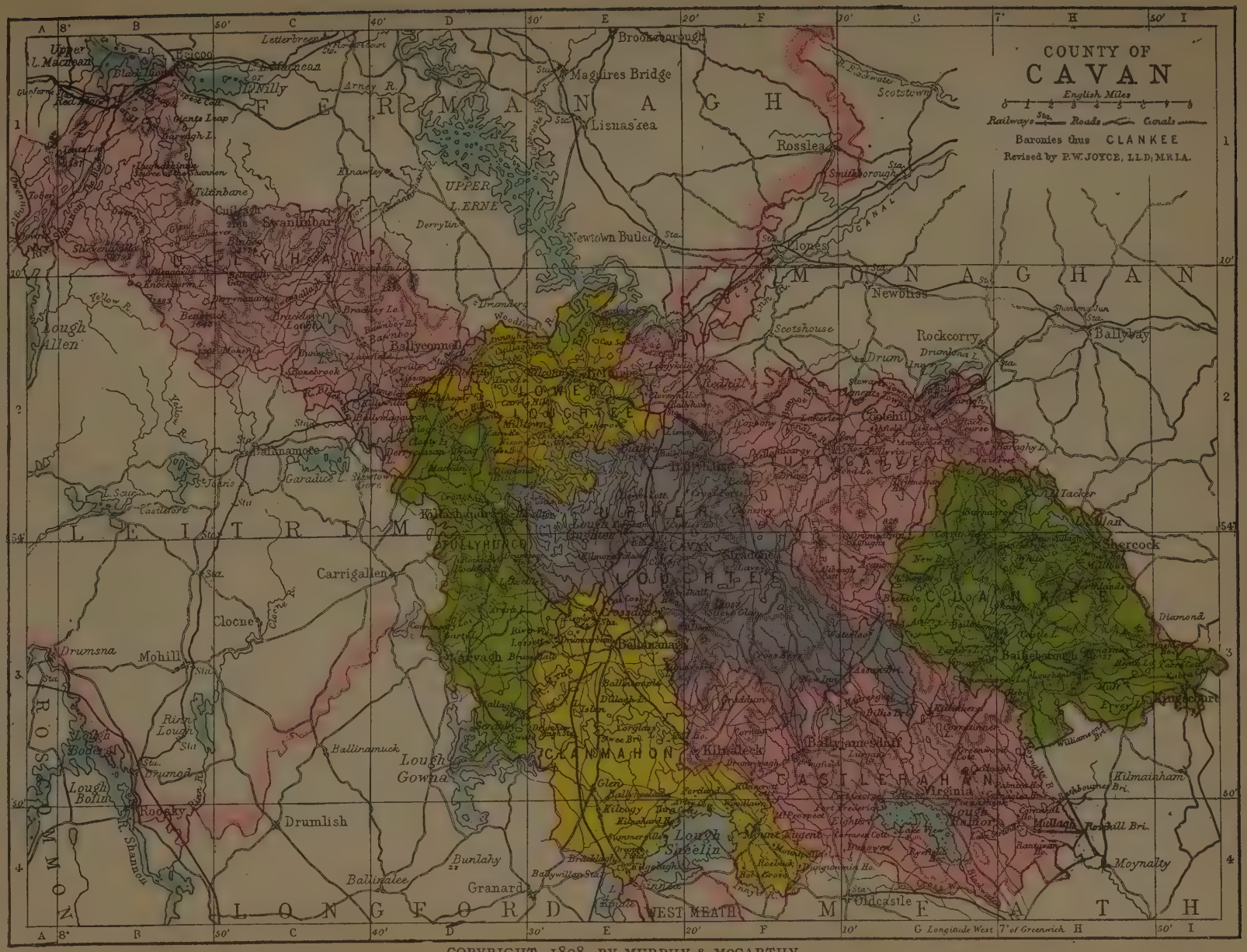
In the eastern end of the county, 3 miles east of Bailieborough, is Cornasaus (1,027), a remarkable hill, with the little lakelet Loughanleagh, on its eastern slope, celebrated for its medicinal qualities.

RIVERS.—Several important rivers run through this county that belong only in small part to it. The Shannon rises in the northwest extremity. The source is a pool called Lugnashinna, near the western base of Tiltinbane Mountain, on the north side of Glengavlin: from this the river flows for 7 miles till it touches Leitrim; next it runs for a mile and a half on the boundary between Cavan and Leitrim; then it enters Leitrim; and after another mile and a half falls into Lough Allen. The Owenmore flows west through the valley of Glengavlin, and joins the Shannon about 2 miles below Lugnashinna. This is, properly speaking, the real head water or main stream of the Shannon, though it is not called by the name.

The Owenayle, running south on the western boundary line between Cavan and Leitrim, joins the Shannon just before the latter enters Lough Allen. The Claddagh rises, on the southeast slopes of Cuilcagh Mountain, and, flowing through Swanlinbar, enters Fermanagh for Lough Erne; it is joined at Swanlinbar by the Blackwater—called in the early part of its course the Owensallagh.

The Woodford River runs for the greater part through Cavan; issuing from Garadice Lough (in Leitrim), and flowing by Ballyconnell, it forms for the rest of its course—to Upper Lough Erne—the boundary between Cavan and Fermanagh. The Erne, from its source in Lough Gowna, to near where it enters Upper Lough Erne, belongs to this county.

The Annalee flows west into Lough Oughter, passing by the villages of Ballyhaise and Butlersbridge: in the early part of its course it is called the Annagh, flowing from Lough Sillan and through Lough Tacker, near Shercock. The Annalee is joined by the Dromore River, which rises in Dromore Lough, on the boundary of the



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county near Cootehill, and a little further on by the Bunnoe stream from the north. The Blackwater rises on the eastern slope of Benbrack, and flows southeast near the boundary with Leitrim till it enters Garadice Lough. The Inny, flowing through Lough Sheelin and Lough Kinale, forms for some distance the boundaries between this county and those of Meath and Westmeath.

The Meath Blackwater flows for 2 to 3 miles through Cavan from its source in Lough Ramor. The Moynalty River, flowing southeast from its source near Bailieborough, forms, for 5 to 6 miles, the boundary between Cavan and Meath, entering Meath 2 miles above Moynalty.

LAKES.—The center of the county, especially that portion occupied by the two baronies of Upper and Lower Loughtee, is broken up by innumerable small lakes, the intervening portions of land being thickly populated and well cultivated, and in many parts—especially along the lake shores—beautifully wooded. Lough Oughter is an extraordinary complication of water: a large lake broken up into a number of small sheets by promontories, peninsulas, and islands, of all shapes and sizes—wooded, verdant, and cultivated. It contains among others the islands of Eonish, Trinity (in which are the ruins of Trinity Abbey), and Inch: and on a rock in the midst of the lake stands Clogh-Oughter Castle in ruins.

On the southern boundary is Lough Sheelin, more than half of which belongs to Cavan, a beautiful lake, nearly 5 miles long by about 2 miles broad. Near this is the smaller Lough Kinale, of which less than half is in Cavan. Lough Gowna, which is very much broken up—something like Lough Oughter—lies on the southwestern boundary, and belongs in part to this county.

Lough Ramor, near the southeast border, is about 4 miles long, with an average width of ¾ mile, and is diversified with a number of lovely little wooded islands.

In the east, near Shercock, is the pretty Lough Gillan, and the two smaller Loughs, Tacker and Barnagrow. Brackley Lough, nearly a square mile in extent, lies in the northwest, near the village of Bawnboy.

TOWNS.—Cavan (3,050), the county town, lies in a hollow overtopped by one of those round grassy hills so common in this part of the county, with the beautiful demesne of Farnham in its neighborhood. Cootehill (1,789), near the northeast boundary, is a neat, well-built town, in the midst of a beautiful district, well cultivated, and diversified with lakes and woods. Belturbet (1,807), on the Erne, between Lough Oughter and Lough Erne, is a prosperous little town, with a large distillery; communication by barges with Lough Erne, and through the Ulster Canal (which joins the Erne a little below the town) with Lough Neagh.

Bailieborough (1,091), in the east of the county, is a very neat town, with an unusual number of public institutions. Kingscourt (932) is at the extreme eastern corner, beside the finely wooded demesne of Cabra. Virginia (663) is a pretty little town, beautifully situated on the north shore of Lough Ramor; Ballyjamesduff (731) lies 6 miles west of Virginia. Arvagh (716) is prettily situated on the shore of the little lake Garty, at the western boundary. Killashandra (709), near the west shore of Lough Gowna, is perched on a ridge in the midst of a number of beautiful lakes.

MINERALS.—The Connaught coal field extends into Cavan, comprising a small portion of the county in the northwest, bordering on Lough Allen; and coal is found also near Kingscourt and near Shercock. The high land near Swanlinbar produces iron ore; and lead and copper ores are found near Cootehill.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—This county was anciently called East Brefny or Brefny O'Reilly; for it was the patrimony of the O'Reillys: the county Leitrim forming West Brefny or Brefny O'Rourke. Croghan, near Killashandra, was the place where the O'Rourke used to be inaugurated prince of Brefny.

The plain lying round Ballymagauran, on the boundary with Leitrim, was the ancient Moyslecht, where the pagan Irish worshiped their chief idol Crom-Cruach. Here, according to the bardic history, the pagan monarch Tiernmas and three-fourths of the men of Ireland were killed in some supernatural way while worshiping Crom-Cruach. Many centuries after, the idol was destroyed by St. Patrick.

CLARE.

NAME.—The county is named from the little town of Clare, near the mouth of the Fergus: and this got its name from a bridge of planks by which the Fergus was crossed in old times: the Gaelic word clar signifying a board or plank.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—This county has water all round (namely, the Atlantic, the Shannon, and Lough Derg) except for 40 miles of its north and northeastern margin, where it is bounded by Galway. Greatest length from Loop Head to the boundary near Lough Atorick on the northeastern border, 67 miles; breadth from Limerick to Black Head (nearly, but not quite, at right angles to the length), 42 miles; breadth from Black Head to the shore west of Bunratty (at right angles to the length), 35 miles; area, 1,294 square miles; population, 141,457.

SURFACE.—It may be stated in a general way that the northern part and the eastern margin are mountainous or hilly; and the middle and south form a broad plain, occasionally broken up by low hills, and in one place by a considerable mountain (Slievecallan). The barony of Burren in the north is an extraordinary region of limestone rock, rising into hills of bare gray limestone, the intervening valleys or flats being also composed of limestone, with great blocks strewn over the surface, both hills and valleys being relieved here and there by lovely grassy patches of pure green.

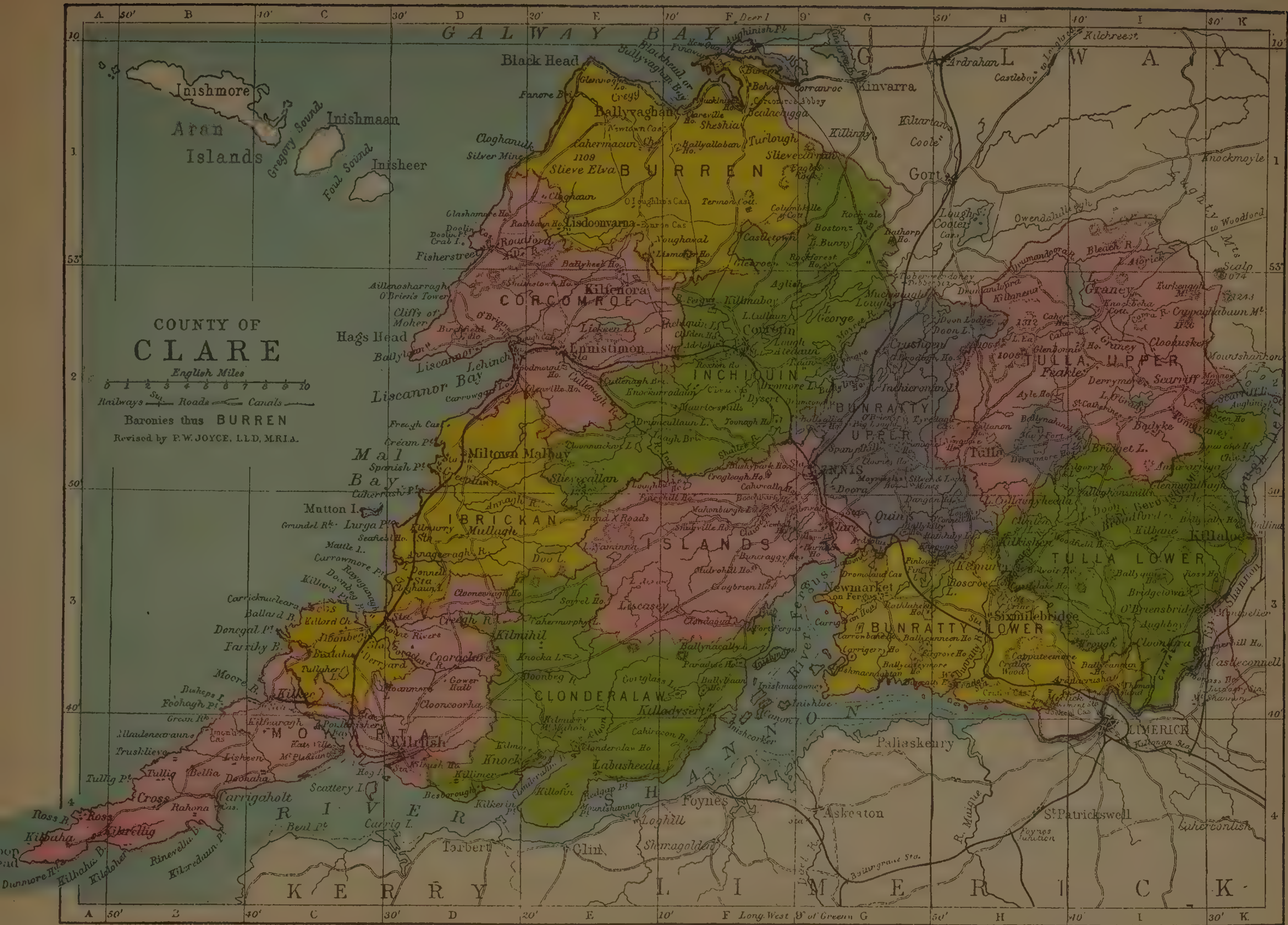
MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The highest summit of the Burren district is Slieve Elva (1,109), a conspicuous flat-topped mountain; Cappanawalla 1,023) rises direct over Ballyvaghan Bay; and in the east of the same district is Slievecarran (1,075).

On the northeast margin are Turkenagh and Cappaghabaun (1,126), which may be regarded as offshoots of the Slieve Aughty range, on the Galway side of the boundary. Further south, near the east border, runs the Slieve Bernagh range to which belong the two adjacent hills of Glennagalliagh (1,746 and 1,458), rising over Lough Derg near Killaloe, and a mile further west Cragnamurragh (1,729).

Slievecallan (1,282), 6 miles east of Miltown Malbay, though not the highest, is the most remarkable mountain in Clare, rising isolated from the plain, and commanding a view of the whole county. On its side is a celebrated cromlech, with an Ogham inscription. Northwest of Limerick is a low range of heights locally well known as the Cratloe Hills.

COAST LINE.—From Limerick to Loop Head—not following the windings of the coast—is about 55 miles; and from Loop Head to Black Head on the Atlantic side, about 50 miles. This last coast, for almost its whole length, is a succession of cliffs. At Ross, 3 miles northeast from Loop Head, are two very wonderful natural bridges spanning the waves. At Kilkee the coast abounds in caves, sharp-edged cliffs, and castellated rocks, standing up like pillars in the sea, and quite detached from the mainland. But the Cliffs of Moher are the crowning glory of this coast. They begin at Hag's Head, and form a continuous rocky wall, perpendicular or overhanging, for four miles, varying in height from 400 to 668 feet, broken into the most fantastic forms and tunneled into innumerable caves by the action of the waves. At the northern extremity there is a steep and dangerous pathway down the face of a cliff called Aillenasharragh, by which the sea margin may be reached; and when the tide is out one can walk for a long distance at the very base of the great wall of rock.

HEADLANDS.—Beginning at the northeast, and going regularly round the coast: Aughinish Point, on the north of the entrance to Aughinish Bay. Black Head, forming the northwest angle of the county, is a fine rocky promontory, rising at its highest point to 1,041 feet, not perpendicular like the Cliffs of Moher, but in a gradual slope, with a road winding all round halfway down between the summit and the sea. Doolin Point: Hag's Head, the end of a bold projection which defines on the north Liscannor Bay: Cream Point and Spanish Point, two rough scarped projecting sea rocks near Miltown Malbay: Lurga Point, opposite Mutton



COUNTY OF
CLARE
English Miles
Railways — Roads — Canals —
Baronies thus BURREN
Revised by P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
GALWAY BAY
GALWAY
KERRY
LIMERICK
RIVER SHANNON
Aran Islands
Inishmore
Inishmaan
Inisheer
Gregory Sound
Foul Sound
Black Head
Liscannor Bay
Mal Bay
Hags Head
Mutton I.
BURREN
CORCOMROE
INCHIQUIN
IBRICKAN
ISLANDS
CLONDERALAW
MOYARTA
BUNRATTY UPPER
BUNRATTY LOWER
TULLA UPPER
TULLA LOWER
Ballyvaghan
Lisdoonvarna
Kilfenora
Ennistimon
Corofin
Ennis
Miltown Malbay
Kilrush
Kilkee
Killaloe
Tulla
Newmarket
Sixmilebridge
Kildysart
Carrigaholt
Limerick
Kinvarra
Gort
Foynes
Askeaton
Tarbert
Glin
Castleconnell

Island: Donegal Point, defining Farriby Bay on the north: Foohagh Point, a little south of Kilkee. Loop Head, the extreme end of the long peninsula between the Shannon and the Atlantic Ocean, is a bare headland rising 200 feet straight from the waves. At the very extremity of the head is an island—a mere pillar of rock with perpendicular sides standing out of the waves—separated from the mainland by a fearful chasm, not more than 20 or 30 feet wide, and 200 feet deep; at the bottom of which the sea is always raging even in calm weather. The island rises exactly to the level of the mainland, from which it seems to have been separated by some convulsion: and though it looks perfectly inaccessible, it contains some remains of primitive buildings of ecclesiastical or sepulchral origin. The people call the old building Dermot and Grania's Bed, which is the usual popular name for a cromlech. On the Shannon shore are Kilcredaun Point, near Carrigaholt, and Kilkerrin Point, on the south of Clonderalaw Bay.

ISLANDS.—The whole group of islands in the estuary of the Fergus belongs to Clare. The chief are Inishmore or Deer Island, close by the western shore: Inishmacowney, south of it; near which is Canon Island, crowned with the ruins of a monastery (for Augustinian canons): Inishloe, east of this: Inishcorker lying just outside the village of Killadysert: and near the eastern shore, Inishmacnaghtan.

In the Shannon, outside Kilrush, is Scattery Island, by far the most remarkable island belonging to Clare, once a celebrated seat of religion and learning (founded by St. Senan in the fifth century), and now containing the ruins of "seven churches" and a round tower, as memorials of its former importance. Hog Island lies between Scattery and the mainland.

A little south of Kilkee is Bishop's Island, a mere sea rock, flat and grassy on top, with a perpendicular wall of rock all round, nearly inaccessible, yet containing the ruins of a primitive religious establishment. Mutton Island, or Inishkeeragh, rough and rocky, lies outside Miltown Malbay. This is the island anciently called Inis-Fithi, of which there is historical record that in the year 804 it was severed into three parts in one night by a great storm. The portions severed from the main body are two lofty masses of rock rising out of the waves immediately north of the island.

St. Thomas' Island lies in the bend of the Shannon, a mile and a half above Limerick.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—In the Shannon: the broad estuary of the Fergus, containing a large number of islands, all low and grassy, affords ample facilities for navigation: the deep bay of Clonderalaw is further west: next is Kilrush Harbor, and the landlocked shallow bay of Poulanishery, with its oyster beds: Carrigaholt Bay lies outside the village, from which it has its name: between which and Loop Head are Rinevella Bay and Kilbaha Bay.

On the Atlantic coast, three miles from Loop Head, is Ross Bay, which is noted for its two natural bridges, under which the sea is continually dashing; very beautiful, and almost as regular as if put up by human hands. Next is Moore Bay at Kilkee, horseshoe shaped, and sheltered from the Atlantic swell by the low reef called the Duggerna Rocks. What is called Mal Bay is merely the sea west of Miltown, and is really no bay at all: Liscannon Bay, at Lehinch, is defined on the north by the promontory of Hag's Head. On the north is Blackhead or Ballyvaghan Bay, near which to the east are the two deep bays of Muckinish and Aughinish (or Corranroo). On the shore near the halmet of Burren are the famous Burren oyster beds.

RIVERS.—The Shannon, with Lough Derg, bounds Clare for about 70 miles, viz., from near Scarriff Bay in Lough Derg, the whole way to Loop Head, except for about 6 miles at Limerick city, where a small portion of the county Limerick lies on the right bank of the river. Between Killaloe and Limerick are the "Falls of Doonass," where the river rushes over a series of rocks, forming one of the finest rapids in the kingdom. The Fergus, which, with its tributaries, drains a large area of the middle of the county, rises in the barony of Corcomroe, a few miles northwest of Corrofin, and flowing through Inchiquin Lough, Lough Atedaun, and others, it passes by Ennis and Clare, and opens out by a broad estuary into the Shannon. The Moyree River coming from the borders of Galway in the northeast, joins the Fergus after flowing through Dromore Lake; the Claureen River runs east through the barony of islands, and joins the

Fergus just above Ennis. The Latoon Creek, called in the earlier part of its course the Ardsollus River, falls into the Fergus at the top of the estuary. This river, in several parts of its course, disappears in limestone canvers, especially near Tulla, where it rushes through the extraordinary Caves of Tomeen.

The River Graney issues from Lough Graney in the barony of Tulla, and passing through Lough O'Grady, falls into Lough Derg at Scariff bay; its headwaters are two streams that fall into Lough Graney, viz., the Bleach River, which comes from the east, rising in Lough Atorick, on the boundary between Clare and Galway, and the Drumandoora coming from the west. Just where the Graney issues from Lough Graney it is joined by the Caher River. The Owenogarney issues from Doon Lake, in the barony of Lower Tulla, near Broadford; after passing Six-mile bridge it takes the name of the Bunratty River, and joins the Shannon at Bunratty; at the mouth, just where the last bridge crosses the river stands Bunratty Castle, built in the 13th century, the largest and finest ruin of its kind in the whole county.

The Inagh or Cullenagh River rises about 4 miles southeast of Slievecallan; flowing to the northwest it passes through Drumcullaun Lake: at Ennistimon it falls over a ledge of rocks, forming a beautiful cascade; and 3 miles lower enters Liscannor Bay at Lehinch. The Doonbeg or Cooraclare River falls into Doonbeg Bay, northeast of Kilkee; and a little north of this are the Creegh River, and the Annageerah. The Aille River flows from Lisdoonvarna into the ocean near Doolin Point.

LAKES.—Clare abounds in small lakes, many of them bleak, and surrounded by bog and heath; but others among the most picturesque in Ireland. Inchiquin Lake, near Corrofin, is a lovely lake, a mile in length, with a hill (Cantlay or Countlay), celebrated in legend, rising over its western shore; and a fine castle ruin on the north side, the ancient residence of the O'Briens, earls of Inchiquin; the lake gives name to the barony of Inchiquin. This is the westernmost of a chain of small lakes, of which the principal are: Lough Atedaun, Lough Cullaun, Lough George, and Muckanagh Lake; to the north of this last is Lough Bunny; and to the south of it Dromore Lough. East of Dromore Lough, near the village of Crusheen, is the beautiful Inchicronan Lake, with a fine demesne, and the ruins of an abbey and of a castle on its shore.

Another group lies in the southeast, between the village of Six-mile bridge and Tulla. Beginning on the west, the chief of these are Fin Lough and Roscrea Lough, 3 miles east of New market-on-Fergus; northeast of these is Lough Cullaunyheeda, nearly round, and 1 mile in diameter; next, Clonlea Lake; and still further east Doon Lough.

Lough Graney, in the east, 2½ miles long by ½ mile broad, lies in the midst of hills; south of which is the smaller Lough O'Grady; and 6 miles northeast of Lough Graney is Lough Atorick, on the boundary with Galway.

Lickeen Lake, 3 miles northeast of Ennistimon, is 1½ mile long. Doo Lough, 1½ miles long, lies 6 miles southeast of Miltown Malbay.

TOWNS.—Ennis (6,307), the assize town, stands on the Fergus, nearly in the center of the county. In the town are the ruins of the Franciscan abbey, founded in the 13th century; and 2 miles to the north are the church ruin and round tower of Drumcliff, a far more ancient foundation. Kilrush (3,805) is at the head of a little inlet of the Shannon, into which steamers ply; a very prosperous town, with an extensive trade. Kilkee (1,652), on the shore of a lovely little inlet of the Atlantic (Moore Bay), is one of the finest watering places in Ireland, and is celebrated for its splendid cliff scenery. Killaloe (1,112), in the east, on the Shannon, just where it issues from Lough Derg, 14 miles above Limerick, was in old times a great religious center, and is still a bishop's see: it has several interesting church ruins; and near the town are the remains of Kincora, the ancient palace of Brian Boru.

The other towns on the margin, going regularly round, are: Scarriff (785), near the head of Scarriff Bay, in Lough Derg; Newmarket-on-Fergus (618), 2 miles east of the Fergus estuary; Killadysart (560), on the Shannon, at the western corner of the estuary of the Fergus; the fishing village of Carrigaholt (360), west of Kilrush, with its old castle ruin on a rock over the bay, is the capital of the Loop Head peninsula; Miltown Malbay (1,400), in the west, a mile and a

half from the coast, near the beautiful horseshoe bay inclosed by Spanish Point and Caherrush Point, is much frequented as a bathing place. Ennistimon (1,331), on the Inagh or Cullenagh River, 2 miles from the head of Liscanno Bay, is beautifully situated among pretty hills and plantations, and just beside a lovely waterfall. On the north coast is Ballyvaghan, a small but prosperous village, locally important from its position on the shore of Galway Bay.

The other inland towns are: Clare or Clare Castle (790), near the mouth of the Fergus; a mile from which, toward Ennis, near the shore of the Fergus, are the interesting ruins of Clare Abbey, erected by Donald O'Brien, king of Munster, at the close of the 12th century. Tulla (758), 10 miles east of Ennis, which gives name to the two baronies of Tulla; south of this is Sixmilebridge (446), on the Owenogarney, 8 miles northwest of Limerick city. In the northwest are Corrofin (579), on the Fergus, in a lovely situation between Inchiquin Lake and Lough Atedaun; and Lisdoonvarna, at the head of the little river Aille, 6 miles north of Ennistimon, which was until lately a mere hamlet, but is now a noted health resort, on account of its sulphur spas, and is growing fast in population and prosperity.

MINERALS.—Sandstone flags, like the flags of Carlow, are produced round Kilrush, Kilkee, and Ennistimon. Excellent slates are found at Broadford, near Killaloe; but the principal quarries of Killaloe slates are in Tipperary, at the other side of the Shannon. At Ballyhickey, east of Ennis, and at Miltown near Tulla, there are valuable lead mines, which produce also silver combined with the lead.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—Clare anciently belonged to Connaught, but was annexed to Munster in the 4th century A.D. It formed a portion of the ancient kingdom of Thomond. The old territory of Corco-Baskin included the whole of the southwestern peninsula, namely, that portion now occupied by the two baronies of Moyarta and Clonderalaw. Hy Caisin, the territory of the Macnamaras, lay in the baronies of Upper Bunratty and Upper Tulla. Hy Fermaic or Kinel-Fermaic, the district of the O'Deas, was in the present barony of Inchiquin. Immediately south of Hy Fermaic was the old district of Hy Cormac, the territory of the family of O'Hehir, lying between the river Fergus and Slievecallan, and comprising the whole of the barony of Islands, except the parish of Clondagad, which belonged to Corco-Baskin. The old district of Corcomroe occupied all that territory in the north now covered by the two baronies of Corcomroe and Burren. From this territory the celebrated Corcomroe Abbey took name, the fine ruins of which lie 4 miles east from Ballyvaghan.

Kincora, the ancient palace of Brian Boru, king of Ireland (slain at Clontarf, A.D.1014), was at Killaloe; and the ruins of the old mounds and fortifications still remain.

The Cratloe Hills, northwest of Limerick, were anciently called Slieve-oy-an-ree, the mountain of the death of the king, from the following circumstances. Ohy Moyvane was king of Ireland from A.D. 358 to 365; his queen was Mongfinn, whose brother, Criffan, became king on the death of Ohy. Mongfinn, wishing that her eldest son Brian should be king, administered poison to the king her brother on a little island in the river Moy in Mayo, and in order to hide suspicion, she herself drank some of the poison before giving it to Criffan. Mongfinn died of the drink, and Criffan, feeling that he had been poisoned, instantly set out for Munster; but on crossing the Cratloe Hills he sank under the effect of the draught and died: hence the name. Mongfinn's wicked act was vain, however; for on Criffan's death, the great king Niall of the Nine Hostages, son of Ohy Moyvane by another wife, Carinna, ascended the throne of Ireland.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

KILLALOE.—This ancient and historic town is connected with the Tipperary side of the Shannon by a curious old bridge of nineteen arches. The town once enjoyed great celebrity as the residence of the Munster kings, among them Brian Boru who reigned there both as king of Munster and chief monarch of Ireland. A mound or fort is all that now remains of the palace of Kincora, so famed in song and story. Killaloe was formerly an important military position, placed as it is between the Arra and Slieve Bernagh Mountains at the only fordable part of the Shannon. Here it was that Sarsfield performed his splendid feat of intercepting and blowing up King William's artillery train on its way to aid in the siege of Limerick. It is a noted place for angling, the broad meres and rapids of the Shannon here affording excellent opportunity for that sport.

ENNISTYMON.—The county of Clare possesses many interesting remains and a memorable record, though in latter days, like many other, especially of the western counties, it has fallen off in commercial importance and population. Within its boundaries the O'Briens, Lords of Thomond, exercised control for centuries, and at Kincora, King Brian Boru, when chief monarch of Ireland, dwelt. This territory was "granted" by King Edward I., of England, to Thomas de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, but the O'Briens maintained their struggle for the retention of their domains with such energy and persistence that the intruders were ultimately driven out. Not until 1565, was Thomond converted into shire-ground; the last Irish sept who possessed control were the McMahons—a different family from the McMahons of Monaghan. Of the towns, Ennistymon—near the head of Liscannor Bay—is one of the most noted, though not the largest, in Clare. The name is derived from Inis-Dimain-Dimain's holm, or island—and is situated in a setting of exquisite natural surroundings. The cascades or rapids of the Cullenagh River, which flows through it, are attractive, and elicit the admiration of visitors.

ENNISTYMON FALLS CLARE.

KILLALOE, CLARE.

MOHER CLIFFS, CLARE.

CORK.

NAME.—In the 6th century St. Finbar founded a monastery on the edge of a marsh near the mouth of the river Lee, round which a city subsequently sprang up. Hence the name of the city, Cork, which is a shortened from of the Gaelic word Corcach, signifying a marsh.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Cork is the largest county in Ireland. Length, from Crow Head at Dursey Island in the southwest, to the northeastern corner at Kilbeheny near Mitchelstown in the northeast, 98 miles: greatest length, from Crow Head to Youghal, 102 miles; breadth, from the boundary at the Mullaghareirk Mountains in the northwest, to Robert's Head, south of Cork Harbor, 54 miles; area, 2,890 sq. miles; population, 495,607.

For legal purposes the county is divided into East Riding and West Riding.

SURFACE.—Cork is on the whole a mountainous county. The most rugged part is the west, where the mountains generally run in chains east and west, forming part of the great mountain group that covers the western parts of Cork and Kerry. In the middle and southeast there are stretches of champaign land, but with mountains and hills always in near view.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—North of Bantry Bay the Caha Mountains lie on the boundary of Cork and Kerry, the Miskish Mountains being their continuation to the west, extending to the very point of the peninsula. Of these the most remarkable summits are Hungry Hill (2,251), just on the boundary near Bearhaven; and Sugarloaf (1,187), a conical hill, a little west of Glengarriff. East of these is a mountain group, containing within its circuit the Pass of Keimaneigh (a splendid gorge leading from the valley of the Owvane to the valley of the Lee) and the lake of Gougane Barra; of this group the chief summit is the fine conical hill of Shehy (1,797), at the head of the Owvane Valley.

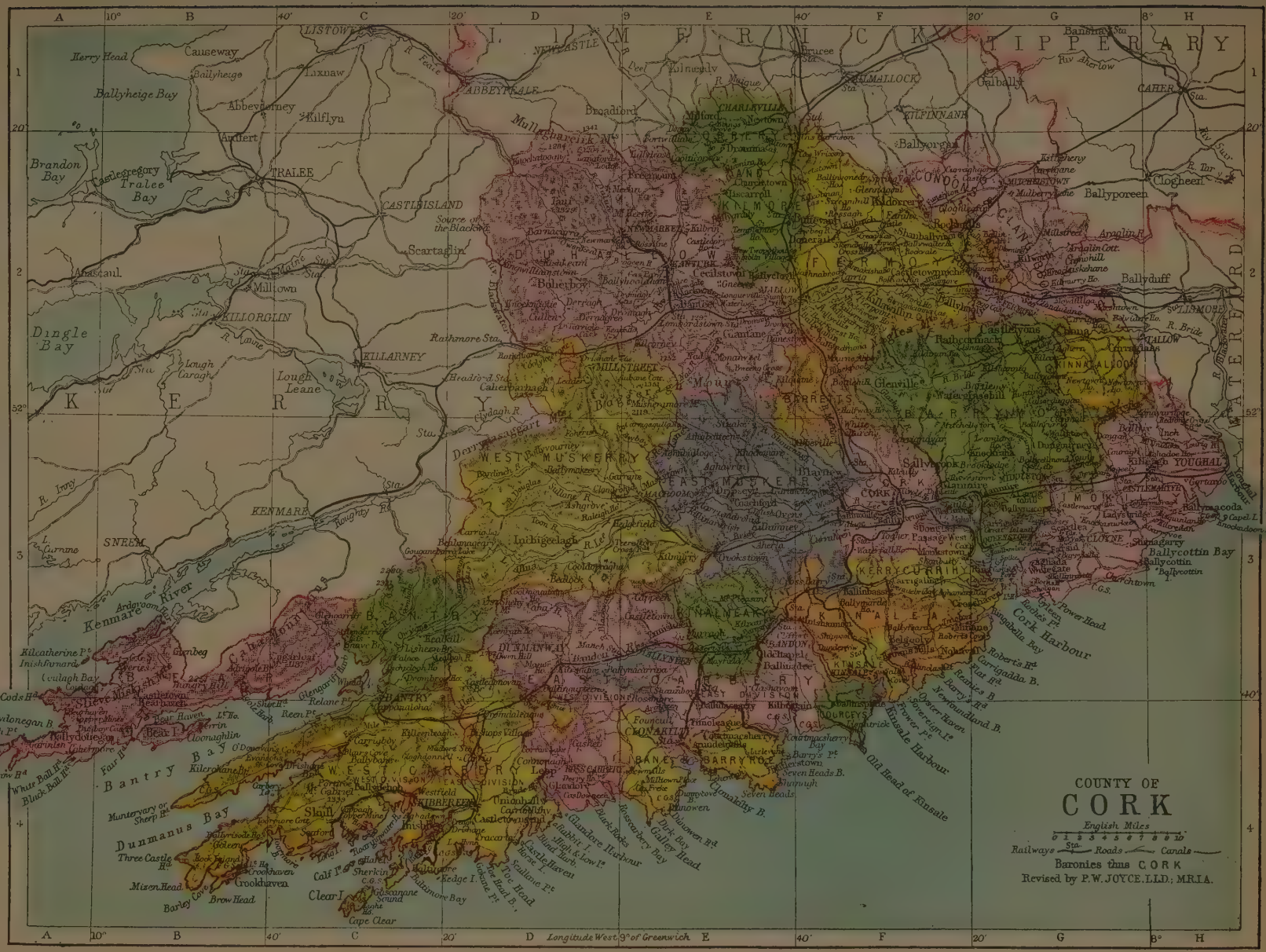
North of these lies another east and west range, beginning on the west with the Derrynasaggart Mountains (2,133), lying on the boundary of Cork and Kerry, midway between Macroom and Killarney; east of these, still keeping the same general direction, is the longer range of the Boggeragh Mountains, culminating in Musheramore (2,118), rising over Mill Street; east of these again, and still in the same direction, are the Nagles Mountains, which terminate near Fermoy. This whole range, from the west end of the Derrynasaggart Mountains to Fermoy, is more than 40 miles in length. The Boggeragh Mountains and the Nagles Mountains define on the south the valley of the Blackwater; which has on the north the Ballyhoura range, extending into Limerick; and east of these are the Kilworth Mountains, between Kilworth and Mitchelstown.

The northwest angle of the county, near Newmarket, is a region of mountains. In the midst is Taur (1,329); while in the north the Mullaghareirk Mountains (1,341) form for part of their course the boundary of Cork and Limerick.

In the extreme southwest, Mount Gabriel (1,339), over the village of Skull, is very conspicuous, as rising quite detached in the midst of a great plain.

COAST LINE.—The coast is broken up the whole way round, from Youghal to Kenmare, by numberless bays and inlets, and exhibits every variety of configuration—tall cliffs, broken rocks, rugged promontories, and sandy beaches.

HEADLANDS.—Knockadoon Head is the turning point of the coast south of Youghal: Power Head, and Robert's Head, at either side of Cork Harbor: the Old Head of Kinsale, to the west of Kinsale Harbor, is a long peninsula, with its narrow isthmus in one place pierced across quite through by a sea cave: the Seven Heads and Galley Head, east and west of Clonakilty Bay: Toe Head, west of Castlehaven. Cape Clear is the southern point of Cape Clear Island: Mizen Head is the most southerly point of the mainland of Ireland. Muntervary or Sheep



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Head is the extreme point of the long peninsula between the bays of Bantry and Dunmanus: Dursey Head, the western end of Dursey Island, and near it is Crow Head on the Mainland. Cod's Head and Kilcatherine Point stand at both sides of Coulagh Bay, in the Kenmare estuary.

ISLANDS.—Beginning at the west: Dursey Island stands at the extreme end of the Peninsula of Bear, 4 miles long, hilly and full of rocks. In Bantry Bay are Bear Island, opposite Castletown Bearhaven, 6 miles in length, high and rocky; and at the head of the bay near Bantry, Whiddy Island, which is low and fertile. Cape Clear Island at the extreme south (3 miles long; area, 2⅓ square miles), rocky and with precipitous shores, is now a telegraph station, where the first news is heard of ships homebound from America. Sherkin Island, between Cape Clear Island and the mainland, is nearly the same size as Cape Clear Island. Numerous small islands lie near, such as Ringarogy, Hare Island, Horse Island, etc. In Cork Harbor are Great Island, Little Island, and Foaty, all beautifully diversified; Haulbowline, a military depot; and Spike Island, a well known convict station.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Youghal Harbor, at the mouth of the Blackwater, lies between Cork and Waterford: next to which is Ballycottin Bay. Cork Harbor, the opening of the River Lee, with a narrow entrance, is one of the finest and safest harbors in the empire. Kinsale Harbor is at the mouth of the Bandon River: Courtmacsherry Bay, at the mouth of the Arigideen River: the sandy Bay of Clonakilty comes next: Rosscarbery Bay lies west of Galley Head. Glandore Harbor and Castlehaven lie near each other, and are both noted for the beauty of their coast scenery: Baltimore Bay and Roaring Water Bay are both near Cape Clear. On the western side of the county are the two great inlets, Dunmanus Bay and Bantry Bay, the latter about 30 miles long, with an average width of about 4 miles; off Bantry Bay are Bearhaven, sheltered by Bear Island; and Glengarriff Harbor, celebrated for its splendid scenery. Kenmare Bay belongs for the most part to Kerry, off which, on the Cork coast, are Ballydonegan Bay, Coulagh Bay, and Ardgroom Harbor, which lies partly in Cork and partly in Kerry.

RIVERS.—By far the greatest part of this county is drained by the three main rivers, the Blackwater, the Lee, and the Bandon, and their tributaries; they run nearly parallel, their general direction being east; and all three bend south toward the mouth.

The Blackwater rises in Kerry, half a mile from the boundary with Cork, on the side of Knockanefune Hill, 4 miles northwest from the village of Kingwilliamstown. It first runs east to the boundary; then turning south, it forms the boundary between Cork and Kerry for 11 miles (not following the very small windings); then turning east, it enters Cork, through which it flows from that turning point in a direction generally east, for about 54 miles, to Kilmurry, when it forms for 2 miles the boundary between Cork and Waterford. Entering Waterford, it continues its eastern course as far as Cappoquin, whence it turns abruptly south, and for the last three miles of its course, at Youghal, again forms the boundary between Cork and Waterford. The scenery of the Blackwater is celebrated for its beauty; the finest part, however, belongs to the county Waterford.

The chief tributaries of the Blackwater that belong to this county are: On the right or southern bank: the Bride, which flows east, parallel to the main stream, and entering the county Waterford, joins the Blackwater below Cappoquin the Tourig, which joins about 1 mile above Youghal, and the Glen River, which flows from the slope of Mushera Mountain, and joins the main stream near the village of Banteer. On the left or northern bank: the Allow and the Dalua unite at Kanturk, and 2 miles further down flow into the Blackwater; the Awbeg (Spenser's Mulla) rises in the Ballyhoura hills, and flows by Buttevant and Doneraile into the Blackwater near Castletownroche; and the Funshion and the Araglin, both of which join near Kilworth.

The Lee rises in the romantic lake of Gougane Barra, and flowing eastward for four miles, it expands into the long winding lake of Inchageela or Lough Allua: it continues its eastern course through a long and beautiful valley, with a continued succession of demesnes and villas and many old castle ruins on both sides, till it expands into the broad Lough Mahon below Cork, when it turns south and enters the sea between two bold headlands.

Tributaries of the Lee: On the left bank: the Sullane and the Laney, which unite at Macroom, and join the Lee a little lower down; the Martin River, flowing through Blarney, into which flows the Blarney River, after which the united stream joins the Shournagh, which, a little lower down, falls into the Lee: the Glashaboy, flowing through the pretty glen and village of Glanmire, a little below Cork; and still lower down the Owennacurra, flowing by Middleton. The only affluent of any consequence on the right bank is the Bride, which joins the Lee 7 miles above Cork.

The Bandon rises on the side of Owen Hill, 5 miles west of Dunmanway, and flowing by Dunmanway, Bandon, and Innishannon, enters the sea at Kinsale. It receives as tributaries the Caha River, which rises in Shehy Mountain, and joins a little above Dunmanway: the Blackwater, joining 6 or 7 miles lower down: and the Brinny, joining near Innishannon; these three are all on the left bank of the Bandon.

On the extreme southern coast, the Arigideen flows into Courtmacsherry Bay; and the Ilen, by Skibbereen into Baltimore Bay.

The Coomhola, the Owvane, and the Mealagh flow into Bantry Bay near Bantry. The Owvane, rising in the glens of the two mountains Shehy and Douce, flows through a fine valley traversed by the road from Bantry to Macroom, at the head of which is the Pass of Keimaneigh; and the Mealagh, entering Bantry Bay at the historic shore of Dunnamark, falls over a ledge of rock into the sea, ending its course in a fine cascade.

The four Mile Water flows into the head of Dunmanus Bay, at Carrigboy.

LAKES.—Small and unimportant: the only lakes of any consequence lie on the course of the Lee. This river rises in Gougane Barra Lake, a small body of water, completely surrounded by abrupt mountains and precipices, except on the east side where the Lee issues from it. There is a little island in the lake containing the ruins of a primitive religious establishment, founded in the 6th century by St. Finbar, who afterward founded Cork. Four miles lower down the river expands into the long, winding, beautiful Lough Allua, or Lake of Inchigeela. In the mountains over Bantry, Glengarriff, and Bear Island, there are hundreds of small lakes.

TOWNS.—Cork (80,124), the chief trading and commercial city of the southern half of Ireland, was originally built on an island inclosed by two branches of the Lee; but in later times it has been extended far beyond on both sides of the river. The city has a most picturesque appearance, as many of the streets and public buildings are built on the slopes or crown the summits of the little hills over the Lee. The environs are very beautiful, especially down the river, whose steep banks are studded with villas. Below Cork are a number of towns and villages, all prettily situated on the mainland and island shores of the harbor. Queenstown (9,755), the chief of all, a flourishing town, is built on the sloping shore of Great Island, with the streets rising in tiers from the water's edge. Proceeding down the river from Cork, the first town is Ballintemple (1,166), on the right hand; next is Blackrock (707), with its castle on a rock jutting into the harbor; on the left is Glanmire, at the opening of a pretty glen. Passage West (2,440) lies on the right shore of the narrow channel between Great Island and the mainland; and Monkstown (381), 2 miles lower down, is on the same shore.

On the Lee, 4 miles above Cork, is Ballincollig (1,130), where there is a military depot and large powder mills. The following are on tributaries of the Lee: Macroom (3,099), on the pretty river Sullane, near where it runs into the Lee, with its fine old Anglo-Norman castle. On the Martin River, 5 miles from Cork, is the lovely little village of Blarney, well-known for its flourishing tweed factory, and for its fine old castle ruin, the ancient residence of the Mac Carthys. Near where the Owennacurra flows into Cork Harbor stands Middleton (3,358), midway between Cork and Youghal. Lower down is Cloyne (1,126), a little east of Cork Harbor, a very ancient ecclesiastical town, with an old cathedral and a round tower.

A number of towns and villages stand on the banks of the Blackwater. Beginning at the mouth: Youghal (5,396), an ancient town, abounding in military and ecclesiastical ruins. Sir Walter Raleigh lived in Youghal, and his house stands there still. Passing by Cappoquin and Lismore, both in Waterford, we come to Fermoy (6,454), with large military barracks;

and Mallow (4,439), in a beautiful situation in the midst of a most picturesque country, which is covered all over with demesnes and villas.

The following towns are on tributaries of the Blackwater: Kanturk (1,859), at the confluence of the two rivers Allow and Dalua, 2 miles from the Blackwater; 4 miles higher up on the Dalua is Newmarket (885). Millstreet (1,476), on the little river Finow, stands at the head of a fine valley, 2 miles from the Blackwater. On the Awbeg are Buttevant (1,409), and Doneraile (1,208), both beautifully situated, with Spenser's residence, Kilcolman Castle, in their immediate neighborhood; and Castletownroche (820), near the junction of the Awbeg with the Blackwater. On the Funshion are: Mitchelstown (2,467), near the base of the Galty Mountains, with Mitchelstown demesne and castle beside it, the finest modern baronial residence in Ireland; Glanworth (577), with abbey and castle ruins; and Kilworth (598) near the junction with the Blackwater, with its beautiful demesne, containing the ruins of Cloghlea Castle.

The towns on the Bandon River are: Kinsale (5,386), at the mouth, built at the base and up the side of the hill that rises over the harbor—an important fishing station; Bandon (3,997); and Dunmanway (2,049), in the midst of rocky hills.

The towns on the coast not yet enumerated are, beginning on the west: Castletown Bearhaven (1,028), opposite Bear Island, the only town of any consequence in the extreme western part of the county; within a mile of which, on a little creek, are the ruins of the O'Sullivan's castle of Dunboy; Bantry (2,632), finely situated at the head of Bantry Bay, and overtopped by beautiful hills; Skibbereen (3,631), in the extreme south, at the mouth of the Ilen River; Rosscarberry (693), one the great ancient ecclesiastical centers; and Clonakilty (3,676), at the head of Clonakilty Bay.

The only town of any consequence not connected with an important river or near the sea, is Charleville (2,266), a good trading town, on the northern boundary, near the base of the Ballyhoura Mountains.

MINERALS.—In the barony of Duhallow there is an extensive coal field, which is worked at Dromagh, 3 miles southwest of Kanturk. Copper ore is found in various places, the chief mines being those of Allihies near Castletown Bearhaven, and the Cappagh mine on the west coast of Roaring Water Bay, near Skibbereen.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The present county nearly coincides with the ancient sub-kingdom of Desmond, or South Munster.

Corca-Laighdhe (pronounced Corkalee), the old territory of the O'Driscolls, originally comprised all the southwestern district from Courtmacsherry Bay west to Bantry Bay, but subsequently it became much more restricted.

The peninsula between Roaring Water Bay and Dunmanus Bay was the ancient Ivahagh, the territory of the O'Mahoneys.

Off the point of Dursey Island are three solitary sea rocks, now called in English the Bull, the Cow, and the Calf: they are celebrated in legendary history as the place where Donn, one of the Milesian brothers, perished in a storm, with the crew of his ship: whence they were called Tigh-Dhuinn (pronounced Tee-Yine), which name is still well known among the Gaelic-speaking people.

Several of the old territories are still represented in name and position by the present baronies. Thus the old district of Beanntraighe is the present barony of Bantry: Cairbre, now the baronies of Carbury: Muscraighe, the baronies of Muskerry: Duthaighe-Ealla, the barony of Duhallow: Feara-Muighe, the barony of Fermoy, called in later ages the Roches' Country.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

CEMETERY OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS, AND GRAVE OF GERALD GRIFFIN.—The cemetery of the Christian Brothers of the North Cork Monastery, Fair Hill, will be always a place of pilgrimage to the lover of literature who may chance to visit the vicinity. There, amid a number of graves bearing on modest headstones the names of the saintly dead, lie the remains of Gerald Griffin, one of the most eminent writers and purest characters which his country possesses. His name in religion—Brother Joseph—is graven on the stone beneath which repose the ashes of the author of "The Collegians." As poet and novelist, he will always hold a front place in Irish literature. Having after many vicissitudes and sufferings achieved fame and the reward it brings, he renounced the world, and became an humble teacher as a member of the Christian Brotherhood of Cork. He died in 1840, aged 38 years.

CLOYNE ABBEY. — The little town of Cloyne is situated on the east side of Cork harbor, about three miles from the shore. The bishopric of Cloyne was founded by St. Colman in the sixth century. The cathedral which also dates from a very ancient period is a low cruciform structure, but has been so frequently repaired and patched that it is wholly devoid of architectural beauty. Close to the cathedral is a round tower, one of the most curious and ancient in Ireland. Originally it was 92 feet in height, but on the night of January 10, 1794, it was struck by lightning, and its conical top and three of its lofts with the bell was destroyed. An embattlement was subsequently built around the summit, making its present height 102 feet. The ancient name of the town was Cluaine-uamhach, meaning "retreat of the caves," from the number of caves in the limestone rock in the vicinity.

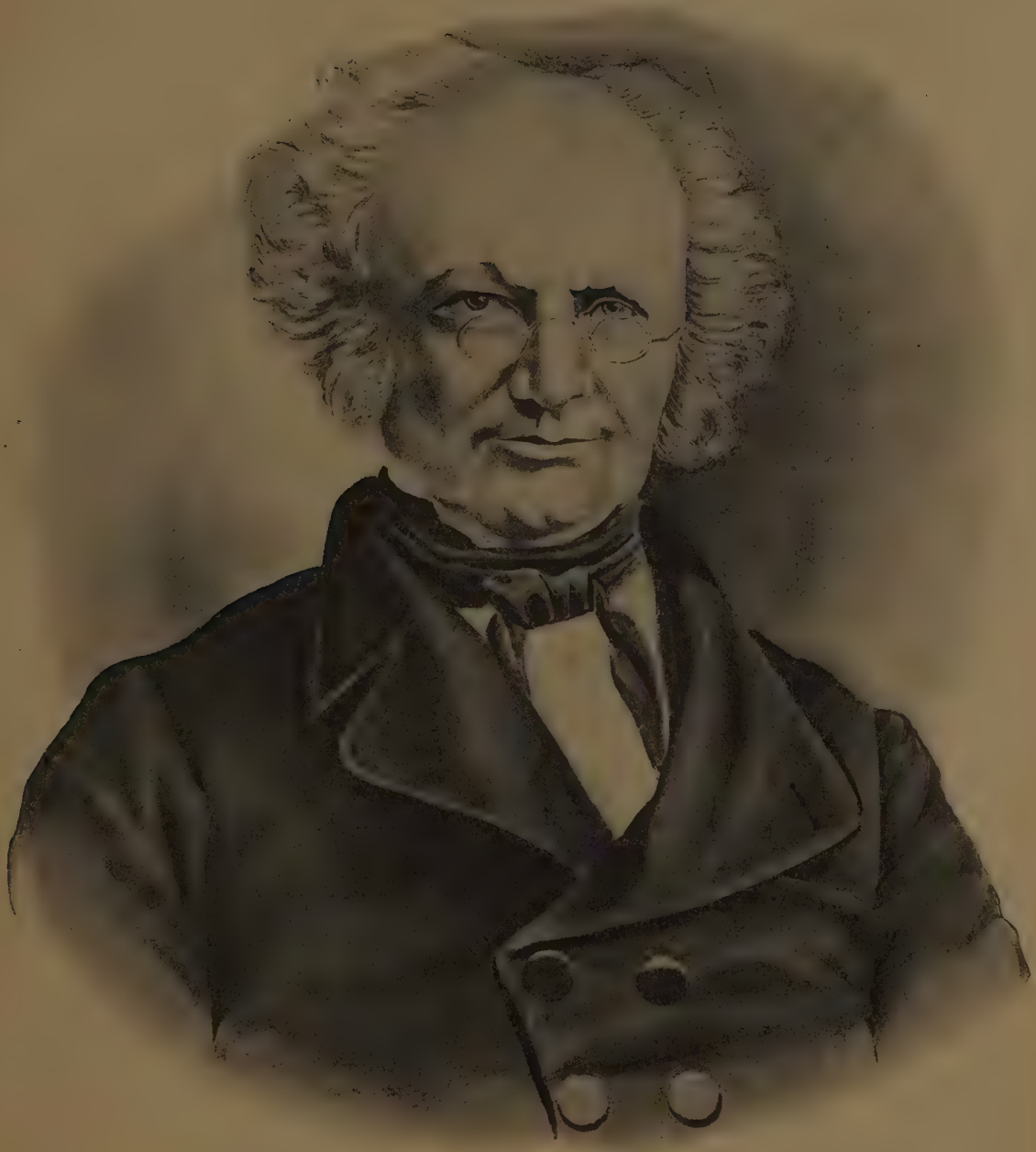
SHANDON CHURCH.—The Church of St. Anne, Shandon, standing on an eminence on the north side of Cork City, though unpretentious, and in fact somewhat bizarre, has acquired a prominence second to no church or cathedral in Ireland. This it owes to the genius of Father Prout (Rev. Francis O'Mahoney), who immortalized it in his inimitable lyric of "The Bells of Shandon." The church has no style of architecture, and has a curiously disproportionate steeple, or rather tower, which has caused the structure to be aptly likened to a pepper caster. It was built in 1722, and two of its sides are of hewn limestone, and the other two of red sandstone—the one taken from the old Franciscan Abbey, and the other from the ruins of Lord Barry's Castle. The church possesses a chime of sweet-toned bells, however, and the memories of their music followed the genial Father Prout through life, and every Corkonian repeats with him:

"On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee.

"With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

BLARNEY CASTLE.—There is, perhaps, no ruin in Ireland that has acquired such world-wide celebrity as Blarney Castle from the legend ascribing to it the power of endowing any one who kisses a certain stone of the structure with an irresistible faculty of persuasion, and which Milikin, Father Prout and others have popularized. Milikin's "Groves of Blarney" was written in ridicule of the high-sounding, nonsensical verses of some of the village poets of his time. Blarney Castle stands in the village of that name, and is about six miles from Cork. It was built by Cormac MacCarthy "The Strong," A.D. 1449, and was the stronghold of the chieftains of that sept. All that remains now is the donjon keep, 120 feet in height; and the walls, 18 feet in thickness, add to its great strength. The inner courtyard was 8 acres in extent. The castle sustained may sieges and attacks in the Anglo-Irish wars. The process of kissing the Blarney stone is a somewhat perilous venture, and few tourists care to risk it.

GLENGARRIFF CASTLE.—This castle derives its chief interest from its location, the famous Glengarriff, which has always been the delight and the despair of tourists. Its natural



FRANCIS S. MAHONY.
(FATHER PROUT.)

beauties are so many and varying that description fails to give an adequate idea of it. It must be seen to be appreciated. One English tourist avers that all the concentrated beauties of the region of Killarney could not equal it, though, Glengarriff—"the Craggy Glen"—is but three miles long and a quarter of a mile in breadth. "What," writes Thackeray, "sends picturesque tourists to the Rhine and Saxon Switzerland? Within five miles around the pretty inn of Glengarriff there is a country, the magnificence of which no pen can give an idea. I would like to be a great prince, and bring a train of painters over to make, if they could, and according to their several capabilities, a set of pictures of the place." The castle is at present the residence of the Earls of Bantry.

THE MALL.—This fine thoroughfare runs at right angles to the Grand Parade, and is the street where the chief professional men and merchants of the city do business. The city was originally built on an island, and the South Mall at present occupies the site of one of the intercepting branches of the river, which a century ago formed by its southern side a triangular island, the other sides being Charlotte Quay and Morrison Quay. The city of Cork, the southern metropolis of Ireland, and admirably situated for trade and commerce, contains not only many beautiful streets and buildings, but, in the language of a tourist, presents such an attractive prospect as to equal that of the Bosphorus. It is also noted for the intellectual character of its people, and its many excellent educational and public institutions. It has also long been the chief emigration port from Ireland.

PATRICK'S BRIDGE.—Cork is the third city of Ireland in population and importance, and from its situation might be one of the first cities of Europe were Ireland's commercial possibilities developed under a native government. It is built on what was once marshy islands, whence its name, "Corcagh," signifying a marsh, or land overflowed by the tide. The city is of great antiquity, and has been the scene of many stirring events. The site of the ancient city is an island, which divides the river Lee into two channels, which after passing round unite below it. Several bridges connect the island with the mainland on either side, the most modern of which is presented in the present illustration. St. Finn Bar, who died at Cloyne, A.D. 617, built a monastery and cathedral here and thus laid the foundation of the future city. He was the first bishop of Cork.

FERMOY SQUARE.—The pretty town of Fermoy is situated on the beautiful Blackwater, about twenty miles to the southeast of Cork. A century ago it was a poor and insignificant village. John Anderson, having large barrack and mail-coach contracts with the government, gave an impetus of prosperity to the place, and the town has since retained its success. Its proximity to the harbor of Queenstown, and its being the seat of a military barracks of some 3,000 of a garrison give the town a considerable trade. A stone bridge consisting of thirteen arches spans the river at this point, and though built in 1689, it is still as solid as ever. The ancient Gaelic name, Fearamuighe-Feine, signifying "Men of the Plain," has been anglicized to Fermoy. The town is clean and tastily laid out, the square being one of the most attractive spots to be desired.

SHANDON CHURCH, CORK.

QUEENSTOWN CATHEDRAL, CORK.

BLARNEY CASTLE, CORK.

CLOYNE CATHEDRAL, CORK.

VIEW OF QUEENSTOWN, CORK

GLENGARRIFFE CASTLE, CORK.

PATRICK'S BRIDGE, CORK.

THE MALL CORK.

THE SQUARE, FERMOY, CORK.

GERALD GRIFFIN'S GRAVE, CORK.

DONEGAL.

NAME.—The town of Donegal was so called from an old dun or fortress, which got the name of Dun-nan-Gall, the fortress of the Galls or foreigners—these foreigners being Danes, who settled there at an early period. County named from the town.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length from Inishowen Head to Malinmore Head, 84 miles; breadth from Bloody Foreland to the boundary, a little south of Castelfinn, 41 miles; area, 1,870½ square miles; population, 206,035.

SURFACE.—Donegal is a region of mountains and long valleys, and there is a large extent of bog and waste. The only moderately level land lies in the east half of the barony of Raphoe, and in the south half of the barony of Tirhugh.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—In the northwest of the county the two ranges of the Derryveagh Mountains and the Glendowan Mountains run parallel, from northeast to southwest, inclosing the splendid valley of Glen Beagh. The highest summit is Dooish (2,147), in the middle of the Derryveagh range, over Lough Beagh. To the west again of the Derryveagh range is a third irregular range, running in the same direction; containing Errigal (2,466), the highest mountain in Donegal, rising over Dunlewy Lake; and northeast of this, Mukish (2,107), a great flat-topped mountain.

Southeast of Gweebarra Bay, and northeast of Glenties, is a fine mountain group, of which Aghla (1,961) forms the center.

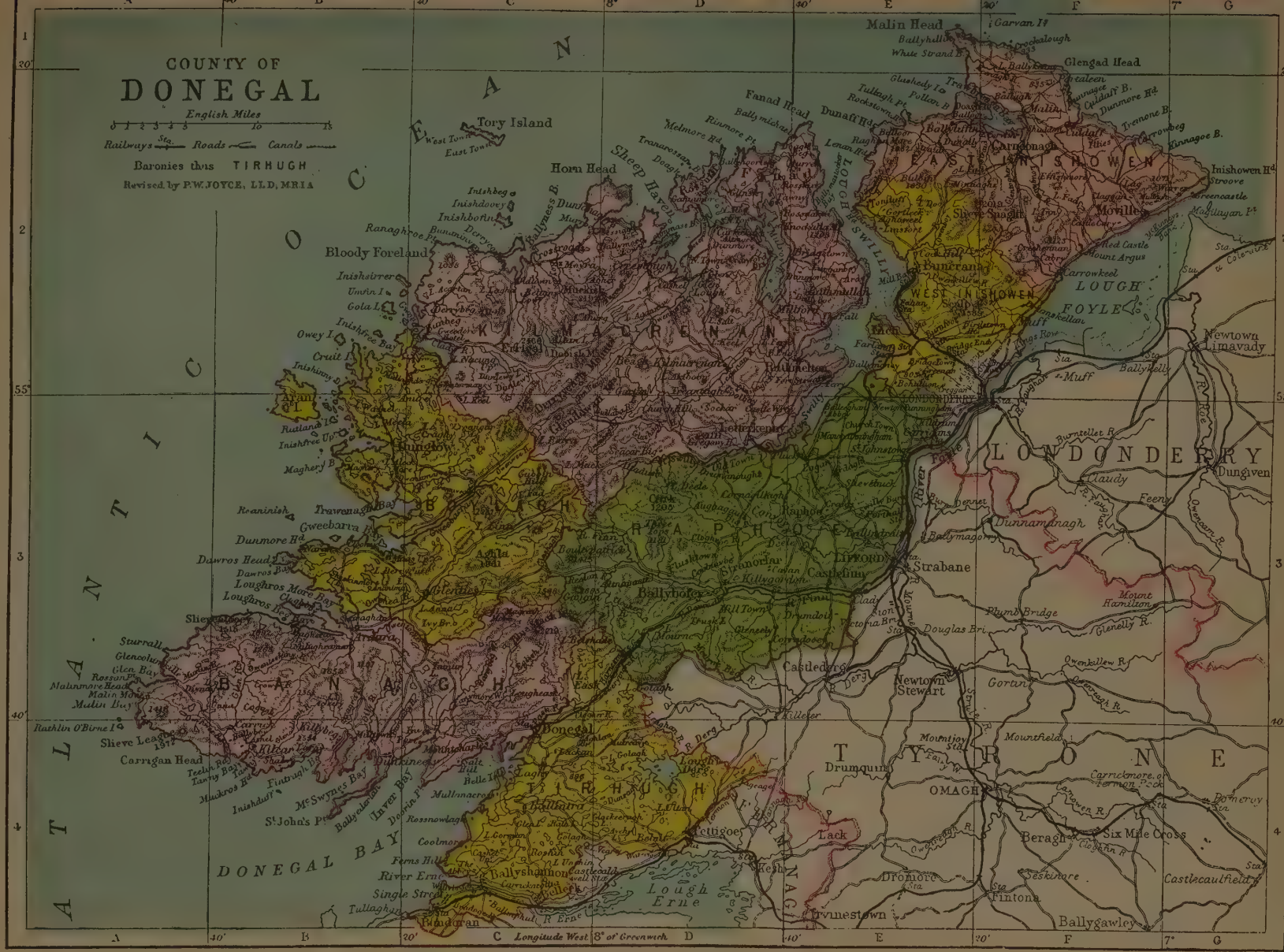
The barony of Banagh is traversed from end to end by a range which may be said to cover the whole peninsula. In the east end is the short independent range of Croaghgorm or Bluestack (2,219); and in the west are Slieve League (1,972) rising sheer from the sea on the south coast, and Slieveatooey (1,515) over the sea in like manner on the north coast. This range continues to the northeast through the barony of Raphoe toward Letterkenny, and contains Gaugin (1,865), Boultypatrick (1,415), and Cark (1,205).

The peninsula of Inishowen is in great part mountainous, the culminating summit being Slieve Snaght (2,019) in the center. In the peninsula of Fanad, west of Lough Swilly, is the small but remarkable range of Knockalla (1,203); and Lough Salt Mountain (1,546) rises conspicuously, west of the head of Mulroy Lough.

COAST LINE.—The coast is broken the whole way round, presenting a grand succession of bays, promontories, cliffs, and islands.

HEADLANDS.—Beginning at the northeast: Inishowen Head, the northeast extremity of Inishowen, and Malin Head, its northwest extremity; Dunaff Head and Fanad Head, at both sides of the mouth of Lough Swilly; Horn Head, a lofty rock rising precipitously over the sea at the west side of Sheep Haven; Bloody Foreland; Dawros Head, which is the end of the peninsula of Dawros, between the bays of Gweebarra and Loughros More; Malinmore Head, the most westerly point of Donegal. Carrigan Head, Muckros Head, St. John's Point, and Doorin Point all project south into Donegal Bay. Immediately west of Carrigan Head, Slieve League rises 1,972 feet steep from the sea; and the coast from Carrigan Head round by Glencolumkille to Loughros Bay exhibits the grandest combinations of cliff scenery in Ireland.

ISLANDS.—Tory Island lies 8 miles from the mainland; it is about 2½ miles long, and stands out of the sea so as to appear like a great collection of towers and pinnacles; it contains the ruins of an ancient ecclesiastical establishment (including a round tower) founded in the 7th century by St. Columba. Aran Island contains nearly 7 square miles, and rises 750 feet over the sea. North and south of Aran are numerous small islands, the chief of which are Inishsirrer, Gola, Owey, Cruit, Rutland, Inishfree, and Roaninish. The island of Inch in Lough Swilly contains nearly 5 square miles, and has a summit (Inch Top) 732 feet high. The little island of Rathlin O'Byrne is near Malinmore Head. Between Ballyness Bay and Tory are the three small islands, Inishbofin, Inishdooey, and Inishbeg. Northeast of Malin Head



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is the small rocky island of Inishtrahull, the most northerly land belonging to Ireland.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—The two deep bays, Lough Foyle and Lough Swilly, nearly insulate the barony of Inishowen; Trawbreaga Bay pierces far into Inishowen, south of Malin Head; Mulroy Bay is separated from Lough Swilly by the peninsula of Fanad; Sheep Haven is separated from Mulroy Bay by the peninsula of Rosguill. Ballyness Bay is the usual embarking place for Tory Island. South of Bloody Foreland are the bays of Gweedore and Inishfree; and south of Aran Island are those of Trawenagh and Gweebarra. Separated from Gweebarra Bay by the peninsula of Dawros, are the two bays of Loughrosmore and Loughrosbeg. Glen Bay, overtopped by lofty precipices, opens out from the solitary Glencolumkille; and at the other side of Malinmore Head is Malin Bay, Fintragh Bay, Mac Swyne's Bay, and Inver Bay, which are branches of Donegal Bay.

RIVERS.—The Foyle separates Donegal from Londonderry. The Foyle is formed by two main streams, the Finn and the Mourne, which join at Lifford. The Finn, rising in Lough Finn, and flowing east, belongs wholly to Donegal. The Deele joins the Foyle a mile north of Lifford.

The Eask flows from Lough Eask by Donegal town into Donegal Bay; and of the several small feeders that run into Lough Eask, one, the Lowerymore, is remarkable as traversing the magnificent Gap of Barnesmore. Beside the Eask, Donegal Bay receives from the north the Eany Water at Inver Bay, the Bunlackey near Dunkineely, and the Glen River into Teelin Bay.

In the west of the county, the Owenea and the Owentocker flow into Loughrosmore Bay at Ardara; the Gweebarra into Gweebarra Bay, and the Gweedore into Gweedore Bay. Through Glenbeagh a stream flows northeast, which takes successively the names Owenbeagh, Owenarrow, and Lackagh, falling at last into Sheep Haven. The river Swilly, flows east by Letterkenney into the head of Lough Swilly; and into the same bay flows the Leannan.

Into Donegal Bay, in the extreme south, flow the Erne, having a fine fall at Ballyshaunon; and the Bradoge at Bundoran. The little river Termon enters the north end of Lough Erne.

LAKES.—Donegal is noted for its fine mountain lakes with splendid scenery. Lough Erne lies on the south boundary. Eight miles east of Donegal town, and 4 miles north of Pettigo, is Lough Derg, over 3 square miles in extent, and containing St. Patrick's Purgatory, which has been for many ages a celebrated place of pilgrimage. Lough Eask lies 3 miles northeast of Donegal. In the north, Lough Beagh, one of the finest mountain lakes in Ireland, occupies the bottom of Glen Beagh; and lower down, at the mouth of the valley, near the head of Sheep Haven, is Glenlough. Dunlewy Lake and Lough Nacung lie at the very base of Errigal Mountain; and under the opposite base is Lough Altan. East from Gweebarra Bay in the beautiful Lough Finn at the base of Aghla; and near it are the small Lough Muck and Lough Barra.

TOWNS.—Beginning in the southwest and going round the margin: Ballyshannon (2,840) stands at the mouth of the river Erne, near where it forms a fine cascade over a ledge of rocks, the old cataract of Assaroe: there is a salmon fishery; and the town is celebrated in legend and romance. Four miles southwest of Ballyshannon, on the shore of Donegal Bay, is Bundoran (703), a favorite watering place. Donegal (1,416) is in a beautiful situation at the mouth of the river Eask, at the head of an inlet from Donegal Bay, surrounded by hills; just beside it stands the fine old ruins of Donegal Castle, and also the ruins of a monastery. Westward from this is Killybegs (764), on the north shore of Donegal Bay—the capital of the peninsula—where a good deal of fishing is carried on. On the north side of the peninsula is Ardara (552); six miles northeast of this is Glenties (487). Passing Dunglow (468) we come to Dunfanaghy (598), near Horn Head, the chief town of all this remote district. Rathmelton (1,406) stands just where the river Leannan falls into Lough Swilly. Letterkenny (2,188) is on the river Swilly, near its mouth; and on the east shore of Lough Swilly is Buncrana (764), a watering place. Moville (1,129) stands on the east shore of Inishowen; and in the interior is Carndonagh (726), the capital of the peninsula. Lifford 511, the assize town, on the Foyle, may be regarded as a part of Strabane, on the Derry side of the River; and the circuit ends at the

pretty village of Pettigo (468), near Lough Erne.

The towns in the interior are Raphoe (986), west of Lifford, an ancient episcopal see; and Ballybofey (1,009) and Stranorlar (420), near each other on the river Finn.

MINERALS.—Very fine white marble is found at Dunlewy, at the base of Errigal Mountain. Near Raphoe there is a formation of steatite, a soft kind of stone, easily carved and very durable.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—Donegal was the ancient Tirconnell, inhabited by the Kinel Connell, who were descended from Conall, son of the great king Niall of the Nine Hostages (A.D. 378-405), and who possessed nearly the whole of Donegal: their inauguration place was the Rock of Doon, near Kilmacrenan.

Four miles northwest of Derry, on a hill, is Greenan-Ely, the ruins of Aileach, the ancient palace of the O'Neills, the kings of Ulster, who were also for many ages the kings of Ireland.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

DONEGAL CASTLE.—The town of Donegal is beautifully situated on a bay of the same name, and does a thriving trade. To the tourist, the great object of attraction is its splendid old castle, the ancient seat of the O'Donnells, lords of Tirconnell. The ruin, compared with others in the island, is in a tolerably good state of preservation, and from what remains it must have been a noble mansion, and worthy of the rank of these once powerful chieftains. Two magnificent sculptured chimneypieces, in the style of James I., still remain in a very perfect state. The grand hall on the ground floor, is arched, from which several smaller apartments open; and upstairs the grand banqueting hall was lit by several Gothic windows, which look out upon the bay; and at one end are the remains of a great bay window the entire height of the chamber, which bespeaks its ancient magnificence. This ruin derives a melancholy interest from the affecting history of the life and adventures of Red Hugh, the last of the powerful line of the princes of Tirconnell and lords of Donegal.

DERRYBEG CHAPEL, GWEEDORE.—The structure herewith shown cannot be said to have any special claim on the tourist's attention as an ecclesiastical edifice. It is neither imposing nor pretentious, but like pastor and people is "racy of the soil," and typical of Irish faith, and unflinching devotion to fatherland. Its pastor, whose portrait is presented in the foreground, came into prominence during the Land League agitation, for his attitude and labors in behalf of his people, especially during the famine of 1879 and 1880, in that locality. The parish is situated in a bleak corner of the northwest Donegal coast, and is somewhat barren, and under the old rack-renting system suffered severely. During the famine and agitation mentioned, Father McFadden, by his appeals for charity, saved many of his people from death by starvation, and kept them in line in support of the national cause. Police Inspector Martin, who attempted to arrest him during holy mass, with the malicious design of outraging the religious feelings of the congregation, was killed by the infuriated people. Father McFadden was arrested, but could not be held amenable for the result, though he suffered much persecution at the hands of his enemies.

MOVILLE.—This delightful spot is one of the most attractive places in Ireland. There the pleasure steamers ply constantly in summer, discharging their hosts of citizens seeking the invigorating air of sea and mountain. The town is handsome and well laid out, and is much visited as a watering place, and by persons attracted by the wild and interesting scenery of the locality. The Squire's Carn is not quite three miles to the west, from which a noble view may be obtained; and a still better from the mountain of Craignamaddey, equidistant to the north, which not only embraces a beautiful panoramic view of the lough and of the Derry Mountains, but a lengthened prospect of the causeway cliffs. Every spot in the vicinity has some tradition, and every mile a legend. The territory was originally the stronghold of the Kinel Owen, and later of the O'Dohertys.

BUNDORAN.—A few miles distant from the town of Ballyshannon is the pretty village of Bundoran, near the mouth of the harbor. It is, says Mr. S. C. Hall, much frequented by sea-bathers, and is exceedingly healthy; the wide ocean immediately facing it, and a line of mountains inclosing it from harsh winds. It is the most attractive summer resort in the whole northwest of Ireland. The scenery of the locality is peculiar, the action of the sea having wrought the seacoast, as in other portions of the northern tempest-beaten coast, into strange forms. One of these, called the Fairy Bridge, is composed of an arch 24 feet in span, "with a perfectly formed and detached causeway 12 feet in breadth." All around the Donegal coast the cliffs and headlands are magnificently striking, where here and there as in the case of Bundoran, a quiet, pretty village is nestled on some sheltered bay or river.

BALLYSHANNON.—This pretty town is situated on the southeast corner of Donegal Bay. It presents an attractive appearance from the steep hill on which it is built, and its two parts on both sides of the Erne are connected by a splendid bridge of 16 arches. The name in Celtic, Bel-atha-Seanaigh, signifies "the Mouth of Shanagh's Ford." There is a fine waterfall nearly 20 feet high and 150 yards wide extending the entire breadth of the river a few hundred yards below the bridge. There is what is known as the famous "Salmon Leap." The basin into which the torrent falls is literally alive with these fish, and curious as it may seem the salmon are able to spring up the falls, and make their way up the river to the placid lake. The town possesses the remains of an ancient castle, which was the scene of a defeat of the English forces under Sir Conyers Clifford, in 1597.

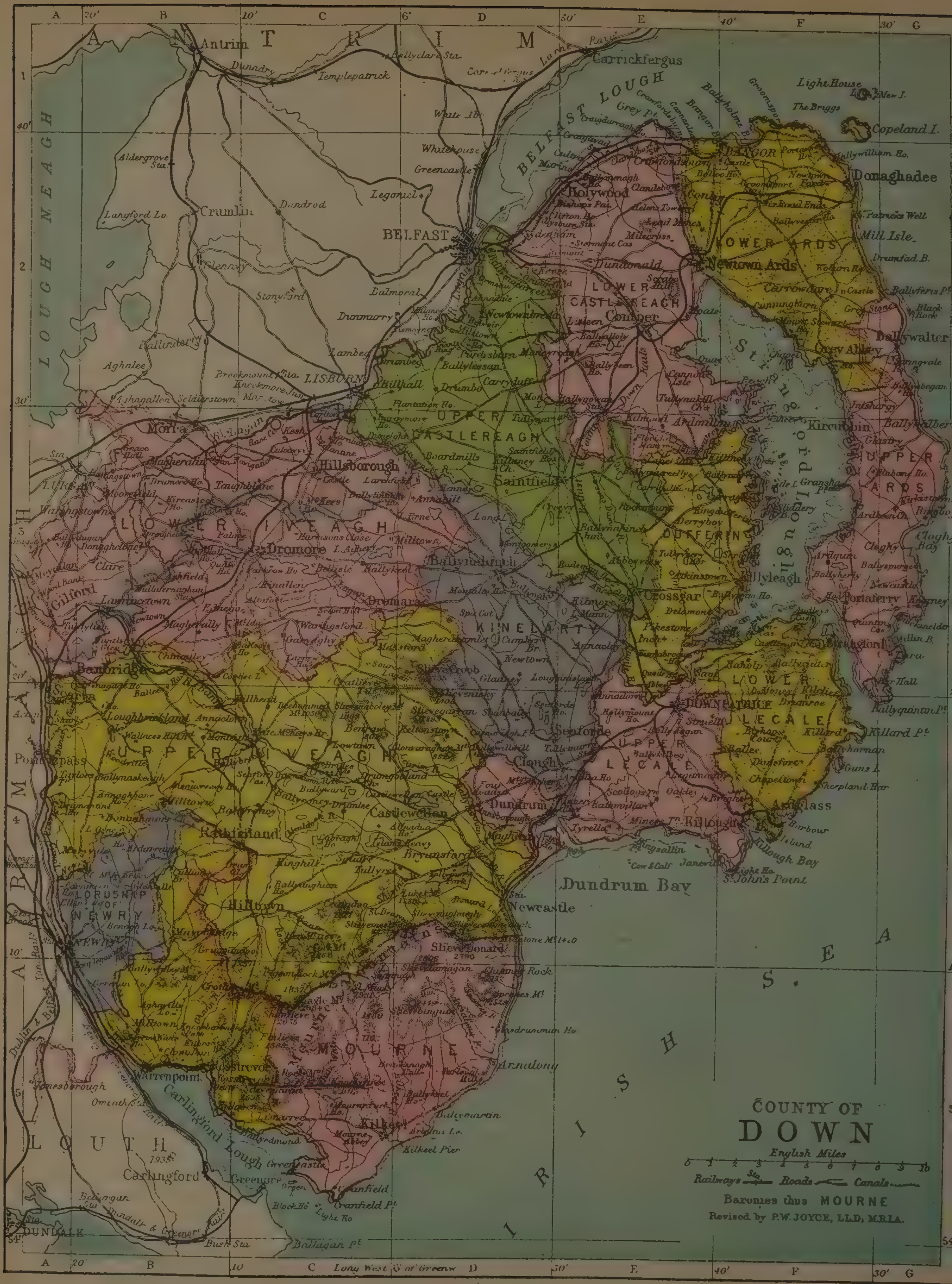
DONEGAL CASTLE.

DERRYBEG CHAPEL, DONEGAL.

MOVILLE, DONEGAL.

BUNDORAN, DONEGAL.

THE BRIDGE, BALLYSHANNON, DONEGAL.


COUNTY OF
DOWN
English Miles
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus MOURNE
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D, M.R.I.A.
ANTRIM
LOUGH NEAGH
BELFAST LOUGH
Carrickfergus
Antrim
Templepatrick
Crumlin
BELFAST
LISBURN
Holywood
Bangor
Donaghadee
Copeland I.
Newtown Ards
LOWER ARDS
UPPER ARDS
Strangford Lough
Dundonald
LOWER CASTLEREAGH
UPPER CASTLEREAGH
Comber
Saintfield
Hillsborough
Moira
LOWER IVEAGH
Dromore
Ballynahinch
KINELARTY
DUFFERIN
Killyleagh
Crossgar
Downpatrick
LECALE
UPPER LECALE
LOWER LECALE
Ardglass
Killough
St. John's Point
Dundrum
Dundrum Bay
Newcastle
Castlewellan
Banbridge
Gilford
UPPER IVEAGH
Rathfriland
Hilltown
LORDSHIP OF NEWRY
Newry
Slieve Donard
MOURNE
Warrenpoint
Rostrevor
Kilkeel
Carlingford Lough
Greenore
Carlingford
LOUTH
DUNDALK
ARMAGH
IRISH SEA
Portaferry
Strangford
Ballywalter
Kircubbin
Grey Abbey
Lambeg
Loughbrickland
Annalong
Cranfield Pt.

DOWN.

NAME.—Downpatrick took its name from the great dun or fort near the cathedral, which was called Dun-Keltair, the fort of the hero, Keltar. The name of Patrick was added to commemorate the saint's connection with the place.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length, from Cranfield Point at the mouth of Carlingford Lough to the shore near Donaghadee, 49 miles; breadth, from Lisburn to the shore near Ardglass, 25 miles; area, 957 square miles; population, 272,107.

SURFACE.—The chief physical feature of Down is the grand range of the Mourne Mountains; near the center is the much smaller range of Slieve Croob; all the rest of the county is an endless succession of cultivated hills, valleys, and small plains.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The Mourne Mountains extend for about 15 miles in length from Carlingford Lough to Newcastle; they form one of the finest ranges in Ireland, and as they rise direct from the sea they are seen in their full height.

The chief summits are the following: Slieve Donard (2,796), at the northeast extremity, the highest mountain in Ulster, whose summit is only 2 miles from the seashore at Newcastle. Slieve Commedagh (2,512) lies 1 mile northwest of Slieve Donard: Slieve Bearnagh (2,394) and Slieve Meel (2,237), are about 2 miles west of Slieve Commedagh. Chimney Rock (2,152) rises straight over the sea, 1½ miles southwest of Slieve Donard: Slieve Bingian (2,449) stands 3 miles southwest from Slieve Donard. Toward the southwestern extremity, Eagle Mountain (2,084) and Shanlieve (2,055) lie close together: and towering over Rosstrevor, at the southwest extremity of the range, is Slieve Martin (1,595).

The Slieve Croob range, 7 miles long, lies to the north of, and runs nearly parallel with, the Mourne Mountains. Chief summits, Slieve Croob (1,755), on the side of which is the source of the Lagan: Cratlieve (1,416) and Slievenabolley (1,069) lie further west: and at the southwest end is Deehommed (1,050).

COAST LINE.—Except by the deep inlet of Strangford Lough, the coast is not much broken. For the greater part it is rocky, scarped, and dangerous, having few prominent headlands, and few bays or harbors of shelter.

HEADLANDS.—Grey Point, at the south of the entrance to Belfast Lough: Ballyferis Point, south of Donaghadee: Ballyquintin Point, the extreme south point of the Ards peninsula, and Killard Point, at both sides of the entrance of Strangford Lough: St. John's Point, a bold, rocky promontory marking the east of Dundrum Bay: Ringsallin Point, in Dundrum Bay: Cranfield Point, the extreme southern end of the county.

ISLANDS.—There is quite a little archipelago of islets in Strangford Lough, the chief of which are: Mahee Island, the ancient Nendrum, on which Bishop Mahee, a contemporary of St. Patrick, established a monastery and school, and which still retains some ruins of the old buildings, including the remains of a round tower: Beagh Island, north of Mahee: Castle Island, south of it; and Chapel Island, near Grey Abbey, at the other side of the Lough. The little group of the Copeland Islands lies outside Donaghadee, of which two are inhabited, and one contains a lighthouse: Gun Island is a little to the north of Ardglass: Green Island lies at the entrance of Carlingford Lough.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Belfast Lough separates Down from Antrim. The two little bays of Bangor and Ballyholme lie near each other on the north coast: Donaghadee harbor is partly artificial, but is not much used: Cloghy Bay and Millin Bay lie on the ocean side of Island Magee. Strangford Lough or Lough Cone is shallow and incumbered with sandbanks: Ardglass Harbor and Killough Bay are two important harbors of refuge. Dundrum Bay is open and exposed, but it has an inner sheltered bay running up to Dundrum. Carlingford Lough separates Down from Louth.

RIVERS.—Except the Bann and the Lagan, which drain the west of the county, all the rivers of Down are small. The Bann, rising in the Mourne Mountains, flows through Down till it enters the county Armagh, 2 miles below Gilford. The Lagan rises in Slieve Croob, runs through Down to near Moira, and forms the boundary between Down and Antrim for the rest of its course. The Ravernet, a considerable affluent from the south coast, joins the Lagan a mile above Lisburn. The Blackwater runs into the west side of Strangford Lough at Ardmillan. The Ballynahinch River, flowing east through Ballynahinch, and the Carson's Dam River, flowing south through Crossgar, join at Kilmore, and the united stream is called the Annacloy River, and lower down the Quoile River, falling into the southwest angle of Strangford Lough, near Downpatrick. The Ballybannon River flows from Slieve Croob into Dundrum Bay at Murlough House, near Dundrum; the Burren River and the Shimna River run into Dundrum Bay at Newcastle. In the south of the county, the Annalong River flowing into the sea at Annalong, the Kilkeel River at Kilkeel, the White Water falling into Carlingford Lough near Greencastle, and the Kilbroney River at Rosstrevor, all flow down the slopes of the Mourne Mountains. The Newry River or Glenree River, rising near Ruthfriland, and passing by Newry, flows into Strangford Lough at Warren Point: from Newry down to its mouth it is called the Narrow Water.

LAKES.—Down touches Lough Neagh by a long neck west of Moira. All the other lakes of the county are small and unimportant. The little Loughbrickland Lake, in the west, gives name to the town of Loughbrickland. Halfway between Ballynahinch and Dromore is Lough Aghery, and near it on the northeast is Lough Erne: nearer to Saintfield are Long Lough and Creevy Lough. Lough Money and Loughinisland Lake lie near Downpatrick. Beside Castlewellan is Castlewellan Lake, and 3 miles southwest from the village is Lough Island Reavy.

TOWNS.—Newry (14,808, of which 5,657 are in that part of the town belonging to Armagh), a town of considerable trade and manufacture. Proceeding round the coast from Newry: Warren Point (1,887) stands at the mouth of the Narrow Water: and 3 miles east of this is Rosstrevor (706), one of the most beautiful spots in Ireland. Kilkeel (1,452) is near the extreme south end of the county: Newcastle (840), at the base of Slieve Donard, is much frequented as a watering place; and a little further north, on the inner Dundrum Bay, is the village of Dundrum, with the fine old ruin of John De Courcey's castle near it. Killough (748) and Ardglass (691) stand near each other, the latter having a fine old castle ruin.

Entering Strangford Lough, we pass in the strait, first on the left hand, the pretty village of Strangford (434), and a little further in, at the opposite side, the prosperous town of Portaferry (1,647). On the western shore of the Lough is Killyleagh (1,835), and the well-to-do town of Comber (2,165) at the head of a little creek: and at the head of the lough, half a mile from the shore, is Newtownards (8,676), a business-like and prosperous town (muslin weaving). Returning southward along the eastern shore of the lough, we pass first Grey Abbey (679), with its fine abbey ruins; and 3 miles further south, Kircubbin (609).

Near Grey Abbey, on the ocean side of Island Magee, is Ballywalter (595). Donaghadee (1,861), on the northeast corner, is the packet station, and the nearest port to Scotland; 5 miles west of this is Bangor (3,006), which was in former days one of the most celebrated religious establishments in Ireland. Lastly, on the shore of Belfast Lough, is the important little town of Holywood (3,293).

The following are inland: Downpatrick (3,419), the assize town, the burial place of St. Patrick. Banbridge (5,609), on the Upper Bann, a good business town (linen weaving); and 4 miles lower down on the same river, Gilford (1,324), with flax and linen industries like Banbridge. On the Lagan are Dromore (2,491), and lower down Moira (461). Rathfriland (1,572) lies to the northeast of Newry: Ballynahinch (1,470) is in the center of the county: and 3 miles northeast of it is the neat town of Saintfield (769). Hillsborough (797) is 4 miles south of Lisburn: and Castlewellan (892) lies 4 miles west of Dundrum. That part of Belfast named Ballymacarret belongs to Down, and contains a population of 23,917: and a portion of Lisburn, containing a population of 2,446, also belongs to this county.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—This county formed a part of the ancient territory of Dalaradia. Upper or South Clannaboy occupied the district now included in the two baronies of Upper and Lower Castlereagh. The old name of the Mourne Mountains was Beanna-Boirche (pron. Banna-Borka). The Dane's Cast in the west, a little to the south of Gilford, is a part of the ancient rampart dividing the two kingdoms of Oriel and Ulidia.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

DOWNPATRICK CATHEDRAL.—This cathedral is built on the site of a cathedral, one of the most ancient edifices in Ireland, which was destroyed by the Danes, and in which, it is said, the remains of St. Patrick, St. Bridget and St. Columbkill were buried. It was erected by Malachy O'Morgair, Bishop of Down, in 1140, and was burned during the war of Edward Bruce, was restored in 1412, again burned by Lord Deputy De Grey in 1538. In 1790 the present structure was erected on its ruins. A handsome east window divided by mullions into twelve compartments, in the choir, appears to be the only window remaining of the splendid edifice erected in 1412, and destroyed by De Grey. The present structure comprises a nave, choir and aisles, with a lofty square tower at the left end, embattled and pinnacled, giving the cathedral, which stands on a hill, a massive and imposing appearance. The interior is richly ornamented. From 1538 to 1790 the church at Lisburn served as a cathedral.

GREY ABBEY.—This once famed edifice, the ruins of which now alone remain, was built in the year 1193 by Africa, wife of the Norman Knight, John De Courcy, and daughter of Godfred, king of the Isle of Man, for a community of Cistercian monks. The extent and character of the remains give evidence of its former splendor, the stately windows of Gothic structure showing a beauty of design and richness of art, though now overgrown with ivy, and crumbling in decay. The cells, dormitories and other buildings for the uses of the former inmates are wholly in ruins, only enough remaining to trace the compass of ground occupied by the entire structure. The vicinity of the ruins is highly picturesque, and is much frequented by visitors. The Abbey was destroyed during the great rebellion of 1641, and was partly restored by the first Lord Montgomery in 1685, into whose hands it had fallen.

THE QUAY, BANGOR.—Bangor, said to be derived from Bane-Choraidh, the White Choir, was famous as a seat of learning, and a "city of the saints" in olden times. St. Comhgall founded an abbey there in 552, the fragments of which still exist, and laid the foundation of the great school to which students from all parts of Europe resorted, and whose fame became world wide. Its seminary, directed by St. Carthagus, is declared to be the germ from which Oxford arose, King Alfred having obtained his professors from Bangor when he founded or restored that university. In 818, the ruthless Northmen descended on the establishment and slew more than 900 of the 3,000 monks that resided there. Bangor was within the dominion of the O'Neills, and the remains of a castle, still in good condition, stands on the Quay. Bangor is to-day a favorite watering place, and contains in summer a large villa population from the neighboring city of Belfast.

DOWN CATHEDRAL.

GREY ABBEY, DOWN.

BANGOR, DOWN.

COUNTY OF
DUBLIN
English Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus COOLOCK
Revised by P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
BALROTHERY WEST
BALROTHERY EAST
NETHERCROSS
CASTLEKNOCK
COOLOCK
NEWCASTLE
UPPERCROSS
RATHDOWN
DUBLIN
DUBLIN BAY
IRISH SEA
MEATH
KILDARE
WICKLOW
Balbriggan
Skerries
Rush
Lusk
Lambay I.
Donabate
Swords
Malahide
Howth
Ireland's Eye
Baldoyle
Clontarf
Dollymount
Poolbeg L. Ho.
Kingstown
Dalkey
Dalkey I.
Killiney Bay
Bray
Bray Head
Leixlip
Lucan
Clondalkin
Tallaght
Saggart
Rathcoole
Newcastle
Garristown
Naul
Ratoath
Ashbourne
Dunboyne
Celbridge
Blessington
Finglas
Glasnevin
Blanchardstown
Chapelizod
Phœnix Park
Rathfarnham
Black Rock
Stillorgan
Enniskerry
Powerscourt
Kippure 2473
Seefingan Mt. 2364
Glenasmole
Rockabill
Long. W. 6° 30′ of Greenw.

DUBLIN.

NAME.—The city, which gave name to the county, got its own name from the river. The Liffey, near where the old city stood, formed a pool which was called Dubh-linn, meaning "black pool" (dubh, black; linn, a pool); and the name is applicable to the river at this day. The more ancient name was Ath-cliath (pronounced Ah-clee), the ford of hurdles, from the old hurdle bridge by which the Liffey was originally crossed (ath, a ford; cliath, a hurdle).

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length, from the summit of Kippure Mountain, south of Dublin city, to the river Delvin, near Balbriggan, 32 miles; breadth, from Howth Head to Clonee, near Lucan, 16½ miles; area, 354½ square miles. Population, 418,910.

SURFACE.—On the south this county is skirted by mountains; the rest of the county is level, or interspersed with low elevations, all in grass or in cultivation.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—Kippure (2,473) stands 12 miles nearly due south of the city, and belongs partly to Wicklow, the boundary line passing over its summit. Two miles northwest from this is Seefingan (2,364), also on the boundary. These two mountains tower over the head of Glennasmole, on the west side of which, 4 miles further north, is Knockannavea (1,289), and 2 miles west of this are Saggart Hill (1,308) and Knockandinny (1,025), over the village of Saggart. Six or seven miles south of Dublin are a number of hills, forming a beautiful screen, visible from almost every part of the city, the chief of which are Killakee Mountain (1,761), Glendoo Mountain (1,929), and Prince William's Seat (1,825), all three on the boundary line with Wicklow; Tibradden (1,540) and Kilmashogue Mountain (1,339) project forward toward Dublin. The Two Rock Mountain (1,699) and the Three Rock Mountain (1,479) slope down toward the east directly to Kingstown. The beautiful hills of Dalkey and Killiney (474) rising directly over the sea, form the terminating spur of the range.

From the summits of all these hills there is a magnificent view of the great plain of Dublin, with the Mourne Mountains in the distance to the north. They are pierced by several ravines, of which the most striking are the Slade of Saggart, through which is carried the road from Dublin to Blessington; the Gap of Ballinascorney, leading west from Glenasmole; Glendoo or Glencullen, between Tibradden Mountain and Glendoo Mountain; and the Scalp, an extraordinary gorge cut right through the hill on the road from Dublin to Enniskerry.

COAST LINE.—The coast is considerably broken by inlets. The greater part is sandy, but there are in several places low cliffs of limestone; and at Howth and Dalkey the shore is precipitous. In some parts the strand is very beautiful, for instance at Balbriggan; and the "Velvet Strand" between Malahide and Howth is one of the finest strands in Ireland.

HEADLANDS.—The two rocky peninsulas of Rush and Portraine lie at the opposite sides of the inlet of Turvey. The promontory of Howth rises to the height of 560 feet, and presents a succession of splendid sea cliffs nearly the whole way round; and at Dalkey and Killiney is another series of fine cliffs terminating in Sorrento Point, opposite Dalkey Island. Howth, Dalkey and Killiney are noted for their fine views both seaward and landward.

ISLANDS.—The Skerries group, off the town of Skerries, consists of St. Patrick's Island, on which is a very ancient church dedicated to St. Patrick; Shenick's Island; and Colt's Island. About 4 miles from the coast at Skerries is the Rockabill rock, on which is a lighthouse. Lambay Island, 2½ miles from Rush, is 418 feet high, and presents rocky cliffs to the sea nearly the whole way round; it contains 596 acres, much of which is pasture land. The rocky, picturesque little island of Ireland's Eye lies a mile off Howth, and contains the ruins of the church of the Three Sons of Nessan, belonging to the seventh century. The little island of Dalkey contains a Martello tower, and also a very ancient church ruin.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Beginning on the north, the little harbor of Loughshinny lies a mile north of Rush. Immediately south of Rush, straight opposite Lambay Island, is Rogerstown or Turvey Bay; next is Malahide Bay, and just north of Howth, Baldoyle Bay, all three well sheltered, but so shallow and sandy as to be of little use. Howth Harbor is artificial, and was erected at great expense; but it is now little used except as a rendezvous for fishing vessels. Dublin Bay, celebrated for its fine scenery, is inclosed on the north by the Hill of Howth, and on the south by Dalkey Hill, 6 miles asunder; it is 6 miles deep, and its shores are thickly studded with beautiful towns and villas. There is an artificial inner harbor formed by two walls, the South Wall and the Bull Wall, which keep out the heavy swell, and prevent the accumulation of sand. At Kingstown there is a very fine artificial harbor. Near this is the little harbor of Bullock. Killiney Bay has a fine curved sandy beach which extends south to Bray.

RIVERS.—The Liffey enters this county at Leixlip; and from this to its mouth at Ringsend is about 12 miles. The Dodder rises on the slopes of Kippure, and for the first part of its course flows through Glennasmole, a very fine valley 6 miles long, celebrated in ancient legend, and now well cultivated and inhabited: after a most picturesque course the Dodder joins the Liffey at Ringsend. The Tolka, which rises in Meath, passing by Glasnevin, flows into Dublin Bay, near Clontarf. The Broad Meadow Water and the Ward River, both of which rise in Meath, flow into Malahide Bay. The pretty little river Delvin forms for nearly its whole course the northern boundary, separating Dublin from Meath. On the south the Bray River separates the counties of Dublin and Wicklow.

TOWNS.—Dublin, the capital of Ireland, is situated at the mouth of the Liffey. What is called the "City" has a population of 249,602; but Dublin has far outgrown the limits of the "City" and if Rathmines, Rathgar, and the Pembroke Township be included, as they ought to be, the population is about 300,000. Kingstown 18,586), on the south side of Dublin Bay, a flourishing town, formerly called Dunleary, is the mail packet station between Dublin and England, and the chief station for the steamers plying to Holyhead and Liverpool. Near Kingstown, on the Dublin side, is Blackrock (8,902), and on the other side is Dalkey (3,234), both very beautifully situated. Adjoining Dalkey is Killiney, in a still more lovely situation on the slope of Killiney Hill.

North of Dublin along the coast are the following: Clontarf (4,210), the scene of the battle in which the Danes were defeated by Brian Boru in 1014: Howth (909), on the north side of Howth Hill, with its fine abbey ruins; near which is Baldoyle (577), on the shore of Baldoyle Bay: Malahide (670), whose castle, a very fine and most interesting baronial residence, is still inhabited by its lords. A little inland is Swords (1,088), once an important ecclesiastical center, and still retaining the ruins of a church, a round tower, and the remains of the archiepiscopal palace. The long straggling street of Rush (1,071) comes next; and 3 miles inland is Lusk (357), chiefly remarkable for its church ruins and round tower. Skerries (2,227), an important fishing station, stands in a beautiful situation, its main street running parallel to the shore: and lastly, Balbriggan (2,443), celebrated for its hosiery.

On the Liffey, above Dublin, is Chapelizod (1,583), most picturesquely situated; and higher up Lucan (691), which was formerly the residence of the Sarsfield family, and gave the title of earl to the celebrated Patrick Sarsfield, the defender of Limerick. Immediately west of Dublin, and near the Liffey, is Kilmainham (5,391); and 4 miles west of this is the village of Clondalkin (379), which is remarkable only for its perfect round tower. Near Dublin, in the south, is the little town of Terenure (1,143), which is fast becoming incorporated with Dublin; and a mile further on is the faded village of Rathfarnham (746). Dundrum (492), 3 miles south of the city, is now growing to be a favorite suburban residence. That portion of Bray lying in the county Dublin has a population of 2,148.

MINERALS.—At Ballycorus, 3 miles from Bray, there is a lead mine, which yields also silver.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The old district of Cualann belonged chiefly to Wicklow, but it extended north to within a short distance of Dublin. The level dis-

FATHER BURKE MEMORIAL CHURCH, TALLAGHT, DUBLIN.

trict lying between Dublin and Howth was anciently called Moy-Ealta-Edar, or the plain of the bird flocks of Edar (from Edar or Howth). That part of the county lying north of Howth was called Fingall, *i.e.*, the *finè* or tribe of the Galls or Danes; and to this day it retains the name, and the people are called Fingallians. The Hill of Howth was the ancient Ben-Edar, *i.e.*, the Ben or peak of Edar, a legendary hero. Criffan, king of Ireland in the first century, had his residence on Howth, and his palace, Dun-Criffan, stood near where the lighthouse now is.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

BANK OF IRELAND.—This magnificent edifice, on the north side of College Green, was formerly the Irish House of Parliament, and is reminiscent of some of the noblest associations in Irish history. Within its walls were heard some of the loftiest bursts of eloquence that adorn the legislative annals of any country. There Grattan, Curran, Flood, Plunket and other oratorical giants struggled in intellectual combat, and there were witnessed some of the most inspiring acts of patriotism, and unhappily, too, some of the basest acts of treachery that ever befell a people struggling for freedom. The building is of rare artistic and classic beauty, being unsurpassed in elegance, grace and symmetry by any edifice in Europe. Strange to say, the name of the genius who designed this marvelous specimen of architecture is unknown. It is built of Portland stone, "and derives all its beauty from a single impulse of fine art, and is one of the few instances of form only, expressing true symmetry." The grand Ionic portico in front is 147 feet in extent.

O'CONNELL MONUMENT.—This magnificent monument to the Irish Liberator stands near the northern end of O'Connell Street (formerly Sackville Street), the chief thoroughfare of Ireland's capital. It was raised by national subscription, and cost £12,000. It was designed by the distinguished Irish sculptor, Henry Foley, who did not live to see his great work completed, though the model was practically finished at the time of his death. The cornerstone was laid in August, 1864. The figure of the great tribune is 13 feet high, and the sculptor had completed the head shortly before his death. Around the drum on which the statue stands are four winged victories, while 50 figures, 14 of statuesque proportions, the principal being Erin trampling on broken fetters and pointing with uplifted hand to the statue above, are grouped immediately above. There are also 4 shields representing the 4 provinces of Ireland.

MORTUARY CHAPEL AND O'CONNELL'S TOWER, GLASNEVIN. — Glasnevin is the Campo Santo of Ireland, where repose the remains of most of the orators, statesmen and patriots who have won the affections of the Irish people during this century. The cemetery, which is one of the most beautiful in Europe, was established through the instrumentality of O'Connell, as a burial place for Catholics, and has been enlarged until it contains 59 acres. O'Connell's remains were removed to the crypt where they now repose in 1869. The crypt is tastefully decorated and colored, and is an object of great interest. On the walls are O'Connell's dying words: "My heart to Rome, my body to Ireland, my soul to Heaven." The commemorative round tower, fit monument for the great patriot, has an elevation of 150 feet. The mortuary chapel erected close to the tower is of Dalkey granite, and carved in Romanesque in the style of Irish architecture.

GRATTAN'S STATUE, COLLEGE GREEN. —In the storied plaza of College Green, Dublin, one of the most conspicuous features is the noble statue of Henry Grattan, by Foley, erected by the city corporation in 1876. The great orator and patriot is represented as he appeared when moving the Declaration of Irish Rights, which he supported in one of his most celebrated orations. The statue is appropriately set on the old parade ground of the volunteers, and facing the statues of Goldsmith and Burke, the three greatest masters within their respective spheres of the English language—Grattan for concentration, Goldsmith for grace, and Burke for magnificence.

To the left is the old Irish Parliament House, the scene of so many of Grattan's triumphs. The spot where the statue stands was chosen as a site for the Prince Albert Memorial, but through the efforts of the late A. M. Sullivan, author of the "Story of Ireland," it was reserved for Grattan's statue, while the other was changed to the lawn of the Royal Dublin Society.

THE ROTUNDA.—The Rotunda, one of the most noted structures in Dublin, used chiefly for meetings, balls and exhibitions, stands at the corner of Rutland Square, at the end of Upper O'Connell Street, and contains a splendid series of rooms, admirably adapted for the purposes intended. Among them may be mentioned a ballroom, 86 feet; and card room, 66 feet; tea room, 54 feet; hall, 40 feet; grand supper room, 86 feet; minor supper room, 54 feet; waiting room, 36 feet; 4 dressing rooms, each 20 feet; a servants' hall 40 feet; vestibule, 20 feet; all of proportionate breadth, beside many other appartments and offices. Many memorable meetings have been held within the precincts of the Rotunda, among them the conference that sat from November 18 to 21, 1873, when the Home Rule League which afterward developed into the Land League and National League was formed.

MALAHIDE CASTLE.—This castle is one of the oldest and best preserved of any of the early Anglo-Norman castles in Ireland. Malahide was granted to Richard Talbot by Henry II., and it has been in the possession of this family until the present day, save during a short period, when it was occupied by one Myles Corbet, a regicide, who was forced to abandon it, after the Restoration of Charles II. The castle has been re-edified on many occasions, but always in keeping with its ancient character, and making it to the present day representative of the olden time. It is an extensive square structure, flanked by circular towers, and stands on an eminence to the left of the little village. The interior possesses many features of interest, among them a splendid hall, said to be the purest specimen of Norman architecture in the country. A collection of rare paintings and portraits by the old Dutch and Italian masters adorn the venerable mansion.

VICE-REGAL LODGE, PHŒNIX PARK.—This large but rather plain and unpretentious edifice is the summer residence of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It was purchased from the Earl of Leitrim in 1784, and stands near the principal road through the park. The park contains 1,752 acres, 160 of which form the demesne of the Vice-Regal Lodge. The drive from the Dublin Gate to Castlenock Gate is considerably more than 2 miles. It is a magnificent and delightful recreation ground, and admirably well kept, and is considered by many to be unequaled in beauty by any inclosure or pleasure ground in the British Islands. Near to the Vice Regal Lodge is the residence of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, also surrounded by a demesne; while throughout the park are also residences and buildings for the use of the Rangers, the Royal Hibernian Military School, the headquarters of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and other public buildings for the use of the government officials.

ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN.—This inclosure, the largest city square in Europe, occupying a square mile, was transformed into a park a few years ago, through the munificence of Lord Ardilaun. It was formerly the Tyburn of Dublin, and many malefactors were executed there. The building of the Catholic University, the Royal College of Surgeons, the College of Science, and the Wesleyan College form portions of the lines of fine houses on each side of the green. Merrion Square, where stands the house in which O'Connell resided for many years, during the zenith of his power, Leinster Square, Fitz-William and Mountjoy Squares, surrounded by the residences of the aristocracy, are also embellishments of which any city might be proud.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, DUBLIN.

ROTUNDA, DUBLIN.

O'CONNELL STATUE, DUBLIN.

CHAPEL AND O'CONNELL TOWER, GLASNEVIN, DUBLIN.

GRATTAN STATUE, DUBLIN.

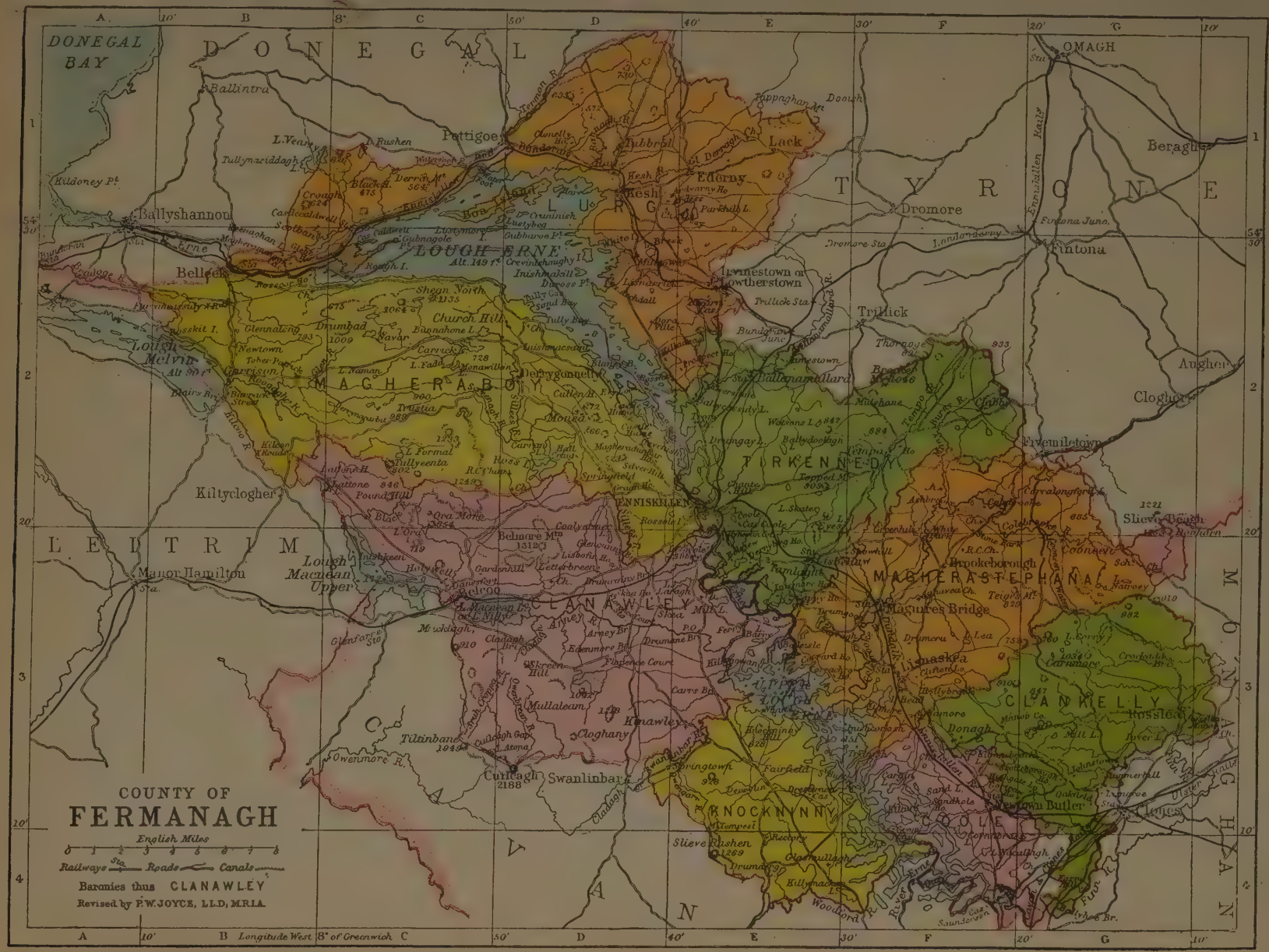
COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.

LEINSTER LAWN AND MERRION SQUARE, DUBLIN.

VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN.

MALAHIDE CASTLE, DUBLIN.



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FERMANAGH.

NAME.—The county took its name from the tribe called Fir-Monach, or the men of Monach, and these were named from their ancestor Monach, fifth in descent from Cahirmore, king of Ireland from A.D. 120 to 123. Monach settled on the shore of Lough Erne about the end of the 3d century, and his posterity ultimately spread themselves over the whole county.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Greatest length from the boundary, near Rosslea, in the southeast, to the northwest point 3½ miles west of Belleek, 45 miles; average breadth about 21 miles; area, 714 sqnare miles; population, 84,879.

SURFACE.—Fermanagh may be described as a trough, in the bottom of which lies the great chain of lakes formed by the two Loughs Erne. A belt one or two miles wide along the lakes at both sides is level; but beyond this, on either side, northeast and southwest, the country is nearly all mountainous or hilly, the two ranges of upland forming the sides of the trough.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The two highest summits stand on the middle of the southwest boundary, and belong partly to Cavan, namely Cuilcagh (2,188) and Tiltinbane (1,949), which have been noticed in Cavan. North and northwest from these the chief summits are Belmore Mountain (1,312), 6 miles west of Enniskillen, well known for its splendid cliffs and its ancient sepulchral monuments: near this to the west is Ora More (854). Two miles southwest from Derrygonnelly is Knockmore Cliff (919), a conspicuous and precipitous rock noted for its caves, containing ancient inscriptions; and near this on the west is Trustia (989). Northwest of Derrygonnelly is the conspicuous hill of Shean North (1,135), rising in broken acclivities directly over Lough Erne; and near this again to the west, Drumbad (1,009). In the barony of Knockninny, in the south of the county, is Slieve Rushen (1,269), near the boundary of Cavan; and the verdant Knockninny (628), remarkable for its beauty, and for the fine view from its summit.

The chief summits at the other side of the lakes, beginning at the southeast are: Slieve Beagh, on the point of junction of the three counties, Fermanagh, Tyrone, and Monaghan, celebrated in legendary history: it includes several summits, one of which, Dooharn (1,255), is wholly in Fermanagh. Carnmore (1,034) lies east of Lisnaskea; Brocker (1,046) is on the boundary with Tyrone, north of Tempo; and still nearer to Tempo, at its southwest side, is Topped (909). Tappaghan (1,112), in the north, near the village of Lack, belongs more to Tyrone than to Fermanagh.

RIVERS.—The great drainage artery of the county is the river Erne, which belongs for the greater part of its course to Fermanagh. In its passage by Belleek, after issuing from Lower Lough Erne, it falls over a ledge of rocks, forming a very fine cascade. Into the Erne or into its expansions, flow a number of rivers down the sides of the trough from the northeast and southwest. In the south the Woodford River, coming from Cavan, forms part of the boundary between Fermanagh and Cavan, and flows into the head of Upper Lough Erne. Northwest of this the Clodagh or Swanlinbar River belonging partly to Cavan, flows into Upper Lough Erne. The Arney rises in Leitrim, but that part of its course from Lough Macnean to the river Erne lies in Fermanagh. The Sillees drains several small lakes, and flowing southeast by Derrygonnelly, joins the Erne a mile above Enniskillen. The Roogagh, a small, rapid river, flows west into Lough Melvin at the village of Garrison.

On the northeast side of the county the Colebrooke River (called in its upper course the Many Burns) flows by Maguire's Bridge into Upper Lough Erne; and the Tempo River runs by Tempo and joins the Colebrooke a mile below Maguire's Bridge. The Bellanamallard River flows by Bellanamallard into Lower Lough Erne. Further to the northwest the Kesh River (called in the early part of its course the Glen Derragh) flows by Ederney and Kesh, and near it on the west the Bannagh, both running into Lower Lough Erne. The Termon River, flowing by

Pettigo into the same lake, forms part of the boundary between Fermanagh and Donegal.

LAKES.—Upper and Lower Lough Erne belong almost exclusively to Fermanagh and stretch through nearly the whole length of the county, dividing it into two almost equal longitudinal sections. The two lakes are connected by the river Erne, and from the point where the river issues from the Upper Lake to its junction with the Lower Lake, the distance is 10 miles following the windings, or 8 miles direct.

The Upper Lake is very complicated, and greatly broken up by islands and peninsulas, like Lough Oughter in Cavan; it is 10 miles long, with an average width of about 2 miles; greatest width at the northwest end, 3½ miles. The Lower Lake, measuring along its curved southwest shore, is 18½ miles long, or measuring direct from near Enniskillen to the mouth of the river Termon, near Boa Island, 16 miles; greatest width, 5½ miles.

These lakes, though possessing no grand mountain features, can vie with most other Irish or British lakes in the quiet and gentle beauty of their scenery.

On the southwest border is Lower Lough Macnean or Lough Nilly, belonging to Fermanagh, except a very small portion which runs into Cavan. Near it is the larger sheet of Upper Lough Macnean, 4½ miles long, about half of which is in this county. At the extreme west end is Lough Melvin, a small part of which belongs to Fermanagh. In Drumgay Lake, 2 miles north of Enniskillen, are some remarkable "crannoges," or ancient artificial island habitations. Numerous small lakes lie scattered through other parts of the county, especially round Upper Lough Erne.

ISLANDS.—The islands in the two lakes Erne are very numerous: in popular estimate there are 365, but this is an exaggeration. In the Upper Lake the chief islands are Trannish, Inishcorkish and Naan, all about the middle, and Belleisle, at the north extremity. In the Lower Lake, Boa Island, at the northwest end, is 4½ miles long. Near it to the southeast are Lustymore, Lustybeg, Cruninish, and Hare Island. Near the eastern shore are Crevinishaughy and Inishmakill, and close by the southwest shore is Inishmacsaint, containing an ancient church ruin, and giving name to the adjacent parish. The most celebrated of all is Devenish, 2 miles below Enniskillen, where a monastery was founded in the 6th century by St. Molaise (pron. Molash'a), which for ages continued to be one of Ireland's chief seats of religion and literature. The island still contains a most interesting series of church ruins, and a perfect round tower, one of the finest in Ireland.

TOWNS.—Enniskillen (5,712), the assize town, is built on an island formed by two branches of the river Erne, with suburbs on the mainland at both sides, situated in the midst of a beautiful and well-cultivated country. Beginning at the southeast extremity of the county, and proceeding with the left hand to Lough Erne, we come first to Newtown Butler (421), on the summit of a hill, northeast of which, in the extreme east of the county, is the village of Rosslea (328). Lisnaskea (793), near Upper Lough Erne, was anciently the inauguration place of the Maguires, chiefs of Fermanagh: and near it, in the north, is Maguire's Bridge (513), on the Colebrooke River. The village of Tempo (417), is on the Tempo River. Irvinestown or Lowtherstown (795), stands near the border of Tyrone. Kesh (268) and Ederny (317) are on the Kesh River. In the southwestern half of the county are Derrygonnelly (277), 2 miles from the shore of Lower Lough Erne; and in the extreme northwest end, on the river Erne, beside a beautiful cascade, is Belleek (280), a small village, now coming into prominence on account of its manufacture of the well-known "Belleek Pottery."

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—Fermanagh belonged in former days to the Maguires, so that it was for many ages commonly known as "Maguire's Country."

Enniskillen was anciently called Inis-Cethlenn, the island of Kethlenda, wife of "Balor of the mighty blows," a mythical hero, chief of the ancient sea robbers called "Fomorians." (See Sligo.)

Belleisle, in Upper Lough Erne, formerly belonged to the family of Mac Manus, and from them it received its old name, Ballymacmanus or Senat Macmanus. It is memorable as having been the residence of the great Irish scholar, Cahal Maguire, dean of Cloger in the 15th

century, who compiled the "Annals of Ulster," a most valuable historical work which still remains to us.

The district lying between Lough Melvin and Lough Erne was the ancient Tooraw; and the baronies of Clankelly and Clanawley retain the names of old tribes and of the districts they inhabited.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

TULLY CASTLE.—This ancient edifice is situated on the southern shore of Lough Erne, in the midst of beautiful surroundings. It stands on a promontory that juts into the lake, and dates from the Elizabethan period. It was the fortified mansion of a Scotch family named Hume, and is of the usual class erected by the first Scotch settlers, who disinherited the native owners of the soil—a keep or castle turreted at the angles, and surrounded by an outer wall. Originally, it was 50 feet long, and 21 feet broad, the wall being 100 feet square, 14 feet high, with four flankers for defense. In 1641 it was captured and wrecked by Rory, brother of Lord Maguire, and 60 of its inmates killed. It was never afterward rebuilt. The ruins of another castle—Monea—of the same period are a few miles to the southeast.

DEVENISH ISLAND.—This island, a gem in the bosom of Lough Erne, is one of the most interesting spots in Ireland to the tourist and antiquary. It contains several ancient remains, among them the monastic house of St. Molaisse, who died in 563, and a round tower, both herewith shown. The establishment was several times plundered by the Danes, but was rebuilt about 1130. It was a small, quadrangular structure, and in latter times was converted into a church. Up to the beginning of this century it stood in its original form, but little now remains of this relic of thirteen centuries ago. The round tower is considered one of the most perfect in Ireland, and is in an excellent state of preservation. With the cone, it is 74 feet high, and is 48 feet in circumference. The sculptures on it are curious and artistically executed. The various ruins in the vicinity tend to give the spot a color of venerableness and sanctity.

HIGH STREET, ENNISKILLEN.—Enniskillen, the county town of Fermanagh, is situated on an island of 62 acres in the river connecting the upper and lower Loughs Erne. It consists principally of one long street, with a tall church spire as the chief figure. The town is noted for the part taken by its inhabitants in the Revolution of 1688-90. Originally it was the stronghold of the Maguires, who retained possession of it down to 1612, when James I. "granted" it to one Cole, whose descendants possess the major portion of it still. The town is connected with the mainland by bridges, and is attractive and striking in its appearance and surroundings. It has always been regarded as an important military position, commanding the route from Ulster to Connaught. The British military barracks at present occupy the site of one of the ancient castles of its former possessors.

ENNISKILLEN, FERMANAGH.

TULLY CASTLE, LOUGH ERNE.

DEVENISH ISLAND, LOUGH ERNE.

GALWAY.

NAME.—The river flowing by the city of Galway (now the Corrib River) was anciently called Gailleamh (pron. Galliv); this gave name to the city, and the city to the county. Gailleamh probably means "rocky river," from gall, a rock.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Greatest length, from the bend of the Shannon near Eyrecourt in the east, to Aughrus Point in the west, 94 miles; greatest breadth from the boundary south of Gort, to the boundary near Ballymoe in the north, 53 miles; area 2,452 square miles. Population 242,005.

SURFACE.—That part west of Lough Corrib, about one-third of the whole county, is nearly all mountains, lakes, and moorland. The southern border, including a good part of the baronies of Loughrea and Leitrim, is also mountainous; and west of this, in the baronies of Kiltartan and Dunkellin, there is much rugged rocky surface, a continuation to the north of the Burren Hills in Clare. All the east of the county, namely, the whole of that part east of Lough Corrib, is level, occasionally interrupted with low hill-ridges; containing a deal of beautiful fertile land, and also much dreary bog and morass.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The Twelve Pins in the barony of Ballynahinch form the finest mountain range in Galway, and one of the finest in Ireland, a succession of conical peaks overtopping numerous splendid valleys and lovely lakes. The highest summits are Benbaun (2,395), and Bencorr (2,336). East of the Twelve Pins is the Joyces' Country, a region of bare limestone mountains and deep ravines. The Partry Mountains run for some distance on the boundary between Galway and Mayo, east of Killary Harbor: of which Maumtrasna (2,207) and Devil's Mother (2,131)—this latter towering over the head of Killary Harbor—belong to both counties. In the south the Slieve Aughty range stretches in a curve from northwest to southeast, for about 13 miles; chief summits, Cashlaundrumlahan (1,207) and Scalp (1,074).

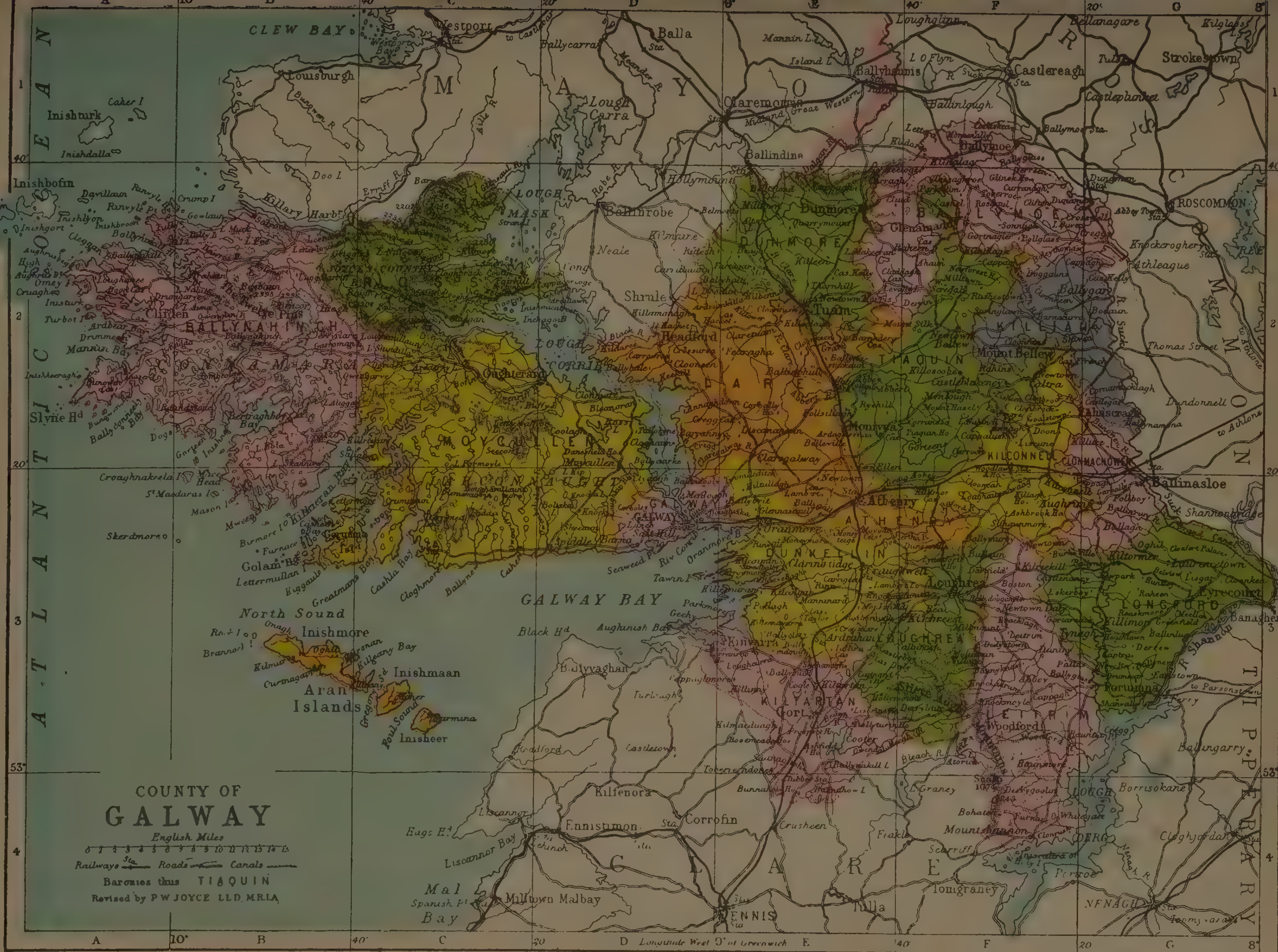
COAST LINE.—The coast from Killary Harbor, all the way round to Cashla Bay, is an interminable complication of bays, inlets, creeks, islands, peninsulas, and headlands; from Cashla Bay to Galway is a stretch of shore almost straight and unbroken; east of this, several small inlets indent the land from the head of Galway Bay. But though the Galway coast has a great deal of rock margin, it presents very little lofty or bold cliff scenery.

HEADLANDS.—Beginning at the northwest: Rinvyle Point stands on the north of the entrance of Ballynakill Harbor; next is Aughrus Point, the most western point of all the mainland of Galway; south of this is Slyne Head, from which the coast turns eastward. Mace Head is at the south of the entrance of Bertraghboy Bay; next is Golam Head, formed by a little island.

ISLANDS.—The coast of the barony of Ballynahinch is skirted with innumerable islands and sea rocks. On the south are the Aran Islands, sheltering Galway Bay on the west, consisting of three chief islands, Inishmore on the west, Inishmaan in the middle, and Inisheer on the east; and the little group of the Brannock Islands, at the western extremity of Inishmore.

North of Inishmore is Gorumna, which is 4½ miles long; near which on the west is Lettermullan, and on the north Lettermore, 3½ miles long. West of this is the little St. Macdara's Island, held in great veneration in honor of the old patron St. Macdara, and containing the ruins of his primitive church: near it is Croaghnakeela. Omey Island lies at the south side of Aughrus Point; and immediately west of the Point is the far more interesting High Island, or Ardoilen, which contains the ruins of a primitive monastery founded by St. Fechin in the 7th century. At the head of Galway Bay is Tawin Island.

The island in Lough Corrib belonging to Galway are: Inchagoill, which contains the headstone of Lugnat, St. Patrick's nephew, the oldest inscribed Christian monument in Ireland Inishmacatreer: Ardillaun; and near the end of the long western arm of the lake, Castlekirk, a mere



COUNTY OF
GALWAY
English Miles
Railways Sta Roads Canals
Baronies thus TIAQUIN
Revised by P W JOYCE LLD MRIA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
CLEW BAY
GALWAY BAY
North Sound
Aran Islands
Inishmore
Inishmaan
Inisheer
MAYO
ROSCOMMON
CLARE
TIPPERARY
Westport
Louisburgh
Balla
Claremorris
Castlereagh
Strokestown
Ballinrobe
Ballindine
Dunmore
Tuam
Headford
Shrule
Clifden
Oughterard
Moycullen
Galway
Athenry
Monivea
Mount Bellew
Ballinasloe
Loughrea
Gort
Kinvara
Portumna
Eyrecourt
Woodford
Ennistymon
Corrofin
Kilfenora
Milltown Malbay
Ennis
Tulla
Tomgraney
Borrisokane
BALLYNAHINCH
MOYCULLEN
DUNMORE
CLARE
TIAQUIN
KILCONNELL
ATHENRY
DUNKELLIN
LOUGHREA
KILTARTAN
LEITRIM
LONGFORD
BALLYMOE
KILLIAN
CLONMACNOWEN
LOUGH MASK
LOUGH CORRIB
Lough Carra
Killary Harbr
Inishbofin
Inishturk
Slyne Hd
Black Hd
Longitude West of Greenwich

rock, almost covered with the ruins of a castle, namely Castlekirk, or the Hen's Castle.

Iniscaltra or Holy Island, in Lough Derg, belongs to this county. St. Camin founded a monastery on it in the 7th century, which became one of Ireland's great ecclesiastical centers; and the island has now a most interesting group of ruins, namely, a round tower, several churches, some as old as the time of St. Camin, and one that was erected, or re-edified, by the great king Brian Boru.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Galway Bay lies between Galway and Clare, off which to the east are Oranmore Bay and Anghinish Bay. West of Galway Bay, opposite Aran, are Cashla Bay, Greatman's Bay, and Kilkieran Bay. Next in the west is the beautiful bay of Bertraghboy, 6 miles deep. Ballyconneely Bay lies south of the peninsula of Slyne Head; and north of it, Mannin Bay. Near this is Ardbear Bay, at the head of which is Clifden; Ballynakill Harbor lies south of Rinvyle Point. The long winding inlet of Killary Harbor (which separates Galway from Mayo), and the smaller Salrock Harbor near it, are both celebrated for their splendid mountain scenery.

RIVERS.—The Shannon, with Lough Corrib, bounds this county on the east and southeast for about 40 miles. The Suck (for which see Roscommon) joins the Shannon near Shannon bridge. The Bunowen, called in the higher part of its course the Clonbrock River, flows southeast by Ahascragh into the Suck, near Ballinasloe; higher up, the Suck is joined by the Shiven River.

The Corrib River, flowing by Galway town, pours the superfluous waters of Lough Corrib and Lough Mask into Galway Bay, running a short course of 5 miles from Lough Corrib to the sea. On the east side, the Clare, or Claregalway River, a considerable stream coming southward from Mayo, the Cregg River, and the Black River (between Galway and Mayo) flow into Lough Corrib; and into the same lake on the west side run the Owenriff and the Bealanabrack, both noted for beautiful scenery.

In the western part of the county the Dawros River runs into Ballinakill Harbor, and the Owenglin by Clifden into Ardbear Bay.

LAKES.—The great lake feature of Galway is Lough Corrib, the largest lake in Ireland except Lough Neagh, and far finer than Lough Neagh in the scenery of its shores. Lough Mask and Lough Derg both lie on, and form part of, the boundary.

That part of the county west of Lough Corrib is studded with innumerable lakes. Lough Inagh, Derryclare Lake, Lough Garroman, Ballynahinch Lake, and Kylemore Lake, all lie at the base of the Twelve Pins, and are all celebrated for their beautiful scenery. Lough Shindilla, Lough Ardderry, Lough Anillaun, and Lough Bofin, are on the road from Galway to Clifden. In the south of the county, Lough Cooter lies near Gort, and Loughrea beside the town of Loughrea.

TOWNS.—Galway (15,471), the assize town, on the river Corrib. Two miles above Galway, on an expansion of the Corrib, is Menlough (427); and south of Galway, at the head of Kinvarra Bay, is Kinvarra (498). On the eastern border are Portumna (1,252), on Lough Derg, with castle and abbey ruins; Eyrecourt (668); and Ballinasloe (4,772, of whom 947 are in Roscommon), on the Suck, noted for its great horse, sheep, and cattle fairs. Inland in this eastern part of the county are the following: Gort (1,719), in the southwest corner; northeast of this is Loughrea (3,159), a prosperous town in the midst of a fertile district; further north, on the road from Dublin to Galway, is the ancient town of Athenry (1,030), with its fine castle and abbey ruins; still more ancient is Tuam (3,567), toward the northern border, now a well-to-do, prosperous town, which dates its origin from a monastery founded there in the 6th century by St. Jarlath. North of Tuam is Dunmore (608); and to the west, near the boundary of Mayo, is Headford (779).

In the western division of the county, the only towns of consequence are Oughterard (834), in a lovely situation on the Owenriff; and Clifden (1,287), the capital of all this western district, quite a modern town, built at the head of Ardbear Bay.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—There were several districts in Connaught called Conmacne, one of which, Conmacne-mara, is now called Connemara. All that part of Galway west of Lough Corrib and Lough-

Mask was anciently called Iar Connaught, or West Connaught; but the name is now usually applied to the barony of Moycullen. The old territory of Hy Many, the country of the O'Kellys, extended from the Shannon to Galway Bay: the eastern part of it, now occupied by the barony of Longford, was the O'Madden's country, called Sil Anmcada; and the southwestern part, now occupied by the baronies of Kiltartan and Dunkellin, was called Aidne or Hy Fiachrach Aidne. A part of the barony of Ross lying between Killary Harbor and the western arm of Lough Corrib, is called the Joyces' country: the Joyces, a family of Welsh extraction, settled there in the thirteenth century; and to this day the inhabitants are almost all Joyces.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

LYNCH'S CASTLE.—The city of Galway at one time carried on a large commerce with Spain, an intercourse that has shown its effects to the present in the appearance and character of the people, and the buildings and streets of the town. Among the buildings the only perfectly preserved example of Spanish architecture is Lynch's Castle, a large, stately edifice, at the corner of Shop and Abbeygate Streets. Its decorations, ornamental mouldings and picturesque cornices denote its Spanish character, which less than a century ago was noticeable in most of the chief buildings of the city. The Lynchs were one of the thirteen so-called Tribes of Galway, all of whom were of Anglo-Norman descent; their prominence may be measured by the fact that during a period of 169 years, 84 members of the family were mayors of the city. Lynch's Castle here depicted was the home of the family for several generations. The tragic story of James Lynch, Warden of Galway, who hanged his son for murder, 1493, is famous in history and romance.

WEST BRIDGE AND FATHER DALY'S CHAPEL.—Of the three bridges connecting the old and the new portions of the city of Galway, on each side of the river that drains Lough Corrib, that known as the West Bridge is the most striking, and is among the finest bridge structures in Ireland. It is of modern construction, and occupies the site of another built in 1442, by Edmond Lynch, at his own expense. Overlooking this bridge is the handsome edifice called Father Daly's chapel, which is an object of interest from the priest whose name it bears. Father Peter Daly devoted his talent and energies to advance the material as well as the spiritual interests of the people of Galway, notably in 1850, on the occasion of the government inquiry to ascertain the best harbor in Ireland for a trans-Atlantic packet station.

FISH MARKET.—A singular community called the Claddagh, numbering about 5,000 souls, forms a suburb of the city of Galway. They are all fishermen, possess their peculiar customs, intermarry only with each other, and have always kept aloof from the surrounding inhabitants whom they regard as "transplanters." They have a primitive code of laws by which they are governed, and never appeal to any outside courts of justice. They annually elect a "king" or head man on St. John's eve, and he exercises almost absolute power in some respects. The Claddaghites are peaceable, industrious and sober, and notably hospitable to strangers. Though differing from the other inhabitants of Galway, in dress, habits, customs, and their Irish dialect, there is no marked difference in their personal appearance. The accompanying picture shows a group of these women in the Galway fishmarket, the trade of which the Claddagh people monopolize.

EYRE SQUARE.—The accompanying picture represents a portion of Eyre Square, a principal part of the city of Galway, and which contains many of the chief buildings, residences, hotels, railway station, and statues of eminent citizens. Galway Bay is acknowledged to be the finest in Ireland, and being 500 miles nearer to America than Liverpool, would, were it not for British commercial selfishness, be a flourishing center of trade and commerce. From the earliest times, the town was a famous trading port with Spain, and its merchants were cele-

brated for their commercial enterprise and wealth. The older parts of the city retain to the present day melancholy vestiges of its departed prosperity and greatness. These, says a modern writer, exhibit generally tokens of the commercial habits of the people rather than of their military character. The people of Galway, however, experienced their full share of the wars and misfortunes of the invader, and always maintained their high character for courage and patriotism.

CLIFDEN CASCADE.—Clifden, in Connemara, is a modern town, there being only one house on its site as late as 1815. It is situated in the midst of some of the wildest and most imposing scenery in Ireland, and excites the admiration of every traveler. It is more Swiss-like than any other portion of the island. It owes its origin to Mr. John D'Arcy, a landed proprietor, who recognized the advantage of having a seaport town in this remote locality, but though the town flourished its founder did not, for through his expenditures and liberality he lost his property under the Encumbered Estates Act. The Owenglen River rushes past the town, forming a picturesque and attractive waterfall, breaking through the rocks in a series of fascinating cascades. The castle, a modern castellated mansion, is a short distance to the east of the town and is surrounded by beautiful and magnificent scenery. In loveliness and grandeur the locality surpasses many of the most celebrated continental scenes.

KYLEMORE CASTLE.—This picturesque and beautiful castellated residence was erected by the late Mr. Mitchell Henry some years ago and is one of the most handsome and romantically situated mansions in Ireland. The Pass of Kylemore—meaning great wood—has been always considered equal in grandeur to the famed gap of Dunloe in Kerry, or Barnesmore in Donegal, while the Lough of Kylemore is scarce unsurpassed by the Lakes of Killarney. The pass is 3 miles long, and the lough 2, and ½ mile wide. Doaghrue to the north of the pass rises to a height of more than 1,700 feet, its huge, rugged crags jutting out of the dense wood that gives the pass its name. On the north side of this height and on the border of the lough stands the magnificent castle shown in the accompanying engraving, its turrets half-hidden behind the dense foliage.

CLIFDEN CASCADE, GALWAY.

EYRE SQUARE, GALWAY.

KYLEMORE CASTLE, GALWAY

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, GALWAY.

LYNCH'S CASTLE, GALWAY.

WEST BRIDGE AND FATHER DALY'S CHAPEL, GALWAY.

FISH MARKET, GALWAY.

THE CLADDAGH, GALWAY.

KERRY.

NAME.—Fergus, ex-king of Ulster, one of the Red Branch Knights, in the time of Conor Mac Nessa (see Armagh,) had a son named Ciar (pron. Keer), who settled in Munster. Ciar's descendants, who were called from him, Ciarraighe (pron. Keeree), possessed the district lying west of Abbeyfeale; and this district, which took the name of the tribe, ultimately gave name to the whole county—Ciarraighe, now Kerry.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Greatest length from Tarbert on the Shannon to Bolus Head, 69 miles; breadth from Mweelin Mountain, 14 miles east of Kenmare, to Ballydavid Head at Smerwick Harbor, 53½ miles; area, 1,853 square miles; population, 201,039.

SURFACE.—The north part of the county, consisting of the barony of Iraghticonor and the greater part of the barony of Clanmaurice, is moderately level; all the rest, with some trifling exceptions, is mountainous.

MOUNTAINS.—The Kerry Mountains form part of the great group that covers the west and southwest of both Cork and Kerry; like those of Cork they generally run in chains east and west; and they include the grandest combination of mountain scenery, the most tremendous precipices, and the finest valleys, in Ireland.

Three chief chains, each with minor subdivisions, stand out very prominently, running westward to the end of the three peninsulas of Corkaguiny, Iveragh and Bear, the Bear chain belonging partly to Cork. The middle chain is divided toward the west into two distinct chains, by the valley of the river Inny. Toward the eastern end it includes Macgillicuddy's Reeks, of which Carrantuohill (3,414), a grand peaked mountain, is the highest summit in Ireland. Near Carrantuohill are Beenkeragh (3,314) half a mile toward the north, and Caher (3,200), a mile to the west. The Gap of Dunloe, a magnificent ravine, cuts right across the chain from north to south, separating the Reeks from the Killarney Mountains, which are the continuation of the chain to the east. Of these the chief summits are Tomies (2,413), Purple Mountain (2,639) a fine conical peak, and Torc (1,764), a massive hill with precipitous sides, all three looking down on the Lakes of Killarney—the two former on the west side the last on the south; and, lastly, the great mountain mass of Mangerton (2,756). Near Mangerton are Stoompa (2,281) and Knockbrack (2,005). The continuation of the Killarney Mountains to the east brings us to the beautiful twin peaks, The Paps (2,268), close together, with a high narrow pass between them.

West of the Reeks the most conspicuous mountains are Drung (2,104), and west of it, Knocknadober (2,266), both rising from the very shore of Dingle Bay; and 4 miles south of Drung, Coomacarrea (2,542).

In the southern division of these Iveragh Mountains, south and southeast of the valley of the river Inny, are Boughil (2,065), northwest of Kenmare; Mullaghanattin (2,539), a few miles west of it; and Coomcallee (2,134), 4 miles west of the village of Sneem.

The whole of the Corkaguiny or Dingle peninsula is a mass of mountains, which form a continuous chain like a great backbone, traversing the peninsula from east to west, and sloping precipitously down to the sea on all sides. They begin on the east with the Slieve Mish range, rising directly over Tralee Bay, of which the highest summits are Baurtregaum (2,796), and Cahirconree (2,715). Beenoskee (2,713) stands in the middle of the peninsula; and northwest of this is the grand mountain of Brandon (3,127), directly over the sea. St. Brendan, from whom this mountain received its name, was a native of this district, and lived in the beginning of the 6th century. He is often called Brendan the Navigator on account of his famous voyage in which it is said he spent seven years sailing about in the Atlantic Ocean. He set out on his voyage from a bay under Brandon Mountain, and his little oratory, which is held in great veneration, is still to be seen on the very summit. This great Corkaguiny range is abruptly terminated on the west by Mount Eagle (1,696),

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a spur of which, Dunmore Head, is the most westerly point of the mainland of Ireland.

In the southern or Bear peninsula, the Caha Mountains lie on the boundary with Cork, as does the Derrynasaggart range, northeast of them. Knockboy (2,321) rises over Glengarriff.

Northeast of Tralee the Glannaruddery Mountains (1,097), run nearly north and south; and west of these are Stack's Mountains (1,170). The moory hills east and northeast of Castleisland are well known as Slieve Lougher, though the name is not now often marked on maps. Their highest summit is Mount Eagle (1,417).

At the northern end of the county, Knockanore (880) rises over the Shannon mouth, and though not lofty, is conspicuous by its isolation. On the shore at the western base of this hill is the village of Ballybunnion, noted for its fine sea caves.

COAST LINE.—The coast is pierced by deep bays which cut the land into long and narrow peninsulas and from these larger bays innumerable smaller ones branch off, presenting an infinite variety of the finest seacoast scenery the whole way round from Tarbert to Kenmare.

HEADLANDS.—Beginning at the north: Beal Point marks the commencement of the opening of the Shannon into the ocean: Kerry Head, a bold promontory, the southern point of the mouth of the Shannon: Brandon Head is a grand cliff under Brandon Mountain. Sibyl Head, Clogher Head, Dunmore Head and Slea Head, are at the extreme west of the Corkaguiny peninsula. Bray Head, a tall cliff, is the southwestern end of Valentia Island; south of which is the still more lofty promontory of Bolus Head, the extremity of the rugged peninsula that separates St. Finan's Bay from Ballinskelligs Bay; east of this, at the other side of Ballinskelligs Bay, is Hog's Head; and lastly Lamb's Head, at the mouth of the Kenmare River.

ISLANDS.—The largest is Valentia, which lies at the extremity of the Iveragh peninsula; it is 7 miles long, and rises 888 feet over the sea. Proceeding southward from Valentia, Puffin Island lies outside St. Finan's Bay; Off Bolus Head are the Skellig Rocks; the largest one, the Greater Skellig, stands like an enormous pillar 714 feet out of the sea, and though nearly inaccessible, has on it the remains of a very ancient religious establishment which has been for ages a place of pilgrimage; there are two lighthouses on this rock. The rocky and lofty island of Scariff (839 feet high) lies in front of Darrynane Bay, and near it is the smaller island of Deenish, of much the same character. In the Kenmare River or Bay at the Kerry side are the islands of Sherky, Rossdohan, and Rossmore.

Going northward from Valentia, the Great Blasket, at the end of the Corkaguiny peninsula, is 3¾ miles long and very narrow and lofty; it has tremendous sea cliffs on the northwest side which run in a continuous line the whole length of the island; one peak, Croaghmore, is 961 feet over the sea, and another, Slievedonagh, 937; each presenting an almost perpendicular wall of rock to the sea. Near this is Inishtooskert, 1 mile in length and 573 feet high, on which is a little church called St. Brendan's oratory; and west and southwest of Blasket is Tearaght, 602 feet high; southwest of Great Blasket are the two high rocky islands, Inishvickillane and Inishnabro. All these rise in lofty cliffs from the sea, the whole group presenting a sublime appearance from the mainland. The Magharees or Seven Hogs, a cluster of sea rocks, lie at the northern extremity of the long peninsula that separates Tralee Bay from Brandon Bay. Lastly, in the Shannon, near Ballylongford, is Carrig Island, with the fine old castle of Carrigafoyle near the shore, the ancient residence of the O'Conors-Kerry.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Beginning on the north, Ballyheige Bay lies south of Kerry Head; Tralee Bay and Brandon Bay, west of Tralee, are both nearly circular, and are very well sheltered; Smerwick Harbor is near the extremity of the Corkaguiny peninsula. Dingle Bay (including Castelmaine Harbor) is about 25 miles long, with an average breadth of about 7 miles; is overtopped by mountains on both sides, and is noted for the splendid scenery of its shores. At the head of Dingle Bay is Castlemaine Harbor, sheltered in the outside by the two long sandy peninsulas of Inch from the north side, and Rossbehy from the south; and off the north side of Dingle Bay are Dingle Harbor and Ventry Harbor, both well sheltered—the latter celebrated in legend. Between Valentia and the mainland is Valentia Harbor. At the south-

western extremity of the Iveragh peninsulas are St. Finan's Bay, and Ballinskelligs Bay, and Darrynane Bay, this last having on its shores Darrynane Abbey, formerly the residence of Daniel O'Connell. The mouth of the Kenmare River, or Kenmare Bay, separates Kerry from Cork, but belongs for the greater part to Kerry. Branching off from it on the south are Kilmakillog Harbor, and Ardgroom Harbor, the latter belonging partly to Cork.

RIVERS.—Beginning on the north, and taking the rivers in their order: The Shannon washes the north shore of Kerry from Tarbert to the mouth. The Blackwater rises in Kerry, then runs on the boundary between Cork and Kerry, and next enters Cork.

The Cashen runs into the Shannon mouth, and is formed by the junction of the Galey (which rises in Limerick), the Feale (which rises in Cork), and the Brick (whose chief headwater is the Shanow); the Feale (which forms the boundary for 13 or 14 miles) being joined from the Kerry side by the Clydagh, the Owveg, and the Smearlagh. The little river Lee flows by Tralee into Tralee Bay, and gives name to the town—Tralee, the traigh or strand of the Lee.

The Maine, which receives the Brown Flesk as tributary, flows into Castlemaine Harbor. Into the same harbor flows the Laune, which carries off the overflow of the Lakes of Killarney; it receives as tributaries the Gweestin from the northeast, and from the south the Gaddagh, which runs in the Hag's Valley under Carrantuohill, and the Loe flowing through the Gap of Dunloe. The beautiful river Flesk flows through the fine valley of Glenflesk into the Lower Lake of Killarney, receiving high up in its course the Loo and the Clydagh, this latter, which draws some of its waters from Cork, being properly the headwater. The Gearhameen drains the splendid vale of Coomyduff, or the Black Valley, and flowing eastward under the very base of the Reeks, joins the Upper Lake; before entering the lake it is joined by the Owenreagh. The Glanbehy flows through the fine valley of Glanbehy into the head of Dingle Bay, and near it on the east is the Caragh, which, before it enters the bay, expands into the lovely Lough Caragh.

The Ferta runs by Cahirsiveen into Valentia Harbor. The Inny drains the valley separating the two Iveragh Mountain ranges, and falls into Ballinskelligs Bay; and near it, and parallel to it, is the Cummeragh, falling into Lough Currane. The Roughty flows through a fine glen (which gives to the surrounding barony the name of Glanarought), and entering the sea at Kenmare, opens out into the great estuary called Kenmare River, or Kenmare Bay. The Sheen (called in the early part of it course the Baurearagh River) joins the Roughty on the south bank opposite Kenmare; the Slaheny joins it a little higher up on the same bank; and through Kenmare itself runs the pretty river Finnihy, also into the Roughty.

LAKES.—The glory of Kerry is its combination of lake and mountain scenery. The lakes of Killarney are three in number—the Upper Lake, the Middle Lake, and the Lower Lake. The Lower Lake, or Lough Leane, the largest of the three, is 5 miles long by about 2½ miles broad; it contains several islands, the two principle being Innisfallen, noted for its beauty, and containing the ruins of the celebrated Abbey of Innisfallen, founded in the 7th century by St. Finan the Leper, and Ross Island (which is now connected with the mainland), on which stands the fine old ruin of Ross Castle. A torrent flowing into this lake down the side of Tomies Mountain forms the beautiful O'Sullivan's cascade. Middle Lake, or Torc Lake, or Muckross Lake, is 2 miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide; it is separated from Lough Leane by the lovely peninsula of Muckross, on which are the ruins of Muckross Abbey, and by the little island of Dinish. The Upper Lake is 2½ miles long by ½ mile broad; it contains a number of islands, the chief of which are Eagle Island, Ronayne's Island, and Stag Island; and it is by far the wildest of the three in its scenery. The Galway's River, flowing into it from the south, forms the cascade of Derrycunnihy. The Upper Lake is connected with the Lower and Middle Lakes by a channel 3 miles long—half river, half lake—called the Long Range, over the north bank of which rises a lofty rock called the Eagle's Nest, noted for its fine echoes. All three lakes are overhung by splendid mountains, their shores and islands are well wooded, and their scenery is unequaled for softness, freshness and beauty. Near the Upper Lake

and beside the road from Killarney to Kenmare is Looscaunagh Lough.

The Devil's Punch Bowl (called in Gaelic Poulaniffrin, or the hole of hell), near the summit of Mangerton, is an extraordinary mountain tarn; a stream flowing from it tumbles into the Middle Lake and forms in its course the beautiful Torc Waterfall. Under a stupendous precipice between Mangerton and Stoompa is the deep glen called Glenacappal, in which are three small lakes, Lough Erhagh, Lough Managh, and Lough Garagarry; and near this last is the large circular Lough Guitane. On the south side of the Kenmare River are Inchiquin Lough and the two lakes of Cloonoe, all three beside each other. West of Killarney, near the head of Dingle Bay, is the beautiful Lough Caragh, 3½ miles in length, with Carrantuohill towering over it. Lough Currane, or Waterville Lake, is a fine sheet of water near Ballinskelligs Bay; and 6 miles northeast of it are Lough Derriana and Cloonaghlin Lake, both of which send their overflow of water to Lough Currane by the Cummeragh River.

The word coom is used very often in Kerry to designate deep basin-like hollows among the mountains; it is used as a topographical term in other parts of Ireland, but it is more common in Munster—especially in Kerry and Cork—than elsewhere. A vast number of the cooms of the Kerry Mountains contain lakes; as, for instance, Coomasaharn, near Drung Hill, in which the Glanbehy River rises. Some of these cooms give names to the hills which rise over them, as in the case of Coomacarrea Mountain, south of Drung.

TOWNS.—Tralee (9,910), the assize town, stands on the little river Lee, near where it enters Tralee Bay. Killarney (6,651), is situated a mile east of Lower Lake. The other inland towns are Listowel (2,965), in the north part of the county on the Feale; in the east Castleisland (1,466), on the Maine.

Beside Tralee, the towns on or near the coast are, beginning on the north, the stirring little town of Tarbert (712) on the Shannon; near it Ballylongford (829), on a creek of the Shannon; Castlegregory (597), on the western shore of Tralee Bay; Dingle (1,833), on Dingle Bay is the capital of the Corkaguiny peninsula; Milltown (636) stands near the mouth of the Maine; near it is Killorglin (1,028), on the Laune, where it enters Castlemaine Harbor. Cahersiveen (2,003), the capital of the Iveragh peninsula, stands on a creek of Valentia Harbor, and lastly, the pretty town of Kenmare (1,279) stands in a deep valley at the mouth of Roughty River.

MINERALS.—On the island of Valentia there are valuable quarries of flags and roofing slates. Copper ore is found at Muckross and at Ardfert; also near Cahersiveen and in Glanarought. The stones called Kerry diamonds, which are very like real diamonds, are found among the rocks on several parts of the coast, especially near Dingle and near Kerry Head.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—Kerry anciently formed one of the five Munsters, namely, Iar-Muman, or West Munster. The district between Tralee and the Shannon, and west of Abbeyfeale, was the original Ciarraighe, from which Kerry derived its name. It was often called Ciarraighe-Luachra, from Sliabh-Luachra, or Slieve Lougher.

Remains of antiquity, both Pagan and Christian, are more numerous, and in many respects more interesting, in Kerry, than in any other county of Ireland. They are more abundant in the peninsula of Corkaguiny than elsewhere.

The most curious and interesting early Christian oratory in Ireland is at Gallerus, on the southern shore of Smerwick Harbor; it is very small, rectangular in plan, and the side walls curve upward till they meet in a ridge so as to form a roof. At Kilmalkedar, a mile from Gallerus, there is another oratory. Both these buildings are coeval with the introduction of Christianity into Ireland; and beside each there is a pillar-stone with an inscription in Roman letters.

Staigue Fort, near West Cove, on the north shore of the Kenmare River, is the most perfectly preserved circular stone caher in Ireland. At Fahan, southwest of Ventry, just at the base of Mount Eagle, there is a whole village of ancient beehive-shaped stone-roofed houses, the most curious collection of the kind in the country.

On a shoulder of Cahirconree Mountain, near Tralee, is an immense Cyclopean fortress, built up in the usual pagan fashion, of very large

stones without cement. This is the caher or fortress of Curoi MacDara, who was king of all this southwest part of Munster; and the mountain still preserves his name, for Caherconree means the caher of Curoi. He lived in the time of Conor Mac Nessa, in the first century; and he is one of the chief characters in several of the ancient tales of the Red Branch Knights.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY.—From its scenic surroundings, being built on an arm of one of the Lakes of Killarney, the remains of Muckross Abbey are among the most interesting of any in Ireland. The beautiful and secluded spot was selected by "the Monks of old," as an ideal place for a holy life of meditation and prayer. The Abbey was erected on the site of an ancient church which was destroyed by fire in 1192. It was built for the Franciscan monks, by one of the McCarthys, Princes of Desmond, in 1440, but according to the Annals of the Four Masters, the most reliable authority, a century earlier. It was repaired in 1602, and also in 1626. It is to-day in a fair state of preservation. Within the choir is a huge vault containing the tombs of the McCarthys Mor, and of the O'Donoughes of the Glens whose descendants were interred there as late as 1833.

O'CONNELL MEMORIAL CHURCH, CAHIRCIVEEN.—This beautiful structure is an ecclesiastical monument to the emancipator of the Catholics of Ireland, and is due to the energy, and religious and patriotic zeal of Very Rev. Canon Brosnan, of Cahir-civeen. It is in the center of a picturesque and romantic district, and close to Derrynane, famed as the seat and birthplace of O'Connell. In its vicinity are the ruins of an ancient monastery founded by the monks of St. Finbar in the 7th century. O'Connell was accustomed to attend Mass in the old chapel of Cahir-civeen, and from his enthusiastic delight in the wild scenery of the locality, and his love of roaming amid its grand and inspiring views of mountain, crag, and dale, when temporarily withdrawn from the cares of more serious duty, we may easily imagine that he would prefer such a memorial as this beautiful church in this spot to the grandest monument that could be erected to his memory, in city or court.

KENMARE.—Kenmare is a small but pretty town, in the ancient "Kingdom of Kerry," and is situated in the vicinity of some of the wildest and most romantic scenery in the south of Ireland. It is approached by a fine suspension bridge, the only one of note in Ireland, called Landsdowne Bridge, after the master of the estate. The town is of comparatively modern date, having been founded in 1670 by Sir William Petty, one of the most disreputable of English adventurers in Ireland, and progenitor of the Landsdowne family. During the English revolution of 1688, it was forced to capitulate to King James' army. The inhabitants, being English and Protestant, determined to embark for Bristol; but after the fall of Limerick most of them returned. The convent of St. Clare, herewith shown, has become noted of late years, especially through the work of Sister Mary Frances Clare, a convert from Protestantism, and author of works on Irish and religious subjects.

DERRYCUNNIHY COTTAGE, BRICKEEN BRIDGE, AND GLENA COTTAGE, KILLARNEY.—It is unnecessary to more than allude to the world-famed Lakes of Killarney. They have been at once the delight and the despair of the tourist. The marvelous, ever-changing scenery of the locality, the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of everything around this enchanting spot have defied such word-painters as Wordsworth, Scott, and Macaulay, who declare that no language can adequately describe their wondrous loveliness and fascinations. The lakes, which are three in number, the Upper, Torc, and Lower, were renowned from the most remote times for their natural beauty, and after the introduction of Christianity, for the number and extent of their monasteries, churches, and schools. Derrycunnihy, which gives its name to one of the most beautiful of cascades, is a favorite meet for the hunt; Glena Cottage, built by the earls of Kenmare for the accommodation of strangers, is situated in the midst of the most enchanting scenery; and Brickeen Bridge spans by a single arch the stream dividing Muckross Peninsula from Brickeen Island.

O'CONNELL CHAPEL, CAHIRCIVEEN, KERRY

MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY.

BRICKEEN BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.

GLENA COTTAGE, KILLARNEY.

DERRYCUNIHY COTTAGE, KILLARNEY.

CHURCH AND CONVENT, KENMARE, KERRY.

KILDARE.

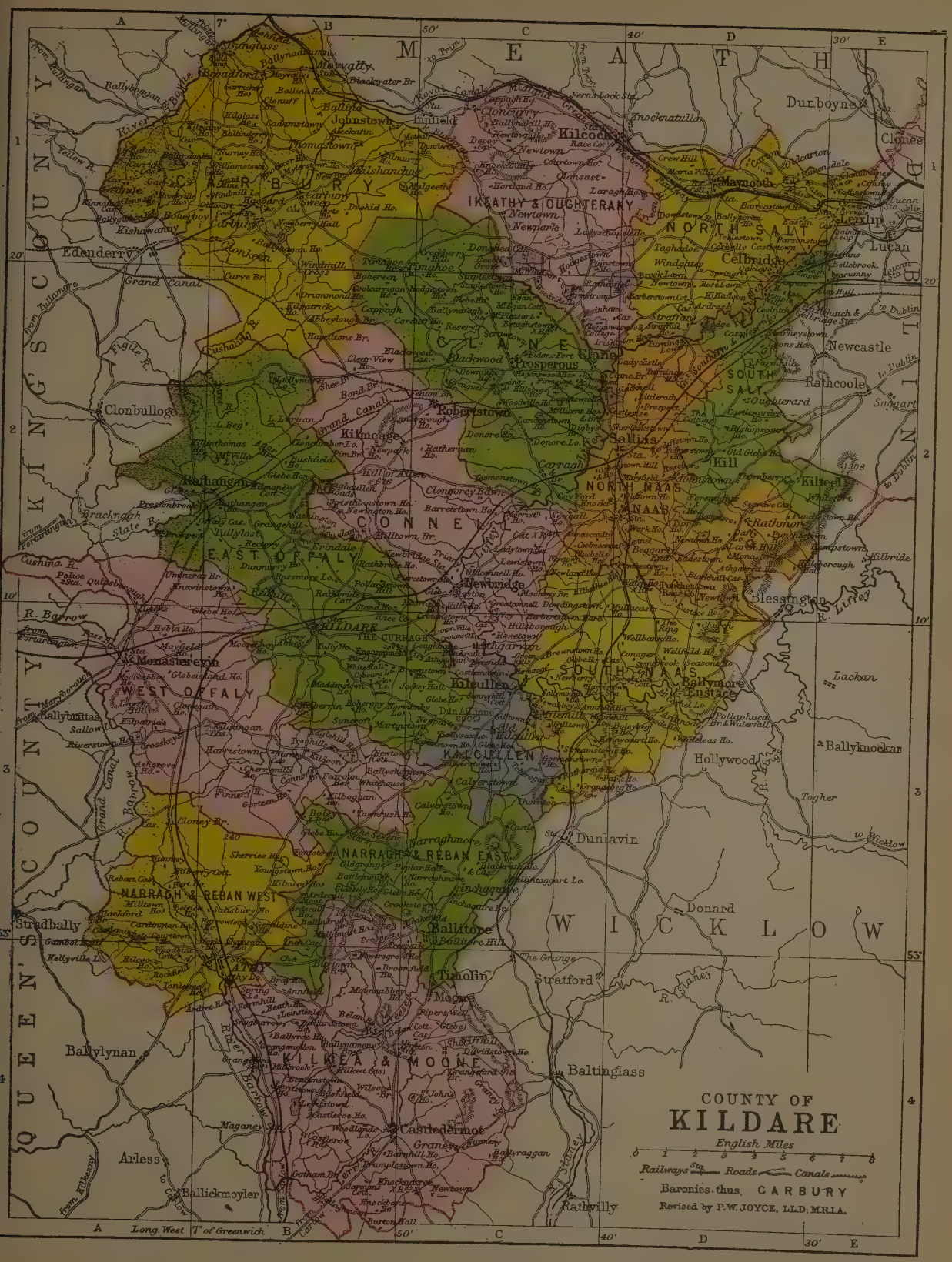
NAME.—The town of Kildare took its name from a little church or cell built by St. Brigid, in the end of the 5th century, under a great oak tree. This church, which was the germ round which grew up a great religious establishment that flourished for many ages afterward, was called Cill-dara, the church of the oak; and the old oak tree stood there for several hundred years after the time of St. Brigid; and in memory of her it was held in great veneration. The town gave name to the county.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Greatest length from north to south, 42 miles; greatest breadth from east to west, along the northern frontier, 26 miles; area, 654 square miles; population, 75,804.

SURFACE: HILLS.—Kildare is the levelest county in Ireland. There are some hills over 1,000 feet high in the east margin, which are the mere outskirts of the Wicklow Mountains. To the northwest of Kildare town a low range of heights called the Red Hills, or the Dunmurry Hills, runs from southwest to northeast; the highest, which lies 3 miles northwest of Kildare, has an altitude of only 769 feet; and a little range may be said to be terminated by the round-topped Hill of Allen (676), which is the most remarkable, and which is rendered conspicuous by a tall pillar on its summit. This hill gives name to the Bog of Allen. Dun Aillinne, or Knockaulin (600), a round hill near Old Kilcullen, in the southeast of the county, is more remarkable for its antiquities than for its elevation. A considerable area of the flat part of the county in the west and northwest is occupied by portions of the Bog of Allen. Near the town of Kildare is the Curragh, the finest racing ground in the empire; 6 miles long by 2 miles broad, and containing 4,858 acres. It is a gently undulating plain, covered with a fine velvety elastic sward, perpetually green. From the most remote period of Irish history the Curragh has been used as a racecourse, and its importance in old times, may be inferred from the numerous raths or forts and other ancient earthworks scattered over its surface.

RIVERS.—The Boyne rises in Trinity Well, at Carbury Hill, in the northwest of the county; flows first through this county, next forms for 3½ miles the boundary with Kings County, and then with Meath for 7½ miles, after which it enters this last county. The Liffey, coming from Wicklow, enters Kildare near Ballymore Eustace, and just on the boundary tumbles over a series of rock ledges, forming the fine cascade of Pollaphuca; it sweeps in a curve with many windings through Kildare, and enters the county Dublin at Leixlip. Less than half a mile above Leixlip it falls over another ledge of rock, and forms the beautiful waterfall of the Salmon Leap. In the west, the Barrow first touches Kildare near Monasterevin, where it forms the boundary with Queens County for a mile; next crosses a corner of Kildare at Monasterevin for 2 miles; then again runs on the boundary with Queens County for 7½ miles; next runs through Kildare for 6 miles, and lastly forms the boundary again with Queens County for 7½ miles, when it finally leaves Kildare.

Nearly all the other streams of the county are tributaries to the Boyne, the Liffey, and the Barrow. On the north, the Rye Water flows eastward, partly on the boundary with Meath and partly through Kildare, and joins the Liffey at Leixlip. The Lyreen runs to the northeast, and passing by Maynooth, joins the Rye Water a mile below the town. The Blackwater, for the most part a boggy and sluggish stream, rises in Kildare, and flowing to the northwest by Johnstown, forms for about 6 miles the boundary between Kildare and Meath, after which it enters Meath to join the Boyne. The Garr in the northwest joins the Boyne near Ballyboggan Bridge. The Cushaling, the Crabtree River, and the Black River, all unite on the western boundary of the county and form the Figile, which flows first through Kings County, then crossing an angle of Kildare, it forms the boundary between Kildare and Queens County, till it joins the Barrow beside Monasterevin. The Slate River, rising near Prosperous, flows west-


COUNTY OF
KILDARE
English Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus CARBURY
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D; M.R.I.A.
MEATH
DUBLIN
WICKLOW
QUEEN'S COUNTY
KING'S COUNTY
CARBURY
IKEATHY & OUGHTERANY
NORTH SALT
CLANE
SOUTH SALT
NORTH NAAS
NAAS
CONNELL
EAST OFFALY
WEST OFFALY
SOUTH NAAS
KILCULLEN
NARRAGH & REBAN EAST
NARRAGH & REBAN WEST
KILKEA & MOONE
Kilcock
Maynooth
Celbridge
Lexlip
Lucan
Dunboyne
Clonee
Edenderry
Clonbulloge
Rathangan
Kilmeage
Robertstown
Prosperous
Clane
Sallins
Kill
Kilteel
Newcastle
Rathcoole
Newbridge
Kilcullen
Ballymore Eustace
Blessington
Monasterevin
Ballybrittas
Stradbally
Ballylynan
Arless
Ballickmoyler
Ballitore
Timolin
Moone
Castledermot
Baltinglass
Rathvilly
Stratford
Donard
Dunlavin
Hollywood
Ballyknockan
Lackan
Togher
Grand Canal
R. Barrow
R. Liffey
R. Slaney
Long. West 7° of Greenwich

ward by Rathangan, then forms the boundary between Kildare and Kings County for about a mile, when it enters Kings County to join the Figile. The Cushina, coming from Kings County, and flowing eastward, forms three miles of the boundary between Kildare and Kings County, and joins the Figile just where the latter enters Kildare. The Finnery comes from the west and joins the Barrow 4 miles above Athy. The Greese rises near Dunlavin in Wicklow, and flowing southwest across the southern angle of Kildare, joins the Barrow near the southern extremity of the county. The Lerr, running parallel with the Greese, flows into the Barrow at the southern boundary.

TOWNS.—Athy (4,181), in the south of the county, on the Barrow, a good business town, connected with Waterford by the Barrow and Suir, and with Dublin by the grand canal. Higher up on the Barrow is Monasterevin (1,044), beside which is the fine demesne of Moore Abbey. Rathangan (683), 6 miles nearly due north of Monasterevin, stands on the Slate River. Toward the middle of the county are Kildare, Newbridge, and Naas. Kildare (1,174) was in old times one of Ireland's great religious centers, which is still evidenced by its round tower and fine church ruins standing conspicuously on a ridge partly occupied by the town. Newbridge (3,372) is on the Liffey, a neat town with large military barracks. Naas (3,808) is the assize town, and has much retail trade.

In the northeast of the county are Celbridge (988) and Leixlip (741), both on the Liffey, the latter just on the boundary of the county, in a lovely situation near the waterfall that has given name to the town (Leixlip is a Danish word meaning salmon-leap). Near the north margin of the county, west of Leixlip, is the neat town of Maynooth (1,278), now remarkable as containing the college for the education of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It contains the ruins of the castle of the Fitzgeralds, earls of Kildare, the ancestors of the Duke of Leinster, whose fine demesne of Carton lies beside the town. West of Maynooth is Kilcock (721).

In the southern end of the county is Castledermot (675), on the river Lerr, in which there was in old days an important religious establishment, and which now contains a round tower, several crosses, and some beautiful abbey ruins. Kilcullen, or Kilcullen Bridge (783), is prettily situated on the Liffey near the southeast margin of the county; a mile and a half south of which is Old Kilcullen, containing the ruins of a round tower, of a monastery, and of some old crosses, the remains of an important ecclesiastical foundation. Ballymore Eustace (629) stands in a very pretty situation on the Liffey, two miles below Pollaphuca waterfall.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The northeast part of the county, viz., the baronies of Salt, Ikeathy and Oughteranny, Clane, and part of those of Naas and Connell, formed the ancient Hy Faelan. Up to the end of the 12th century it was the territory of the O'Byrnes, who, however, were about that time driven out, and took refuge in the mountain districts of Wicklow, where they afterward became powerful.

The southern half of the county, from the Hill of Allen southward (excluding the two baronies of Offaly), was the old territory of Hy Murray, which had Hy Faelan on the northeast, Offaly on the northwest, and Leix (see Queens County) on the west. This was the original home of the O'Tooles, who, like the O'Byrnes, were driven out by the Anglo-Normans about the end of the 12th century, and settled in Wicklow, in the district lying round the Glen of Imaile, near Ballinglass.

The two baronies of East and West Offaly form a portion of the ancient sub-kingdom of Offaly, which also included a portion of Kings and Queens counties. That part of Kildare through which the Liffey flows was formerly called Lifè or Moy Lifè, the river dividing it into East Lifè and West Lifè. From this plain the present name was given to the Liffey, whose old name was Rurthach.

In this county there were anciently three royal residences. The kings of Leinster lived at Naas till the 10th century, and the great high mound beside the town is the remnant of the old palace. Another palace of the Leinster kings (namely, Dun-Aillinne) was on the hill of Knockaulin, near Kilcullen, and the great old circular fortification of the palace still surrounds the summit of the hill. Perhaps the most noted of the three was the Hill of Allen, anciently called Alma, 5

miles north of Kildare, on which was the residence of Finn the son of Cumal, one of the most celebrated of all the ancient Irish heroes. The hill is now rendered very conspicuous by a tall pillar on its summit, in the erection of which the vestiges of Finn's old palace fort were nearly obliterated. There are very remarkable forts also at Ardscull, 3 miles northeast of Athy, and at Mullamast, 2½ miles east of Ardscull, anciently called Maistean; these great forts are the remains of the residences of kings or chiefs.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.—This celebrated institution is devoted to the education and training of the Irish Catholic priesthood. About one-half of the priests of Ireland, and many in other lands have passed through Maynooth. The course comprises eight years, and the system and high standing of the professors make the institution the peer of any ecclesiastical establishment in Europe. It was founded in 1795 by the Irish Parliament, not so much as an act of justice or generosity, as a means of averting by home education the evils likely to arise to Great Britain from committing the education of the Irish priesthood to foreign teachers on the continent, which the Irish people were compelled to do previous to that date. But the Maynooth priests did not turn out to be loyalists, as was confidently expected. The present edifice was erected in 1846 from designs by Pugin. In 1869, by the Disestablishment Act the yearly grant of £26,360 was commuted to a capital sum of £36,940, which, with additional private bequests, suffices to conduct the institution as before.

CASTLEDERMOT ABBEY.—This splendid relic of Irish ecclesiastical architecture dates its origin from about the year 800, when it was built by Diarmid, son of King Aedh Roin, of Ulidia. During the Danish incursions and the Anglo-Norman wars it was repeatedly plundered and burned, but was as often rebuilt or restored, until the year 1650, when it was partly destroyed by the sacrilegious Cromwellian soldiery, and in the turbulent and persecuting period that followed, it was left to decay. Yet enough of the structure remains to attest its former splendor, the archways and some of the windows still being in a fair state of preservation. It was the home of the Franciscans, that heroic order that during the penal days so unflinchingly braved the sword of persecution, and faithfully ministered to the Irish Catholics. There are many other abbeys and remains of noted structures in the county of Kildare, around which storied memories cling as thickly as the ivy that covers their walls.

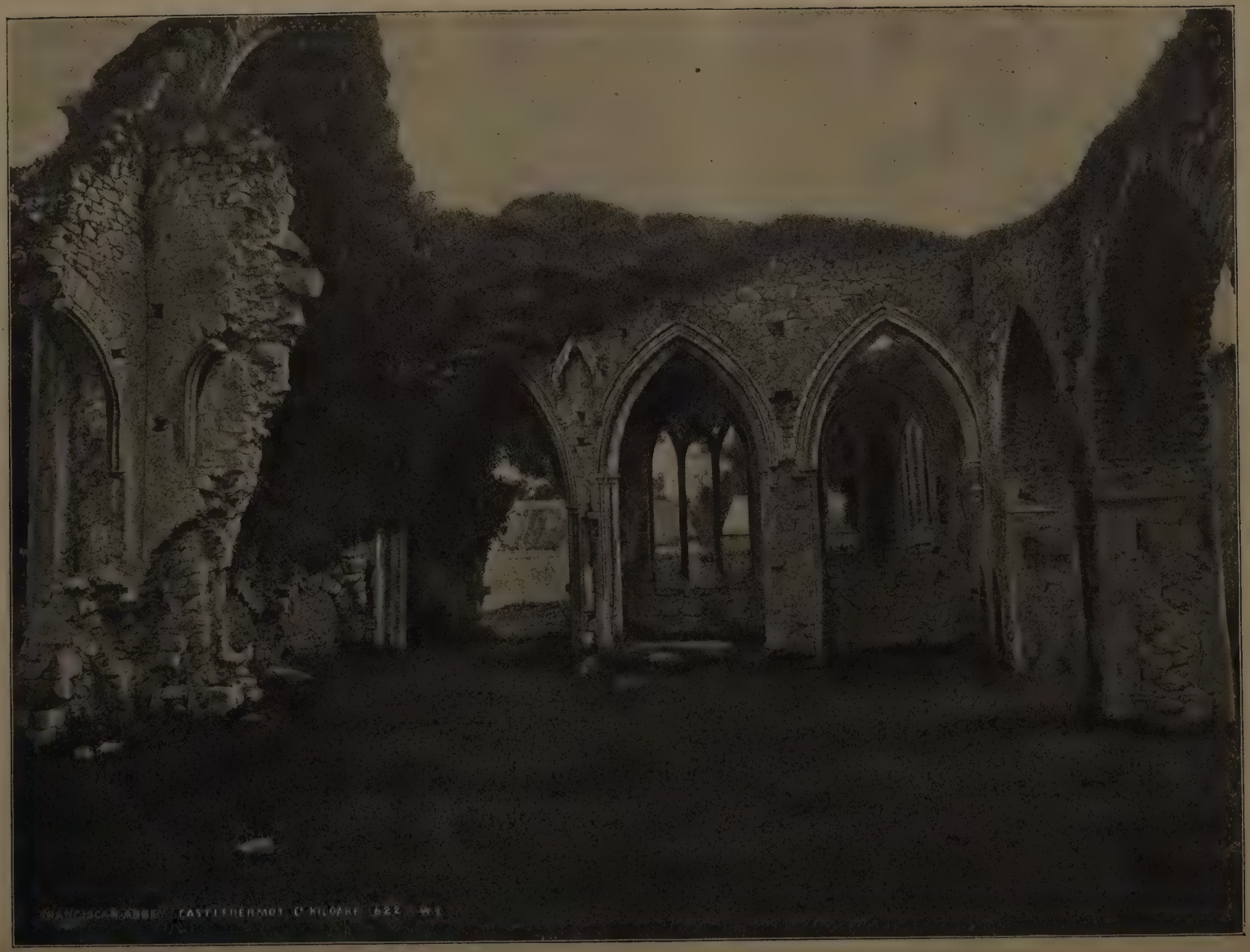
ROUND TOWER CASTLEDERMOT. — This illustration presents one of the finest specimens of Ireland's round towers. It is situated in an old cemetery near a chapel and the ruins of a Norman arch. It is considered by antiquaries to be one of the oldest round towers in Ireland, and well illustrates the lines:

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand,
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys of our land,
In mystic file throughout the isle they lift their heads sublime;
These gray old pillar temples, these conquerors of time.
O, may they stand forever while one symbol doth impart,
To the mind one glorious vision or one proud throb to the heart,
While the breast needeth rest, may these gray temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past.

Castledermot possesses many other relics of antiquity.

In the same county there are other round towers at Kildare, Killashee, Oughterard, Old Kilcullen and Taghodoe.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE, KILDARE.



FRANCISCAN ABBEY, CASTLEDERMOTT, KILDARE.

ROUND TOWER, CASTLEDERMOTT, KILDARE.

KILKENNY.

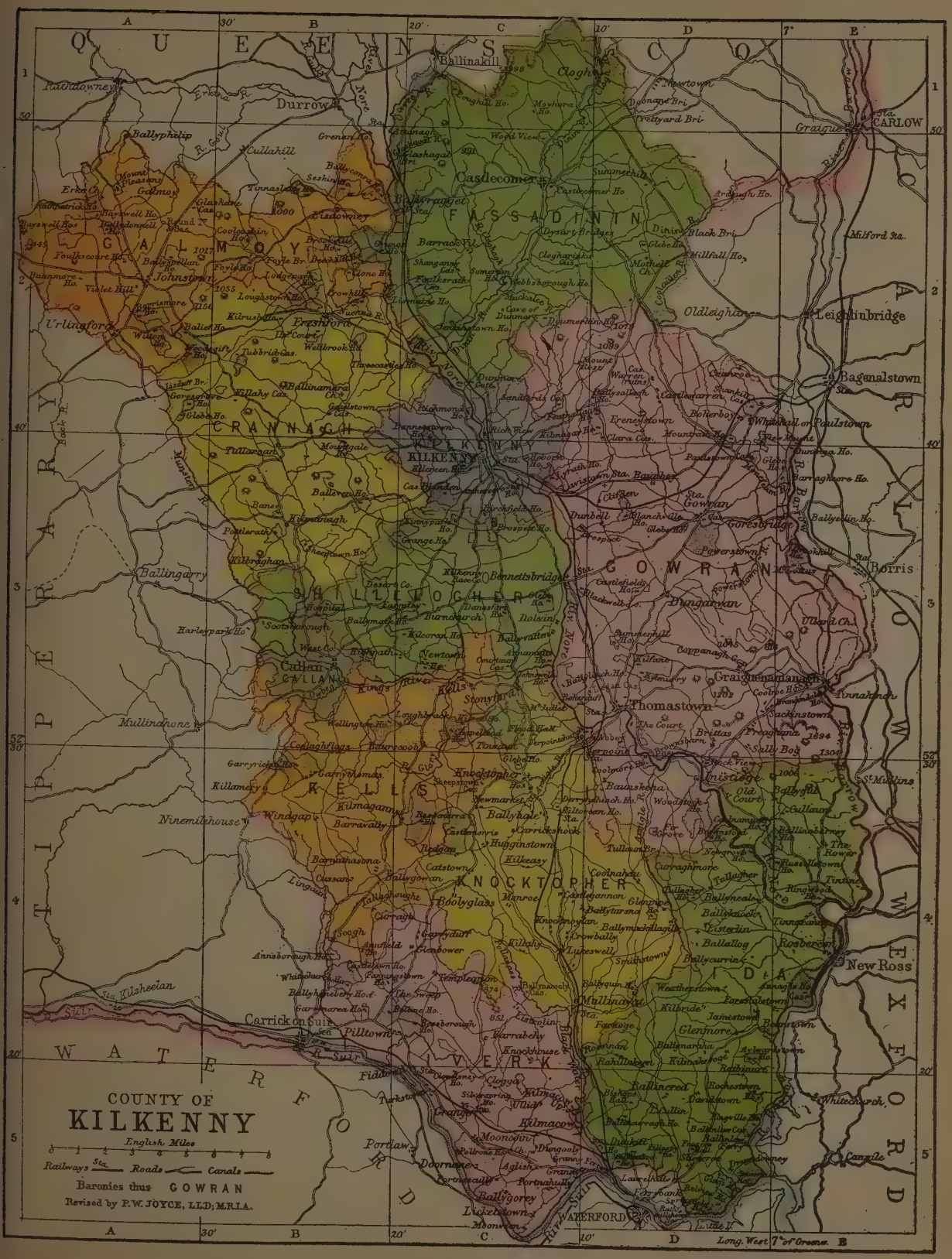
NAME.—The city of Kilkenny, which gave name to the county, received its own name from a church founded by St. Canice, which was called Cill-Chainnigh, the church of St. Canice. St. Canice was abbot of Aghaboe in Queen's County, where he had his principal church; he died in the year 598.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Greatest length north and south, from the bend of the Suir at Moonveen, west of Waterford city, to the north angle of the county near the village of Clogh, 45 miles; breadth east and west, from the Barrow, near Graiguenamanagh, to the western boundary, 23 miles; area 796 square miles; population 99,531.

SURFACE: HILLS.—The whole north margin of the county is moderately upland and hilly. The hills that occupy the barony of Fassadinin, and the north of the barony of Gowran, are commonly called the Castlecomer Hills, and sometimes the Slievemargy Hills, from the adjacent barony of Slievemargy in Queens County, into which they extend. But though the elevations in this northern part of the county are sometimes up to 1,000 feet over the sea level, there are few or no conspicuous hills among them, as they slope very gradually, and the plain on which they stand is itself 300 or 400 feet above the sea level. South of the city of Kilkenny, and west of the Nore, extends a great plain diversified with gentle undulations. The eastern part of the county south of the Powerstown River, and also the south part, including the baronies of Iverk and Ida, are also hilly and upland. Near the eastern margin, two miles south of Graiguenamanagh, is Brandon Hill (1,694), the highest elevation in the whole county. The two series of hills covering the north of the barony of Iverk, are commonly called the Booley Hills. All this hilly region is very similar in character to the Castle-comer and Galmoy districts in the north.

RIVERS.—The Nore, coming from Queens County, runs through Kilkenny in a direction generally toward the south-southeast, and passing by Ballyragget, Kilkenny, and Thomastown, joins the Barrow on the east side, 2 miles above New Ross. The Barrow, coming from Carlow, first touches Kilkenny at Duninga; and from that south to where it enters the Suir at Snowhill House (about 36 miles following the windings) it forms the eastern boundary of the county. The Suir, coming from the west, first touches the southern end of the county at the mouth of Lingaun River, a mile below Garrick-on-Suir; and from that to the junction of the Barrow (about 22 miles following the windings), it forms the southern boundary. All the other rivers are tributaries, either immediately or ultimately, to these three.

Tributaries of the Nore beginning on the north: The Owbeg, coming south from Queens County, forms the boundary between Kilkenny and Queens County for the last 3 miles of its course, and joins the Nore 2 miles above Ballyragget, receiving the Glashagal just above the junction. The Dinin, noted for its floods (hence the name, meaning Vehement River), comes south from Queens County, and passing by Castlecomer, joins the Nore 4 miles above Kilkenny. One of the tributaries of the Dinin, coming from Queens County and Carlow on the east, is called by the same name, Dinin; and this Dinin receives from the south the Coolcullen, which forms a part of the eastern boundary. A little lower down there are two other tributaries (of the large Dinin), joining at opposite banks, the Muckalee on the left and the Cloghagh on the right. Two miles above the mouth of the Dinin, the Nore is joined on the other bank by the Nuenna, flowing from the west by Freshford. The King's River, flowing eastward from Tipperary through Callan and Kells, joins the Nore 4 miles above Thomastown: a mile above Callin the King's River is joined from the north by the Munster River, which for the greater part of its course forms the boundary between Kilkenny and Tipperary. A little below Callan the King's River is joined by the Owbeg from the southwest, and near Kells, by the Glory River from the south. A mile above


COUNTY OF
KILKENNY
English Miles
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus GOWRAN
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D; M.R.I.A.
QUEENS CO
CARLOW
WEXFORD
WATERFORD
TIPPERARY
GALMOY
FASSADINN
CRANNAGH
KILKENNY
SHILLELOGH
GOWRAN
KELLS
KNOCKTOPHER
IVERK
IDA
Castlecomer
Kilkenny
Thomastown
Graiguenamanagh
Bennettsbridge
Callan
Carrick on Suir
New Ross
Bagenalstown
Leighlinbridge
Borris
Durrow
Ballinakill
Urlingford
Ballingarry
Mullinahone
Ninemilehouse
Kilsheelan
Portlaw
Waterford
Long. West 7° of Greenw.

Thomastown the Little Arrigle flows into the Nore from the southwest; and 3 miles below the same town the Arrigle from the south.

The tributaries of the Barrow (beside the Nore) from the Kilkenny side, are the Monefelim and the Powerstown River, both which join the main stream near Gowran. The Kilkenny tributaries of the Suir are the Lingaun, which comes from Tipperary, and forming the boundary for 7 miles, flows into the Suir 2 miles below Carrick; and the Blackwater, which, passing by Mullinavat, joins the Suir a mile above the city of Waterford. The Blackwater is joined near Mullinavat by the Pollanass, from the northeast.

LAKES.—The only lake in the county is the small Lough Cullen, near the southern extremity, 3 miles north from Waterford; which is only remarkable for the numerous legends in connection with it.

TOWNS.—The city of Kilkenny (12,299), on the Nore, the assize town, may be called the inland capital of Ireland. It has been from the earliest times a place of importance, both as regards eccelsiastical and civil affairs, and it is one of the most beautifully-built and one of the most interesting towns in Ireland. It contains a round tower and many other fine ecclesiastical ruins, and also Kilkenny Castle, the seat of the great family of Butler or Ormand, beautifully situated on the margin of the Nore.

Beside Kilkenny, the towns on the Nore are the following: (beginning on the north) Ballyragget (741), which took its rise from the castle built by the Butlers in the 15th century, the ruins of which yet remain. Thomastown (1,067), in a beautiful spot on the convex side of a bend of the river, with several castle and abbey ruins. A mile and a half above the town, near the point of junction of the Arrigle with the Nore, is Jerpoint Abbey, erected in the 12th century by Donogh MacGillapatrick, king of Ossory, one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical ruins in Ireland. About three miles north of Thomastown are the round tower and church ruins of Tullaherin; the tower very well preserved, but without the conical cap. Inistioge (570), is a neat town in a lovely narrow valley along the Nore. Freshford (733), is on the Nuenna.

On the King's River, near the western margin of the county, is Callan (2,340) with its fine abbey ruins; east of Callan, near the village of Kells, is the round tower of Kilree, with an old Celtic cross beside it. At Kells itself are the fine remains of a priory, founded in 1183 by Geoffrey Fitz Robert. Further north on this west margin is Urlingford (847); two miles northeast of this is Johnstown (456), near which is the once celebrated Ballyspellan Spa.

In the north, on the river Dinin, is Castlecomer (1,182). Graiguenamanagh (1,172), at the eastern margin, stands in the midst of hills, in a beautiful situation on the Barrow, with fine abbey and castle ruins. Higher up on the Barrow is the village of Goresbridge (501); three miles west of which is Gowran (618). In the south, Mullinavat (399) stands on the Blackwater; and the barony of Iverk is studded with little villages, the chief of which are Mooncoin (644), and Pilltown (396).

MINERALS.—The great Leinster coal field extends into Kilkenny, and occupies the greater part of the barony of Fassadinin and the north margin of the barony of Gowran. The limestone which occupies the great central plain of the county becomes a fine black marble in the district lying round the city of Kilkenny. This "Kilkenny marble" is richly variegated with fossil shells; it is quarried extensively in great blocks, which are manufactured into chimney pieces, tombstones, and various kinds of architectural ornamental work.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The greater part of the county Kilkenny was included in the ancient sub-kingdom of Ossory. The old district of Hy Duach was coextensive with the present barony of Fassadinin. The present village of Rosbercon, on the Barrow, retains the name of the old territory or barony of Hy Bercon, which lay west of the Barrow, and comprised a good part of the present barony of Ida; and the southern part of Ida was the old barony of Igrine. The barony of Ida itself represents the old territory of Ui-Deaghaigh; and the barony of Iverk is the ancient district of Hy-Erc.

About two miles below Ballyragget, on the Nore, was situated a wooded district called in ancient times Arget-ros, or Silver-wood. It was here, according to the bardic history, that Enna

the Spoiler, one of the very early kings of Ireland, made silver shields, and distributed them among his chiefs. In this district also, on the bank of the Nore, in the parish of Rathbeagh, Eber and Eremon, the two first kings of Ireland of the Milesian colony, erected a fort, in which Eremon afterward died. This fort, which was called Rathbeagh or Rathveagh, still remains; it is well known by its old name, and it has given the name of Rathbeagh to the parish.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL.—This is one of the most imposing ecclesiastical structures in Ireland. Although among Irish churches, inferior in size only to Christ Church and St. Patrick's, Dublin, it possesses a lightness and grace rarely found in buildings of its capacity. Acording to Ware it was founded about the year 1180 by Bishop O'Dullany, who transferred the old see of Ossory from Aghadoe to Kilkenny, and was not completed until two centuries later. It is said to have been erected on the site of a building coeval with the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, and derives its name from Canice or Canicus, a holy man, who built a cell near the spot. The church is cruciform in shape, and is 226 feet in length and 123 feet in breadth. In architecture and ornamentation it is a splendid type of mediæval art; but bears the marks of the iconoclastic Cromwellians in 1650. It has been in a great measure restored. Within a few feet of the church stands a round tower 108 feet high and 40 feet in circumference.

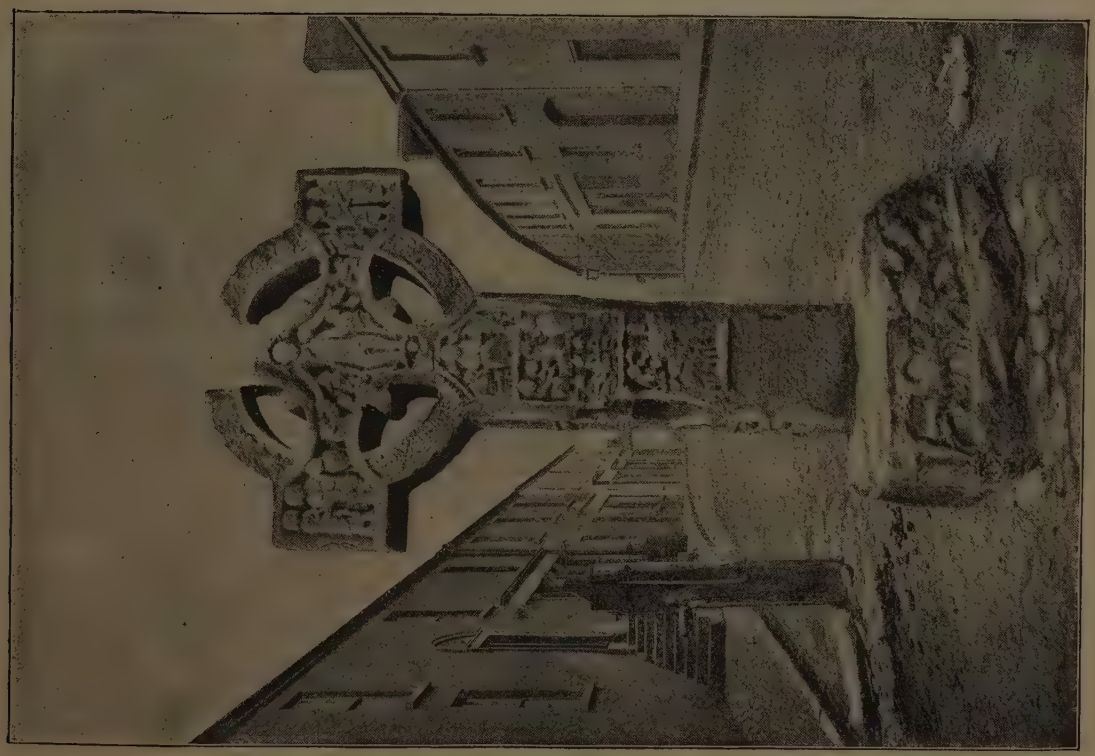
ST. KIERNAN'S COLLEGE.—This splendid structure is one of the finest of modern Irish institutions of learning. The saint whose name it bears is said to have preceded St. Patrick in his mission by thirty years, and to have been the first to preach the Christian faith in Ireland. He is also said to have been the founder of the see of Ossory, early in the 5th century, at a place call Sagir, in the Kings County. The chair of St. Kiernan, a curious stone seat, stands in the north transept of the old cathedral of St. Canice. There is, perhaps, no city in Ireland that contains so many interesting, striking, and picturesque ruins as Kilkenny, or that has been the scene of more important historical events. For many years it was the capital of the English Pale, and many parliaments were held there from 1309 down, noted chiefly for the atrocious laws enacted against the native Irish.

RUINS AT KELLS.—Kells, a place of great antiquity, though now reduced to a small hamlet, is situated on the Kings River. Its ruins of churches and castles, however, strikingly attest its former importance. It was founded by Geoffrey Fitz-Robert, one of Strongbow's followers, as a point of vantage to resist the Tipperary clans, who for a long period gave the invader no peace. This invader, like many other of the Anglo-Norman intruders of the time, was pious enough to build a monastery in 1183, on the land of which he had despoiled the native owners. He filled the priory with monks from Cornwall, and endowed it with large possessions. The prior was a lord of parliament, and the establishment over which he presided was one of the largest and richest of the period, as may be seen in the extent of its ruins to-day. It was dissolved by Henry VIII. in the thirty-first year of his reign. The whole district is dotted with antiquities, many of them in a perfect condition.

ST. CANICE'S, KILKENNY.

ST. KEIRNAN'S COLLEGE, KILKENNY.

RUINS AT KELLS, KILKENNY.



CELTIC CROSS, KELLS.

KINGS.

NAME.—Kings County and Queens County were formed into shire ground in the reign of Philip and Mary, and received their present names in honor of the king and queen.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—The county is irregular and broken in shape, and it is not easy to fix on suitable dimensions. Greatest length from the Ollatrim River near Moneygall, at the southwestern corner, to the boundary near Edenderry in the northeast, 52 miles (but the straight line between these extreme points falls, for about halfway, outside the county); breadth from Clonmacnoise on the Shannon to the boundary near Frankford, 19 miles, or from Banagher to Arderin mountain, 17 miles; area 772 square miles; population, 72,852.

SURFACE.—The east margin of the great southwestern projection is mountainous or upland; in the barony of lower Philipstown in the north there are a few inconsiderable hills. All the rest of the county is flat, and much of it, especially in the northwest, flat without any relief whatever. A considerable part of the Bog of Allen belongs to Kings County; and bogs and morasses—some small, some stretching for miles—cover a large area of the county. The eastern projection and the barony of Garrycastle, in the west, are particulary distinguished by the prevalence of flat bogs and fens.

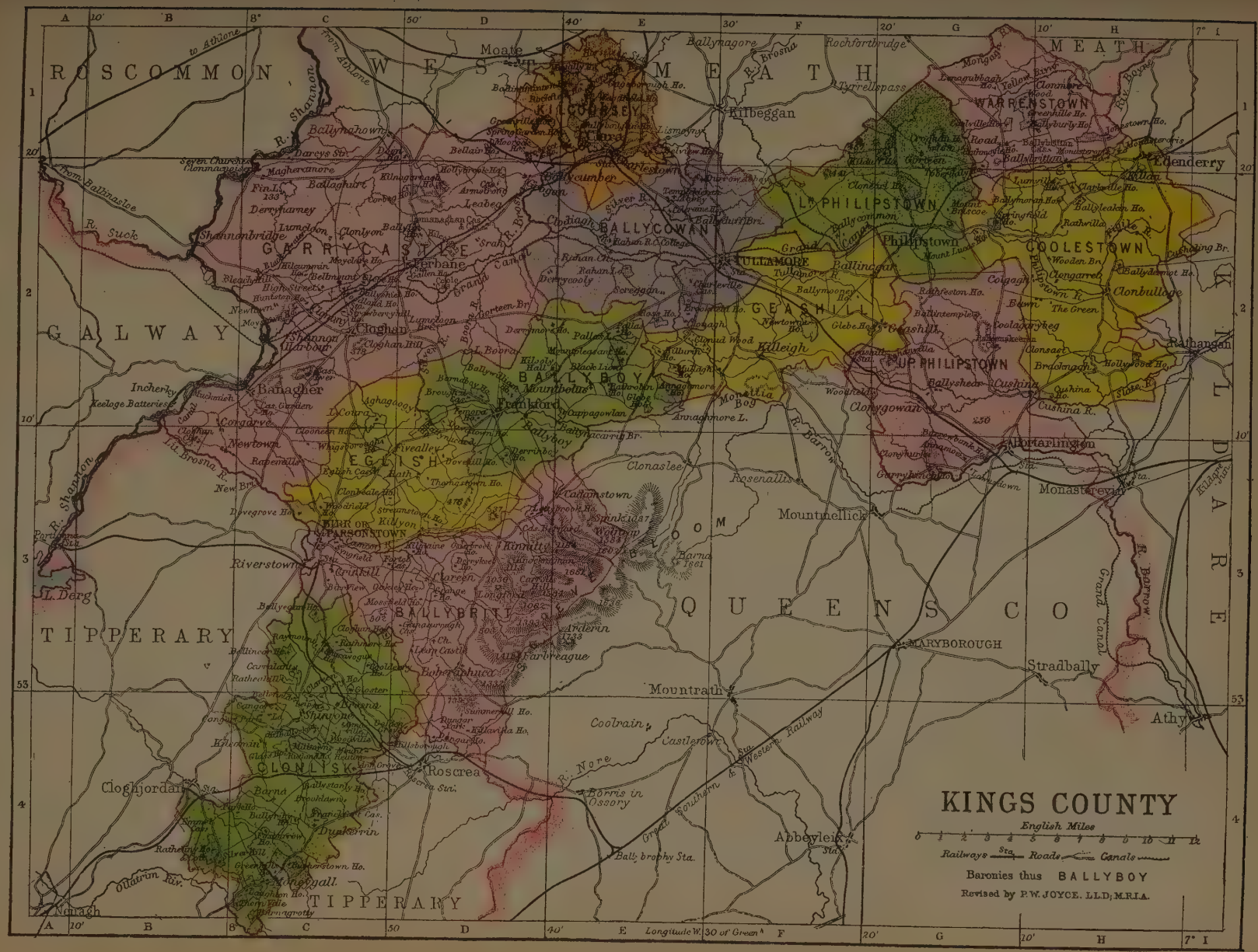
MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—A considerable section of the Slieve Bloom Mountains lies within the boundary of this county, in the barony of Ballybritt; of which the chief summits are Arderin (1,733), on the boundary of Queens County, the highest of the Slieve Bloom range; under which on the north side is the deep Gap of Glendine, one of the two passes leading across the range.

(See Queens County, for another pass.) Two miles southwest of Arderin is Farbreague (1,411), also on the boundary. Knocknaman (1,113), standing on the west, detached from the general range, rises over the village of Kinnitty; and between this and Arderin lies Carroll's Hill (1,584). Northeast of these, Wolftrap (1,584) stands on the boundary; and near it on the northwest is Spink (1,087).

The rest of the county is such a dead level that trifling elevations count as remarkable hills. Croghan Hill (769) in the north of the county, 4 miles north of Philipstown, rising quite detached in the midst of the great plain, is a conspicuous object, and affords an immense view from its summit.

RIVERS.—The Shannon forms the western boundary for 23 miles. The Little Brosna, coming from Tipperary, runs to the northwest through the southwestern extremity of the county for 7 miles, after which it forms the boundary with Tipperary for 13 miles till it falls into the Shannon. Its chief head-water, the Bunow, which flows across the corner of Tipperary by Roscrea, rises in Kings County, northeast of Roscrea, and draws some of its head feeders from Queens County. The Barrow, flowing easterly, forms the south boundary of the eastern extremity for 9 miles, except at the middle of this space —at Portarlington—where a corner of Queens County projects northward to the other side of the river. In the northeast, the Boyne, coming from the east (from Kildare), forms the boundary for nearly 4 miles. West of this the Yellow River, coming from the interior of Kings County, and joining the Boyne, forms the boundary for the last 3 miles of its course; and west of this again the Mongagh (which joins the Yellow River) is the boundary for 5 or 6 miles. The southwest corner is bounded and separated from Tipperary for 2½ miles by the Ollatrim River. All the streams of the interior of the county are tributaries, either immediately or remotely to the foregoing.

In the northwest the Blackwater drains a large area of the bogs of the barony of Garrycastle, and joins the Shannon 3 miles below Shannon Bridge. A little south of this the Brosna, coming from Westmeath, flows toward the southwest through Kings County for about


KINGS COUNTY
English Miles
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus BALLYBOY
Revised by P.W. JOYCE. LL.D; M.R.I.A.
ROSCOMMON
WEST MEATH
MEATH
GALWAY
TIPPERARY
QUEENS CO
KILDARE
KILCOURSEY
BALLYCOWAN
GARRYCASTLE
BALLYBOY
EGLISH
BALLYBRITT
CLONLISK
GEASHILL
UP. PHILIPSTOWN
LR. PHILIPSTOWN
WARRENSTOWN
COOLESTOWN
Moate
Kilbeggan
Edenderry
Tullamore
Philipstown
Rathangan
Banagher
Frankford
Mountbolus
Clonaslee
Portarlington
Monasterevin
Mountmellick
Mountrath
Roscrea
Cloghjordan
Abbeyleix
Stradbally
Athy
Nenagh
Longitude W. 30 of Green

26 miles, passing by Clara and Ferbane, and joins the Shannon near Shannon Bridge, 2 miles above Banagher. The Brosna has the following affluents belonging wholly or partly to this county: The Gageborough River, coming from the north, joins just a mile below Clara. The Clodiagh, coming from Queens County, enters Kings County at Monettia Bog, and flowing northwest joins the Brosna 2 miles below Ballycumber. The Clodiagh itself is joined by the Tullamore River, which flows west through Tullamore and joins two miles below the town, and by the Silver River, from the northeast, which joins the Clodiagh a little above the mouth of the latter. Another Silver River flows from the Slieve Bloom Mountains, first westerly through Frankford and then northward, and joins the Brosna a little above Ferbane; and the Boora, running northward from Lough Boora, also joins the Brosna 2 miles above the mouth of the Silver River.

In the extreme south, the Camcor flows westward from Slieve Bloom through Birr or Parsonstown, and joins the Little Brosna half a mile below the town. In the eastern part of the county, the Figile flows southward through Clonbulloge; then crossing a corner of Kildare, forms for a little way the boundary between Kings County and Kildare, till it joins the Barrow near Monasterevin. The Figile is joined from the west by the Cushina (which flows first through Kings County and afterward forms the boundary for 3 miles between it and Kildare), and from the east by the Slate River, coming from Kildare. Higher up the Philipstown River flows eastward through Philipstown and joins the Figile at Clonbulloge.

LAKES.—Lough Boora, half a mile in length, lies a little north of Frankford; Lough Coura lies nearly midway between this and Birr, and is about a mile in length; Lough Annaghmore is on the boundary, east of Frankford, and is about the same size as the last; Pallas Lough, northeast of Frankford, is a mile in length, and very narrow; Lough Fin, nearly circular, and half a mile across, lies near the Shannon at the northwestern boundary.

TOWNS.—Tullamore (5,098), on the Tullamore River, the assise town, is an excellent business center: east of which is Philipstown (829), on the Grand Canal, and near the Philipstown River. Birr or Parsonstown (4,955) stands on the Camcor River, just where it enters the Little Brosna; beside it stands Parsonstown Castle, where are some of the finest reflecting telescopes in the world, erected by Lord Ross. Edenderry (1,555) is on the east margin, near the Boyne, and not far from the northeast extremity of a branch of the Bog of Allen; and on the Shannon, in the west, is Banagher (1,192). Clara (956), in the north of the county, is watered by the Brosna; Frankford (559) lies near the middle of the southeast boundary, on the Silver River. In the southwest projection is Shinrone (448), and near the very extremity, just beside the boundary of Tipperary, is Monegall (376). That portion of Portarlington lying in Kings County contains a population of 842.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The old territory of Ely O'Carroll—the inheritance of the O'Carrolls—included the southwest portion of this county, *viz.*, the baronies of Ballybritt and Conlisk; but it also extended into Tipperary. This whole territory was in old times counted part of Munster, though the Kings County portion of it is now in Leinster. A part of Ely O'Carroll—coextensive with the barony of Ballybritt—was called Kinel Farga, and was held by the O'Flanagans.

The old district of Fircall included the present baronies of Eglish, Ballyboy, and Ballycowan. It was the territory of the O'Molloys, and was included in the ancient province of Meath. There were several territories called Delvin in different parts of Leinster and Connaught; one of which, Delvin-Ethra or Delvin-Mac Coghlan, was in this county; it was nearly coextensive with the barony of Garrycastle, and was the patrimony of the family of Mac Coghlan. The barony of Kilcoursey was the old Munter-Tagan, the district of the O'Caharneys, Sinachs, or Foxes. The barony of Upper Philipstown formed part of Clanmaliere, the country of the O'Dempseys, which also extended into Queens County.

On a high bank over the Shannon, 9 miles below Athlone, is Clonmacnoise, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all the ancient religious establishments of Ireland. It was founded by St. Ciaran (or Kieran) in the 6th century, and flourished for many ages afterward.

It was adopted as the burying place of the kings of Ireland belonging to the southern Hy Neill race; and numberless kings and chiefs retired to it to spend their old age in meditation and prayer. Even to this day it is the most celebrated and the most frequently used of all the ancient cemeteries of Ireland. It contains the ruins of many churches (popularly called the "Seven Churches"), two round towers, old crosses, and many ancient tombs.

ILLUSTRATION.

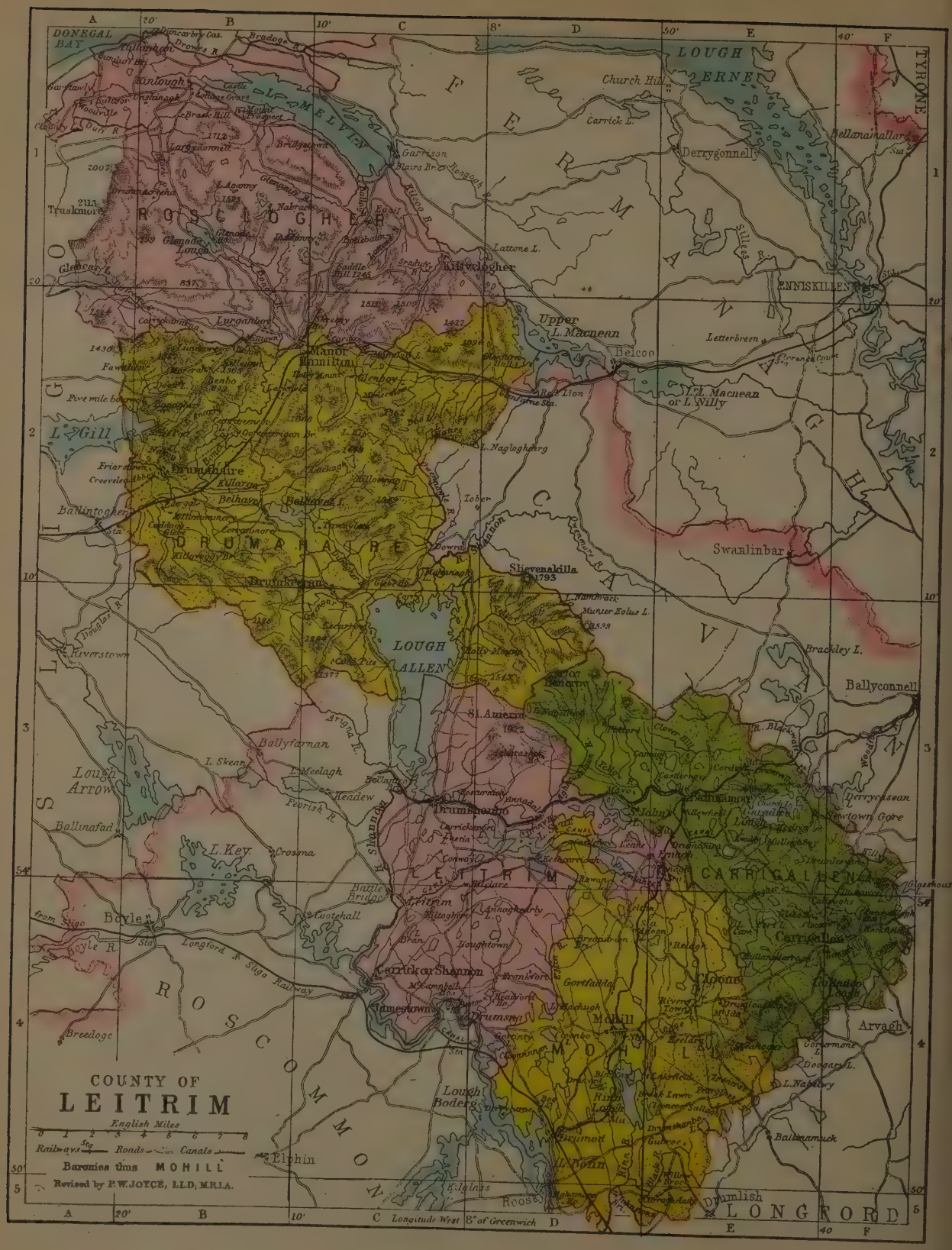
BIRR CASTLE.—This edifice is one of the most interesting in Ireland from its romantic and historical associations. Birr derives its name from Biorra, an ancient abbey, founded by St. Brendan. A great battle was fought there in the 3d century between Cormac, son of Con of the Hundred Battles and the people of Munster. The district originally formed a part of Ely O'Carroll, and the castle was the seat of the O'Carroll chieftains. It was "granted" by King Henry II. to Philip de Worcester, but its owners defended their territory so vigorously and persistently that it frequently alternated between its English and Irish masters. It was not included in Kings County until the reign of James I. That monarch assigned it to Laurence Parsons, brother of Sir William Parsons, surgeon-general. Cromwell attacked it, and his son-in-law Ireton took it in 1650, and it was again beseiged in the Jacobite war of 1688-90. It has been noted in recent years as the residence of the Earl of Ross—descendant of the Parsons—famed for his astronomical pursuits, and his great reflecting telescope. The castle has been renovated so often that it is practically a modern structure.

BIRR CASTLE, KING'S COUNTY.

GREAT TELESCOPE, BIRR, KING'S CO.

CUMBERLAND SQUARE, BIRR, KING'S CO.

SEVEN CHURCHES, KING'S COUNTY.


COUNTY OF
LEITRIM
English Miles
Railways Roads Canals
Baronies thus MOHILL
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
Longitude West 8° of Greenwich
DONEGAL BAY
LOUGH ERNE
TYRONE
FERMANAGH
ROSCLOGHER
MELVIN
Kinlough
Truskmore
Glenade Lough
Kiltyclogher
Upper L. Macnean
Belcoo
L. Macnean or L. Nilly
ENNISKILLEN
Derrygonnelly
Church Hill
Carrick L.
Bellanamallard
Manor Hamilton
Glenboy
Drumahaire
Killarga
Belhavel
Drumkeeran
DRUMAHAIRE
Swanlinbar
Slievenakilla
LOUGH ALLEN
Ballyconnell
Brackley L.
Ballyfarnan
Lough Arrow
L. Key
Drumshanbo
LEITRIM
CARRIGALLEN
Carrigallen
Cloone
Mohill
MOHILL
Carrick on Shannon
Jamestown
Boyle
Lough Boderg
Elphin
Roosky
Drumlish
LONGFORD
ROSCOMMON
SLIGO
CAVAN
Longford & Sligo Railway

LEITRIM.

NAME.—The county took its name from the village of Leitrim, near the Shannon, 4 miles above Carrick-on-Shannon. The Gaelic form of the name is Liath-druim (pron. Leedrim), signifying gray ridge (liath, grey; druim, a ridge or long hill); and there are more than forty places of the name in Ireland.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—The county consists of two parts, almost wholly separated from one another by Lough Allen. The northwest part touches the sea, having a coast of 2½ miles on Donegal Bay. The greatest length of the two parts taken together, from Donegal Bay to the southern extremity near Drumlish in Longford, is 51 miles; breadth of the northwest part, from the boundary near Ballintogher in Sligo to Upper Lough Macnean, 17 miles; breadth of the southeast part, from Lough Boderg to the boundary near Killygar, 18 miles; area, 613 square miles; population, 90,372.

SURFACE.—The northern half of the county is all mountainous or hilly, with the exception of a narrow east-and-west belt extending in breadth from Donegal Bay to Lough Melvin and the river Duff. The north part of the other half, viz., that part east of Lough Allen, is mountainous, being occupied by a portion of that mountain group that covers also the northwest projection of Cavan. The south part, viz., the barony of Mohill, and the southern portions of the baronies of Carrigallen and Leitrim, is moderately level, but in many places it is interrupted by low heights and ridges.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The most remarkable mountain in the whole county is Slieve Anierin (1,922), whose summit is 2½ miles east of the shore of Lough Allen; a little northeast of which is Bencroy (1,707). Slievenakilla (1,793), east of the head of Lough Allen, stands on the boundary with Cavan. In the northwest portion of the county there is an endless succession of summits of all heights up to 1,700 feet. Two miles west of Manorhamilton is the conspicuous mountain of Benbo (1,365). The summit of Truskmore (2,113) is in Sligo, but a part of its eastern slope extends into Leitrim.

RIVERS.—The Shannon, coming from Cavan, forms the boundary for a mile and a half; then crossing the narrow neck connecting the two parts of Leitirm for another mile and a half, it enters Lough Allen; and from that down to a point a little below Roosky, a distance of about 35 miles (following the larger windings) it forms the western boundary of the county. On the northeast, the stream flowing from Upper Lough Macnean to Lough Melvin—called the Kilcoo River in the lower half of its course—forms the boundary between Leitrim and Fermanagh. The river Drowes has a course of 4 miles from Lough Melvin to Donegal Bay, the first mile of which is in Leitrim, and the last three is the boundary between Leitrim and Donegal. This little river is mentioned in Gaelic records as having from the most ancient times separated Connaught from Ulster, and it still continues the boundary between the two provinces. The Kilco River receives the Lattone from the Leitrim side; and near it on the west are the Ballagh River and Glenaniff River, both flowing into the head of Lough Melvin. North of Lough Melvin, the Bradoge, flowing to the west from Fermanagh, forms for 2 miles the boundary between Leitrim and Donegal, after which it enters Dongel. In the extreme northwest the Duff (called the Black River in the early part of its course), forms the boundary between Leitrim and Sligo for 2 miles; then crosses Leitrim for 2 miles; and lastly, forms again the boundary between the same two counties for a mile, till it enters Donegal Bay. South of this the Diffreen runs west into Glencar Lake.

The Bonet rises in Glenade Lake, in the barony of Rosclogher, and flows first southeast through Glenade, one of the most beautiful valleys in the whole district; then gradually curving, it passes by Drumahaire and falls into

Lough Gill, flowing through a succession of lovely landscapes through its whole course. The Owenmore or Seardan passes through Manorhamilton, and falls into the Bonet a mile below the town.

To the north of Lough Allen the Owenayle, flowing southward, forms the eastern boundary (between Leitrim and Cavan) for 4½ miles till it falls into Shannon. The Yellow River rises in the glens between Bencroy and Slievenakila, and flows westward into Lough Allen; and the Stony River runs down the side of Slieve Anierin into the same lake. On the west side, Lough Allen receives the Diffagher River and the Owengar, which unite and flow into the northwest corner of the lake. The Arigna flows to the southeast for several miles on the boundary between Leitrim and Sligo, after which it enters the county Roscommon, and ultimately falls into the Shannon where it issues from Lough Allen. Southeast of Lough Allen, the Aghacashlaun flows southward down the slopes of Bencroy Mountain and into Lough Scur, the overflow of which is poured into the Shannon at the village of Leitrim. Near this on the east, the Yellow River flows south and east, by the village of Ballinamore into Garadice Lough.

LAKES.—Leitrim, like the neighboring counties of Fermanagh, Cavan, and Roscommon, is dotted all over with lakes. Lough Allen, in the middle (a small part of which belongs to Roscommon), is 8½ miles long and 3 miles broad at its north or widest end. It is nearly surrounded with hills, so that it occupies the bottom of a basin, down the slopes of which rivers pour into the lake from every side.

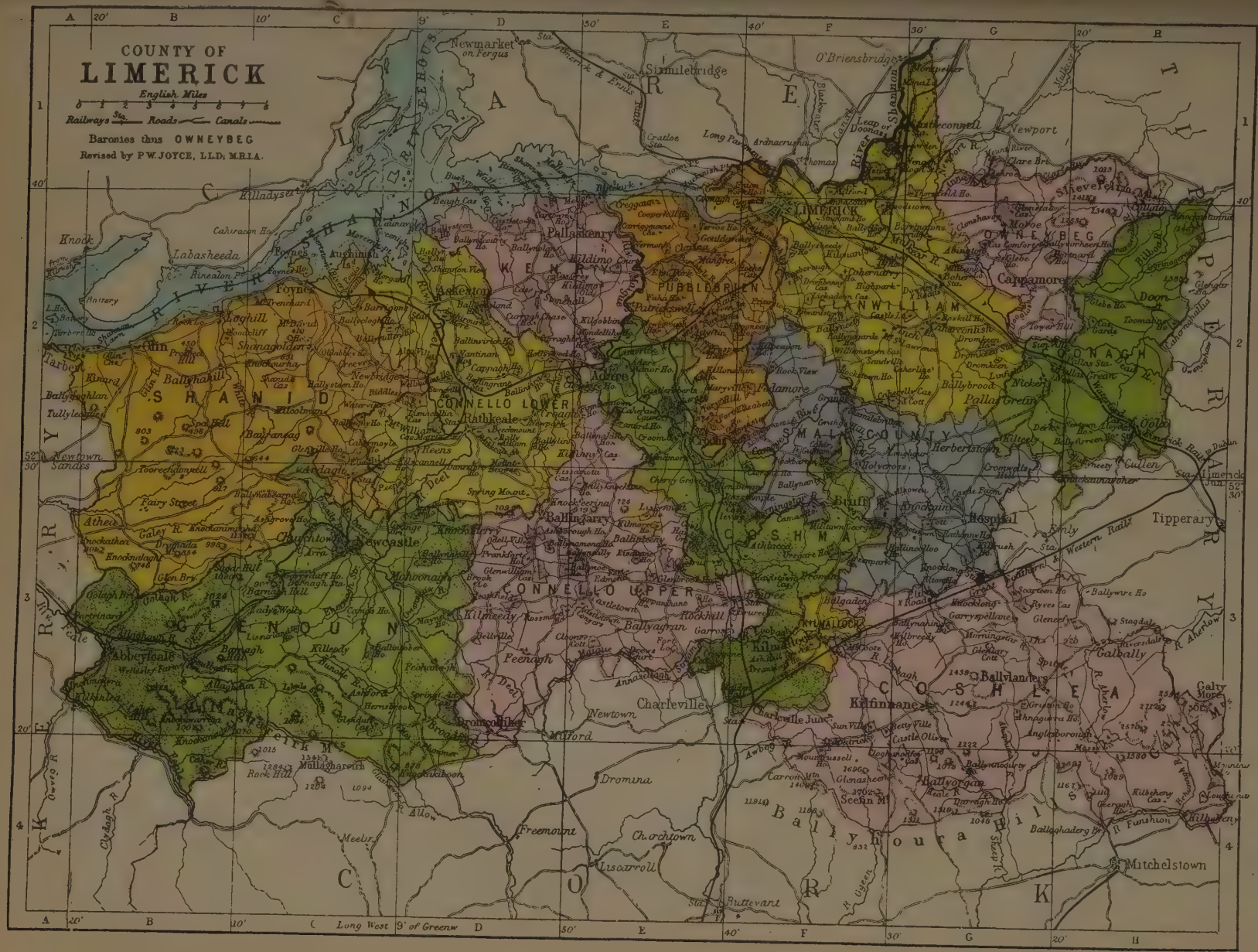
The following lakes lie round the margin of the county, beginning on the north and going from left to right: Lough Melvin and Upper Lough Macnean have been spoken of in Fermanagh; Derrycassan Lake (part of which belongs to Cavan), from which the Woodford River in Cavan issues; Glasshouse Lake, also on the boundary with Cavan. Passing over several small lakes we come to those on the Shannon, viz., Lough Bofin and Lough Boderg. Lastly, Lough Gill, Glencar Lake, and Clooney Lake, all which are mentioned in Sligo.

The chief lakes in the interior are: in the north part of the county the lovely Glenade Lake, a little over a mile in length, occupying the head of a fine valley, which is traversed by the Bonet River issuing from the lake. The small lake of Munakill lies near Manorhamilton; and the larger lake of Belhavel is east of Drumahaire. In the interior of the southern part of the county, Garadice Lough, or Lough Finvoy, a very beautiful sheet of water, 2½ miles in length, lies near the east margin. Lough Rinn, near Mohill, is 3 miles in length; Lough Scur, a mile and a half long, and the smaller lake of Carrickaport, both lie southeast of Drumshambo; east of these is the irregularly shaped St. John's Lake, about 2 miles in length. The small lakes scattered over this southern portion of the county are numerous beyond description.

TOWNS.—Carrick-on-Shannon (1,384), the assize town, Mohill (1,117), and Ballinamore (526), are all in the southern division of the county. In the center of the northern division is Manorhamilton (1,225), standing in the midst of a lovely country; and at the south corner of Lough Allen is Drumshanbo (544).

MINERALS.—Lough Allen occupies the center of the great Connaught coal district, a considerable portion of which belongs to Leitrim. There are coal pits in several places round the lake, especially at and near Slieve Anierin, the coal being raised for smelting purposes. What is called the Arigna iron district belongs partly to Leitrim, and partly to the county Roscommon. Iron ore abounds on Slieve Anierin, and the mines were worked for a long period. The very name of the mountain shows that the presence of iron was known ages ago, when the name was imposed; for Slieve-an-ierin signifies the "Mountain of iron."

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—This county was formerly called Brefny O'Rourke; it was the principality of the O'Rourkes, and from the same family the village of Drumahaire was often called Bally-O'Rourke. Brefny O'Rourke included also a part of the northwest extremity of Cavan. The barony of Rosclogher was formerly, and is still, known by the name of Dartry; and was possessed by the family of Mac Clancy. The southern or level part of the county, the territory of the Mac Rannalls, or Reynolds, was called Moy Rein, and often Munter Eolais.


COUNTY OF
LIMERICK
English Miles
Railways Roads Canals
Baronies thus OWNEYBEG
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D; M.R.I.A.
CLARE
TIPPERARY
KERRY
CORK
LIMERICK
Newmarket on Fergus
Sixmilebridge
O'Briensbridge
Castleconnell
Newport
Killadysert
Knock
Labasheeda
Foynes
Askeaton
Pallaskenry
Adare
Rathkeale
Newcastle
Charleville
Kilmallock
Kilfinnane
Ballylanders
Galbally
Cappamore
Tipperary
Mitchelstown
Dromina
Freemount
Churchtown
Liscarroll
Buttevant
Newtown
Milford
Peenagh
Ballingarry
Bruff
Hospital
Croom
Pallas Green
Herbertstown
Cullen
Oola
Athea
Abbeyfeale
Mullagharein
Rock Hill
Newtown Sandes
Tarbert
Glin
Ballyhahill
Ballyhaunis
Ballyhoura Hills
Long West 9° of Greenw

LIMERICK.

NAME.—The Gaelic form is Luimneach (pron. Limnagh), which was formerly applied to a portion of the Shannon, and thence to the city (like Dublin, Sligo, Galway, etc.). But Luimneach must have been originally applied to a piece of land (probably on King's Island, on which part of the city now stands), for it means a "bare spot" (from lom., bare, with the postfix neach), and there are several other places in Ireland bearing the same name, variously modernized Limerick, Limnagh, Lumnagh, Lomanagh, Lumney, etc.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Greatest length from the bend of the river Feale, 2 miles southwest of Abbeyfeale in the west, to the boundary at Galtymore in the east, 50 miles; greatest breadth from Montpelier on the Shannon in the north, to the Ballyhoura Hills on the southern border, 33 miles; average breadth, about 23 miles; area, 1,064 square miles; population, 180,-632.

SURFACE.—The northeastern corner lying east of the Shannon and Limerick city is mountainous, covered by a continuation of that Tipperary group whose principal summit is Keeper Hill. The southeast corner, namely, the greater part of the barony of Coshlea, is also mountainous, being occupied by a continuation of the Galty range (the whole range extending west to Charleville) and by other hills not immediately connected with the Galtys. The whole western part of the county lying west of Rathkeale and Dromcolliher is a continued succession of hills and uplands. All the center of the county is a great plain, almost surrounded by the mountain bulwarks above mentioned. The plain is broken up somewhat toward its borders by ridges and detached hills, but is very flat in the middle, and also toward the Shannon on the north. This plain contains the finest land in Ireland; and that part of it sweeping round by Hospital, Kilmallock, and Bruree, is a portion of the district called from its richness the "Golden Vale," which stretches eastward into Tipperary toward Cashel.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—In the northeast, separated from the Tipperary Mountains on the north by the narrow vale of the Clare River, the Slievefelim Mountains, or Slieve Eelim (sometimes also called the Twelve Hills of Evlinn), run east and west through the north part of the barony of Owneybeg, the chief summits being Cullaun (1,523), toward the east end; and about 3 miles east of this again rises the detached mountain, Knockastanna (1,467), separated from Cullaun by the valley of the Bilboa River.

In the southeast the Ballyhoura Mountains run east and west for about 6 miles on the borders of Limerick and Cork. The principal summits are Seefin (1,702), rising straight over the village and valley of Glenasheen, and having on its south side the pretty mountain glen of Lyre-na-Grena. Near Seefin on the northwest is Blackrock (1,696), with a great precipice on its northeastern face; and 3 miles to the west is Carron (1,469), on the boundary of Cork and Limerick. Immediately east of Seefin is Knockea (1,311), east of which again is the fine detached mountain of Knockeennamroanta (1,319); between which and Knockea is the ancient pass of Barnaderg, now called Redchair, leading from the plain of Limerick to the plain of Cork. At the north side of the valley, over the village of Ballyorgan, is the sharp peak of Barnageeha (1,196).

Five miles from the Ballyhoura Mountains to the northeast is Slievereagh (1,439), lying northeast of Kilfinane, and overlooking toward the north the rich plain of the "Golden Vale." The Ballyhoura Mountains are a continuation to the west of the Galty Mountains, a grand range, the western part of which belongs to Limerick, and the eastern part to Tipperary, the highest sum-

mit of the whole range, Galtymore (3,015), standing on the boundary.

In the extreme southwest the Mullaghareirk Mountains run east and west, the western part in Limerick and the eastern part in Cork, or partly on the boundary. The chief summits belonging to Limerick are Knockanade (1,070), and Knockawarriga (1,007); 4½ miles east of Knockanade is Mullaghanuish (1,189).

In the western part of the county the chief summits are Knockanimpaha (1,132), Sugar Hill (1,090), and Barnagh Hill (907), all near each other, and about 4 miles west of Newcastle. Near the extreme western boundary is Knockathea (801).

Several detached hills rise from the level part of the county; for instance, round Lough Gur, near Bruff, are a number of beautiful hills; and in the baronies of Clanwilliam and Connagh in the northeast, round the villages of Pallas Grean and Caherconlish, the country is broken up by a series of lovely pastoral hills. The most remarkable hill of this kind is Knockfeerina (949), 2 miles east of Ballingarry, overlooking the whole plain of Limerick; it has a great carn on its summit; and both mountain and carn are celebrated in fairy legends. Tory Hill, a mile and a half northeast of Croom, though only 374 feet high, is a striking feature in the midst of the great plain around it.

COAST LINE.—From Limerick city down to Foynes the Limerick shore of the Shannon is low, except indeed that Aughinish Island rises to the height of 105 feet. Foynes Island is 196 feet high, and from that downward is a succession of bluffs from 100 to upward of 300 feet over the river. There is a succession of mansions and demesnes the whole way down from Limerick to Tarbert, rendering the coast very beautiful as viewed from the Shannon.

ISLANDS.—Foynes Island is nearly circular, and about a mile in diameter, with the pretty village of Foynes opposite it on the mainland, the terminus of the railway from Limerick. Near this on the east is the larger island of Aughinish, separated from the mainland by a very narrow channel. King's Island at Limmerick, surrounded by two branches of the Shannon, is a mile in length, and is partly covered by the city.

RIVERS.—The Shannon first touches Limerick a mile above O'Briensbridge, and from this down to Tarbert, a distance of 48 miles, following the windings of the shore, it forms the boundary of the county, except for 6 miles partly above and partly below Limerick city, where a small portion of Limerick county lies on the right bank of the river. A little below Limerick the river becomes very wide, and from that down to its mouth it is a noble estuary, fully deserving Spenser's description, "The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea." With some trifling exceptions, which will be noticed, the whole of the county Limerick is drained into the Shannon.

In the northeast of the county the Mulkear (or Mulkern as it is sometimes called), joins the Shannon about halfway between Limerick city and Castleconnell. The Mulkear is formed by the following tributaries: From the north the Newport River comes from Tipperary, having in the early part of its course among the Tipperary Hills, the same name as the main stream—Mulkear; the Annagh River joins the Newport River, and the combined stream falls into the Mulkear near Barrington's Bridge (this combined stream during its short course of less than three miles having two different names in succession as it flows along); the Annagh or Clare River, as it is called in the early part of its course, flowing westward under the north base of the Slievefelim Mountains, and forming a part of the boundary between Limerick and Tipperary. The Bilboa River, the Dead River, and the Cahernahallia River, all of which rise in Tipperary, are the chief headwaters of the Mulkear. West of the Mulkear the little river Groody falls into the Shannon a little above Limerick city; and the Ballynaclogh River about the same distance below the city. On the north bank of the Shannon, 3 miles below the city, the Crompaun River forms for its whole course the boundary between Limerick and Clare.

The Maigue rises near Milford, in Cork (west of Charleville, and running north for about 2 miles, touches Limerick); then turning eastward it runs for a short distance partly on the boundary of Cork and Limerick, and partly in Limerick; next turns north, and flowing by Bruree, Croom and Adare, through the magnificent plain of Limerick, joins the Shannon 9 miles below

Limerick city. The Maigue has the following tributaries; the Loobah rises in Slievereagh, northeast of Kilfinnane, and winding westward by Kilmallock, joins the Maigue a mile and a half above Bruree. The Morning Star rises between Ballylanders and Galbally (in the barony of Coshlea), and flowing to the northwest, falls into the Maigue two miles below Bruree. The Camoge comes from that part of Tipperary lying near Knocklong, in the east of Limerick, passing by Knocklong and receiving the Mahore as tributary (which runs through Hospital), it turns westward and joins the Maigue a mile above Croom. Toward the mouth, the Maigue receives the Barnakyle River from the east.

The Deel rises in Cork, 2 or 3 miles south of Milford (near the source of the Maigue), runs in a general direction to the north, and leaving Newcastle a mile to the west, it flows through Rathkeale and Askeaton, and joins the Shannon a mile below this last town. Above Newcastle it receives the Bunoke on the west bank, and the Owenskaw on the east, and near Newcastle it is joined on the left bank by the Daar, and by the combined streams of the Ehernagh, the Dooally, and the Arra, these two last joining at Newcastle.

West of the Deel, the Shannon is joined by the Robertstown River at Foynes, by the White River at Loghill, and by the Glin River at Glin. In the southwest, the Feale, rising in Cork, forms the boundary between Limerick and Kerry for 7 miles, after which it enters Kerry. From Limerick, the Feale receives as tributaries, the Allaghaun, rising in the Mullaghareirk Mountains; the Oolagh, which rises in Sugar Hill, west of Newcastle; and the Galey, which draws its headwaters from Knockanimpaha and the uplands round it, but enters Kerry before joining the Feale.

Of the southeast corner of the county a portion is drained into the basin of the Suir, and a small part into that of the Blackwater. The Aherlow River flows by Galbally, then runs for 3 miles on the boundary between Limerick and Tipperary, after which it enters Tipperary to join the Suir. The Funshion, flowing first southward down the slope of Galtymore, separates Limerick from Tipperary for 5 or 6 miles, then turning westward at the junction of the three counties, it forms the boundary between Limerick and Cork for 5 miles, after which it enters Cork to join the Blackwater. From Limerick the Funshion receives at Kilbeheny, the Bethanagh (Spenser's Molana), flowing south from a deep glen in the Galtys; and further on to the west, the Ahaphuca River and the Keale River (flowing by Ballyorgan) join at the bridge of Ahaphuca, on the boundary of Limerick and Cork, after which the united stream is called the Ownnageeragh or Sheep River, which forms the boundary of the two counties for half a mile, and then enters Cork to join the Funshion.

LAKES.—The only lake of any consequence in the whole county is Lough Gur, 3 miles north of Bruff. It is upward of a mile in length, and irregular in shape, surrounded by lovely hills; and on its islands and round its shores there are numbers of most interesting remains of antiquity —castles, cromlechs, sepulchral chambers, stone circles, and circular raths or forts.

TOWNS.—Limerick (38,562), a very ancient city, built on a plain, part being on the King's Island, but the chief portion on the mainland. It contains many interesting remains of antiquity, among them being the old cathedral founded in the 12th century, and rebuilt in the 15th; King John's Castle; and a portion of the old town walls. Three miles southwest of Limerick are the remains of the ancient priory of Mungret, an establishment of great antiquity; it was formerly a celebrated center of learning, and is said to have had at one time 1,500 monks. Above Limerick, on the Shannon, is Castleconnell (330), in a lovely situation near the falls of Dunass (see Clare), with the fine old castle of the O'Briens on a rock in the village. The lovely little town of Glin (842) stands on the Shannon shore, near the northwest corner of the county.

Towns on the Maigue and its tributaries: Adare (561) is situated 7 miles in a straight line from the mouth of the Maigue, a very pretty village, with interesting ruins of abbeys, churches, and castles in and near it, and having the Earl of Dunraven's beautiful residence, Adare Manor, beside it. Six miles below Adare, near the mouth of the Maigue, is the old castle of Carrigogunnel, one of the most singular ruins in the country, perched on the top of an abrupt rock overlooking the rich plain all round. Croom (747) stands 5 miles above Adare, beside

which is Croom Castle, one of the strongholds of the Fitzgeralds, from which they took their war cry of Crom-Aboo; two miles east of Croom is Monasteranenagh Abbey, one of the finest ecclesiastical ruins in Ireland; and one mile west of the town are the very ancient church ruin and round tower of Dysert. Bruree (472) is 8 miles above Croom. Hospital (667), in the east of the county, stands on the Mahore, one of the head streams of the river Camoge. On the Morning Star is Bruff (1,600); and near the source is the village of Ballylanders (438). On the Loobagh is Kilmallock (1,027). The town rose round a monastery founded in the 6th century by St. Mochelloc or Mallock. In after ages it was the capital of the Fitgeralds, Earls of Desmond; and it is now the most interesting town in Ireland for its remains of antiquity. There are still two fine castellated gateways in good preservation, with a considerable portion of the old town walls. The abbey of SS. Peter and Paul stands within the town, and a portion of it is still used for divine service. The Dominican friary is situated beside the river a little to the northeast of the town, a very fine old ruin, containing a pointed window, the most beautiful in Ireland. Along the street of the town many of the ancient houses still remain fitted up as modern dwellings. Near the source of the Loobagh is Kilfinane (1,398), on the slope of a hill overlooking the great plain of Limerick, a good business town, with an ancient triple-fossed fort of great size beside it. Two miles from Kilfinane toward the west is the green round hill of Ardpatrick having on its summit a burying ground, with the ruins of a very ancient abbey church and a portion of a round tower. Ballingarry (795) stands on a stream that joins the Maigue on the left bank a mile below Adare.

Towns on the Deel and its tributaries: Two miles from the mouth is Askeaton (891), with beautiful abbey ruins, and an ancient castle of the Earls of Desmond on a high rock; beside the town the Deel tumbles over a ridge of rocks, forming a pretty waterfall. Seven miles southwest of Askeaton, near the village of Shanagolden, is a little hill with two peaks, one of which is crowned with the fine old ruins of Shanid Castle, from which the Knights of Glin took their war cry, Shanid-Aboo; the other peak has an ancient circular fort on its summit. Higher up on the Deel is Rathkeale (2,549), which is, next to Limerick, the most important town in the county. Newcastle (2,186) stands on the Arra within a mile of the confluence of this little river with the Deel, another important and prosperous town. Dromcolliher (633) stands near the boundary of Cork, on a small stream, one of the headwaters of the Deel.

In the west of the county, Abbeyfeale (965) stands on the Feale, where it separates Limerick from Kerry; the town took its name from an abbey founded in the 12th century, the fine ruins of which still remain beside the river. In the northeast, Cappamore (954) stands on the Bilboa River.

MINERALS.—The mountainous district in the west of the county is a part of the great Munster coalfield, and coal is raised for local purposes in several places. About 7 miles from Limerick, on the road to Askeaton, there are quarries of fine marble of a reddish brown color.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—All that part of Limerick lying west of the Maigue, together with the barony of Coshma (lying chiefly east of the river), was called Hy Fidgente or Hy Carbery. It was the territory of the O'Donovans, who were driven out of it in 1178, and fled to Cork and Kerry. The present barony of Small County was the ancient Deis-Beg. In this district is the hill now called Knockainy (with the village of Knockainy at its foot), formerly called Ainè, or Ainè-Clich, from the territory of Cliach or Ara-Cliach, which lay round the hill. That part of the barony of Coshlea lying between Knocklong and the southern boundary near Ballyorgan, was the old district of Cliu Mail.

Olioll Olum, king of Munster in the 2d century, had his palace at Bruree, whence it got its name, Brugh-righ, the brugh or fort of the king. It continued to be a royal seat for ages afterward, for the O'Donovans, chiefs of Hy Fidgente, had their principal residence there; and there are still remaining extensive raths or forts, the fortifications of the old palace. The tomb of Olioll Olum—a great cromlech—stands on a hill near the church of Duntryleague, between Galbally and Knocklong in this county.

The following baronies still retain the names

of the old territories from which they were formed: Coonagh, the district of Hy Cuanach; Owneybeg is Uaithne (pron. Oona); the baronies of Connello represent Hy Conall Gavara; and Kenry is the old Caenarighe (pron. Kain-ree).

The round green hill of Knocklong, now crowned with the ruins of a castle and of a church, was the ancient Drum-Davary. In the 3d century Cormac Mac Art, king of Ireland, marched southward to exact tribute from Munster; and he was opposed by Fiacha Mullahan, king of the province, who encamped his army on Drum Davary, Cormac's army being on the opposite hill—Slieve Claire, now Sleive Reagh. After a series of battles Cormac was repulsed; and Drum Davary thenceforward and to the present day retains the name of Knocklong, or the hill of the encampment.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TREATY STONE.—It was on this historic stone, celebrated in song and story, that the famous "Treaty of Limerick" was signed between the Irish and the Williamites, when the city of Limerick had capitulated, after one of the most heroic defenses in history. But it was infamously broken "ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry." The treaty consisted of two parts, civil and military, and both were violated. Hence Limerick has since borne the title of "The City of the Violated Treaty." Even in the very place where the treaty was agreed to and signed it was most flagrantly repudiated, and the atrocious Penal Laws were most rigorously applied. It was the memory of this infamous treachery that inspired the Irish regiments when at the battle of Fontenoy they swept the English from the field to the cry, in the Irish tongue, "Remember Limerick and English faith." The Treaty Stone was placed in its present position on a fine pedestal, near the foot of Thomond Bridge, bv the municipal authorities some years ago.

THE SARSFIELD STATUE.—Few names in Irish history are more fondly cherished by "the sea-divided Gael" than that of Gen. Patrick Sarsfield, the commander of the Irish forces at the siege of Limerick. He was not a great diplomat or commander, like Hugh O'Neill, nor can he be said to have evinced genius of a high order in any respect, but he was the impersonation of honor, chivalry, courage and patriotism, in a word an epitome of the best qualities of the Irish race. His mother was a sister of the celebrated Roger, or Rory O'Moore, of 1641 fame; while on his paternal side, as his name implies, he was of Anglo-Norman blood. His heroic defense of Limerick; his dashing exploit in destroying King William's artillery train; his subsequent career in France, where with his troop he laid the foundation of the famous Irish Brigades, and his death of wounds received at the battle of Landen are familiar to all readers of Irish history. The magnificent monument here shown was erected in 1881, largely through the instrumentality of the late patriotic Bishop Butler, of Limerick.

ADARE ABBEY.—Adare, one of the most beautiful places in the province of Munster, is rich in ancient archæological remains, among them those of several religious houses. Of these a number are situated within the beautiful park of the Earl of Dunraven, including the Black Abbey herewith shown. It was built in 1279 by John, first Earl of Kildare." Nearby is a castle of the Desmonds, which "much incommoded the English," during the Elizabethan wars. The ruins of some of these were repaired by the late Earl of Dunraven, a well-known antiquarian, so completely as to secure them for centuries to come. One of them he appropriated to the Protestant service, and another, the monastery of the Holy Trinity, or Black Abbey, for Catholic worship. It consists of a nave and choir, and is surmounted by an embattled tower, still in an excellent state of preservation.

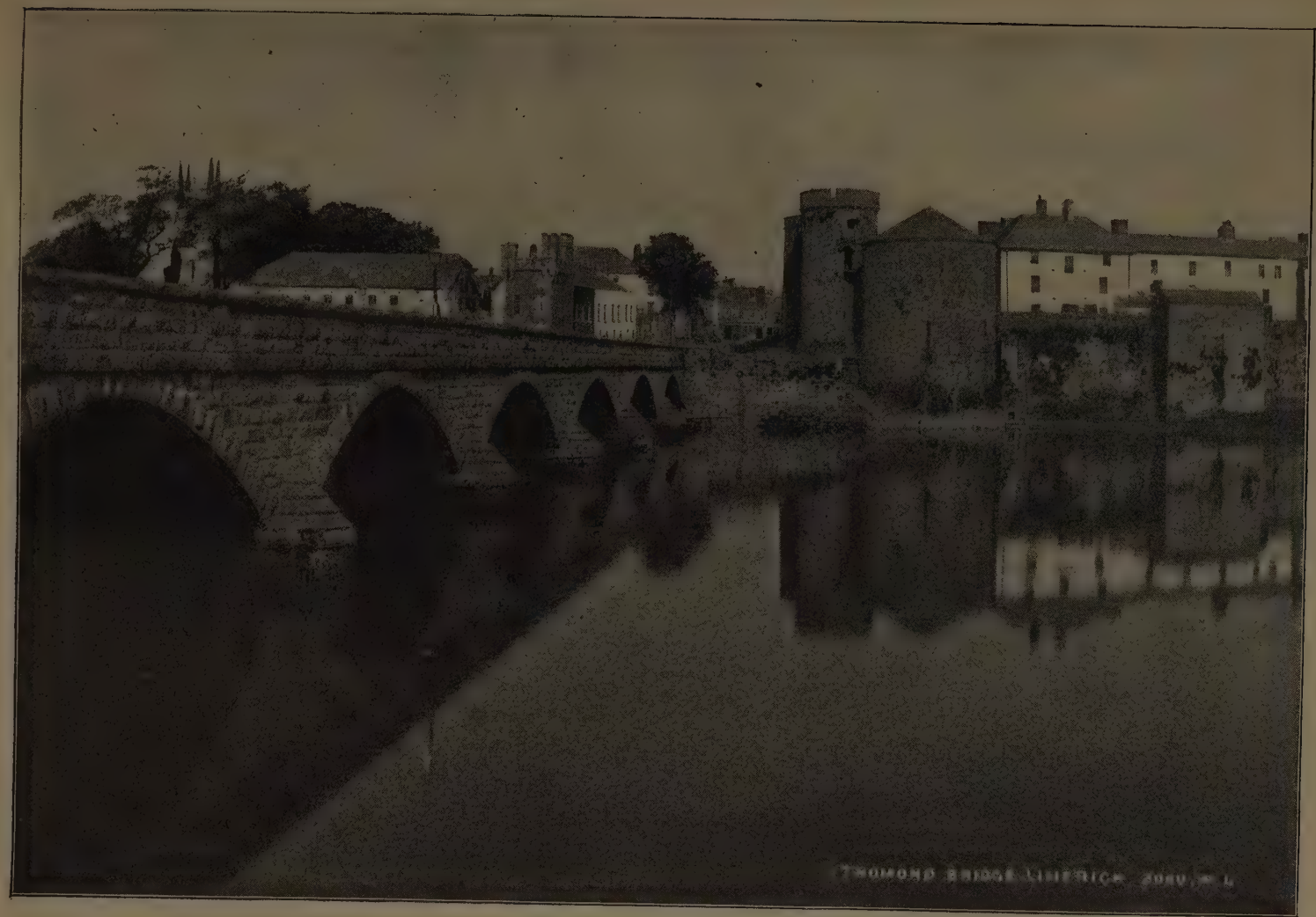
KING JOHN'S CASTLE AND THOMOND BRIDGE.—This massive and gloomy structure was erected in 1205 by King John, son of Henry II., and "lord of Ireland." Commanding the only entrance to Limerick over the Shannon it was for centuries the object of contending parties in the various wars, and the marks of cannon balls that its walls bear, give evidence of its

strength, and the sieges and battles of which it was the center. It was one of the strongest fortresses erected by the Normans, and is still formidable looking and solid. About a century ago the battlements were dismantled. The seven towers are connected by massive and high walls. The interior is at present used as a barracks. Thomond Bridge, shown in the engraving, occupies the place of the old bridge, also built by King John and taken down in 1838. The celebrated Treaty of Limerick was signed on a large stone near the old bridge, on the Clare side of the river.

ASKEATON ABBEY.—Askeaton Abbey, like most of the ruins of the old castles, abbeys and churches in the county of Limerick had its origin in the wealth and power of the Desmonds, the noble Geraldine princes. It was founded in 1420 by James, seventh Earl of Desmond, for conventual Franciscans, and in 1490 was reformed by the Observantine friars. A chapter of the order was held in the sacred edifice in 1564. After the overthrow of the Desmond power in the reign of Elizabeth, the abbey shared the general fate of the Irish monasteries. An unsuccessful effort to restore it was made by the confederated Catholics in 1648; and though it has since been left to decay, it is, still in a fair state of preservation. The windows, arches, and other portions of the structure attest its former beauty and grandeur. The transept contains many ancient tombs, among them that of James, fifteenth Earl of Desmond, who died, 1558.

TREATY STONE, LIMERICK.

SARSFIELD STATUE, LIMERICK.



THOMOND BRIDGE, LIMERICK.

ADARE ABBEY, LIMERICK.

FRANCISCAN MONASTERY, ASKEATON, LIMERICK.

LOUTH.

NAME.—The county took its name from the village of Louth; the old form of the name is Lughmhagh (pron. Loova), of which the meaning is uncertain.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Louth is the smallest county in Ireland. Length, from the boundary south of Drogheda to the boundary a little north of Ravensdale, 29 miles; breadth variable—average 12 or 13 miles; area 316 square miles; population 77,684.

SURFACE.—The whole of the peninsula between Dundalk Bay and Carlingford Lough is covered with mountains except two or three miles of the point, and two narrow strips at the sides; these mountains being the continuation of those Armagh mountains that culminate in Slieve Gullion. In the south a range of low heights runs east and west, extending from the interior of Meath across the boundary near Collon, and terminating in Clogher Head. All the rest of the county, viz., from the neighborhood of Collon and Ardee northward to Dundalk, and taking in the whole breadth of the county, is a dead level, well inhabited and highly cultivated.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The mountains that occupy the Carlingford or Cooley peninsula are often called the Cooley Mountains. Of these, Anglesey (1,349) lies on the boundary; south of this is Clermont Carn (1,674); on the southern border is Slieve Naglogh (1,024); on the north border Carlingford Mountain (1,935) rises straight over Carlingford, at the west side; and near this again on the south side of Carlingford is Barnavave (1,142).

In the south of the county there is nothing deserving the name of a mountain; but some of the heights are remarkable by comparison. Beginning at the west, White Mountain (519) lies near the boundary with Meath; Mount Oriel (744) stands one mile northwest of Collon; and the last elevation of any consequence is Castlecoo Hill (346,) near the coast, a mile and a half north of the village of Termonfeckin, the range terminating two miles further on in Clogher Head.

COAST-LINE.—Round the whole of the Carlingford peninsula there is a narrow belt of coast, for the most part level; but the hills rise up immediately behind, giving the coast on the whole a mountainous character. From Dundalk Bay south to Clogher Head the shore is low and sandy. Clogher Head is high and rocky; but south of this the coast again assumes the sandy character, as far as the mouth of the Boyne.

HEADLANDS.—Greenore Point, two miles east of Carlingford, is now the terminus of a railway; Ballagan Point is the extremity of the Carlingford peninsula; southwest of this is Cooley Point; Dunany Point is the southern limit of Dundalk Bay; and Clogher Head is a scarped promontory 183 feet high, the terminating point of the range of heights running eastward through the barony of Ferrard.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Carlingford Bay lies between Down and Louth; Dundalk Bay is about 9 miles across the mouth from Dunany Point to Cooley Point, and about the same in depth; off which, on the north, is Dundalk Harbor.

RIVERS.—In the Carlingford peninsula the Big River and the Little River flow southward through a fine valley, and joining together their united waters take the name of the Piedmont River, flowing into Dundalk Bay west of Cooley Point. The Kilcurry River, the Cully Water, and the Castletown River, all coming from Armagh, unite and flow into Dundalk Harbor. The Fane, coming from Monaghan, flows across the county and enters Dundalk Bay at Lurgan Green. The Glyde also crosses Louth, and flowing by Castlebellingham, enters Dundalk Bay at Annagassan. Its chief headwater is the Lagan, which, coming from Monaghan, forms the boun-

COUNTY OF
LOUTH
English Miles
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus FERRARD
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D; M.R.I.A.
Longitude West 6° 30' of Greenwich
UPR. DUNDALK
LR. DUNDALK
LOUTH
ARDEE
FERRARD
DUNDALK
Dundalk Harb.
DUNDALK BAY
CARLINGFORD LOUGH
IRISH SEA
MONAGHAN
ARMAGH
DOWN
MEATH
Slieve Gullion
Warrenpoint
Rosstrevor
Carlingford
Greenore Point
Greencastle
Crossmaglen
Forkill
Jonesborough
Omeath
Ballagan Pt.
Cooley Pt.
Castlebellingham
Annagassan
Dunany Point
Clogher Head
Termonfeckin
Baltray
Mouth of the R. Boyne
DROGHEDA
Drogheda Bay
Mornington
Ardee
Dunleer
Collon
Louth
Knockbridge
Blackrock
Dromiskin
Tallanstown
Mellifont Abbey (ruins)
Monasterboice
Slane
Navan
River Boyne
Windy Harbour
Drumcondra
Laytown Sta.
Dulcek Sta.

dary between that county and Louth for 4 miles, and becomes the Glyde a little lower down. The Dee, coming from Meath, flows east by Ardee, and enters Dundalk Bay at Annagassan, having a common mouth with the Glyde; it is joined on its right bank by the White River, which passes by Dunleer.

In the extreme south, the Boyne first touches Louth at the mouth of the Mattack, near Townley Hall; flows thence for 3 miles between Louth and Meath; next cuts off at Drogheda a small angle of Louth, which lies on the south of the river—flowing here for a mile and three-quarters through Louth and for the rest of its course—three miles—again divides Louth from Meath. At the point where the Boyne first touches Louth it receives the Mattock, which, rising in this county, separates Louth from Meath for nearly the whole of its course, down to its mouth.

TOWNS.—Drogheda (12,297), built on both sides of the Boyne, 4 miles from its mouth, is an interesting town, containing many remains of its old fortifications, and some fine ecclesiastical ruins. Dundalk (11,913), the assize town, at the head of Dundalk Harbor, a town of considerable trade and manufacture. Three miles northwest of Dundalk is Faughart Hill, a round grassy eminence crowned by a large rath or fort; here Edward Bruce was defeated and slain in 1316; and here also St. Brigid, the foundress of Kildare, was born in the fifth century—her father's house being probably the old fort. Near the fort is the ruin of St. Brigid's church; and also St. Brigid's Well.

Ardee (2,622) stands on the river Dee, and has two old castles. Carlingford (727) stands in a very romantic situation, nestling under high mountains, on a narrow strip of level land between their bases and the sea; retaining still some fragments of its walls and bastions, the fine ruins of King John's Castle perched on a peninsulated rock over the sea, and some abbey ruins. Clogher (662) is beside Clogher Head; Collon (451) is a very pretty little town in the southwest, in the midst of wooded hills; Dunleer (498), northeast of Collon, is on the White River; and near the coast of Dundalk Bay, on the river Glyde, is Castlebellingham (541), a pretty village celebrated for its ale. Southwest of Dundalk is the village of Louth (261), once important in an ecclesiastical point of view, but now very insignificant, and only worthy of notice as having given name to the county.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—Louth is classical ground. That portion lying between Dundalk and Drogheda, including the whole breadth of the county, was the ancient Murthemnè, the patrimony of the hero Cuchullin, the greatest of all the Red Branch Knights (see Armagh). It was the scene in which were enacted the chief events of the ancient Irish heroic romance or epic called the Tain-bo-Quelnè, or the "Cattle-spoil of Quelnè." The subject of this old epic was a seven years' war between Ulster and Connaught, in which Cuchullin was the leading character.

The plain of Murthemnè was also called in later ages Maghera-Conaill and also Maghera Oriel, *i.e.*, the plain of the ancient kingdom of Oriel. The district of Quelnè is the Carlingford or Cooley peninsula; the Gaelic form of the name is Cuailnge, which may be represented in sound by either "Quelnè" or "Cooley;" and the old name is still preserved in Cooley Point near the extremity of the peninsula, and also in the name of the Cooley Mountains.

Cuchullin's residence still remains. It is now known as the Moat of Castletown, a conspicuous high, flat-topped mound or fort, two miles west of Dundalk. It is well known in the Tain and other romances by the name of Dundalgan, and in later ages it gave its name to the town of Dundalk.

The range of low hills in the south is a part of the ancient Slieve-Bregh, for which see Meath.

There are two great groups of ecclesiastical ruins in this county. Monasterboice, which was one of the greatest of Ireland's ecclesiastical establishments, lies 5 miles northwest from Droghega; it was founded by St. Buitè or Boethius, who died in 522, and now contains the ruins of two very ancient churches, a round tower, and three magnificent Celtic crosses elaborately sculptured. Three miles southwest from this and five from Drogheda, in a beautiful valley watered by the Mattock, are the ruins of Mellifont Abbey. It is much less ancient than Monasterboice, having been founded in the 12th

century; but it was equally celebrated; and some most interesting ruins still remain to interest the visitor.

Three miles above Drogheda is the spot where the battle of the Boyne was fought in 1690, in which William Prince of Orange defeated James II. King William's army was encamped the night before the battle at the Louth side of the river, and king James' at the Meath side, and the main conflict was at Oldbridge, which is in Meath. The monument erected in memory of Schomberg, William's best general, who was killed in the battle, stands on a rock in the middle of the river.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CELTIC CROSS, MONASTERBOICE.—Monasterboice, the name of which is derived from St. Buithe, a disciple of St. Patrick, who founded a religious establishment there about the end of the fifth century, is about five and a half miles distant from Drogheda, and possesses ruins of great interest and very remote antiquity. Among them are a round tower and three crosses, two of the latter being the finest of the kind in Ireland, one of which is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is entirely covered on both sides with sculptured images, the subjects of which are plainly apparent. The round tower is 110 feet high, and must have been considerably higher, as the cap and upper parts were destroyed by lightning many years ago. It is 51 feet in circumference; is divided into five stories, and has a doorway six feet from the ground. The railing was erected to prevent relic hunters defacing the picturesque remains.

THE CITY OF DROGHEDA.—Drogheda, meaning the Bridge of the Ford, is situated on the river Boyne about four miles from its mouth. Although possessing many interesting ecclesiastical and architectural remains, it is best known on account of its historical associations. It is one of the most ancient places in Ireland. There it was that Heremon, son of Milesius, landed, after having lost his brothers, Aireach and Colpa in the bay. Drogheda suffered repeatedly from the incursions of the Danes, and later from the Anglo-Norman invaders. There Richard II. held his court in 1395, and, in one of the parliaments held there the famous Poyning's law was passed, 1494. In 1641, its English garrison was unsuccessfully besieged by Sir Phelim O'Neil. But the city is more memorably associated with one of the most atrocious massacres in human history—that of the garrison and the entire inhabitants by Oliver Cromwell in 1649. Neither age nor sex was spared, and with his characteristic blasphemous hypocrisy, the Puritan monster disclaimed any "credit" for the butchery, but gave all the glory of it to God.

DROGHEDA, LOUTH.

ST. LAWRENCE'S GATE, DROGHEDA.

MELLIFONT ABBEY, LOUTH,

LONDONDERRY.

NAME.—County named from the city. The most ancient name of Londonderry was Derry Calgagh, *i.e.*, the derry or oak-wood of Calgach. In veneration for St. Columkille, who erected his monastery in Derry in 546, it began in the 10th or 11th century to be called Derry Columkille; and this continued to the time of James I., whose charter, granted to a company of London merchants, imposed the name Londonderry.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length from Magilligan Point to the Ballinderry River, 40½ miles; breadth from the southwestern corner beside the Foyle, to the northwestern boundary near Coleraine, 35 miles; area 816 square miles; population 164,991.

SURFACE.—A belt of level land stretches more than half round the county from Lough Neagh, by Colerain to the Foyle, six or seven miles broad along the Bann, but much narrower along Lough Foyle. There is a large tract of beautiful level country in the center; and the south of the county is mountainous, the southern border, where it verges on Tyrone, remarkably so—an almost uninterrupted mass of high mountains.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—In the southwest, the Sperrin Mountains run in a curve from near Strabane in Tyrone to near Garvagh in this county, lying partly in Tyrone, partly on the border between Tyrone and Londonderry, and partly in Londonderry. The chief summits touching or belonging to Londonderry are Sawel (2,240); a mile to the southwest of it, Dart (2,040); Meenard (2,061), 3 miles from Sawel, nearly due east, and Oughtmore (1,878) 2 miles east of Meenard—these four being on the boundary with Tyrone. The following are in Londonderry: Barnes Top (1,506) and Mullaghash (1,581), northwest of Meenard; and as you go northeast from this, Craigagh (1,489), near Oughtmore; Mullaghmore (1,825), White Mountain (1,774), Brown Hill (1,278), and Streeve (1,282), all four close to each other; Glenshane Mountain (1,507), and Craigmore (1,306).

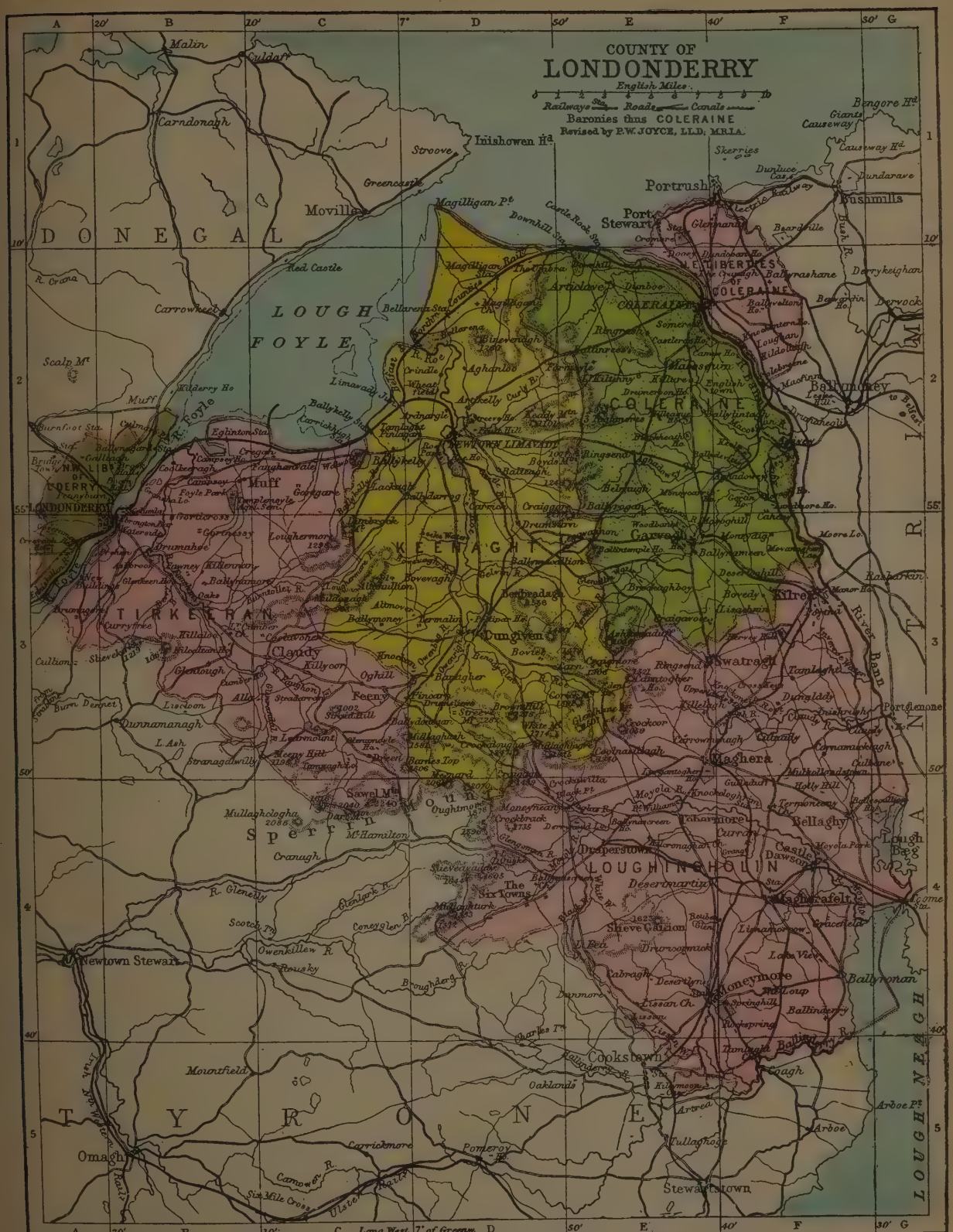
South of these, and west of Draperstown, are Knockbrack (1,735), and on the boundary Slieveavaddy (1,605) and Mullaghturk (1,353); all these belonging to a range separated from the Sperrin Mountains by the valley of Glenelly River.

Toward the southeastern corner of the county stands the short range of Slieve Gallion (1,623), separated from the Sperrin Mountains by the valley of the Moyola River. Five miles south of Londonderry city is Slievekirk (1,219), on the boundary with Tyrone.

The following are in the interior: Benbradagh (1,536), northeast of Dungiven; north of this, Craiggore (1,277), Boyd's Mountain (1,077) and Keady Mountain (1,101), near Newton Limavady; and north of the same town, about half way toward Magilligan Point, Binevenagh (1,260), almost detached, and commanding a beautiful view on all sides. Loughermore (1,298) lies southwest of Limavady; and northwest from Sawe are Meeny Hilll (1,198) and Straid Hill (1,002).

COAST LINE.—That part of the coast lying between Portrush and the mouth of the Bann is bold, rocky, and cliffy. From the mouth of the Bann, round by Magiligan, the strand is flat and sandy; but a mile or two inland there are fine cliffs and hills, culminating in Binevenagh. From Bellarena west to the Foyle, both shore and interior are flat, but well cultivated and very beautiful. The only cape of any consequence is Magilligan Point, a sandy projection, confining on the east the entrance to Lough Foyle.

RIVERS.—The Bann, issuing from Lough Neagh, runs on the boundary between Antrim and Londonderry for a mile, then after flowing through Antrim for half a mile, it expands into Lough Beg: issuing from Lough Beg, it again forms the boundary for 22 miles down to Colebreene; and from that to the mouth, a distance of 10 miles, it flows through Londonderry. A mile above Coleraine it falls over a ledge of rocks, forming the "Salmon Leap" cascade, where there is a great salmon fishery. On the west side, the Foyle flows through this county for the last 11 miles of its course.


COUNTY OF
LONDONDERRY
English Miles
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus COLERAINE
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
DONEGAL
LOUGH FOYLE
COLERAINE
KEENAGHI
TIRKEERAN
LOUGHINSHOLIN
TYRONE
ANTRIM
LOUGH NEAGH
Malin
Culdaff
Carndonagh
Inishowen Hd.
Stroove
Greencastle
Moville
Magilligan Pt.
Portrush
Port Stewart
Bushmills
Bengore Hd.
Giants Causeway
Causeway Hd.
Dundarave
Derrykeighan
Dervock
Ballymoney
Ballyrashane
Ballyveltan
Ballyvelton
Ballymoney
Garvagh
Kilrea
Swatragh
Maghera
Bellaghy
Castle Dawson
Magherafelt
Moneymore
Cookstown
Stewartstown
Omagh
Newtown Stewart
Dunnamanagh
Claudy
Muff
Dungiven
Feeny
Sawel Mt.
Draperstown
Tobermore
Desertmartin
Sheve Gallion
Ballyronan
Coagh
Arboe
Pomeroy
Carrickmore
Mountfield
Oaklands
Tullaghoge
Lough Bæg
Portglenone
River Bann
Long. West 7° of Greenw.

The Faughan rises at the base of Sawel Mountain, and running northwest, flows into the mouth of the Foyle. The Faughan receives as tributaries, on the left bank, the Glenrandal, which rises in Tyrone, and the Berry Burn, rising in Slievekirk ; and on the right bank the Burn Tollet. The Roe rises on the southern boundary at a great height among the Sperrin Mountains, and flowing in a general direction northward, it passes by Dungiven and Newton Limavady, and enters Lough Foyle.

The Mooyla flows from the mountains in the southwest border, and running first northeast, next east, and lastly southeast, it enters the northwest corner of Lough Neagh. Like the Roe, it rises at a great elevation, and is subject to sudden floods. Its tributaries are: on the right bank, the White Water and the Grange Water; on the left bank, the Glengomna and the Douglas. South of this, the Ballinderry River forms the boundary with Tyrone for the last 8 or 10 miles of its course, and enters Lough Neagh; a little higher up it also runs on the same boundary for a mile and a half. It receives the Lissan Stream on the left bank, which flows partly on the boundary with Tyrone, but chiefly through Londonderry. The Londonderry tributaries of the Bann, north of the Moyola, are the following: The Claudy flows east and joins the Bann half a mile below Portglenone, receiving as tributaries on its left bank the Grilagh and the Knockoneill River. Below this is the Inverroe Water; next the Agivey River, which is joined on the left bank by the Aghadowey River and by the Mettican River; and lastly the Macosquin River.

LAKES.—Lough Neagh forms the boundary for 8 miles, and Lough Beg for 3½ miles. In the southwest, Lough Fea and the mountain pool Lough Ouske lie on the boundary with Tyrone.

TOWNS.—Londonderry (29,162,) the assize town, built on a hill rising over the left or western shore of the Foye, is a most picturesque city, rendered highly interesting by its remains of antiquity, especially the old walls, gates, and bastions that formerly defended the town. On the eastern side of the county is Coleraine (5,899), on the Bann, 4 miles from its mouth. Higher up, Kilrea (935) is half a mile from the river.

On the Roe are, Newtown Limavady (2,954); and Dungiven (761), in a beautiful valley, with the ruins of a castle and of a very ancient abbey. Magherafelt (1,514) stands in the southeast, 4 miles from the shore of Lough Neagh; near it, on the Moyola River, is Castledawson (511); a little higher up, near but not quite on the same river, Tobermore (347); and higher up still, Draperstown, half a mile from the river. Maghera (1,124), a little to the north of the Moyola, is a place of great antiquity, with a most interesting and very ancient church ruin; Garvagh (708) is farther north, 4 miles from the Bann; Moneymore (588), in the southeastern corner, is a very neat town; and on the north coast, Port Stewart (556) is a pretty watering place, and much patronjzed.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—Londonderry formed a part of the ancient territory of Tir Owen, *i.e.*, the land of Owen, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. The barony of Keenaght represents the ancient territory of Cianachta, or Cianachta of Glengiven, which was in early times the territory of the O'Conors; but they were dispossessed a short time before the English invasion by the O'Cahans or O'Kanes.

One mile above Coleraine, towering over the right bank of the river, is a great fort or mound, one of the largest in the country, now called Mountsandel, but anciently Dun-da-bheann (pron. Dundavan'), or the fort of the two peaks or gables, which was the residence of a chief called "Niall of the brilliant deeds" a little before the Christian era, and which is celebrated in ancient Irish romance. A still more celebrated fort lay about 5 miles west of this in the parish of Dundo; it is now called the Giant's Sconce, but it was the ancient Dun Kehern, the residence of Kehern, one of the Red Branch Knights. (See Armagh.)

In Roe Park, near Newtown Limavady, is a long mound now called "the Mullah" or "Daisy Hill;" this is the ancient Drumket, celebrated for the convention held there 574 by Aed, the son of Ainmirè, king of Ireland, which was attended by the chief people of the country, both lay and ecclesiastical, among others by St. Columkille, and in which various important national matters were settled.

BISHOP'S GATE DERRY.

VIEW OF LONDONDERRY.

LONGFORD.

NAME.—The Gaelic form of the name is Longphort, which signifies a fortress; the word was originally applied to the old circular forts, but in after ages to the more modern stone castles. There are about twenty places in Ireland called Longford, all so named from fortresses of some kind. The town of Longford, from which the county has its name, is called in the annals, Longford O'Farrell, from the castle of the O'Farrells, the ancient proprietors, which was situated where the present military barrack stands.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Greatest length, from the southwest point in Lough Ree near Black Islands, to the northeast corner near Gulladoo Lough 30½ miles; greatest breadth from the river Inny in the east, to Drumshanbo Lake north of Drumlish, 18 miles; average breadth about 16 miles; area 421 square miles; population 61,000.

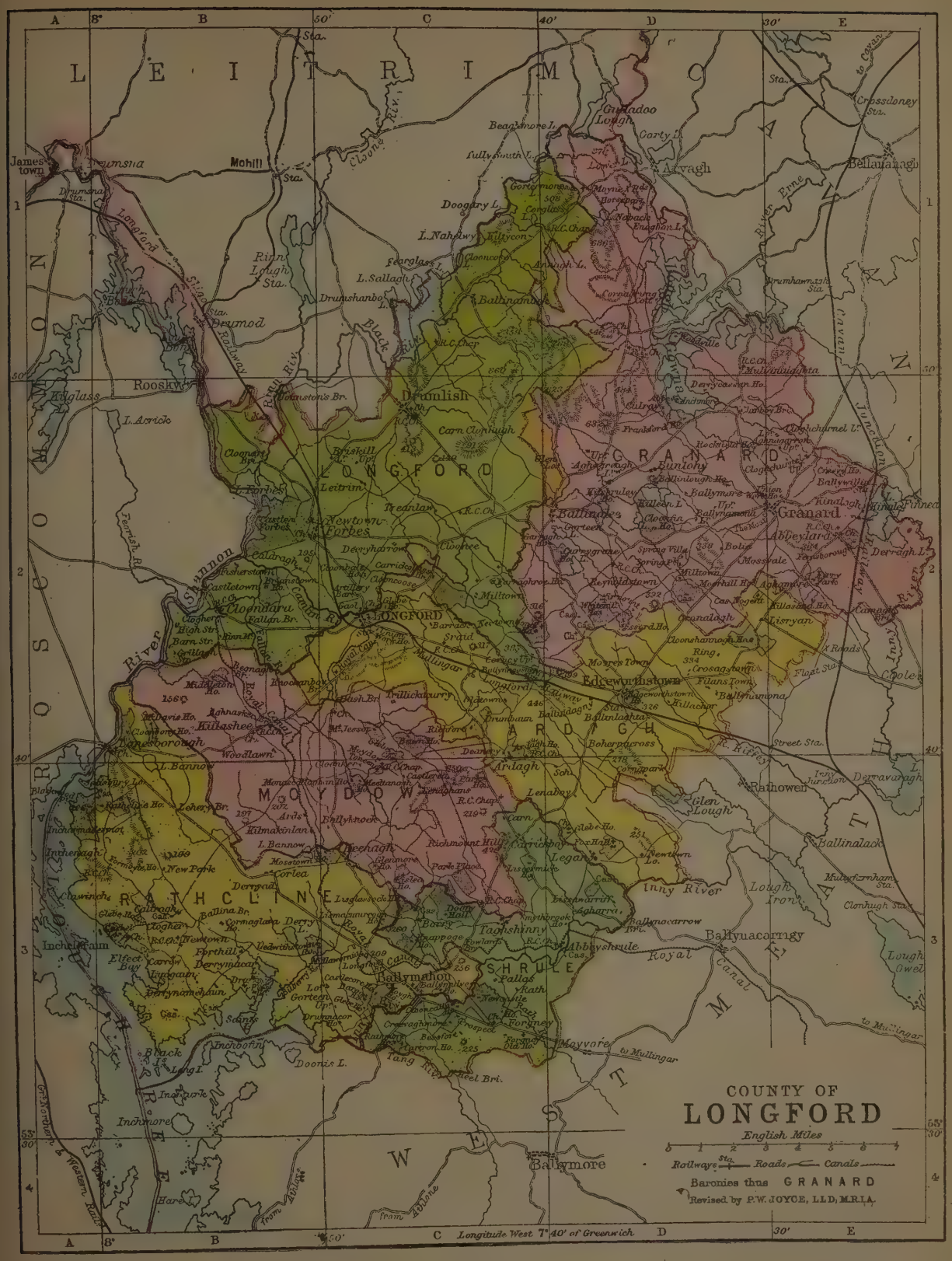
SURFACE: HILLS.—A range of low round hills extend from the northeast near Lough Gowna, to the southwest near Newtown Forbes; of which Carn Clonhugh (912), toward the southwest end, is the highest summit, a flat-topped hill, very conspicuous in consequence of rising in the midst of a great plain. This hill should have been called Carn Clanhugh, for it took its name from the Clanhugh (the children or descendants of Hugh), who were a sept of the O'Farrells, ancient princes of Annaly. Slieve Golry 650 a mile and a half southwest of Ardagh, is another hill conspicuous for the same reason. These are the only hills worth mention in the whole county. All the rest of the county is flat, in some places, as long the course of the Camlin River, quite level and uninterrupted; in other places broken up by long ridge sandhills. In the level portions there is a good deal of bog.

RIVERS.—The Shannon bounds the county on the west from a point, below Roosky a mile to where it opens into Lough Ree at Lanesborough, a distance of 14 miles. The Rinn River coming south from Leitrim, forms the boundary between Leitrim and Longford for 2 miles, then flows through Longford for a mile, and enters Lough Forbes. In the same neighborhood the Black River flows southwest through Longford, and enters Leitrim to join the Rinn River.

The Camlin rises near Granard, and flowing through Longford town, joins the Shannon 2 miles above Cloondara. The Keenagh or Fallan River, flowing northwest, joins the Shannon at Cloondara; but a branch of it connects with the Camlin, so as to form with that river and the Shannon what is called the Island of Cloondara. The Inny, coming westward from Westmeath, forms for 2 miles the boundary between Westmeath and Longford, then flowing for 12 or 13 miles through Longford, and passing by Ballymahon, it enters the eastern corner of Lough Ree. The Inny is joined on the left bank, 3 miles below Ballymahon, by the Tang River, which, coming from Westmeath, forms for the last 3 miles of its course the southern boundary of Longford; and a little above Ballymahon, by the Rath River, which also comes from Westmeath, and flows through Longford for the last 3 miles of its course. The Riffey, another tributary of the Inny on the right bank, rises near Edgeworthstown, and flowing southeast, enters Westmeath.

All the above streams send their waters to the Shannon. But there is a district in the northeast which is drained by a number of rivulets into Lough Gowna, whence the united waters are carried off by the river Erne.

LAKES.—The lake expansions of the Shannon that touch Longford are: Lough Forbes, near Newtown Forbes, and Lough Ree, which forms the southwestern boundary. Along the northwest boundary there is a line of small lakes, viz., Drumshanbo Lake, Lough Sallagh, Fearglass Lake, Cloncose Lake, Lough Nahelwy, Doogary Lake, Gortermore Lake, Tully South Lake, Beaghmore Lake, and Gulladoo Lake, this last at the north extremity of the county. These belong partly each to Longford and Leitrim.


COUNTY OF
LONGFORD
English Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Railways Roads Canals
Baronies thus GRANARD
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D, M.R.I.A.
Longitude West 7° 40' of Greenwich
LEITRIM
ROSCOMMON
WESTMEATH
KINGS CO.
ROSCOMMON
LONGFORD
GRANARD
ARDAGH
MOYDOW
RATHCLINE
SHRULE
Longford
Granard
Edgeworthstown
Ballymahon
Ballymore
Mullingar
Rathowen
Ballyuacarrigy
Ballymore
Mohill
Drumod
Rooskey
Newtown-Forbes
Cloondara
Ballinalack
Lough Ennell
Lough Owel
Lough Iron
Royal Canal
Inny River
Shannon
River Boyne
Longford
Sligo
Black Riv.
Camlin R.
Ferrish R.
Tang River
Reel Bri.
Doonis L.
Inchbonn
Inchmore
Inchcleeragh
Inchgarm
Elfect Bay
Black Ait
Long I.
Hare I.
Inch Park
Western Rail
Drumsna
James-town
Cloone
Arvagh
Bellananagh
Cavan
Cross-doney Sta.
Derravaragh L.
Glen Lough
Street Sta.
Kilnalag
Kinale
Derragh L.
Cole L.
Mayvore
to Mullingar
Abbeyshrule
Ballynacarrigy
Ballynacarrow
Clonhugh Sta.
Mullingar Sta.
Drumsna Sta.
Rooskey Sta.
Mohill Sta.
Ballymahon
Ballymore
Edgeworthstown
Granard
Longford
Newtown-Forbes
Cloondara
Rathowen
Ballinalack
Legan
Carrickboy
Lenaboy
Arvagh
Ballyhaise
Cootehill
Kilmainham
Kilmainham Sta.
Street Sta.
Irry Junction
Derravaragh
Lough Owel
Lough Iron
Inny River
Royal Canal
Longford
Sligo
Cavan
Cross-doney Sta.
Drumsna Sta.
Mullingar Sta.
Clonhugh Sta.
Kilnalag
Kinale
Derragh L.
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Cross-doney Sta.
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Glen Lough
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Mayvore
to Mullingar
Abbeyshrule
Ballynacarrigy
Ballynacarrow
Clonhugh Sta.
Mullingar Sta.
Drumsna Sta.
Rooskey Sta.
Mohill Sta.
Ballymahon
Ballymore
Edgeworthstown
Granard
Longford
Newtown-Forbes
Cloondara
Rathowen
Ballinalack
Legan
Carrickboy
Lenaboy
Arvagh
Ballyhaise
Cootehill
Kilmainham
Kilmainham Sta.
Street Sta.
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Lough Owel
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Inny River
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Sligo
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Mullingar Sta.
Clonhugh Sta.
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Derragh L.
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River Boyne
Longford
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Doonis L.
Inchbonn
Inchmore
Inchcleeragh
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Cross-doney Sta.
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Street Sta.
Kilnalag
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Derragh L.
Cole L.
Mayvore
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Ballynacarrigy
Ballynacarrow
Clonhugh Sta.
Mullingar Sta.
Drumsna Sta.
Rooskey Sta.
Mohill Sta.
Ballymahon
Ballymore
Edgeworthstown
Granard
Longford
Newtown-Forbes
Cloondara
Rathowen
Ballinalack
Legan
Carrickboy
Lenaboy
Arvagh
Ballyhaise
Cootehill
Kilmainham
Kilmainham Sta.
Street Sta.
Irry Junction
Derravaragh
Lough Owel
Lough Iron
Inny River
Royal Canal

Proceeding on in the same direction round the boundary; near Gulladoo Lake is Lower Lake, near the village of Arvagh in Cavan lying (with the adjacent lake of Garty in Cavan) in the midst of a series of pretty hills; a little south from which is Enaghan Lake. Lough Gowna on the northeast margin, a very beautiful lake, belonging partly to Cavan, is about 6 miles in length, extremely irregular in shape, and greatly broken up by peninsulas and islands. Lough Kinale lies on the east border, beside which is the smaller lake Derragh, which is wholly in Longford. Glen Lough lies 3 miles southeast of Edgeworthstown.

The following lakes are in the interior: In the northern corner, Corglass Lake, Lough Naback and Lough Annagh. Killeen Lake, and Cloonfin Lake lie 3 miles west of Granard. Gorteen Lake and Currygrane Lake lie immediately south of the village of Ballinalee. Lough Bannow lies beside Lanesborough; and southeast of this, beside the village of Keenagh, is another Lough Bannow. In the southern end, Derry Lake and Derrymacar Lake lie about 4 miles west of Ballymahon.

ISLANDS.—Those in Lough Ree belonging to Longford are: In the north end, Incharmadermot; a mile south of this is the larger island of Inchenagh; and another mile south is Clawinch. The next is Inchcleranun, or Quaker's Island, which was in old times the seat of a religious establishment, founded by St. Dermot in the 6th century, and which still contains a most interesting group of ecclesiastical ruins, commonly called, as elsewhere, the "Seven Churches." The little cluster called the Black Islands lies south of the southern point of the county, and lastly, to the northeast of Black Island, is Saint's Island, on which are the ruins of a church.

In that part of Lough Gowna belonging to Longford is Inchmore or Great Island, which contains the ruins of an abbey, called Temple Columkille, *i.e.*, St. Columkille's Church, which was the original parish church of, and gave name to, the surrounding parish of Columkille.

TOWNS.—Longford (4,380), on the river Calmin, is the most important town and the best business center between Dublin and Sligo; Granard (1,828) is in the northeast of the county. Beside the town is the "Moat," a very large and high mound, the remains of the fortified residence of some old king or chief, similar to others found in many parts of Ireland; it is on the top of a hill, commanding a great view of the surrounding country, and is a very remarkable feature in the district. Two miles southeast of Granard is the village of Abbeylara, containing the interesting ruins of an abbey from which the place has its name. Edgeworthstown (842), near the eastern margin of the county, is a very neat town; it received its name from the family of Edgeworth, well known in literature—one member, Maria Edgeworth, being particularly distinguished. Ballymahon (869) in the south, stands on the river Inny. Two miles east of Ballymahon is the village of Pallas, the birth place of Oliver Goldsmith; and five miles southwest of Ballymahon, in the county Westmeath, is the village of Lissoy, celebrated under the name of Auburn in the "Deserted Village."

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The county Longford is co-extensive with the ancient territory of Annaly, which was for some centuries before the invasion the patrimony of the O'Farrells. In earlier ages, about the time of St. Patrick, it formed what was called North Teffia, to distinguish it from South Teffia, which comprised a large part of Westmeath, the two Teffias being separated by the river Inny. A portion of North Teffia, viz., the barony of Granard, was one of the districts anciently called Carbery; and to distinguish it from the other Carberys this was called Carbery of Teffia.

One of the several districts called Calry was situated round the village of Ardagh in this county; and the name, though no longer applied to the territory, is preserved in the name of Slieve Golry. This hill was in more ancient times called Bri-Leth; it was the residence of the Dedannan fairy prince Midir; and in some very old Gaelic romantic tales there are curious fairy legends in connection with it.

At Ardagh a monastery was founded by St. Mel, a British missionary who was contemporary with St. Patrick and St. Brigid; and the place was and is still held in great veneration. It contains the ruins of a church, with all the characteristics of extreme antiquity, and it has continued an episcopal see since the time of its first bishop St. Mel.

INTERIOR OF ST. MEL'S CATHEDRAL, LONGFORD.

ST. MEL'S CATHEDRAL, LONGFORD.

MEATH.

NAME.—The Gaelic form is Midhe (pron. Mee), which probably means middle; Meath was the middle province of Ireland.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Greatest length, from the Delvin River to Lough Sheelin, 47½ miles; greatest breadth from the Yellow River to Ballyhoe Lake, 31½ miles; area, 906 square miles; population, 87,469.

SURFACE: HILLS.—Meath is nearly all level. There are hills in the northwest, of which one range, lying a little southeast of Oldcastle, is called Slieve na Calliagh, or the Loughcrew Hills, the highest elevation being Carnbane (904). On the summits of these hills in an ancient pagan cemetery, consisting of a most remarkable group of large cromlechs and sepulchral chambers, in all respects resembling the great cemetery at Bruga of the Boyne (see General Sketch of Ireland; Antiquities). South of this near Loughcrew House, is Slieve Gullion (640); two miles west of which is Seafin (661). All these hills, though low, command extensive views, as they rise in the midst of a plain. In the barony of Lower Kells, at the north end of the county, there are hills rising to the height of 835 feet. There is a range of hills beginning in the barony of Upper Slane, which run into Louth, and terminate at Clogher Head (see Louth). The portion of this range lying in Meath is called Slieve Bregh (753), which lies 4 miles north of Slane. The Hill of Ward, near Athboy, though only 390 feet high, is locally very remarkable. In various other parts of the county the plain is broken up by low hills, nearly all being cultivated or grass land.

COAST LINE.—Meath has a coast line of 7 miles, from the mouth of the Delvin River to the mouth of the Boyne; it is nearly straight, and there is a fine sandy strand the whole way, backed by sand hills.

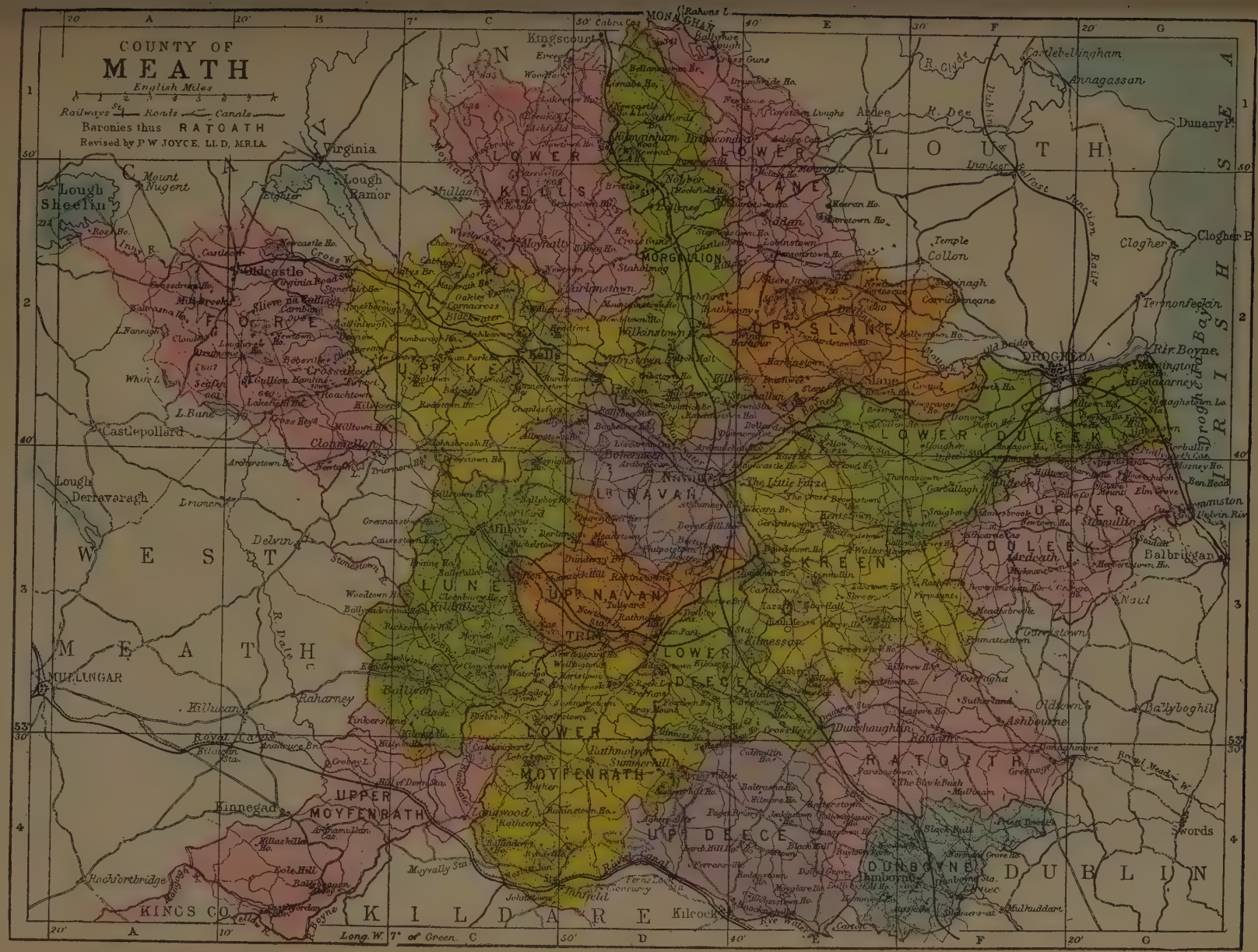
RIVERS.—The Boyne, coming from Kings County and Kildare, first touches Meath at the mouth of the Yellow River, at the southwest corner; then forms the boundary between Meath and Kildare for 8 miles; after which it flows through Meath, passing by Trim, Navan, and Slane, till it meets the Mattock River at Oldbridge (for the rest of its course see Louth).

Tributaries of the Boyne: In the northwest, the Blackwater, flowing from Lough Ramor in Cavan, runs for a short distance through Cavan; then forms for a mile the boundary between Cavan and Meath, after which it enters Meath, and passing by Kells, joins the Boyne at Navan. It is joined at Oristown, on the left bank, by the Moynalty River, which, rising in Cavan, forms the boundary between that county and Meath for 7 miles, after which it enters Meath, taking its name from the village of Moynalty, by which it flows. Two miles above Navan, the Blackwater is joined, also on the left bank, by the Yellow River; and at the point where it first touches Meath it is joined on the right bank by the Cross Water, which forms the boundary between Meath and Cavan for about 3 miles.

The Boyne is joined at Oldbridge by the Mattock River (for which see Louth); and the Mattock itself is joined by the Devlins River, flowing from Slieve Bregh. Two miles above Trim the Tremblestown River joins on the left bank, after flowing by Athboy; and a few miles higher up, the Boyne is joined on the same bank by the Stonyford River, which comes immediately from Westmeath, but rises originally in Meath; a little above this it receives the Dale River, also coming from Westmeath; and lastly, still on the left bank, the Boyne is joined near Castlejordan by the Yellow River, which forms for 3 miles the boundary between Kings County and Meath. On the right bank, another Blackwater, a boggy, sluggish stream, joins the Boyne at Castlerickard in the southwest, near the mouth of the Dale; on the right bank also, the Boyne receives the Boycetown River, 2 miles below Trim. So far the basin of the Boyne.

In the north of the county, the Dee, rising in the neighborhood of Moynalty and Nobber, flows eastward, and enters Louth 2 miles above Ardee.

The Nanny Water runs south of, and parallel to, the Boyne, at a distance of 3 or 4 miles; it


COUNTY OF
MEATH
English Miles
Railways Roads Canals
Baronies thus RATOATH
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
LOUGH
IRISH SEA
DROGHEDA
Slane
Navan
Kells
Oldcastle
Virginia
Lough Ramor
Lough Sheelin
Castlepollard
Mullingar
Kinnegad
Rochfortbridge
Kilcock
Dunboyne
Ashbourne
Ratoath
Balbriggan
Swords
Ardee
Collon
Kingscourt
Trim
Kilmessan
Dunshaughlin
Longwood
Athboy
Delvin
Raharney
Killucan
Clonmellon
Mullingar
Lower Kells
Upper Kells
Lower Slane
Upper Slane
Morgallion
Lower Duleek
Upper Duleek
Skreen
Upper Navan
Lower Navan
Lune
Lower Deece
Upper Deece
Lower Moyfenrath
Upper Moyfenrath
Dunboyne
Fore
West Meath
Kings Co.
Kildare
Dublin
Long. W. 7° of Green.

rises a little east of Navan, flows the whole way along a beautiful valley, and passing by Duleek, falls into the sea 4 miles south of the mouth of the Boyne; at Athcarne Castle it receives the Hurley River from the south, which rises in Dublin county. Three miles south of this, the Delvin River forms the boundary between Meath and Dublin for 7 or 8 miles, and enters the sea at Gormanstown.

The river called in Dublin the Broad Meadow Water (flowing into Malahide Bay), rises in Meath, near Dunshaughlin, and flowing by Ratoath and Ashbourne, enters Dublin near Greenoge. The Swords River, a tributary of the last, also rises in Meath. The Tolka rises a little south of Dunshaughlin, and flowing to the southeast, enters Dublin at Clonee at the southeast corner of Meath. The Rye Water rises in Meath; and forming the boundary between Meath and Kildare for several miles, enters Kildare at Carton.

In the extreme northwest corner, the river Inny rises in Meath and forming the boundary between Meath and Cavan for about 4 miles, enters Lough Sheelin.

LAKES.—Lough Sheelin touches the northwest projection, and a portion of it belongs to Meath. The other lakes on the margin are: Lough Ervey, 1½ miles southwest of Kingscourt, on the boundary with Cavan; Rahan's Lough in the north, chiefly belonging to Monaghan; Ballyhoe Lake near it, belonging partly to Monaghan, but chiefly to Meath; Croboy Lake in the southwest, a small pool 3 miles northeast of Kinnegad, half in Westmeath; Lough Bane in the west, half of which belongs to Meath and the other half to Westmeath; and near it, to the northwest, White Lough and Lough Naneagh, which are also divided equally by the boundary line of Meath and Westmeath.

The lakes in the interior are small and unimportant. Lough Breaky in the northwest, in the barony of Lower Kells, lies near the boundary; and near it to the east are Whitewood Lake and Newcastle Lake.

TOWNS.—Trim (1,586), the assize town, on the Boyne, a town of great antiquity, with many remains of its former importance, among others a fine old castle, and the ruins of several ecclesiastical establishments, chief among them being the Yellow Steeple. Navan (3,873), situated at the junction of the Boyne and the Blackwater, a good trading-town. Kells (2,822), on the Blackwater, with several very ancient ecclesiastical remains—a round tower, a Celtic cross, and a stone-roofed oratory called St. Columb's House. The town grew round a monastery founded there in the 6th century by St. Columkille. Oldcastle (952) lies in the northwest corner of the county; Athboy (748) in the west, stands on the Tremblestown River. Duleek (581), in the east, on the Nanny Water, was in old times a place of great importance. An abbey was founded there in the 5th century by the celebrated St. Cianan or Keenan, its first bishop, which continued to flourish for many ages; and the place now contains the ruins of a monastery,

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The present county formed a part of the ancient kingdom of Meath. The two baronies of Deece retain the name of an ancient tribe called the Desi, who dwelt at the south side of Tara in the reign of Cormac Mac Art, in the third century, and who also gave name to the baronies of Decies in Waterford see (Waterford).

Tara, the ancient residence of the kings of Ireland, is situated 6 miles southeast of Navan. Another very celebrated place in Meath was Tailltenn, now called Teltown, situated on the Blackwater, midway between Navan and Kells; and still another was Tlachtga, which is now called the Hill of Ward, and is situated near Athboy.

The chief ecclesiastical centers of Meath were: Bective, on the Boyne, a few miles below Trim, where there is a beautiful abbey ruin; Dunshaughlin, in the southeast of the county, now a poor village, but once important, where St. Sechnall, nephew of St. Patrick, founded an abbey in the 5th century: Slane, on the Boyne, with the fine ruins of an abbey and the ruin of the hermitage of St. Erc the patron; Skreen, on a hill, with church ruins, where St. Patrick lighted the first paschal fire (in the year 433); and Clonard, on the Boyne, in the barony of Upper Moyfenrath in the southwest, the most celebrated of all, where St. Finnian established his great school in the 6th century; but not a vestige now remains of the old buildings.

ILLUSTRATION.

SLANE CASTLE.—This mansion is situated on a green bank overlooking the Boyne River, about seven miles from Drogheda. It dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is the residence of the Marquis of Conyngham. It was a noted place as far back as the time of Hugo de Lacy, within whose "grant" it came. Close by it, are the romantic remains of the Hermitage of St. Erc, on the Hill of Slane, south of the town near the river, in the shade of a grove of ancient yew trees. St. Erc was the first bishop of Slane, and was consecrated by St. Patrick. It was on this historic spot that St. Patrick first lighted the paschal fire, and made his first remarkable conversions in the Island of which he became the apostle. A fine spring of water, called the Well of St. Patrick, is situated on the lower walk, near the Hermitage, and is much resorted to by the devout.

On this spot also are the ruins of an abbey consisting of a belfry and tower, which form one of the most picturesque objects in the demesne of Slane Castle.

SLANE CASTLE, MEATH.

S. S. PETER & PAUL ABBEY, MEATH.

TRIM OLD BRIDGE, MEATH.

MAYO.

NAME.—The county took its name from the little village of Mayo (near Balla in the southeast of the county), which is called in Gaelic Magh-eo (pron. Mayo), the plain or field of the yew trees; magh, a plain; eo, a yew. In the 7th century St. Colman, an Irish monk, having retired from the see of Lindisfarne, erected a monastery at the spot where the village now stands, in which he settled a number of English monks he had brought over with him; and for many ages afterward it was much resorted to by monks from England. Hence it came to be known by the name of Magheo-na-Saxan, or Mayo of the Saxons.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length, from the boundary east of Ballyhaunis to the coast opposite Eagle Island near Erris Head, 66½ miles; breadth, from Killary Harbor to Downpatrick Head, 54 miles; area, 2,126 square miles; population 245,212.

SURFACE.—The surface of Mayo is very much mixed and varied. There is a tract of level land north of Lough Conn, which extends 6 or 8 miles west from Killala Bay. The Mullet peninsula and a considerable breadth of country east of Blacksod Bay, are also level. The district made up of the north part of the barony of Erris and the northwest of the barony of Tirawley, is an elevated moor, relieved by a few mountains; the district south of this—lying south of the valley of the Owenmore River—from Lough Conn westward to the western extremity of Achill Island, is one great mass of mountains. The peninsula of Murrisk is all mountain, except a narrow belt of level land along the coast on the northwest. East of Clew Bay the country is level. With some few exceptions the rest of the county is level, namely, the greatest part of the baronies of Gallen, Costello, Clanmorris, Carra, and Kilmaine.

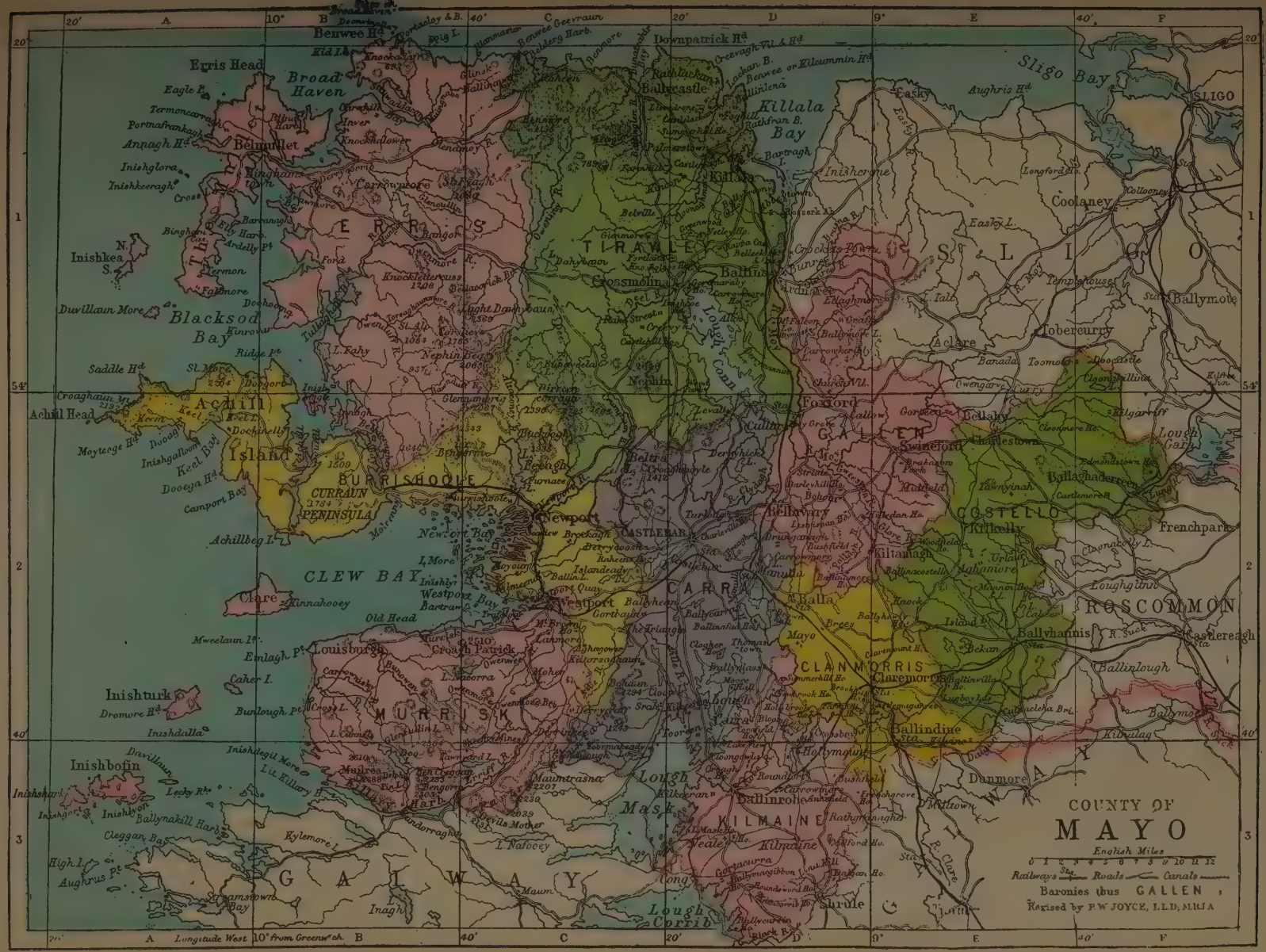
MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—Beginning at the southwest. In the south of the peninsula of Murrisk, Muilrea (2,688), the highest mountain in Connaught, rises straight over Killary Harbor; further east, rising also over the same harbor, is Bengorm (2,303), and a mile further inland, Ben Creggan (2,283). On the north side of the same peninsula is Croagh Patrick (2,510), rising from the very seashore, a beautiful conical mountain, perfectly uniform in shape from whatsover side viewed, and commanding from its summit one of the finest views in Ireland, including the whole of Clew Bay with its numberless islands. This mountain was the scene of some interesting episodes in the life of St. Patrick; and it is celebrated in legend as the place whence the saint drove all the demon-reptiles of Ireland into the sea. Between its base and the sea are the interesting ruins of Murrisk Abbey.

The Partry Mountains are separated from the Murrisk group by the valley of the Erriff River. Of this range, which runs from southwest to northeast, Devil's Mother (2,131), and Maumtrasna (2,207) lie on the boundary with Galway; and futher to the northeast is Bohaun (1,294).

The vast mountain region west of Lough Conn begins magnificently with Nephin (2,646), a great detached dome, seen in its full height from the shores of Lough Conn. A little further west, separated from Nephin by a deep valley, is Birreencorragh (2,295); and passing another valley west of this we come to another group, containing Laght Dauhybaun (2369), Nephgin Beg (2,065), Glennamorig (2,067), and Bengorm (1,912).

In the moory region north of the Owenmore River are Slieve Fyagh (1,090), and Benmore (1,155). In Achill Island, Slievemore (2,204), in the north, rises over the sea; and in the west is Croaghaun (2,192), which exactly resembles Slieve League in Donegal, as it presents to the sea a face of rock the whole way down from summit to base—the most tremendous precipice in Ireland.

COASTLINE.—From Killala Bay west to Broad Haven Bay the coast is the abrupt termination of a high table land and presents to the sea a con-


COUNTY OF
MAYO
English Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Railways Roads Canals
Baronies thus GALLEN
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
Longitude West 10° from Greenwich
Erris Head
Broad Haven
Belmullet
Blacksod Bay
Inishkea
Achill Head
Achill Island
CURRAUN PENINSULA
BURRISHOOLE
Newport
CASTLEBAR
CLEW BAY
Clare
Westport
Louisburgh
Croagh Patrick
Inishturk
Inishbofin
MURRISK
Mweelaun Pt.
Emlagh Pt.
Caher I.
Burlough Pt.
Inishdalla
Inishbofin
Inishshark
Inishbofin
Ballynakill Harb.
Cleggan Bay
High I.
Aughrus Pt.
Streamstown Bay
Kylemore L.
Maumtrasna
Lough Mask
Lough Corrib
Cong
Ballinrobe
KILMAINE
Shrule
Ballindine
Claremorris
CLANMORRIS
Mayo
Ballyhaunis
Castlereagh
Ballinlough
Ballymote
Tobercurry
Coolaney
Sligo Bay
SLIGO
Easky
Aughris Hd.
Killala Bay
Killala
Ballina
Foxford
GALLEN
Swinford
Bellaghy
Kilkelly
COSTELLO
Frenchpark
Castlerea
ROSCOMMON
Roscommon
Boyle
Ballymote
Tubbercurry
Aclare
Ballaghaderreen
Kilmeena
Kilmaine
Tuam
Maam
Inagh
Lough Corrib
GALWAY
Longford Co.
Roscommon Co.
Sligo Co.
Galway Co.
Longitude West 10° from Greenwich

tinued succession of perpendicular cliffs broken and pierced by fissures in an extraordinary way, some of the grandest sea cliffs in Ireland. All the western coast is broken and infinitely varied; that of the Mullet peninsula and round a great part of Clew Bay being generally flat; while the coasts of Achill and of the Merrisk peninsula are bold and rocky, and in many places magnificent.

HEADLANDS.—Beginning at Killala Bay and going round from right to left: Benwee or Kilcummin Head marks on the west the entrance to Killala Bay; Downpatrick Head, near it, is a fine, bold, scarped promontory. Benwee Head is the turning point of the coast to the southwest; Erris Head is the northwest extremity of the county; Annagh Head lies on the west side of the Mullet peninsula. At the west end of Achill Island is Achill Head, a long sharp point of rock like a spur projecting from Croaghaun Mountain; and Emlagh Point is the northwest extremity of the Murrisk peninsula.

ISLANDS.—The islands of Mayo are very numerous, and many of the mare large and important; all the larger islands are inhabited. Achill Island is the largest round the Irish coast, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow strait running north and south, of which the north half is called Achill Sound. The island is shaped somewhat like a triangle, measuring about 15 miles along the base from Achill Beg Island to Achill Head, and containing 50 square miles. There is much bog and moor, interspersed with patches of arable land; and the surface is for the most part elevated, especially in the north and west, where there are lofty mountains; its coasts abound in great sea cliffs. Inishbiggle lies between Achill and the mainland; between that again and the mainland is Annagh Island; and immediately beside the southern extremity of Achill is Achill Beg. To the east of the southern end of Achill is the rugged peninsula called Curraun, which is very nearly insulated by Bellacraher Bay.

Taking first the islands south of Achill: Clare Island stands in front of Clew Bay, 3 miles from Achill; it is 4½ miles long by about 2 miles broad, and contains 6 square miles. It rises 1,520 feet at its western side, and presents a fine appearance from the mainland, looking like a gigantic fortress standing up out of the sea. Five miles southwest of Clare Island is Inishturk, which is 2½ miles long, near which on the east is the little island of Caher; and 4 miles southwest of Inishturk is Inishbofin, which is 4 miles long, and contains 5 square miles. Beside Inishbofin on the west is Inishshark, a mile and a-half in length; and near Inishbofin on the east are the two little islands Inishlyon and Davillaun. Outside the mouth of Killary Harbor is the small rocky island of Inisdegil More. In Clew Bay, near the coast, there is an extraordinary cluster of islands, almost innumerable, most of them low and grassy or sandy; of which the most important are Inishlyre and Island More.

North of Achill: Duvillaun More lies near the south point of the Mullet peninsula; and 2 miles west from the south end of the same peninsula are the two adjacent islands of Inishkea North and Inishkea South, both of which contain ecclesiastical ruins, the remains of a nunnery and its branches established there in the primitive ages of the church by the virgin saint Kea, and maintained on the islands for many ages afterward. North of this, and about a mile from the shore of the Mullet peninsula, is the little island of Inishglora, containing the ruins of a monastery founded in the 6th century in honor of "St. Brendan the Navigator;" it was formerly believed that human bodies buried or deposited on this island never corrupted, but remained so fresh that the hair and nails continued to grow for years after death.

The long, low sandy island of Bartragh, in Killala Bay, was the scene of some of St. Patrick's labors in Connaught. The peninsula west and north of Belmullet, extending from Erris Head in the north to Fallmore in the south is called The Mullet, and is very nearly insulated, being connected with the mainland by only a very narrow neck at Belmullet.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Killala Bay, at the mouth of the Moy River, lies between Mayo and Sligo; off which on the west is the small bay of Rathfran. Proceeding regularly round the coast, we come first to Bunatrahir Bay, immediately west of Downpatrick Head. Broad Haven Bay strikes deeply between Benwee Head and Erris Head. Blacksod Bay, a capacious inlet, sheltered on the outside by Achill and the Mullet peninsula, branches inland into Trawmore Bay,

Tullaghan Bay, Bellacragher Bay, and Achill Sound. Keel Bay indents the middle of the south side of Achill Island. Clew Bay fringed on the east with a complicated cluster of islands, cuts deeply into the land, is guarded by Clare Island in front, and is confined at its entrance, on the north by the Curraun peninsula, and on the south by the peninsula of Murrisk, all mountainous; off Clew Bay is Westport Bay at the southeast, and Newport Bay at the northeast. On the south of the Murris peninsula is Killary Harbor, at the mouth of the Erriff River, which resembles a Norwegian fiord, being long, narrow, and winding, and overtopped by towering mountains.

RIVERS.—The Moy, coming from Sligo, enters Mayo 5 miles northeast of Swineford, makes a semicircular sweep through the county, and forms the boundary between Mayo and Sligo from a point 2½ miles above Ballina down to the mouth. From the Mayo side it is joined (a little above Foxford) by the Gweestion River, which is formed by the rivers Glore and Pollagh. At the mouth of Killala Bay, the Cloonaghmore River runs into the little bay of Rathfran. The river Deel rises in Birreencorragh Mountain, and after a very winding course enters the upper or north end of Lough Conn. The Clydagh enters Lough Cullin at its south end; and the overflow of both lakes runs from Lough Cullin into the Moy.

West of Lough Conn, the Crumpaun River rises in the eastern slopes of Birreencorragh, and flows into Lough Beltra; issuing from which it is called the Newport River, and flows into Newport Bay. In the southwest of the county, the Erriff—a very beautiful stream—flows through a fine valley into the head of Killary Harbor, being joined on the west or right bank by the Owenmore. In the Murrisk peninsula are the Owenwee, running into Westport Bay; and the Bunowen into Clew Bay. The Aille rises in the Partry Mountains, near the source of the Erriff, and running first north and afterward south, it enters the head of Lough Mask; at the turn from north to south it flows for two miles under ground.

In the south the Robe, flowing in a very winding course westward, passes by Holly mount and Ballinrobe, and enters the east side of Lough Mask; near which, a little to the north, the Manulla flows southward into Lough Carra. At the extreme southern corner, the Black River flows west into Lough Corrib, forming the boundary between Mayo and Galway for about 4 miles. And in the southeast the Dalgan forms the boundary of the same two counties, after which it enters Galway. In the east of the county, the river Lung, running in a general direction northeast, sometimes through Roscommon, sometimes through Mayo, and sometimes on the boundary, falls near Ballaghaderreen into Lough Garra.

LAKES.—The lakes of Mayo are almost innumerable. Lough Conn is one of the largest and finest lakes in Ireland, being 9 miles long, with an average breadth of about 2½ miles; area 24½ square miles; at its lower or southern extremity is Lough Cullin, an expansion in immediate connection with it, shaped like a rectangle, 2½ miles long and 2 miles broad. Lough Conn drains into Lough Cullin, and this into the Moy (which runs close by on the east), by a river channel half a mile long.

In the south, the beautiful Lough Carra is 6 miles long and very intricate in shape; and south of this are Lough Mask and Lough Corrib, both on the boundary with Galway. A chain of lakes stretches from near Westport to Castlebar; the chief of which are Islandeady Lake, 1½ mile long; and Castlebar Lake, 3 miles long and very narrow. Near Newport, north of these, is Beltra Lake, a fine sheet of water, 2½ miles long; and near it on the west Lough Feeagh, with which is connected Furnace Lake at the southern end. Lough Carrowmore, 4 miles long, lies in the northwest, near Belmullet. On the eastern boundary lies Lough Gara, a small part of which belongs to this county.

In the south of the Murrisk peninsula is a chain of small lakes, viz., Glencullin Lough, Lough Doo, and Fin Lough, which are remarkable for their beautiful scenery. In the southeast, near Ballyhaunis, are Mannin Lake, Island Lake, Lough Caheer, and Urlaur Lake. Scattered over almost every part of the county are lakes which would be remarkable in other counties, but which are too numerous to mention here.

TOWNS.—Ballina (5,760, of whom 1,442 are

in that part of the town lying in Sligo) is built on both sides of the Moy the eastern or Sligo suburb being named Ardnaree. The other towns on the Moy and its tributaries are; Foxford (611), on the main stream; Swineford (1,657), on a small tributary, and 1½ miles from the Moy itself; and higher up still Charlestown (778), on another tributary.

The following towns are on the coast: Westport (14,469), a well built and pretty town with a good trade; it stands on Westport Bay just where the mountain stream the Carrowbeg which runs through the middle of the town enters the bay. Three miles southeast of Westport is the hamlet of Aghagower, where St. Patrick during his missionary journey through Connaught, founded a church; the place subsequently grew to be an important religious center, and it now contains the venerable ruins of a round tower and of an abbey. West from Westport Louisburgh (546) stands on the Bunowen River, half a mile from the shore. In the extreme northwest of the county, Belmullet (852), a neat little town standing on the narrow isthmus connecting the Mullet peninsula with the mainland, is the capital of all that western district. Killala (700) stands on the shore of Killala Bay, having a round tower. Newport (688), on Newport Bay, 3 miles north of Westport.

Near the middle of the county is Castlebar (3,855), the assize town; and some miles to the east is Kiltamagh (935). A little to the south of both of these is Balla (419), now an unimportant village but once a place of ecclesiastical eminence; St. Mochua founded a church there in the 7th century; and it now contains the ruins of a church and a round tower. Near this, on the south, is the hamlet of Mayo, in which are the ruins of an abbey. This place was very famous in early ages; prince Aldfrid, afterward king of the Northumbrian Saxons, was educated here in the 7th century (among his countrymen, the colony of Saxon monks established by St. Colman); and there is extant a poem in the ancient Irish language in praise of "Inisfail," or Ireland, said to have been composed by him.

In the southern projection of the county is Ballinrobe (2,286), on the river Robe. Southward from Ballinrobe, on the neck of land between Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, is the hamlet of Cong (277), containing the beautiful ruins of an abbey. In the abbey of this place Roderick O'Conor, the last native king of Ireland, spent the last 15 years of his life in religious seclusion; died 1198. The "Cross of Cong," the most beautiful work of ancient Irish art in existence, is now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin.

In the southeast are Claremorris (1,319); and not far from it to the east, Ballyhaunis (722), near the eastern boundary. Near the extreme east end is Ballaghaderreen (1,598). In the northeast, a little west of Ballina, is Crossmolina (765), on the river Deel, near the shore of Lough Conn.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The present barony of Erris represents the ancient Irros Domnann. There were in old times two districts called Umall, or as they are often called in English, The Owles, namely—Upper Umall, south of Clew Bay, now called the peninsula of Murrisk; and Lower Umall, extending along the north side of Clew Bay, whose name is preserved in the last syllable of the barony name, Burrishoole. The Umalls were the patrimony of the O'Malleys. The barony of Tirawley retains its ancient name and position—the land (tir) of Awley, who was first cousin to Owen and Conall from whom Tirowen and Tirconnell derived their names. (See Donegal and Tyrone.)

The ancient territory of North Hy Fiachrach tor Hy Fiachrach of the Moyt lay on both sides of the Moy, including the barony of Tireragh in Sligo, and all the north of Mayo, viz., the baronies of Tirawley, Erris, and Carra. (See Galway for South Hy Fiachracht). One of the districts called Conmacne (see Galway), lay in the south of this county, viz., Commacne Cuile Toladh, occupying what is now called the barony of Kilmaine.

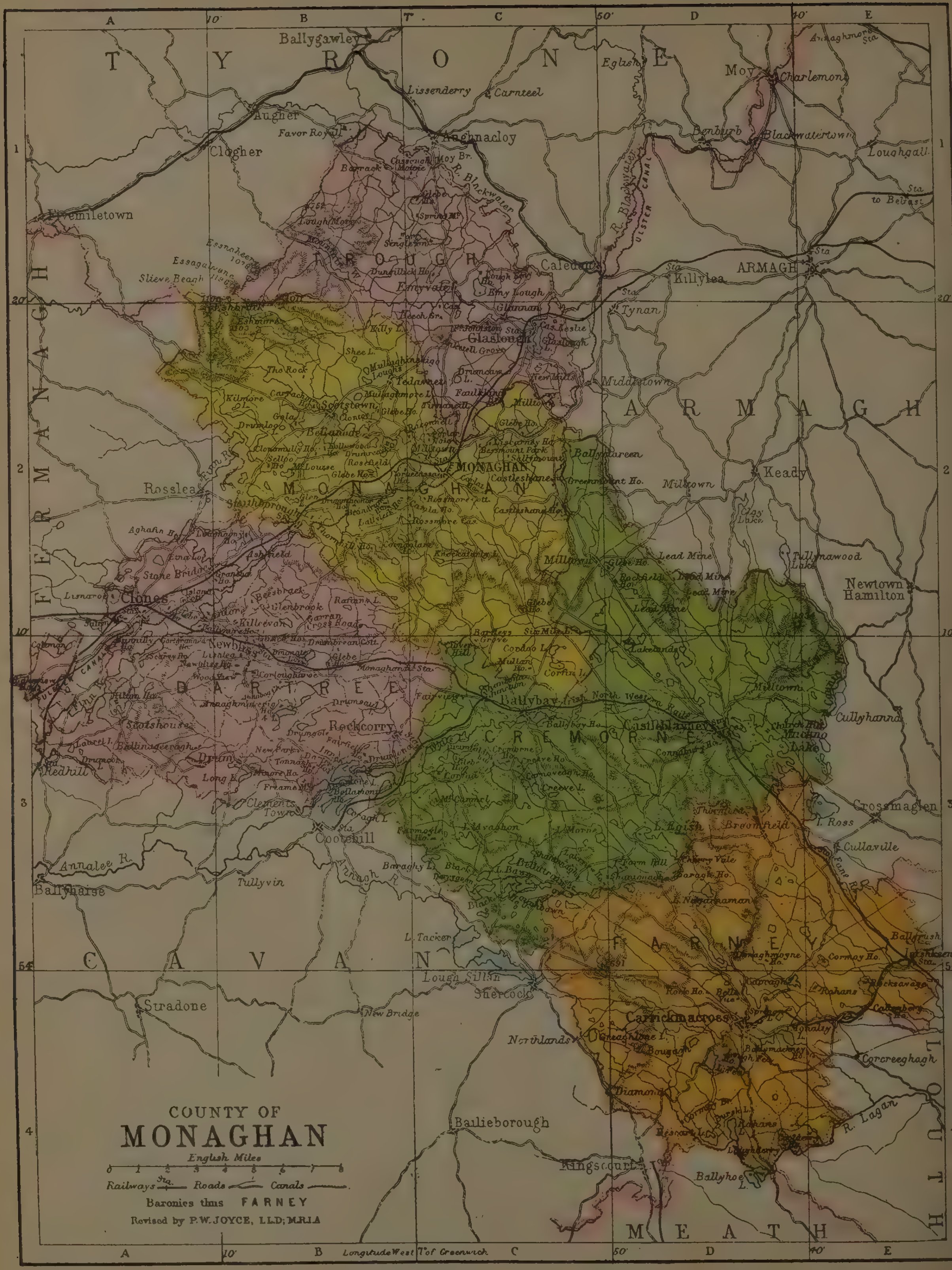
The plain lying immediately to the northeast of Cong is the ancient Moytura of Cong, or Southern Moytura (see Sligo, for the Northern Moytura) where was fought a great battle celebrated in romance and legend, in which the Dedannans defeated the Firbolgs, and took possession of Ireland. The plain is to this day full of ancient graves, sepulchral mounds, and cromlechs.

PONTOON, MAYO.

CLEW BAY, MAYO.

CONG ABBEY, MAYO.

MOYNE ABBEY, MAYO.



TYRONE
ARMAGH
FERMANAGH
CAVAN
MEATH
LOUTH
MONAGHAN
TROUGH
DARTREE
CREMORNE
FARNEY
Ballygawley
Augher
Clogher
Aughnacloy
Moy
Charlemont
Benburb
Blackwatertown
Loughgall
Caledon
Armagh
Killylea
Tynan
Middletown
Keady
Milltown
Newtown Hamilton
Cullyhanna
Crossmaglen
Cullaville
Glaslough
Emyvale
Monaghan
Rosslea
Clones
Newbliss
Smithborough
Rockcorry
Ballybay
Castleblayney
Cootehill
Ballyhaise
Stradone
Shercock
Lough Sillan
Bailieborough
Kingscourt
Carrickmacross
Inniskeen
Ballyhoe L.
Lough Egish
Muckno Lake
Annalee R.
R. Blackwater
Ulster Canal
R. Lagan
COUNTY OF
MONAGHAN
English Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus FARNEY
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LLD; M.R.I.A.
Longitude West of Greenwich

MONAGHAN.

NAME.—The town of Monaghan gives name to the county. The Gaelic form of the name is Muinechàn, a diminutive world signifying "little shrubbery," from muinè, a shrubbery, with the diminutive affix càn.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length, from the southeast corner near Ballyhoe Lake, to the northwest corner at Favor Royal, 38½ miles; breadth, from the southwest corner near Redhill, to the boundary east of Milltown, 22 miles; area, 500 square miles; population, 102,748.

SURFACE.—A part of the northwestern border is mountainous. That corner of the county northeast of Castleblayney is covered by a continuation of the Fews Mountains from Armagh. Nearly all the rest of the county is hilly, and may be described as a champaign country, broken up by a continuous succession of low hills, in some few places subsiding into an almost uninterrupted plain.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The Slieve Beagh range runs from southwest to northeast, and their southeast flank extends into Monaghan, occupying part of the northwest border of the county. The mountain Slieve Beagh itself lies in the adjacent counties, but it slopes into Monaghan. Eshbrack (1,190) stands just inside the boundary; and a mile further inward is Eshmore (1,103). The two mountains Essaglavane (1,196) and Essnaheery (1,078), slope into Monaghan, but their summits stand in Tyrone. All the preceding belong to the Slieve Beagh range.

Northeast of Castleblayney, near the eastern boundary, is Mullyash (1,034), which is one of the Fews range.

RIVERS.—The western part of the county is drained into the Erne; in this part the chief river is the Finn, which runs southwest, partly through Monaghan, partly through Fermanagh, and partly on the boundary, and joins the Erne near the head of Upper Lough Erne. Some of the headwaters of the Annalee River, which belongs to Cavan, come from Monaghan; the Bunnoe, for instance (see Cavan), rises to the east of Newbliss; another tributary, the Dromore River, comes from the cluster of lakes near Rockcorry; and a third, the Annagh River, coming from another chain of lakes near Shercock, has many of its feeders coming from the interior of Monaghan. The Blackwater (flowing by Moy and Charlemont into Lough Neagh), forms the northeast boundary for about a dozen miles, but never enters the county; near Glasslough it receives the Mountain Water, which runs eastward from the Slieve Beagh Mountains.

In the east, the County Water, flowing south from Tullynawood Lake, forms the eastern boundary (between Armagh and Monaghan) for 6 or 7 miles, then turning westward into Monaghan, it falls into Muckno Lake. In the southeast, the Clarebane, a short stream, runs from Muckno Lake to Ross Lake, the first mile being through Monaghan, and the next half mile—to Ross Lake—being on the boundary between Monaghan and Armagh; from Ross Lake, again runs the Fane, forming the boundary between Monaghan and Armagh for the first 4 miles of its course; next it runs through Monaghan for another 4 miles, after which it forms for a mile the boundary between Monaghan and Louth, and then enters Louth. In the extreme southeast, the Lagan River, after issuing from Ballyhoe Lake, runs northeast, and forms the boundary between Monaghan and Louth for 4 miles, after which it enters Louth; above Ballyhoe Lake its feeders come from the three adjacent counties, Monaghan, Meath, and Cavan.

LAKES.—The lakes of Monaghan are very numerous. Beginning with the barony of Farney, at the southern extremity: on the south boundary is Ballyhoe Lake, the greater part of which belongs to Meath; near it is Rahans Lake, which touches Meath, but belongs to Monaghan; beside which is the small Descrat Lake, lying just inside the boundary; and northwest of this is Greaghlone Lake. In the interior of this barony; the beautiful Lough Fea, Lough Monalty, and Lough Bougagh, all lie near Carrick-

macross; five miles north of which is Lough Nagarnaman.

In the south of the barony of Cremorne, and near the boundary of the barony of Farney, a chain of lakes stretches across the county. At the east is the fine lake of Muckno, containing 600 acres, with beautiful swelling shores and islets; near it on the south is Ross Lake, the greater part of which belongs to Armagh. West from this is Lough Egish, about a mile and a half in length. Still further west is Lough Morne, Shantonagh Lake, and Bellatrain Lake; and near the western border is Lough Bawn, Lough Derrygoony, and two sheets of water named Black Lough; north of which is Lough Avaghon; and near it, on the boundary with Cavan, Baraghy Lake.

Northwest of these, near Rockcorry, is a group of lakes close together; the largest is Inner Lake, which is wholly in Monaghan; beside which are Dromore Lake and Drumlona Lake, both on the boundary with Cavan; and near them, in the east, is White Lake, a mile from Rockcorry. Four miles west of Rockcorry are Annaghmakerig Lake and Drumgole Lake; and southeast of these, near the village of Drum, is Long Lake. In the western corner is the little Laurel Lake, and near it, on the border with Cavan, Drumcor Lake. Beside the town of Ballybay is the pretty Lough Major; two miles northeast of which are the two lakes of Corfin and Cordoo, beside each other.

Round the town of Monaghan are a number of small lakes; among which are those of Cornaglare and Knockaturly, to the southwest of the town; the two lakes of Mullaghinshigo, to the northwest of Monaghan, beside Tedavnet; near which is Shee Lake; and east of these is Drumcaw Lake. Beside Glaslough, in the northeast, is the beautiful lake of Glasslough, which gives name to the village; and near it on the northwest is Emy Lough. On the northwest boundary is Lough More; southwest, still on the boundary, is the small Loughnaheery, at the base of the mountain Essnaheery. Near the western margin, at the base of the Slieve Beagh Mountains, are several small lakes, among which are Drumloo Lough and Kilmore Lough.

TOWNS.—Monaghan (3,369), the assize town, is a place of considerable trade. Clones (2,216), near the western boundary, occupying the summit of one of those round hills so numerous in that district, is a town of ecclesiastical origin, and of great antiquity, containing some very ancient church ruins and a round tower, and also a very large and conspicuous mound or fort. Four miles east of Clones is the neat village of Newbliss (404).

Near the southern extremity is Carrickmacross (2,002), with a brewery and a large distillery; containing also the ruins of a castle said to have been built by the Earl of Essex. Near the eastern boundary, beside Muckno Lake, is the neat town of Castleblayney (1,810); and near the middle of the county is Ballybay (1,654), in a pleasant valley, beside the pretty Lough Major.

MINERALS.—There is a small coal field southwest of Carrickmacross, a portion of the Ulster coal district; but it is not worked. Near the eastern border there is lead, but the working of the mines has been long discontinued.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—In ancient times, down to the reign of Elizabeth, Monaghan belonged to the powerful family of Mac Mahon.

The present barony of Farney represents the old territory of Fearnmhagh or the Alder-plain; the barony of Monaghan is the ancient Hy-Meith-Macha; and the two baronies of Cremorne and Dartree represent the ancient Crioch-Mhughdhorna and Dartraighe.

At a place called Agha-Lederg, in the barony of Farney, a great battle was fought A.D. 331, which resulted in the destruction of the palace of Emania (see Armagh). The three Callas, brothers, sons of Ohy Dovlen, having slain their uncle the king of Ireland (Fiacha Sravtinnè), the king's son, Muredagh Tirech, banished them from Ireland, and became king himself. Some time after this they returned and became reconciled to their cousin the king, who supplied them with an army to make conquests for themselves. They marched to Ulster, and aided by a contingent from Connaught, encountered the Ulster king at Agha-Lederg; the battle lasted for seven days, and resulted in the defeat of the Ulstermen and the death of their king. One of the three brothers, Colla Menn, was slain in the battle. The two surviving brothers then de-

stroyed the palace of Emania, which thenceforward ceased to be the residence of kings of Ulster; and they seized on a large part of Ulster, extending east as far as the Glenree River (flowing by Newry; see Down), which was from that time forth called the kingdom of Oriel.

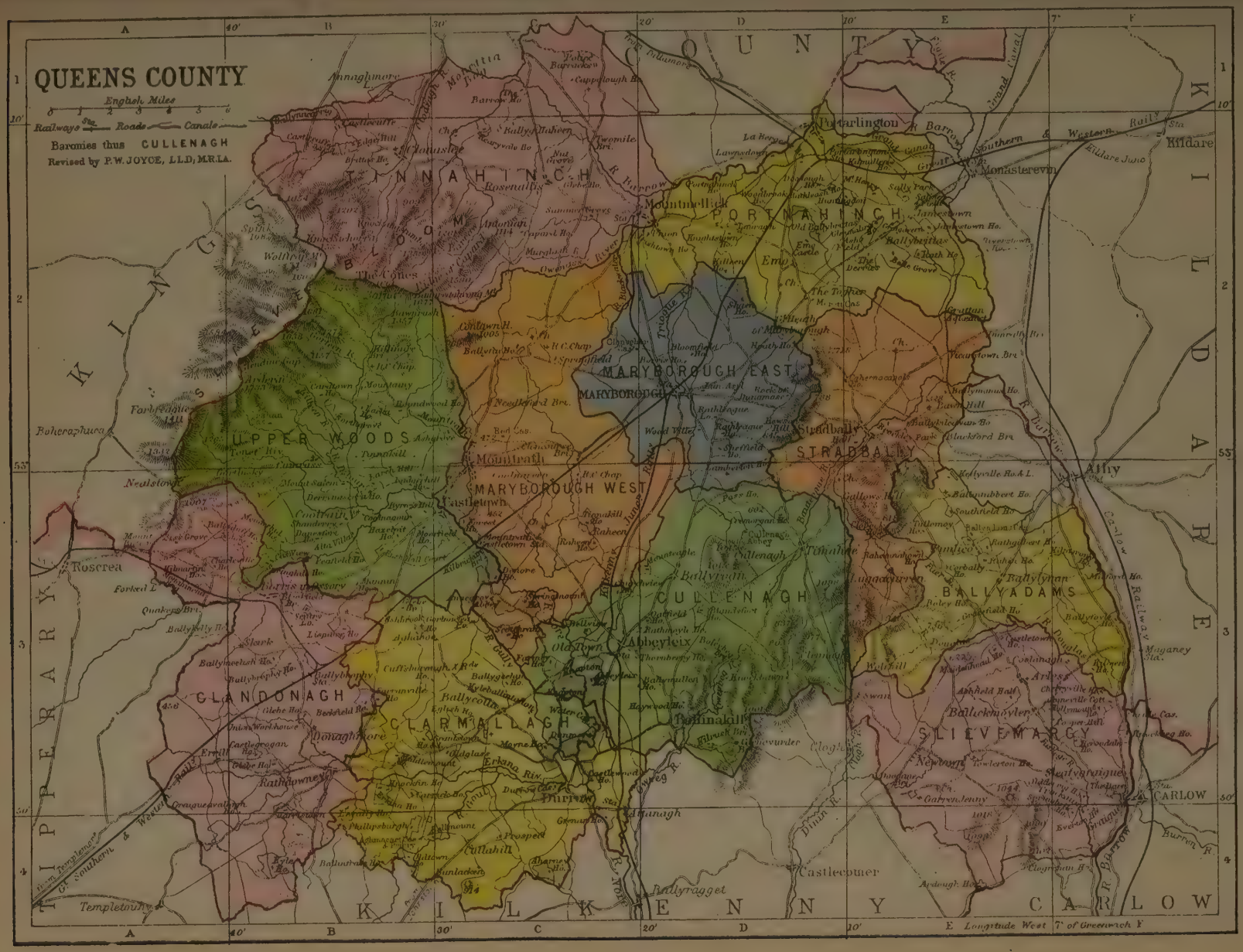
ILLUSTRATION.

MONAGHAN CATHEDRAL.—The county of Monaghan, derived from Muinchan—"the dwelling of the monks," was anciently known as Mac Mahon's country, and that powerful and martial sept retained possession of the territory down to the reign of Elizabeth, when the head of the clan was treacherously taken and legally murdered, and the land converted into shire ground. Monaghan is the principal town, and though it possesses few relics of antiquity, the surrounding district has its full share of temples, raths and towers. It is the residential seat of the Bishop of Clogher; and its cathedral, erected during the incumbency of the late bishop Donnelly, is one of the most imposing of modern ecclesiastical structures in Ireland. Clogher is identical with the Regia of Ptolemy, and was erected into a bishopric in 493 by St. Macartin.

MONAGHAN CATHEDRAL.

OLD CHAPEL, MONAGHAN.

ROSSMORE CASTLE, MONAGHAN.


QUEENS COUNTY
English Miles
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus CULLENAGH
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
KINGS COUNTY
KILDARE
TIPPERARY
KILKENNY
CARLOW
TINNAHINCH
PORTNAHINCH
MARYBOROUGH EAST
MARYBOROUGH
STRADBALLY
UPPER WOODS
MARYBOROUGH WEST
CULLENAGH
BALLYADAMS
CLANDONAGH
CLARMALLAGH
SLIEVEMARGY
Portarlington
Monasterevin
Kildare
Mountmellick
Stradbally
Athy
Mountrath
Castletown
Abbeyleix
Ballinakill
Durrow
Castlecomer
Ballyragget
Roscrea
Templetouhy
Boherophuca
Neatstown
Carlow Railway
Southern & Western Rail
Grand Canal
Longitude West 7° of Greenwich

QUEENS.

NAME.—See Kings County.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length east and west, along the southern border, 34 miles; breadth north and south, 29½ miles; area 664 square miles; population 73,124.

SURFACE.—The northwest of the county is mountainous; the baronies of Cullenagh and Stradbally are hilly; as is also the barony of Slievemargy. All the rest of the county—the middle, northeast, and southwest—is level, some portions extremely flat.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The Slieve Bloom Mountains run on the borders of Kings County and Queens County, the northeast extremity of the range lying within Queens County. The following mountains stand on the boundary: Arderin (1,733), southwest of it Farbreague (1,411), and northeast Wolftrap (1,584).

The northeast end of the range is very broad, opening out like a fan. The eastern wing runs eastward from Wolftrap Mountain, consisting of a range of summits called the Cones, about 3 miles long; from the eastern end of which another range called the Ridge of Capard runs for 3 miles to the northeast. The Cones and the Ridge of Capard are really one curved ridge, which incloses on the south and southeast the fine valley of the Barrow. The chief summits of the Cones are Barna (1,661), and a mile east of it Baunreaghcong (1,677), this last marking the intersection of the Cones and the Ridge of Capard. One mile southwest of Baunreaghcong is Baunrush (1,357). At Clarnahinch Mountain, a mile northeast of Baunreaghcong, the Ridge of Capard rises to 1,590 feet; and the Ridge terminates at the northeast with Antonian (1,114).

Over the north side of the valley of the Barrow rises Knockanastumba (1,359); and west of this, and separated from it by another valley, that of the Gorragh River, is Knockachorra (1,533). South of the Ridge of Capard is Conlawn Hill (1,005), the southern outpost of that extremity of the Slieve Bloom Range. The hills running from southwest to northeast through the baronies of Cullenagh and Stradbally are often called the Slieve Lough Hills, and also the Dysart Hills. Between Abbeyleix and Timahoe the Cullenagh Hills rise to the height of 1,045 feet. At the southeast extremity of the county the Slievemargy Hills are a continuation of the Castlecomer Hills in Kilkenny. Among the Slievemargy Hills are elevations of 1,102, 1,098, 1,090, and 1,044 feet.

RIVERS.—At the northeast end of the Slieve Bloom Mountains, a number of glens open out to the northeast, all drained by rivers, of which those on the west side run to the basin of the Shannon, and those on the east to the basin of the Barrow. The Barrow itself rises in one of these—Glenbarrow—between the Ridge of Capard and Knockanastumba Mountain. It flows down the side of Barna, the highest of the Cones, and running first northward, it turns to the southeast, and first touches Kings County a mile and a half northeast of Mountmellick, from which point to Portarlington (6 miles) it forms the boundary between Kings County and Queens County. Crossing a corner of Queens County at Portarlington, it again forms the boundary of the same two counties for 2½ miles; again crosses a corner of Queens County, and then runs on the boundary of Queens County and Kildare for a mile; enters Kildare, and soon returns to the boundary, on which it runs for 8 miles; next enters Kildare; after which it forms for the last time the boundary of Queens County, first for 8 miles with Kildare (beginning a mile below Athy), and afterward for 6 miles with Carlow, when it finally leaves Queens County at Clogrennan.

The following are the Queens County tributaries of the Barrow. The Glenlahan River rises in Barna Mountain, and flowing in the same general direction as the Barrow, joins the latter 2 miles east of Clonaslee. The Owenass River, rising in Baunraghcong Mountain, flows through Mountmellick and joins the Barrow a mile below the town, being itself joined 2 miles above the

town by the Blackwater from the south. The Triogue rises in Cullenagh Mountain, and flowing north through Maryborough, joins the Barrow a mile below the mouth of the Owenass. The Bauteogue flows northeast through Timahoe and Stradbally, and joins the Barrow 5 miles above Athy. The Douglas runs southeast, and falls into the Barrow 3½ miles above Carlow, having for tributary on the left bank the Fuer. At the southern extremity of the county, the Barrow receives the Fushoge River, flowing southward.

The Nore, coming from Tipperary, first touches Queens County near Monahincha Bog; next forms the boundary for two miles between Tipperary and Queens County; after which it makes a semicircular sweep of about 24 miles through Queen's County; and forming 2 miles of the boundary between Killkenny and Queens County, enters Kilkenny 2 miles above Ballyragget.

The Nore has several important tributaries, belonging wholly or partly to Queens County. First, on the left bank: the Delour, flowing southward from the southern slopes of the Cones, joins the Nore near the village of Coolrain; receiving as tributaries on its right bank, the Gorteen, the Killeen, and the Tonet, all flowing from Slieve Bloom. The Mountrath River, rising in Bawnrush Mountain, flows south through Mountrath, and joins the Nore 2 miles below the town. In the south, the Owenbeg, flowing southwest, enters Kilkenny, and taking now the name of the Owveg, forms the boundary for 3 miles between Queens County and Kilkenny, as far as its mouth. The Clogh River rises south of Lugacurren, and flowing southward, soon enters Kilkenny to form the Dinin.

On the right bank, the Nore receives the Gully River, which joins a mile north of Durrow. The Erkina draws its headwater from Tipperary; but it soon crosses the boundary into Queens County, and flowing east by Rathdowney and Durrow, joins the Barrow ¾ mile below the latter town. Two miles above Durrow the Erikana is joined by the Goul, which rises in Kilkenny.

The whole of the Queens County is drained into the Barrow and the Nore—except the northwest corner. There the Clodiagh, rising in two glens separated by Knockachorra Mountain, flows nearly north, and ultimately joins the Brusna, in the Kings County, which flows to the Shannon.

LAKES.—The Queens County lakes are small and unimportant. On the northwest boundary is Annaghmore Lake; and near the eastern boundary is the small lake of Kellyville; Emo Lakes lies beside Emo Castle, in the northeast; Grantstown Lake is three miles east of Rathdowney; and Ballyfin Lake lies beside Ballyfin House, 5 miles west of Maryborough.

TOWNS.—Maryborough (2,872), the assize town, is watered by the little river Triogue. In the north of the county, Mountmellick (3,126), an excellent business town, stands on the Owenass River, a mile from its junction with the Barrow; and on the Barrow itself, on the extreme north boundary, is Portarlington (2,357), of whom 842 are in that part of the town which stands in the Kings County. Toward the eastern part of the county on the Bauteogue, is Stradbally (1,254), a pretty town, partly surrounded by the beautiful demesne of Stradbally Hall.

On the Mountrath River, two miles from its junction with the Nore, is Mountrath (1,865); and half a mile from the Nore itself, in the west of the county is Borris-in-Ossory (518). In the south of the county, on the Erkina, three-quarters of a mile from its junction with the Nore, is Durrow (738); west from which is Rathdowney (1,109), standing less than half a mile from the Erkina River. Four miles northeast from Durrow is Ballinakill (630); three miles from which to the north-northwest is the pretty town of Abbeyleix (1,103), 1½ mile to the east of the Nore.

MINERALS.—The southeast of the county, including the Dysart and Slievemargy Hills, belongs to the great Leinster coal field; but no coal is raised in the district.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The ancient territory of Leix comprised all the southeast of Queens County—the whole county except the baronies of Tinnehinch and Portnahinch on the north, and the baronies of Upper Woods, Clandonagh, and Glarmallagh in the west. It was the inheritance of the O'Moores, whose chief lived on the Rock of Dunamase, three miles east of Maryborough—a

rock rising precipitously from the plain, and still containing on its summit the ruins of O'Moore's Castle. The baronies of Portnahinch and Tinnahinch in the north formed part of the ancient Offaly. Portnahinch barony also formed part of the territory of Clanmaliere. The baronies of Upper Woods, Clandonagh, and Clarmallagh, formed part of the sub-kingdom of Ossory.

The Dun of Clopook, 3 miles south of Stradbally, is a high rock, with an immense ancient dun or fort occupying the whole extent of its summit. About a mile south from this is another great fort, that of Lugacurren. At the village of Timahoe, where an abbey was founded by St. Mochua in the 6th century, there is a very beautiful round tower, and also the fine ruin of an Elizabethan castle.

ROSCOMMON.

NAME.—The county takes name from the town. In the beginning of the 8th century, St. Coman founded a monastery where the town now stands; and the place was called from him Ros-Comain, Coman's Wood.

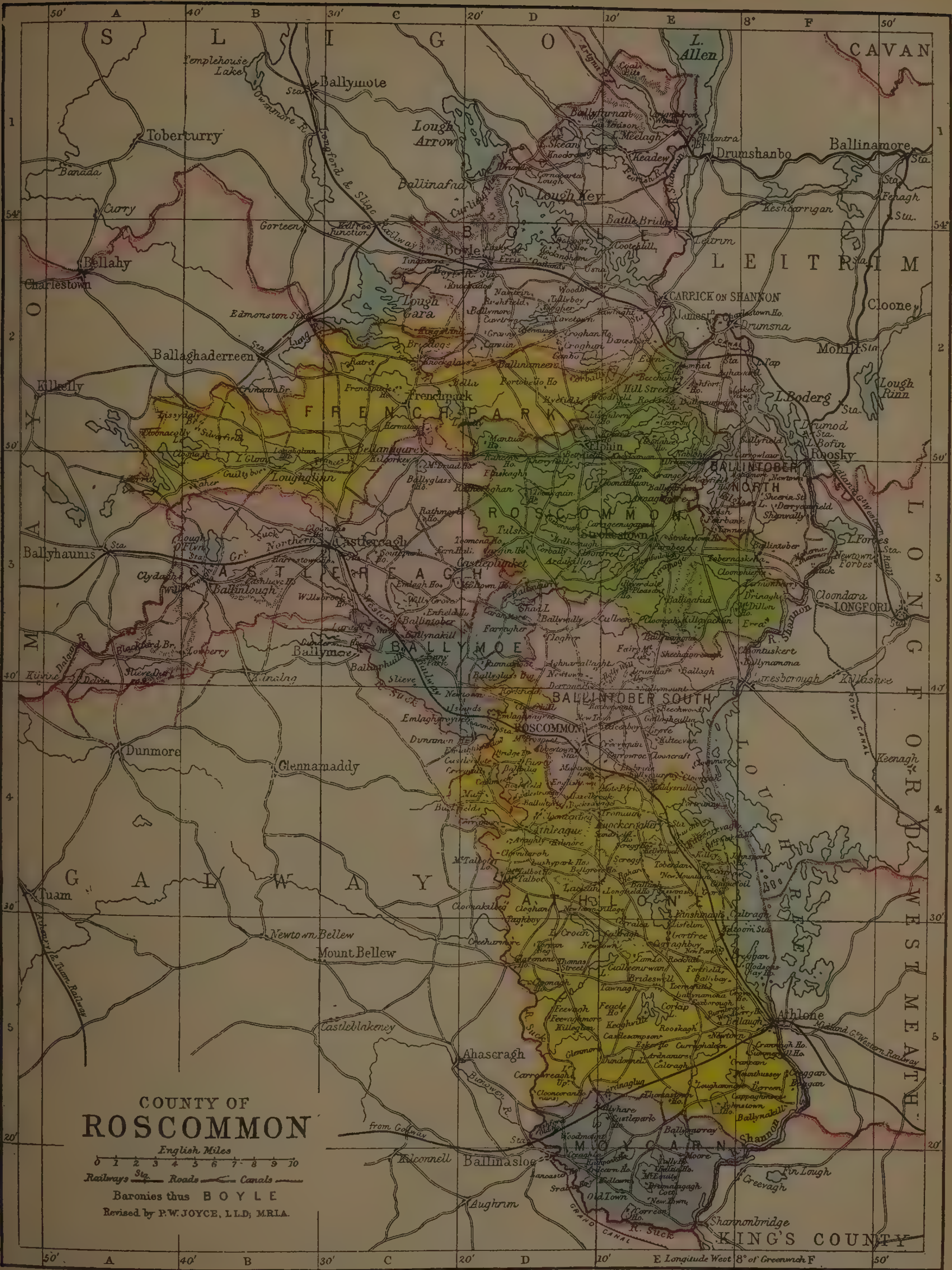
SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length from north to south, 59 miles; breadth from Roosky to the western corner, west of Lough Errit, 33½ miles; area, 949½ square miles; population, 132,-490.

SURFACE: HILLS.—Roscommon is on the whole a level county. The northern end near Lough Allen is hilly, rising to an elevation of 1,377 feet on the boundary with Leitrim at the extreme north corner, and rising to 1,081 feet 2 miles east of the village of Ballyfarnan. In the northwest, near Boyle, the Curlieu Hills run on the boundary between Roscommon and Sligo from southwest to northeast; and though they are not more than 863 feet high, the range is very conspicuous, both for its fine forms and outlines, and because it commands very grand views from its summit level, on account of the flatness of the country at both sides. In the eastern part of the county, southeast of Stokestown, the range of heights called Slievebawn runs in a general direction parallel with the Shannon, attaining an elevation of 857 feet at their highest point, 4 miles northwest of Lanesborough, at the northern extremity of Lough Ree. Nearly all the rest of the county is a plain, in some places interrupted by low heights, but the greater part flat, with much bog and marshy meadow land, especially along the Suck and the Shannon. Some of the level districts of Roscommon, as, for instance, the plain laying round Tulsk in the middle, and the district between Boyle and Elphin—commonly called the Plains of Boyle—are among the finest and richest grazing lands in Ireland.

RIVERS.—The Shannon and its expansions form the whole of the eastern boundary, from Lough Allen in the north to Shannon Bridge in the south; and into the Shannon, the whole county, with some trifling exceptions, is drained. The Suck rises in Mayo, a quarter of a mile from the boundary with Roscommon, nearly midway between Ballyhaunis and Lough O'Flyn; crosses the boundary into Roscommon and falls into Lough O'Flyn; issuing from which, it runs by Castlereagh, and first touches Galway near Ballymoe; from which point to where it joins the Shannon near Shannon Bridge (about 56 miles, following the windings), it forms the boundary between Galway and Roscommon, except at Athleague, where it runs for 9 miles through Roscommon. Beside the main stream, some of its head-feeders come also from Mayo.

Near Stokestown, a stream called the Scramoge flows to the northeast into the Shannon.

At the northern extremity of the county the Arigna, flowing southeast from Sligo and Leitrim, forms for three-quarters of a mile the boundary between Sligo and Roscommon; flows for the rest of its course (about 6 miles) through Roscommon, and joins the Shannon just where the latter issues from Lough Allen. The Feorish, coming from Sligo, and passing by Ballyfarnan, crosses the north extremity of Roscommon, and falls into the Shannon two miles below the mouth of the Arigna. The river Breedoge, in the northwest of the county, issuing from Lough Bally, falls into Lough Gara; and the Lung River, belonging chiefly to Mayo, forms the boundary between Mayo and Roscommon in three several places, and falls into Lough Gara at its western corner. The Boyle River, a very full and very beautiful stream, issues from Lough Gara, and flowing eastward by Boyle, through the "Plains of Boyle," enters Lough Key; from which it again issues, and expanding into Oakport Lake, enters the Shannon. A few of the very small head-streams that fall into Lough Arrow, send their waters from that lake northward to Sligo Bay; and this small district


COUNTY OF
ROSCOMMON
English Miles
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus BOYLE
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D; M.R.I.A.
SLIGO
LEITRIM
CAVAN
LONGFORD
WESTMEATH
KING'S COUNTY
GALWAY
MAYO
BOYLE
FRENCHPARK
ROSCOMMON
CASTLEREAGH
BALLYMOE
BALLINTOBER NORTH
BALLINTOBER SOUTH
ATHLONE
MOYCARN
L. Allen
Lough Arrow
Lough Key
Lough Gara
L. Boderg
Lough Ree
Ballymote
Tobercurry
Drumshanbo
Ballinamore
Boyle
Carrick on Shannon
Drumsna
Mohill
Cloone
Charlestown
Bellahy
Ballaghaderreen
Kilkelly
Frenchpark
Elphin
Strokestown
Castlerea
Ballyhaunis
Ballinlough
Castleplunket
Roscommon
Dunmore
Glennamaddy
Tuam
Newtown Bellew
Mount Bellew
Castleblakeney
Ahascragh
Ballinasloe
Kilconnell
Aughrim
Athlone
Shannonbridge
Longford
Rooskey
Lanesborough
Keenagh
Knockcroghery
Athleague
Shannon
R. Suck
Longitude West 8° of Greenwich

is the only part of Roscommon not belonging to the basin of the Shannon.

LAKES.—The lakes of Roscommon are quite as numerous as those of the surrounding counties. The expansions of the Shannon that touch Roscommon are Lough Allen, Lough Boderg, Lough Bofin, Lough Forbes, and Lough Ree. In the extreme north are Lough Skean and Lough Meelagh, the former on the boundary with Sligo. Lough Arrow and Lough Gara barely touch Roscommon at the northwestern boundary, but belong almost wholly to Sligo. The great lake feature of this district is Lough Key, one of the finest lakes in Ireland, about 2½ miles in length and the same in breadth, containing 3½ square miles; the beautiful demesne of Rockingham is on its southern shore; and it contains a number of lovely wooded islands; on two of which are ecclesiastical ruins, and on a third the old castle of the Mac Dermotts, the ancient proprietors of the surrounding district. Southeast of Lough Key is Oakport Lake, an expansion of the river Boyle. A little south of Lough Key are the two small lakes of Cavetown and Clogher; and southeast of these are Corbally and Canbo Lakes; west of which, near Frenchpark, is Lough Bally.

In the western corner of the county are Loughs Errit, Cloonagh and Cloonacolly, beside each other; east of which is Lough Glinn (which gives name to the Village beside it), with finely wooded shores, an oasis in the midst of a bare bleak district. South of these, near the village of Ballinlough, is Lough O'Flyn, which is a mile and three-quarters in length. A little south of Elphin are a number of small lakes, the chief of which are Lough Clooncullaun and Lough Annaghmore; between which and the Shannon is another group, the chief being Lough Nablahy and Kilglass Lake, this last 2 miles long. Between the two last a narrow arm of Lough Boderg stretches westward for 4 miles. Immediately southwest of Stokestown are three lakes close together, Cloonfree Lake, Ardakillen Lake, and Fin Lough between them.

In the barony of Athlone, in the south of the county, are Lough Funshinagh (2 miles long); near which to the west are Lough Croan and Lough Cuilleenirwan; and a little further south, Corkip Lake.

TOWNS.—Roscommon (2,117), the assize town, with its fine old abbey, founded in the 13th century by Felim O'Connor, prince of Connaught (son of Cahal of the Red Hand), and still containing the tomb of the founder; the town contains also the ruins of a beautiful Anglo-Norman castle built in the same century. Boyle (2,994), in the north of the county, in a pretty situation on the Boyle River, is a neat and prosperous town, with an abbey ruin, one of the best preserved and most interesting in Ireland. Castlereagh (1,229), in the west, stands on the river Suck. Elphin (997), toward the northeast side of the county, stands in the midst of a rich district; and six miles southeast of it is Stokestown (837) a well-built town, situated near the northern slope of Slievebawn. That part of Athlone lying west of the Shannon, in this county, has a population of 3,683; a suburb of Ballinasloe also lies in Roscommon, containing a population of 947; and a part of Carrick-on-Shannon, containing 100 inhabitants, also belongs to this county.

MINERALS.—That part of the north end of the county verging on Lough Allen belongs to the Connaught coal district; and along the Arigna River are the Arignairon mines.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The old district called Moylurg, of which Mac Dermott was chief, extended from the Curlieu Mountains on the north, to near Elphin on the south, and east and west from the Shannon to Lough Garra; this district is now known as the Plains of Boyle. South of this, and conterminous with it, lay Moy-Ai or Maghery-Connaught (the Plain of Connaught), a beautiful plain extending from Elphin to the town of Roscommon, and east and west from Stokestown to Castlereagh. The ancient territory of Hy Many (for which see Galway) originally included that part of Roscommon lying south of Lanesborough and the town of Roscommon. This same part of Roscommon also formed one of the territories called Delvin, of which there were seven, this one being called Delvin-Nuadat.

That part of Roscommon lying between Elphin and the Shannon, and extending north and south from Jamestown on the Shannon to the north part of Lough Ree, was called the Three Tuathas or Three Territories, these three territories being Kinel Dofa, which lay between Slieve

Bawn and the Shannon; Corcachlann, west of Slieve Bawn; and Tir Briuin of the Shannon, which lay north of the two others.

At Rathcroghan, midway between Tulsk and Bellanagare, are situated the ruins of Croghan, the ancient palace of the kings of Connaught. It was erected by Ohy Feleach, king of Ireland in the first century of the Christian era, for his daughter Maive, queen of Connaught (see Louth and Armagh); and it is almost as celebrated in Irish romantic literature as the palace of Emania. The remains consist of a great fort now called Rathcroghan, containing a cave in which are some remarkably-inscribed stones; this rath being surrounded by a number of others, forming quite a town of raths.

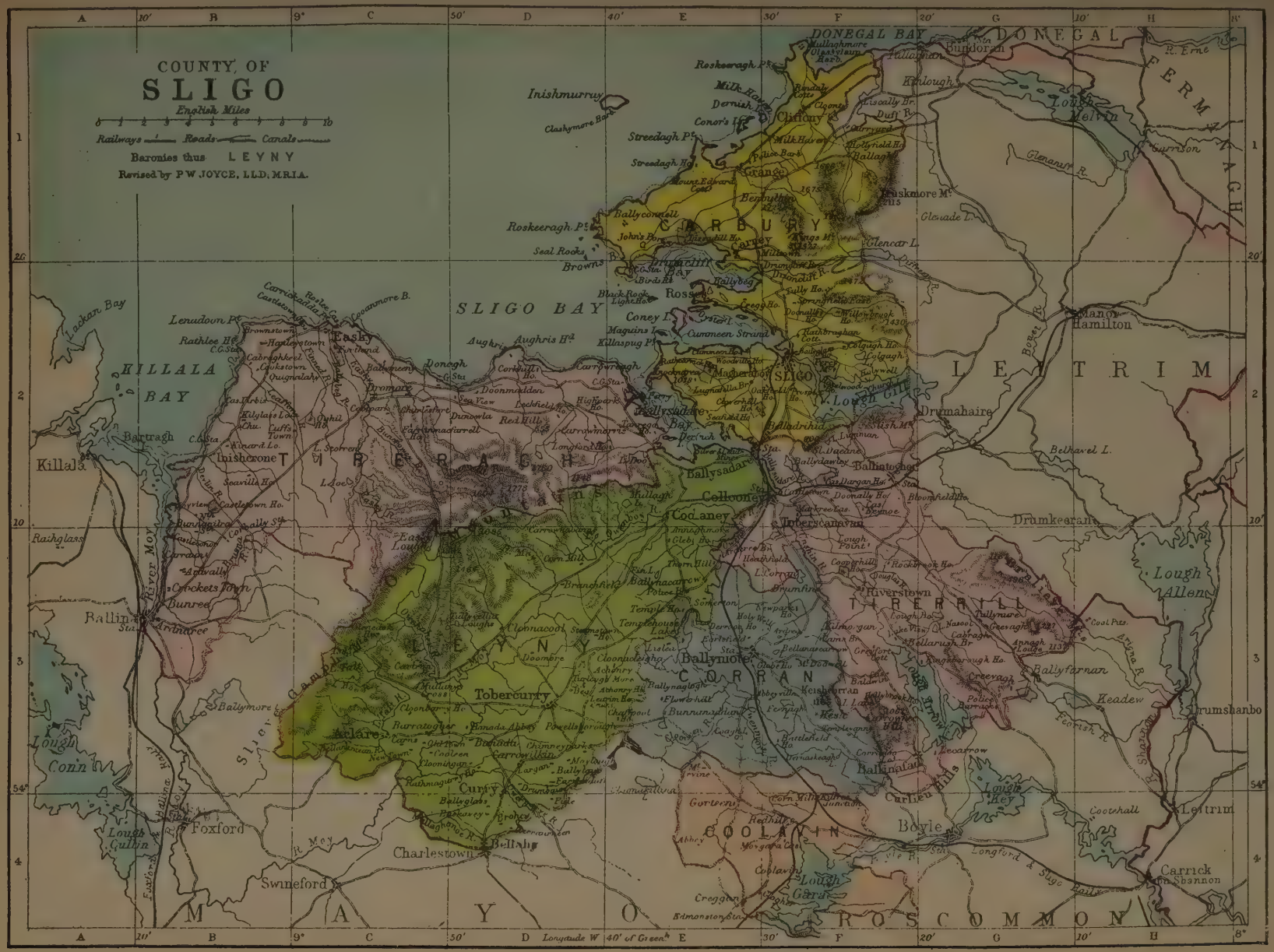
ILLUSTRATIONS.

BOYLE ABBEY.—The Abbey of Boyle was erected on the bank of the river of that name by O'Connor, king of Connaught in 1257. Its remains at the present day are noble and imposing. It was destroyed during the Elizabethan wars with the northern chieftains, Tyrone and Tyrconnell, early in the 16th century. Within its aisles were interred many noted bishops and chiefs, and close by, in the cemetery of Kilronan, is buried Carolan, the last of the line of ancient Irish bards, who died in 1741. The county derives its name from St. Coman, who founded it in 550. He built an abbey, which was superseded by the splendid structure erected on the same site by O'Connor. About the time the abbey was erected the Anglo-Normans under Sir Robert de Ufford built a castle near it, the remains of which still exist. On the night of August 12, 1599, the English under General Clifford encamped around the abbey, and in the battle of the Curlew Mountains three days later, Clifford, many of his officers, and 1,500 soldiers were slain by Red Hugh O'Donnell and the rest put to ignominious rout.

ATHLONE CASTLE.—Athlone is situated on both sides of the Shannon, where the river divides the counties of Westmeath and Roscommon. As the gateway from Leinster to Connaught, it has been deemed an important strategic point, from the Anglo-Norman invasion to the present day. The castle, once a great stronghold, was built in the time of King John. Of the many military events of which it has been the center, the siege by General Douglas and the defense by Colonel Grace, and that of Ginkell, and its defense by St. Ruth are the most memorable. The latter was lost through the arrogant blindness of St. Ruth, the French commander of the Irish troops. But no nobler instance of heroism is recorded in the military annals of any race or nation than the defense of the Irish garrison. Under a deadly shower of grapeshot and grenades an Irish sergeant and ten men proceeded to tear up the planking of the bridge. All were killed. A second party rushed into their place and succeeded in accomplishing their object. All perished but two, who, precipitated into the water, swam to shore.

BOYLE ABBEY, ROSCOMMON.

BRIDGE AND CASTLE, ATHLONE.


COUNTY OF
SLIGO
English Miles
Railways
Roads
Canals
Baronies thus LEYNY
Revised by P W JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
DONEGAL BAY
DONEGAL
FERMANAGH
SLIGO BAY
KILLALA BAY
CARBURY
TIRERAGH
LEYNY
CORRAN
TIRERRILL
COOLAVIN
LEITRIM
MAYO
ROSCOMMON
Inishmurray
Clifony
Grange
Carney
Drumcliff Bay
Ross
Easky
Sligo
Ballysadare Bay
Ballysadare
Collooney
Codaney
Tobercurry
Ballymote
Riverstown
Drumahaire
Manor Hamilton
Drumkeeran
Lough Allen
Ballyfarnan
Keadew
Drumshanbo
Leitrim
Carrick on Shannon
Boyle
Ballinafad
Curlieu Hills
Lough Key
Lough Gill
Lough Arrow
Lough Gara
Lough Conn
Lough Cullin
Killala
Ballina
Foxford
Swineford
Charlestown
Bellahy
Curry
Arlare
Ballymore
Crockets Town
Bunree
Ardnaree
Inishcrone
Bartragh
Lenadoon Pt.
Rathlee Hd.
Lackan Bay
Longitude W 40' of Green.

SLIGO.

NAME.—The county was named from the town of Sligo, which itself took its name from the river Sligeach, river of sligs or shells—shelly river. This river is now called the Garrogue.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length from the river Moy to the Arigna River, 40¾ miles; breadth from the Lough Gara to Donegal Bay, 38½ miles; area, 721½ square miles; population, 111,578.

SURFACE.—The eastern part of the barony of Carbury, and the southern shores of Lough Gill, are mountainous. A line of highlands runs from Ballysadare Bay southwest toward Foxford in Mayo, having two moderately level districts on both sides. The rest of the country is level, interspersed with hilly land.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The Ox Mountains begin immediately southwest of Ballysadare, and run west-southwest to the boundary of Mayo, where they are continued to the southwest by the Slieve Gamph range, which runs first on the boundary of the two counties, and then into Mayo. The Ox Mountains have several summits from 1,200 to 1,800 feet high; and Slieve Gamph attains an elevation of 1,363 feet.

The eastern part of the barony of Carbury, in the north of the county, is a mass of mountains. The highest is Truskmore (2,113) near the boundary, whose summit is in Sligo, but a part of the eastern slope is in Leitrim. Far more striking and remarkable, however, through not so elevated, is Benbulbin (1,722), in the middle of the barony, presenting a scarped precipitious face to Sligo Bay; and a mile and a half south of it is Kings Mountain (1,527). Four miles west of Sligo town is the remarkable isolated flat-topped hill of Knocknarea (1,078), rising with a scarped rocky face over the beautiful plain that lies between its base and the sea. Rising directly over the south shore of Lough Gill are the two hills, Slish (967), and Slievedaeane (900).

In the east of the barony of Tirerrill, near the boundary, is a range called Bralieve, running from northwest to southeast, and rising to 1,498 feet at its highest point. In the southeast, near Ballinafad, the Curlieu Hills run on the boundary with Roscommon. In this southeast part of the county the most remarkable hill is Keishcorran (1,183), which has on its western face a precipitous escarpment pierced with some interesting caves. Near this on the east is Carrowkee (1,062) over the western shore of Lough Arrow.

COAST LINE.—The coast is an alternation of low sharp rocks and flat sandy beaches, relieved by a few bold headlands, and in one place by the grand cliff of Knocknarea.

HEADLANDS.—Lenadoon Point marks the eastern entrance to Killala Bay; Aughirs Point projects north into Sligo Bay; Killaspug Point is the extremity of the peninsula northeast of Ballysadare Bay; Roskeeragh Point stands forth at the extremity of the peninsula that separates Donegal Bay from Sligo Bay; and at the north extremity of the county is another Roskeeragh Point, near which is the rocky projection of Mullaghmore.

ISLANDS.—Maguire's Island lies beside Killaspug Point; Coney Island, about a mile in length, is at the entrance to Cummeen Strand; and at the north side of the same strand is Oyster Island, with a lighthouse. Just outside Coney Island is Black Rock, with a lighthouse; and near Roskeeragh Point is a rocky cluster, one of which is called Seal Rocks. Northeast of this, beside the coast at Cliffony, are Conor's Island and Dernish Island. But the most remarkable island belonging to Sligo is Inishmurray, in Donegal Bay, a mile in length; containing the ruins of the ancient monastery of St. Laserian or Molaise (pron. Molasha); the few inhabitants are very primitive, and have many curious customs.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Killala Bay separates Sligo from Mayo. Sligo Bay opens eastward, and branches into three inlets: Ballysadare Bay; a middle branch which runs up to

the town of Sligo; and Drumcliff Bay, all very sandy.

RIVERS.—The Moy rises at a high elevation among the Ox Mountains, about 2 miles east of Lough Easky; flows first southeast, then southwest, till it enters Mayo; turning northward, it touches Sligo at a point 2½ miles above Ballina, from which point to its mouth it forms the boundary between Sligo and Mayo. Its chief Sligo tributaries are: the Mad River and the Owenaher from the Ox Mountains; the Lough Talt River issuing from Lough Talt in Slieve Gamph; and on the south bank, the Owengarve and the Mullaghanoe. The Leaffony River flows into Killala Bay. The Easky River is a mountain torrent rising in Lough Easky high up among the Ox Mountains, and falling into the sea near the village of Easky.

The Ballysadare River falls into the head of Ballysadare Bay at Ballysadare; immediately below the village it tumbles over a series of shelving rocks, forming one of the finest rapids in Ireland. The chief tributaries of the Ballysadare River are: the Owenmore, which rises in the south near Lough Gara; the Owenboy, which rises near the source of the Moy, takes the name of Owenbeg below the village of Collooney, and joins the Owenmore 1½ miles above Collooney; and the Unshin River or Arrow River, which issues from Lough Arrow, and flowing northward joins the Owenmore.

In the southeast of the county, the Feorish enters Roscommon. The Bonet River forms the boundary between Sligo and Leitrim for a mile. The Sligo River or the Garrogue, issues from Lough Gill, and after a course of 3 miles falls into Sligo bay at Sligo town. North of Sligo town, the Drumcliff River flows west into Drumcliff Bay. And in the extreme north the Duff forms part of the boundary between Leitrim and Sligo, and falls into Donegal Bay.

LAKES.—Lough Arrow, in the southeast, is 4 miles long, contains 8 square miles, and is studded with a number of beautiful wooded islets; Lough Gara, on the southern border, is 5 miles long, and contains 7 square miles. Lough Gill is 5½ miles long and contains 5½ square miles; its shores are wooded, and at the south side overhung by mountains; it contains several lovely islands, and altogether it is one of the most beautiful lakes in Ireland—almost rivaling the Lakes of Killarney.

The other lakes on the boundary are, north of Lough Gill, Glencar Lake, chiefly belonging to Leitrim; in the northern extremity, Cloonty Lake near Cliffony; and the southeast, Skean Lake, more than half of which is in Roscommon.

The following lakes are in the interior: Lough Easky at an elevation of 607 feet among the Ox Mountains; it is more than a mile long, and sends forth the river Easky northward; and five miles southwest of it, in Slieve Gamph, Lough Talt, about the same size. Near Ballymote is Templehouse Lake, a mile and a half long; near the south end of which is Cloonacleigha Lake. Two miles south of Collooney is Toberscanavan Lake; and at the same distance northeast of Collooney, is Ballydawley Lake.

TOWNS.—Sligo (10,808), the assize town, on the Sligo or Garrogue River, with good trade and commerce; situated in the midst of a most picturesque country; containing the beautiful ruin of Sligo Abbey, founded in 1252. Ballymote (1,145) in the southeast, with the ruins of a castle and of a friary near it; Tobercurry (1,081), in the southwest. Ardnaree, the Sligo suburb of Ballina, has 1,442 inhabitants.

MINERALS.—The eastern projection of the barony of Tirerrill, approaching Lough Allen, belongs to the Connaught coalfield, and a portion of it is also included in the Arigna iron district. Lead and copper mines were formerly worked in the Ox Mountains; but the works have been long since discontinued.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The barony of Tireragh formed a part of the territory of Hy Fiachrach of the Moy (for which see Mayo). The following baronies represent ancient territories: Carbury (there were several other Carburys in Ireland); Leiny, the ancient Luighne; Tirerrill, the ancient Tir-Oililla; Corran, and Coolavin, the principality of Mac Dermott. Immediately east of Lough Arrow, in the parish of Kilmactranny, is the Northern Moytura, or Moytura of the Formorians, where, 27 years after the battle of the Southern Moytura (for which see Mayo), was fought a battle between the Dedannans and the Formorians, in which the Formorians were defeated and slaughtered. Like the Southern Moy-

tura, the plain abounds in sepulchral monuments to this day. At Drumcliff, 4 miles north of Sligo, there was in old times a great religious establishment; and there still remain the ruins of a round tower and some Celtic crosses in a fair state of preservation.

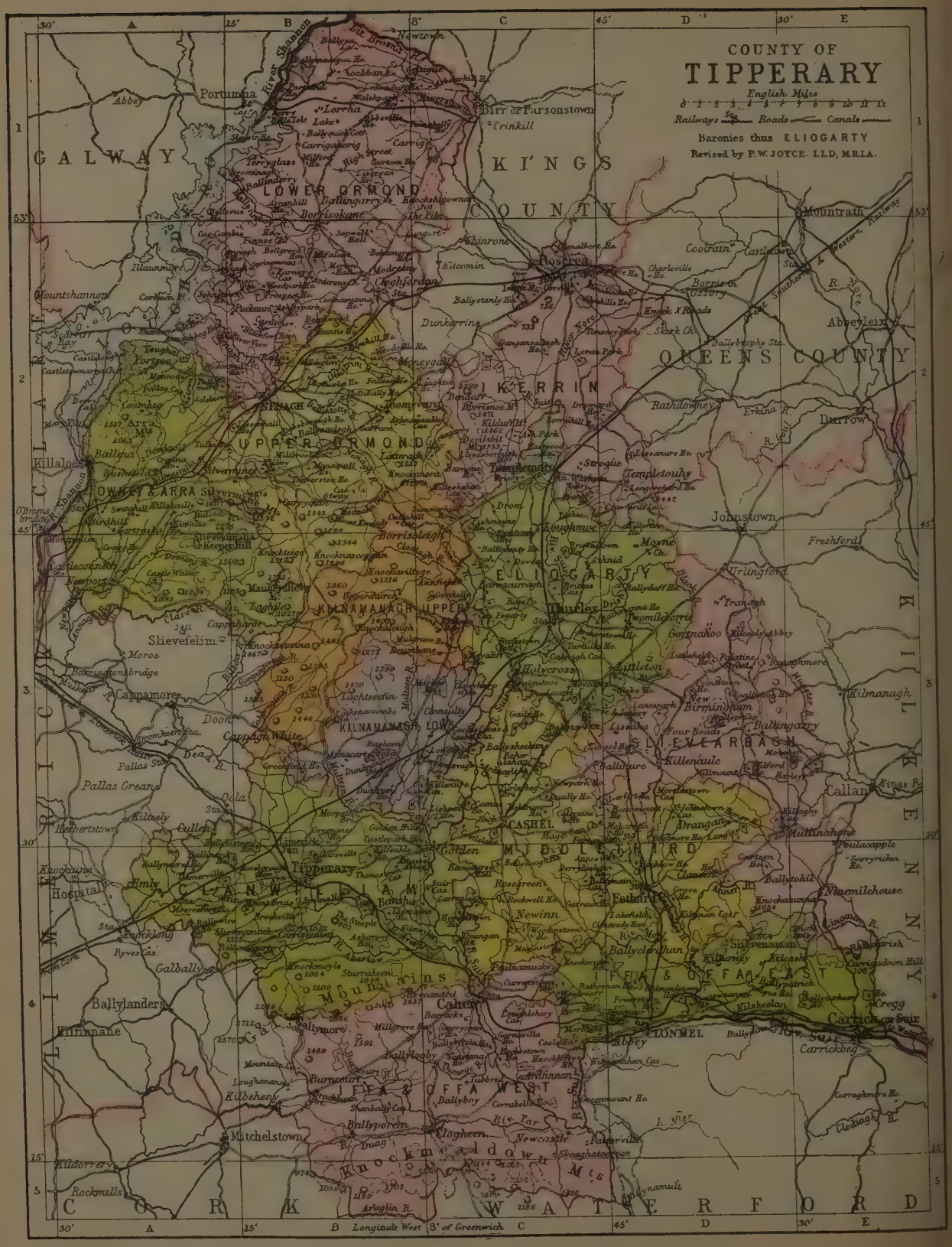
ILLUSTRATION.

THE CATHEDRAL.—The town of Sligo is the residence of the Catholic bishop of the cathedral city of Elphin, which is some forty miles distant. The church of St. John in Sligo is called a cathedral, owing to the fact that the Bishop resides there. It is a handsome modern edifice, cruciform in structure, with a tall massive tower. The see of Elphin is one of the most ancient in Ireland, having been founded by St. Patrick, about the year 450. He appointed Assicus, a learned and pious monk, first bishop, but for the eight succeeding centuries no regular succession of prelates is mentioned. There are many remains in Sligo and the neighboring vicinity of the ancient religious character of the county, some of which will be found on another page. The town experienced many vicissitudes in the various wars since the Anglo-Norman invasion, and suffered much for its devotion to Irish liberty.

SLIGO ABBEY.

LOUGH GILL, SLIGO.

SLIGO CATHEDRAL.


COUNTY OF
TIPPERARY
English Miles
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus ELIOGARTY
Revised by P.W. JOYCE. LL.D, M.R.I.A.
GALWAY
KINGS COUNTY
QUEENS COUNTY
KILKENNY
CORK
WATERFORD
LIMERICK
CLARE
LOWER ORMOND
UPPER ORMOND
IKERRIN
ELIOGARTY
KILNAMANAGH UPPER
KILNAMANAGH LOWER
SLIEVEARDAGH
MIDDLESHIRD
CLANWILLIAM
IFFA & OFFA EAST
IFFA & OFFA WEST
Portumna
Birr or Parsonstown
Roscrea
Mountrath
Abbeyleix
Durrow
Johnstown
Templemore
Thurles
Holycross
Littleton
Killaloe
Nenagh
Cloghjordan
Borrisokane
Borrisoleigh
Cappamore
Cappagh White
Tipperary
Cashel
Fethard
Cahen
Clonmel
Carrick on Suir
Callan
Kilmanagh
Ballylanders
Kilfinnane
Mitchelstown
Knockmealdown Mts
Longitude West 8° of Greenwich

TIPPERARY.

NAME.—The county took its name from the town of Tipperary, and this from a once celebrated well, situated near the main street of the town, and now closed up. The Gaelic form of the name is Tiobraid-Arann (pron. Tubrid-Auran) the well of Ara, from tiobraid, a well, and Ara (genitive, Arann), the name of the old territory in which it was situated.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length, from the eastern corner of the Knockmealdown Mountains near the village of Ballinamult, to the junction of the Little Brosna River with the Shannon, 66¾ miles; breadth, from the western boundary between Emly, and Knocklong to the eastern boundary 3 miles east of Mullinahone, 43 miles; area, 1,659 square miles; population, 199,612. For legal purposes the county is divided into North Riding and South Riding.

SURFACE.—The western projection, consisting of the barony of Owney and Arra, the southwestern part of Upper Ormond, and the western part of the two baronies of Kilnamanagh, are nearly all occupied with mountains. The greater part of the barony of Ikerrin, forming the northeast corner, is mountainous, hilly, or upland. The southwest also (namely, the barony of Iffa and Offa West, and the southern part of the barony of Clanwilliam) is very mountainous, being occupied by two great ranges (to be noticed presently in detail) inclosing a fine valley. The barony of Slieveardagh in the east is hilly, broken up by the inequalities of the Tipperary coalfields; and in the barony of Iffa and Offa East, northeast of Clonmel, there is one small but lofty mountain knot. All the rest of the county may be said to be level, interrupted by occasional detached mountains or hills, and in several places broken up by low ridges. The whole of the middle of the county is occupied by the magnificent plain traversed by the Suir. The "Golden Vale," containing the finest land in Ireland, may be said to be a branch of this great central plain; it runs west from Fethard into Limerick, confined on the borders of the two counties by Slievenamuck on the south, and by Slievefelim on the north; and from this it sweeps westward to Kilmallock and Bruree.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The southwestern extremity of Slieve Bloom just touches Tipperary at Roscrea. The valley in which Roscrea stands separates this end of Slieve Bloom from another range, which begins immediately south of the town and runs southwest. This is the Devil's Bit range, which culminates in the Devil's Bit (1,583), 3 miles from Templemore. This mountain has a singular gap in its contour (very conspicuous from the railway), from which it was formerly called Barnane-Ely, *i.e.*, the gapped mountain of Ely (the old territory in which it was situated), which is still the name of the parish. The other chief summits are Kilduff Mountain (1,462), Borrisnoe (1,471), and Benduff (1,399), all near Devil's Bit in a line to the northwest; and 4 miles southwest of Devil's Bit, Knockanora (1,429) and Latteragh (1,257).

Southwest of this is a great mountain group consisting of several minor clusters separated by deep valleys. The highest summit is Kimalta or Keeper Hill (2,278), a fine mountain dome, which towers so conspicuously over the surrounding hills that it seems almost detached. Four miles southeast of Kimalta is Mauherslieve (1,783), near which again are Knockteige (1,312), and Knocknasceggan (1,296). The valley of the Bilboa River separates these from a sub-group to the southeast, which occupies a good deal of the two baronies of Kilnamanagh; the chief summits being Knockalough (1,407), and south of it Laghtseefin (1,426). The Silvermine Mountain (1,607), running from west to east 4 or 5 miles in length, lie north of Kimalta, and are separated from it by the valley of the Mulkear River. To the mountain group noticed in this paragraph belongs Slievefelim, lying in Limerick.

To the northwest of the preceding, in the north of the barony of Owney and Arra, are the

Arra Mountains (1,517), rising over the southern end of Lough Derg; these form a distinct group, separated from the Silvermine and Kimalta mountains by the valley of the Kilmastulla River.

Along the southern border of the county the Knockmealdown range runs east and west. About half the range belongs to Tipperary, the southern flank lying in Waterford. The highest summit of all, Knockmealdown or Slievecua (2,609), lies on the boundary.

The Galty Mountains run east and west; they lie north of the Knockmealdown Mountains, from which they are separated by a fine valley six or eight miles wide: the eastern half of the range lies in Tipperary and the western half in Limerick. The Galty range is one of the finest in Ireland, for its altitude, for the magnificent and massive forms of its individual mountains, and for the deep valleys that pierce the heart of the range, traversed by mountain torrents, and overhung by tremendous precipices. Galtymore (3,015), the highest of the whole range, lies on the boundary with Limerick. Slievenamuck (1,215), a long low range, runs parallel to the Galtys, a little to the north and separated from them by the Glen of Aherlow.

In the southeast corner of the county the grand mountain mass of Slievenaman (2,364) rises from the plain quite detached. Several subsidiary summits lie round the main peak; chief among them being Carrickabrock (1,859), Sheegouna (1,822), and Knockahunna (1,654). Among the many detached hills of Tipperary, one of the most conspicuous is Knockshigowna (701) in the north, 5 miles northeast of Cloghjordan, standing in a plain quite detached, and well known for its fairy legends.

RIVERS.—The Shannon and Lough Derg form the northwestern boundary, from the mouth of the Brosna downward to a point a mile above O'Brien's Bridge. The following are the tributaries of the Shannon belonging wholly or partly to Tipperary. In the extreme north, the Little Brosna, coming from the southeast, runs on the boundary between Tipperary and Kings County for the last 13 miles of its course. Its chief headwater is the Bunow, which rises in Kings County northeast of Roscrea (though some of its head streams come from Queens County), crosses the corner of Tipperary by Roscrea, and leaving Tipperary for Kings County, takes the name of Little Brosna. The Ballyfinboy River rises near Moneygall, and flowing northwest, forms the boundary for a mile and a half between Tipperary and Kings County above Cloghjordan, and passing by Cloghjordan and Borrisokane, falls into Lough Derg at Drominagh. The Nenagh River, drawing some of its headwaters from the Devil's Bit, and some from the Kimalta Mountains, runs northwest by Nenagh, and falls into Lough Derg. The Nenagh River is joined on the right bank, a mile below Nenagh, by the Ollatrim and the Ballintotty Rivers, which unite their waters before the junction (the Ollatrim forming for 2 miles of its course the boundary between Kings County and Tipperary). The Newtown River rises in the Arra Mountains, and falls into Lough Derg at Youghal, near the mouth of the Nenagh River. The Kilmastulla River flows west by the northern base of the Silvermine Mountains, and enters the Shannon near Birdhill. The Newport River flows southwest by Newport and enters Limerick, its chief headwater being the Mulkear, which flows through the deep glen between the Kimalta and Silvermine Mountains (this Mulkear finding its way ultimately by the Newport River to the Limerick Mulkear). The Clare River, running west through the glen that separates Slievefelim from Kimalta, forms the boundary for some miles with Limerick, and enters Limerick (taking now the name of Annagh) to join the Newport River. The Bilboa River and its three tributaries—the Gortnageragh, the Cahernahallia, and the Dead River—all rise in Tipperary, and flow into Limerick to the Mulkear. Some of the headwaters of the Limerick River, the Camoge, come from that part of Tipperary lying round Emly.

The Nore takes its rise in the northern extremity of the Devil's Bit Mountains, about 2 miles east-northeast of Moneygall, and flowing east-northeast for 9½ miles through Tipperary, it forms the boundary with Queens County for 2 miles further, and then enters Queens County. Some of the head rivulets of the Erikna rise inside the boundary, or run on it, east of Temple more, and flow immediatley into Queens County. The Kings River rises by several headwaters in Tipperary, the chief of them having its source in

the parish of Buolick, northwest of the village of Ballingarry, and flowing first southward and then eastward, enters Kilkenny 3 miles above Callan. The Munster River, flowing south, forms the boundary for about 8 miles between Tipperary and Kilkenny, and then enters Kilkenny to join the Kings River.

The Suir rises at the eastern base of Benduff Mountain, one of the Devil's Bit range, 2 miles southeast of Moneygall, the source being about 2 miles southwest of the source of the Nore, and flowing first eastward for 5 miles, it turns abruptly south. It runs in a direction generally south for about 55 miles (following the larger windings), when it touches Waterford at a point 9 miles in direct line southeast of Caher—the direction of the river from Caher to this point being southeast. It then turns abruptly north, and continuing in this direction for 5 miles, it turns east; and from the point where it first touches Waterord down to a mile and a half below Carrick-on-Suir (24 miles) it forms the boundary between Tipperary and Waterford.

The following are the Tipperary tributaries of the Suir, beginning on the north: Taking first the left or eastern bank—the Drish joins a mile below Thurles; one of its headwaters is the Black River, and some others of its head rivulets come from Kilkenny. The Anner comes southward from near Killenaule, and joins the Suir 2 miles below Clonmel; it is joined on its right bank by the Honor, the Clashawley (flowing by Fethard), and the Moyle. The Lingaun rises to the east of Slievenaman, and flowing eastward, touches Kilkenny; then turning south it forms the boundary between Tipperary and Kilkenny to where it falls into the Suir (a mile and a half below Carrick-on-Suir), a distance of 7 miles.

On the right bank the Suir receives the following—the Clodiagh rises among the hills east of Mauherslieve, and joins 3 miles below Holycross; it is itself joined by the Cromoge and the Owenbeg on opposite banks. The Multeen falls into the Suir a mile and a half above Golden, receiving from the north, a little above its mouth, a tributary also called Multeen. The Ara, flowing through the town of Tipperary, falls into the Suir 2 miles above Caher; it is joined by the Aherlow River, which comes from Limerick, enters Tipperary at Galbally, and flows eastward through the Vale of Aherlow, one of the finest glens in Ireland, with the Galtys towering over it on the south, and Slievenamuck on the north. Two miles above Ardfinnan the Suir receives the Thonoge, which rises in the Galty glens; and 3 miles below Ardfinnans, the Tar, which runs eastward through Clogheen along the northern base of the Knockmealdown Mountains, and is the principal stream that drains the valley between these mountains and the Galtys; the Tar itself having for headwater tributaries the Duag from Knockmealdown, and the Burncourt River from the Galtys.

The headwater of the Funshion, which rises in Galtymore, forms the boundary between Tipperary and Limerick for 5 or 6 miles, after which it turns west and leaves Tipperary, and ultimately joins the Blackwater.

LAKES.—A portion of Lough Derg belongs to Tipperary; all the other lakes of the county are small and unimportant. Near the summit of Galtymore, at its northern side, are two very remarkable mountain pools, overtopped by precipices, Lough Curra and Lough Diheen; and a little east of these are Borheen Lough and Lough Muskry, also on the north slopes of the Galtys. Baylough, another remarkable mountain tarn, lies above Clogheen, at the mouth of the pass that crosses Knockmealdown.

TOWNS.—Clonmel (9,325, of whom 52 are in the county Waterford), on the Suir, the chief town of the county, and the assize town of the South Riding; it is one of the most important of the inland towns of Ireland, and has great trade; beautifully situated, with the outskirts of the Cummeragh Mountains rising directly over it on the south side of the river. The following towns are also on the Suir: Carrick-on-Suir (6,583, of whom 1,166 are in Carrickbeg, a suburb lying at the south side of the river, in the county Waterford), below Clonmel, in the southeastern corner of the county. Ascending the river from Clonmel we pass the village of Ardfinnan (376), with its fine castle ruin perched on the summit of a rock, and come to Caher (2,469), a very pretty town, in a beautiful situation, under the eastern abutment of the Galtys, with a fine castle ruin on a rock in the middle of the river. Passing the village of Golden (380), with the beautiful old abbey of Athassel a mile

and a half south of it, just beside the river; and the village of Holycross, where is one of the finest ecclesiastical ruins in Ireland, that of an abbey built in the 12th century; we come to Thurles (4,850), a flourishing town, with several ecclesiastical and castle ruins; and lastly, Templemore (2,800), near the eastern base of the Devil's Bit Mountain.

The following towns are on tributaries of the Suir: Fethard (1,926), lying 8 miles north of Clonmel, and near the western base of Slievenaman, is watered by the Clashawley River, and has some fine monastic ruins. Mullinahone is near the Anner River, not far from the eastern boundary. Borrisoleigh (788), lying southwest of Templemore, is on the little river Cromoge. In the southwest of the county, is Tipperary (7,274), on the Ara, almost at the base of Slievenamuck Mountain. In the valley between the Galty and Knockmealdown Mountains are Clogheen (1,209), on the Tar; and Ballyporeen (632), on the Duag, the headwater of the Tar.

On the streams that flow to the Shannon these towns are situated; Roscrea (2,801), on the Bunow; Cloghjordan (644) and Borrisokane 693 , on the Ballyfinboy River. On the Nenagh River is Nenagh (5,422), the assize town of the North Riding, with a fine castle ruin; a very important inland town. Southwest of this, on the Newport River, near the border of the county, is Newport, or, as it is commonly called, Newport-Tip (938).

The following towns are not connected with any of the principal rivers: Cappagh White (629), north of the town of Tipperary, at the base of a hill. Killenaule (829), north of Fethard prettily situated among hills. Lastly, Cashel (3,961), the ancient capital of Munster, but now a faded town, in the rich plain of the Golden Vale. Beside the town, is "The Rock of Cashel," a singular detached limestone rock rising abruptly and precipitously from the plain. Its flat top contains about 3 acres, and a great part of this area is covered by the most interesting collection of ruins in the kingdom, clustered close together; of which the chief are the Cathedral, Cormac's Chapel, a round tower, a castle, and several residences for the ecclesiastics. The Rock commands a splendid view, and is itself a conspicuous object for many miles round. Near the Rock, just outside the town, are the ruins of Hore Abbey.

MINERALS.—One of the two coal fields of Munster lies chiefly in Tipperary; it extends in length about 20 miles from Freshford in Kilkenny to near Cashel, and is about 6 miles broad. In the Arra Mountains, which rise over Lough Derg, northeast of Killaloe, are the slate quarries that supply the well-known Killaloe slates. And the Silvermine Mountains, a little to the southeast derived their name from their mines of lead with a mixture of silver, which were worked in the last century.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—A considerable part of the north and northwest of Tipperary was originally included in the ancient sub-kingdom of Thomond or North Munster; and the middle and southern part in the sub-kingdom of Ormond or East Munster. In late times the northern end of the county was formed into two baronies, and designated Upper and Lower Ormond by the Earl of Ormond; but the name was wrongly applied, as what is now called the barony of Lower Ormond, and a good part of Upper Ormond, constituted the ancient district of Muskerry-Tirè, which was always a part of Thomond. There were two other Muskerrys in Tipperary, viz., first; Muskerry-Treherna, now the barony of Clanwilliam—also called Muskerry-Breogain, and Muskerry-Quirk, this last name derived from the family of O'Quirk, the ancient proprietors; the little mountain tarn, Lough Muskry, in the Galtys, still preserves the name of this territory. Secondly, Muskerry West-of-Fevin, so called as lying west of Moy-Fevin. Fevin or Moy-Fevin was the name of the plain south of Slievenaman, now called by the barony name Iffa and Offa East.

The Galty Mountains were anciently called Crotta-Cliach or Slieve-Crot or Slieve-Grod, which name is still preserved in that of the old Castle of Dungrod, in the Glen of Aherlow, near Galbally.

Beside Cashel there were anciently three royal residences in Tipperary. One was Caher, the old name of which was Caher-Dun-Isga; the present castle, on the rock in the Suir, occupies the site of an old circular stone fort or caher, which was destroyed in the 3d century; and

that caher was erected on the site of a still older dun or earthen fort. The second was Dun-Crot, which is now marked by the old castle of Dungrod (mentioned above), a comparatively modern edifice, built on the site of the old dun. The third was Knockgraffon, about 3 miles north of Caher, which was the residence of Fiacha Mullehan, king of Munster in the 3d century. The remains of this old palace are still standing, consisting of a very fine high mound; it is celebrated in legend, and the surrounding parish still retains its name—Knockgraffon.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ROCK OF CASHEL.—It has been truly said that all the ecclesiastical ruins not only of Tipperary but of all Ireland sink into insignificance compared with those that crown the far-famed "Rock of Cashel." Massive and colossal in aspect it towers above the level plain of the "Golden Vale," and presents an inposing appearance from all sides. For more than a thousand years Cashel was the seat of the kings of Munster, and its history, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, "such as Ireland may be proud of." A synod was held there in the middle of the 5th century by St. Patrick, St. Ailbe and St. Declan, when King Aengus commemorated his conversion to Christianity by erecting a church on the rock. The ruins consist of a cathedral founded in the 11th century, a round tower 90 feet high and 54 feet in circumference, Cormac's Chapel, named after the Bishop-king, a hall for the vicar's choral, built in 1421, and an Episcopal palace.

HOLY CROSS ABBEY.—This monastic ruin is considered to rank in popular esteem as one of the first, if not the very first, in Ireland. It is situated on the western bank of the Suir about seven miles north of Cashel. It was founded in 1182 by Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick, for the Cistercian monks; but is said to owe its origin and name to the possession of piece of the True Cross, presented in 1110 by Pope Pascal II. to Murrough O'Brien, monarch of Ireland. It was set in gold and precious stones, and is said to be still in the possession of the Catholic authorities of the place. The Abbey is appropriately built in the form of a cross, with nave, chancel and transept, and a lofty, square belfry at the intersection of the cross. In both transepts are two distinct chapels beautifully groined. It was endowed with special privileges, and the abbot was a peer of parliment with the title of Earl of the Holy Cross.

THURLES CATHEDRAL.—The town of Thurles, is situated on the river Suir, and contains a population of about 5,000. The surrounding country is very fertile and attractive. It has many historic memories and ancient remains. It was the scene of a great victory by the Irish over the Danes in the 10th century, and witnessed the defect of Strongbow by O'Brien, Prince of Thomond. A monastery of Carmelites were established there in 1300. In 1850 a synod was held in Thurles under the presidency of Cardinal Cullen, at which the Queen's Colleges were condemned and the foundation of a Catholic university recommended. The Archbishop of Cashel resides in Thurles, and many modern ecclesiastical establishments lend it an interest for Catholics. Among these are the Catholic Cathedral, a magnificent edifice capable of holding 7,000 persons, and the provincial college of St. Patrick, erected in 1836.

NENAGH TOWNHALL AND CASTLE.—Nenagh is the second largest town in the county of Tipperary, and does a thriving trade. The town was at once time a stronghold of the Butlers. It possesses few antiquities, the "Nenagh Round," the circular keep of the castle of the Butlers, and one of the largest and most notable structures of its kind in the island, being, perhaps, the most interesting feature. It was built in the time of King John. Between it and the courthouse stands the townhall, a modern structure of handsome design. Nenagh was converted into an assize town some years ago, previous to which a summons to court involved a journey of nearly 140 miles. The name is derived from the Irish word N'Aenach, signifying The Fair, and even at the present day it is the seat of one of the largest yearly "fairs" in the south of Ireland.

RUINS OF CASHEL, TIPPERARY.

HOLY CROSS, TIPPERARY.

ST. PATRICK'S THURLES, TIPPERARY.

NENAGH TOWN HALL, TIPPERARY.

TYRONE.

NAME.—The Gaelic form of the name is Tir-Eoghain (pron. Tir-Owen), signifying the land or territory (tir) of Eoghan or Owen. This Owen was son of king Niall of the Nine Hostages, and brother of Conall, who gave name to Tirconnell (see Donegal).

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length from the mouth of the Blackwater at Lough Neagh to the western point near Carrickaduff hill, 55 miles; breadth from the southern corner, southeast of Fivemiletown, to the northeastern corner near Meenard Mountain, 37½ miles; area, 1,260 square miles; population, 197,719.

SURFACE.—All the northern border is a continued succession of mountains, some of them very lofty. The western angle is occupied by mountains, a continuation of the alpine region of Donegal. The southern angle, south of Clogher, is also mountainous and upland; and there is a small mountain knot southeast of Newtown Stewart, in the barony of Upper Strabane. That portion of the county bordering on Lough Neagh is a flat, meadowy district, interspersed with bogs. All the rest of the county is an endless succession of gentle hills, fruitful valleys, pretty glens, and small plains, with a good deal of dreary moorland in the northern half, but interspersed, especially in the south, with much beauty and softness of landscape. On the whole Tyrone is a hilly county.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—Along the northern and northeastern margin are the following mountains, beginning on the west: Slievekirk (1,219), on the boundary with Londonderry, a little east of the Foyle. The Sperrin Mountains begin about 6 miles northeast of Newtown Stewart, and run east-northeast, partly in Tyrone, partly on the boundary, and partly in Londonderry. The first summits of any consequence at the end nearest to Newtown Stewart are Crockrour (1,200), Craignagapple (1,082), and Balix Hill (1,333), all near one another. West of Craignagapple, and immediately over Strabane, rises the detached hill of Knockavoe (972). East of all these is Mullaghclogha (2,088), northwest of which is Tornoge (923). Then follow Dart (2,040), Sawel (2,240), Meenard (2,061), and Oughtmore (1,878), all on the boundary, which have been mentioned in Londonderry.

South and southeast of these, at the other side of the valley of the Glenelly River, are the Munterlony Mountains, of which the chief summits are Craignamaddy (1,264), Munterlony or Mullaghbolig Mountain (1,456), and Carnanelly (1,851). Mullaghturk (1,353) is on the boundary; and with another valley intervening Beleevnamore (1,257). In the immediate vicinity of Newtown Stewart are the two hills, Bessy Bell (1,367) and Mary Gray (828); and six miles southeast of the town, and about the same distance northeast of Omagh, is the conspicuous hill of Mullagcarn (1,787).

In the southern end Slieve Beagh stands at the junction of the three counties, Tyrone, Monaghan, and Fermanagh; one of its peaks, 1,221 feet high, is in Tyrone; but its highest summit—1,255 feet—is in Fermanagh. A range of upland runs between Ballygawley and Omagh, locally called the Starbog hills; the highest summit is Sleivemore (1,033), 3 miles northwest of Ballygawley. Three miles north of Fivemiletown is Ballyness Mountain (958). West of these Brocker Mountain (1,046) stands on the boundary.

In the western extremity of the county—the barony of West Omagh—Cross Hill (1,024) stands just inside the boundary; south of this is Sturrin (814), near which to the southeast, beside the boundary, is an elevation of 1,059 feet. In the extreme south of the barony is Dooish (1,119), and beside it Tappaghan (1,112) which stands on the boundary, its summit being in Tyrone.

RIVERS.—The Finn, and its continuation the Foyle, run on the northwestern boundary for 16 miles, separating Tyrone from Donegal. The Foyle is formed by the confluence of the Finn and the Mourne at Lifford. Below Strabane the Foyle is joined by the Burn Dennet and Glenmornan streams, belonging to Tyrone.

The Mourne is formed by the confluence of a

COUNTY OF
TYRONE
English Miles
Railways
Roads
Canals
Baronies thus EAST OMAGH
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D, M.R.I.A.
LONDONDERRY
DONEGAL
FERMANAGH
MONAGHAN
ARMAGH
LOUGH NEAGH
LOUGH ERNE
LOWER STRABANE
UPPER STRABANE
WEST OMAGH
EAST OMAGH
UPPER DUNGANNON
MIDDLE DUNGANNON
LOWR DUNGANNON
CLOGHER
Strabane
Omagh
Dungannon
Cookstown
Castlederg
Newtown Stewart
Drumquin
Dromore
Fintona
Trillick
Clogher
Augher
Ballygawley
Aughnacloy
Caledon
Pomeroy
Carrickmore
Six Mile Cross
Beragh
Stewartstown
Coalisland
Donaghmore
Castlecaulfield
Moy
Coagh
Fivemiletown
Enniskillen
Irvinestown
Kesh
Pettigoe
Lifford
Castlefinn
Stranorlar
Ballybofey
Raphoe
Dungiven
Maghera
Magherafelt
Draperstown
Moneymore
Kilrea
Portadown
Armagh
Killylea
Long. West 7° of Greenw.

number of important tributaries, of which the Derg, the Strule, and the Owenkillew, are the principal. The Derg flows from Lough Derg in Donegal, and joins the main stream 2½ miles below Newtown Stawart; receiving as tributaries the Mourne Beg, which flows from Lough Mourne in Donegal (and runs for 5 miles of its course on the boundary between Tyrone and Donegal), and the Glendergan River which flows through a fine mountain valley. The Strule and the Owenkillew join at Newtown Stewart. The Strule is formed by the Fairy Water from the west, the Drumragh and its tributary the Owenreagh from the south, and the Camowen with its affluent the Cloghfin from the east. And the Owenkillew, draining the valley south of the Munterlony Mountains, has as tributaries, the Glenelly River, which drains the long valley between the Sperrin and Munterlony Mountains, the Glenlark, the Coneyglen, the Broughderg, and the Owenreagh.

In the southeast the Blackwater rises among the hills a little north of Fivemiletown; flows across the southern extremity of the county for about 15 miles, after which it forms the boundary of Tyrone (with Monaghan and Armagh) to its mouth at the southwestern corner of Lough Neagh, a further distance of about 34 miles (not following the smaller windings). Its Tyrone tributaries are the Torrent, the Oona Water, the Ballygawley Water, and the Fury River.

The Ballinderry River rises a little northwest of Pomeroy, flows eastward by Cookstown, and for nearly all the rest of its course runs on the boundary between Tyrone and Londonderry, till it falls into Lough Neagh. It receives as tributary from the northwest, the Lissan Water, which flows from Lough Fea, runs for some distance on the boundary, and then enters Londonderry.

In the southwest the district round Trillick is drained into Lough Erne by the Bellanamallard River, which belongs in the lower part of its course to Fermanagh; and the Fermanagh streams, the Tempo River the Many Burns, and the Colebrook, draw their headwaters from Tyrone.

LAKES.—Lough Neagh forms part of the eastern boundary from the mouth of the Blackwater to the mouth of the Ballinderry River. There are no other large lakes in Tyrone; but there are many very small ones. On the northeastern border is Lough Fea, about a mile in length. Northwest of Pomeroy are Lough Fingrean and Loughmacrory, near each other. Surrounded by the demesne of Baron's Court, near Newtown Stewart, are three long narrow lakes, Lough Catherine, a mile in length, and two smaller ones, Lough Fanny and Lough Mary; west of which is the small Maghera Lough. East of Strabane, under Craignagapple hill, is Moor Lough, from which issues the Glenmornan River.

TOWNS.—Dungannon (4,084), in the east of the county, an excellent business town, was in old times the chief seat of the O'Neills. The following are on the tributaries of the Foyle; Strabane (4,196) stands on the Mourne, and 3 miles south is Seein, or Sion Mills (1,077). Southeast of this, just below the confluence of the Strule and the Owennkillew, is Newtown Stewart (1,079). Still further southeast, near the middle of the county, is Omagh (,4126), the assize town, on a hill, at the base of which is the confluence of the Camowen and Drumragh rivers. South of Omagh, on the Drumragh River, is Fintona (1,468); west of which, near but not on one of the head streams of the Owenreagh, is Dromore (625). West of Newtown Stewart, on the river Derg, is Castlederg (756) with the striking ruin of the castle that gave the town its name.

Near the Ballinderry River, in the east, is Cookstown (3,870), near the boundary of the county. Southwest of Cookstown, on one of the head streams of the Ballinderry River, is Pomeroy (438).

The following are on the Blackwater and its tributaries in the southeast: Moy (579), on the Blackwater itself really forms one town with Charlemont, at the Armagh side of the river. Higher up on the Blackwater, at the extreme southeastern angle of the county, is Caledon (562), a very pretty village, in the midst of a beautiful, well-cultivated country. Northwest of this is Aughnacloy (1,333), within half a mile of the Blackwater. Northwest of Aughnacloy, on the Ballygawley Water, is the neat and prosperous village of Ballygawley (446). Four miles northeast of Dungannon, near the Torrent River, is Coal Island (677); near which on the north,

but unconnected with any of the Blackwater tributaries, is the stirring little town of Stewartstown (823). In the extreme south, in the barony of Glogher, beside the boundary, is Fivemiletown (597); near which, on the northeast, is Clogher, now a poor village, but once a place of great ecclesiastical celebrity.

MINERALS.—North of Dungannon, and around the village of Coal Island, is a coal field, which, though small, is the richest in Ireland. Along the shore of Lough Neagh, south from Washing Bay, is found lignite or wood coal.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The ancient principality of Tir-Owen, the inheritance of the O'Neills, included the whole of the present counties of Tyrone and Londonderry, and the two baronies of Inishowen and Raphoe in Donegal.

ILLUSTRATION.

DUNGANNON.—Dungannon (Geanan's Fort) was the earliest seat of the O'Neills, and continued in their possession down to the year 1607. The O'Neill Castle stood upon a hill crowning the town, but was destroyed by Gerald, ninth earl of Kildare, and scarce a trace of it left remaining. From the warlike tendencies of this noble race it was exposed to the constant vicissitudes of war. There Shane, or John the Proud, held sway for years, and was virtually ruler of Ulster, until his treacherous assassination at the instigation of the English lord deputy; and this historic locality was the scene of many of the exploits of Hugh O'Neil, and Sir Phelim the leader of the great insurrection of 1641. In the parish church of Dungannon also the delegates of the Irish volunteers of 1782 met and issued their declaration that only the king, lords and commons of Ireland possessed the right to make laws for Ireland.

DUNGANNON, TYRONE.

MANOR HOUSE, BENBURB, TYRONE.

BENBURB CASTLE, TYRONE.

VIEW OF MOY, TYRONE.

COUNTY OF
WATERFORD
English Miles
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus CAULTIERE
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D. M.R.I.A.
TIPPERARY
KILKENNY
WEXFORD
CORK
ATLANTIC OCEAN
UPPER THIRD
MIDDLE THIRD
GAULTIERE
GLENAHIRY
DECIES WITHOUT DRUM
DECIES WITHIN DRUM
COSHMORE & COSHBRIDE
Waterford
Dungarvan
Dungarvan Harbour
Tramore
Tramore Bay
Lismore
Cappoquin
Tallow
Youghal
Youghal Bay
Clonmel
Carrick on Suir
Kilmacthomas
Stradbally
Bunmahon
Dunmore
Passage
Cheekpoint
Ardmore
Ringville
Helvick Hd
Mine Head
Knockmealdown Mts
River Suir
River Barrow
Blackwater
New Ross
Caher
Clogheen
Ardfinnan

WATERFORD.

NAME.—"Waterford," the name of the city (which was extended to the county), is Danish; the old form is Vadre-fiord. The old Gaelic name, which is still in common use, is Portlarga.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length from the western point near Macollop to Cheek Point, 50¾ miles; breadth from Clonmel to the point at Ballynacourty, east of Dungarvan Harbor, 20 miles; breadth from Knockmealdown to the southern point east of Youghal Harbor, 22½ miles; area, 721 square miles; population 112,768.

SURFACE.—A broad district, extending east and west, from near Portlaw in the east to Macollop in the west, is almost uninterruptedly mountainous; in the middle this mountain region stretches across almost the entire county from Clonmel to Dungarvan. That large part of the county lying south and east of this highland tract is a mixture of gentle hills and dales.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—On the northern boundary of the western projection of the county, the Knockmealdown Mountains run east and west between Tipperary and Waterford. The highest summit in the whole range, Knockmealdown Mountain (2,609), lies on the boundary. Under the summit of this mountain, on the west side, the range is crossed by a high pass through which runs the mail-coach road from Lismore to Clogheen, one of the grandest mountain roads in Ireland. Immediately south of Clonmel begin the Comeragh Mountains, extending south-southeast; the southwest part of the group is commonly called the Monavullagh Mountains. Knockanaffrin (2,478) lies 6 miles southeast of Clonmel; four miles southwest from Coumshingaun is Seefin (2,387).

In the south the Drum Hills (993) run east-southeast chiefly through the barony of the Decies-Without-Drum.

COAST LINE.—Generally speaking, the coast of Waterford is rocky, inhospitable, and dangerous. Several sandy bays and stretches of sandy coast interrupt the rocky margin; but the coast is, on the whole, not much indented by bays and harbors.

HEADLANDS.—Cheek Point stands at the confluence of the Barrow and Suir; south of which is Creaden Head, projecting eastward into Waterford Harbor. Swine's Head stands opposite Hood Head on the Wexford side, both marking the entrance of Waterford Harbor. Brownstown Head and Great Newtown Head are at opposite sides of the entrance to Tramore Bay; and in the bay itself is Slate Point, a long sandy projection dividing the outer from the inner strand. West of this is Dunabrattin Head, near Knockmahon. Ballyvoyle Head, toward Dungarvan Harbor, is a cliff 243 feet high; and Helvick Head, at the south side of the entrance of Dungarvan Harbor, is 231 feet high. South of this is Mine Head; and at the south side of Ardmore Harbor are Ardmore Head and Ram Head.

ISLANDS.—Little Island, nearly a mile in length and breadth, lies in the Suir below Waterford. Sheep Island, Burke's Island, and Green Island, west of Tramore, are mere sea rocks.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Waterford Harbor separates Waterford from Wexford. Off this is Dunmore Bay, with cliffs pierced by numerous caves. A little to the west of Waterford Harbor is Tramore Bay, with its extensive sandy beach. Bunmahon Bay is at the mouth of the Mahon River. Dungarvan Harbor has also a very extensive area of sandy strand. Ardmore Bay lies outside the village of Ardmore; west of which is Whiting Bay. Lastly, Youghal Harbor, which separates Waterford from Cork, is the estuary of the Blackwater River.

RIVERS.—The Blackwater first touches Waterford beside Kilmurry (in Cork); then separates this county from Cork for two miles; next flows through Waterford, as far as the mouth of the Tourig River, 14 miles; and from that to the mouth, 3 miles more, it separates Cork from Waterford. From the place where it

enters Waterford down to Youghal it exhibits a continuous succession of the finest river scenes in Ireland.

The following are the tributaries of the Blackwater, belonging wholly or partly to Waterford: On the right bank; south of Lismore, the Owbeg, the Bride (rising in Cork), the Glendine, and the Tourig (rising in Cork). On the left bank; the Glenmore, the Owennashad, and the Glenshelane River, come southward from the Knockmealdown Mountain; the Finisk joins at Affane, drawing some of its headwaters from Tipperary; a little south of this is the Goish; and further south still is the Lickey, which flows from the Drum Hills.

The Suir first touches Waterford at the mouth of the Nier; and from that point to its mouth bounds the county, except for 4 miles at Waterford city, where a single parish of Waterford county lies at the north side of the river. The Waterford tributaries of the Suir are the following. The Nier flows west through the fine valley of Glenahiry, and joins the Suir at Ballymakee. A little north of this is the Russellstown River.

The Glasha flows north through the pretty Glenpatrick, and joins nearly opposite Kilsheelan. The Clodiagh rises chiefly in Knockanaffrin, and falls into the Suir 1½ mile below Portlaw; one of its early feeders, the Ire, rises near Coumshingaun, within 2 miles of the source of the Nier.

A number of small rivers flow southward into the ocean. The Woodstown River is a little west of Tramore. The Mahon River rises near the sources of the Nier and the Ire, and falls into the sea at Bunmahon. The Tay rises near the sources of Nier, the Ire, and the Mahon, and falls into the sea near Stradbally. The Dalligan is west of Ballyvoyle Head. The Colligan enters the sea at Dungarvan; one of its early tributaries, the Araghlin rises in Seefin Mountain. The Brickey falls into Dungarvan Harbor.

LAKES.—Bally Lough, about half a mile long, lies between Waterford Harbor and Tramore Bay; Ballyscanlan Lake, near Tramore, is still smaller. The lakes of the Comeraghs are all small, but some are very remarkable. Coumshingaun, one of the grandest mountain lakes in Ireland, is nearly half a mile in length, lies in a tremendous chasm on the side of the highest part of the Comeraghs, with a wall of rock rising over it at one side, more than 1,000 feet high. Near it are Crotty's Lough, the two Comeragh Loughs, and the two Coumstilloge Loughs; Coumduala Lough is on the side of Knockanaffrin.

TOWNS.—Waterford (22,457), on the Suir, noted for its splendid quay. The other towns on the Suir and its tributaries are as follows: A portion of Clonmel, containing 52 inhabitants, lies on the Waterford side of the river. Carrickbeg (1,166) is the Waterford suburb of Carrick-on-Suir. Passage (688), or Passage East, is in a pretty situation on the shore, where Waterford Harbor begins to open out with a ferry across the broad river. Lower down stands the village of Dunmore (345), on a lovely little bay, a growing watering place. Below Carrick-on-Suir, on the Clodiagh River, is Portlaw (1,891), noted for its cotton factories, but now less prosperous than formerly.

The following towns are on the Blackwater. Lismore (1,860), situated in the midst of splendid and beautiful scenery, with Lismore Castle beside it, on the top of a cliff over the Blackwater. The town dates its origin from a monastery founded there in the 6th century by St. Carthach; and it became one of Ireland's most celebrated religious centers. Cappoquin (1,555) stands at the angle where the Blackwater turns south, and is beautifully situated at the base of the Knockmealdown Mountains. On the slope of the mountain over the town stands the Trappist monastery of Mount Melleray. Near the Bride, 6 miles above its junction with the Blackwater, is Tallow (1,232).

The following towns are on the southern coast. Dungarvan (6,306), on Dungarvan Bay, is the second town of the county; situated on a point of land jutting out into the bay at the mouth of the river Colligan; chief business, fishery. Tramore (2,036), on Tramore Bay, is the best known bathing place on the coast between Bray and Youghal.

Kilmacthomas (585), is inland; situated on the sloping sides of a deep glen through which flows the river Mahon.

MINERALS.—The copper mines of Knockmahon, at the mouth of the river Mahon, were long successfully worked, and were very productive; but the works have lately been discontinued.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—Waterford formed a part of the ancient sub-kingdom of Ormond. The country of the southern Desi anciently included nearly the whole county of Waterford, as it extended from Lismore to Creadan Head, and from the Suir southward to the sea; its name is now preserved by the two baronies of Decies (see Meath).

ILLUSTRATIONS.

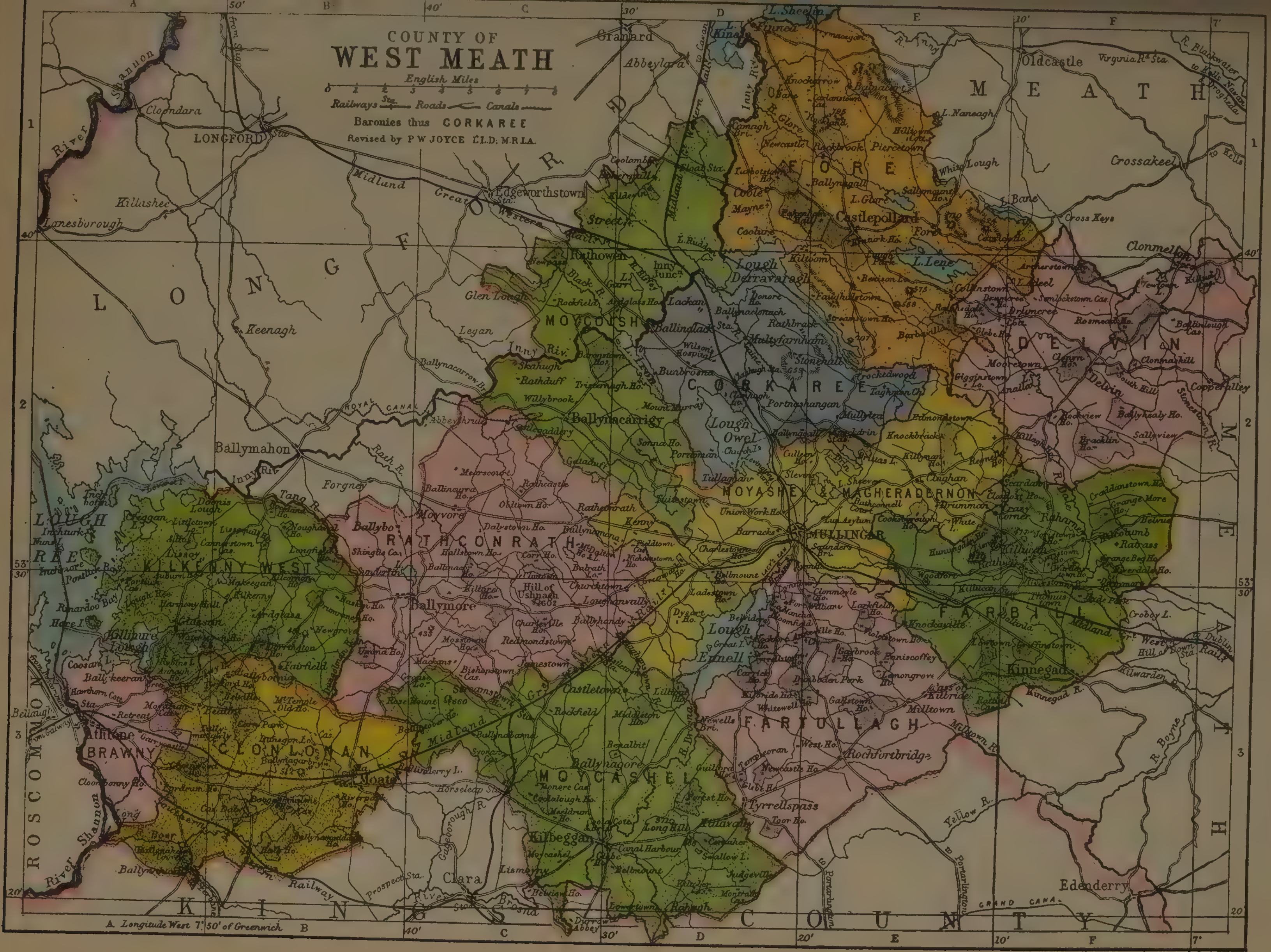
CURRAGHMORE.—This manificent demesne, situated in the midst of woody scenes, and wild and varied prospects forming delightful combinations, embraces nearly five thousand acres of ground, and is the seat of the Poers, or Beresfords, marquises of Waterford. The mansion is of comparatively modern date being erected in 1700 on the site of an ancient castle of which some portions still remain. The characteristic of Curraghmore, says Rev. Mr. Ryland, in his history of the county, is grandeur; not that arising from the costly and laborious exertions of man, but rather the magnificence of nature. The beauty of the situation consists in the lofty hills, rich vales and almost impenetrable woods, which deceive the eye, and give the idea of almost boundless magnitude. The variety of the scenery is calculated to please in the highest degree, and to gratify every taste; from the lofty mountain to the quiet and sequestered walk on the bank of the river, every gradation of rural beauty may be enjoyed.

LISMORE CASTLE.—Lismore—"the great fort"—was one of the most noted seats of learning in Ireland, when the island was the great school for all Europe. Over 4,000 students thronged its halls, among whom, it is stated, was Alfred the Great. The principal feature of the place to-day is the castle, which stands on the site of a famous university. It owes its origin to Henry II., who visited Lismore when in Ireland, and was impressed with the strategic value of the spot. The structure was erected by his son King John, in 1185. Four years later it was captured and destroyed by the Irish, who slew the garrison, but was subsequently rebuilt. It has been the scene of many historic events. At the eastern end is the tower of King James, so called from James II. having rested there during the War of the Revolution; and to the rear that of King John, which derives its name from being the scene of the first English Parliament held in Ireland under his presidency. The castle stands on the bank of the beautiful Blackwater, and is at present owned by the Duke of Devonshire.

CURRAGHMORE, WATERFORD.

REGINALD'S TOWER & QUAY, WATERFORD.

LISMORE CASTLE, WATERFORD.


COUNTY OF
WEST MEATH
English Miles
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus CORKAREE
Revised by P W JOYCE LL.D. M.R.I.A.
LONGFORD
MEATH
KINGS COUNTY
ROSCOMMON
LOUGH REE
MULLINGAR
Athlone
Moate
Kilbeggan
Castlepollard
Ballymore
Kinnegad
Delvin
Edenderry
Clara
Ballymahon
Edgeworthstown
Oldcastle
Crossakeel
Clonmellon
Tyrrellspass
Rochfortbridge
Lough Owel
Lough Ennell
Lough Derravaragh
L. Lene
L. Sheelin
FORE
DELVIN
CORKAREE
MOYGOISH
MOYASHEL & MAGHERADERNON
FARBILL
FARTULLAGH
MOYCASHEL
RATHCONRATH
KILKENNY WEST
CLONLONAN
BRAWNY
A. Longitude West 7° 50′ of Greenwich

WESTMEATH.

NAME.—See Meath.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length from Athlone to the boundary point southeast of Clonmellon, 43½ miles; breadth from Finnea to Kinnegad, 26 miles; breadth from the river Inny, near Ballynacarrigy, to the boundary near Rahugh, 21 miles; area, 708½ square miles; population 71,798.

SURFACE.—Westmeath contains no mountains. There are a number of low hills in the barony of Fore, from 500 to 849 feet high, and a few in the adjoining baronies of Corkaree and Farbill. The rest of the county—that is, nearly the whole area—is level, broken here and there by low swells and sandridges or eskers, but in general very flat, with a good deal of bog, especially in the south and east. But though level, Westmeath is generally very pretty, abounding in lovely quiet landscapes.

RIVERS.—The Inny, issuing from Lough Sheelin at the northern extremity of the county, forms the boundary between Westmeath and Cavan, during its short run of a mile by the village of Finnea, from Lough Sheelin to Lough Kinale. Issuing from Lough Kinale, it flows southward, forming the boundary between Westmeath and Longford for 6 miles, and then enters Westmeath beside Camagh Bridge; it continues its southern course to Lough Derravaragh, which it enters at its northwestern end; then flows out from the long western corner of the lake, and runs southwest into Lough Iron; issuing from which at the northwest corner, it runs westwardly, forms for 5 miles the boundary between Westmeath and Longford, and then enters Longford; having again run on the boundary of Westmeath and Longford for a mile, it finally enters Longford, and ends its course in the northeastern angle of Lough Ree.

The following are the Westmeath tributaries of the Inny. The Glore rises in Lough Glore, near Castlepollard, and flows northwest; the Gaine flows from Lough Drin and Brittas Lake, seat of Lough Owel, and enters the western arm of Lough Derravaragh; the Riffey comes from Longford, flows southeast, and joins the Inny halfway between Lough Derravaragh and Lough Iron; the Black River comes from Longford, flows parallel to the Riffey, and enters Lough Iron; the Rath River rises near the Hill of Ushnagh and flowing northwest, enters Longford; the Tang runs on the boundary of Westmeath and Longford for 3 miles, and then joins the Inny, just where the later touches Westmeath for the last time; the chief headwater of the Tang is the Dungolman River.

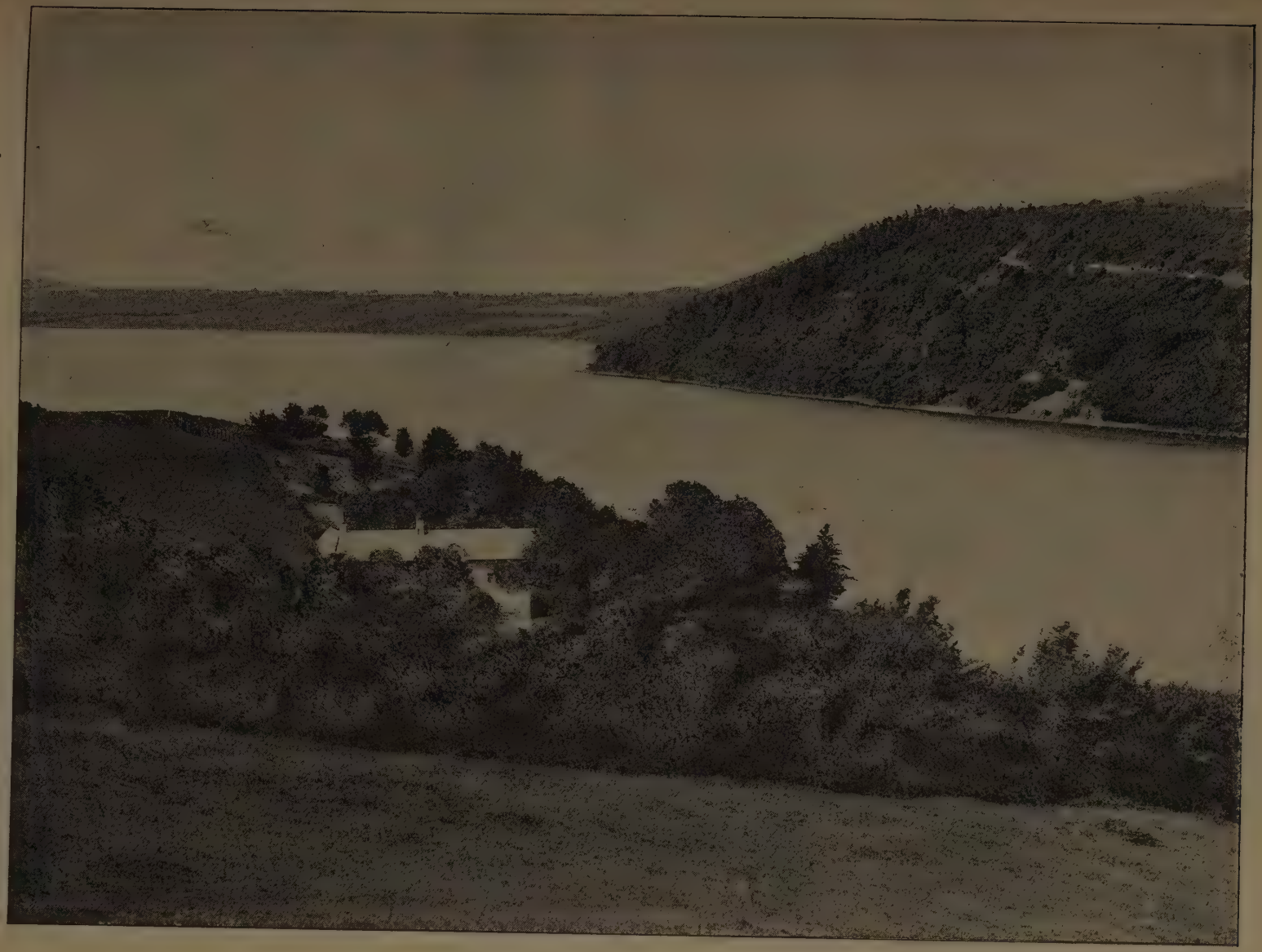
In the southwest of the county, the Breensford River runs westward from Twy Lough to Killinure Lough; and the Boor River runs west from near Moate, and joins the Shannon at the boundary of Westmeath and Kings County.

The Brosna rises near Mullingar, flows southwestward through the town, and enters Lough Ennell; issuing from which at the southern end, it flows southwestward through Kilbeggan, a little below which it forms the boundary between Westmeath and Kings County; then crosses a corner of Westmeath, and enters Kings County beside Lismoyny. The Monaghanstown River flows southeast and enters Lough Ennell near where the Brosna issues from it. West of this the Gageborough River draws its headwaters from Westmeath, and enters Kings County at Horseleap to join the Brosna.

All the rivers of the east and southeast flow to the Boyne. These are as follows: The Stonestown River draws some of its headwaters from Meath, near Clonmellon, flows across the northeast corner of Westmeath, and again enters Meath; the Dale flows southeastward, and forming for a short distance the boundary between Meath and Westmeath a little east of Killucan, finally enters Meath; the Kinnegad River flows by Kinnegad, running on the boundary between Meath and Westmeath, and then enters Meath; southwest of which, the Milltown River rises in the barony of Fartullagh, and leaves Westmeath to join the Yellow River before its confluence with the Boyne.

Thus the eastern edge of the county belongs

BELVIDERE LAKE, WESTMEATH.



LOUGH DERRAVARAGH, WESTMEATH.

to the basin of the Boyne, and all the rest to the basin of the Shannon.

LAKES.—Westmeath is remarkable for its fine lakes. Lough Ree lies on the western border, of which Lough Killinure and Coosan Lake, which lie wholly in Westmeath, are only branches.

Lough Shelien and Lough Kinale on the northern border belong chiefly to other counties, the first to Cavan, and the second to Longford. Near these on the east, in the barony of Kilkenny West, are the small lakes of Doonis, Creegan, Makeegan, Waterstown, Robin's Lake, and Twy Lough. Glen Lough, in the northwest, lies on the boundary with Longford. The three small lakes, Lough Naneagh, White Lough and Lough Bane, in the northeast, are on the boundary with Meath.

Lough Ennell or Belvidere Lake, southwest of Mullingar, is 5 miles long and 2 miles broad. Lough Owel, northwest of Mullingar is 4 miles long and 2 miles broad. Lake Derravaragh north of Lough Owel, is 9 miles long, and very narrow except at the northwest end, where it widens to 3 miles; at the southeast end, the pretty hill of Knockeyon rises directly over the lake to a height of 707 feet. Lough Iron, northwest of Lough Owel, is 2½ miles long and less than half a mile broad; a little north of which is the small Lough Garr. Two or three miles northeast of Mullingar is a group of small lakes, Lough Drin, Brittas Lough, Slevins Lake and Lough Sheever.

ISLANDS.—The following Islands of Lough Ree belong to Westmeath; on most of them there are church ruins. Inchmore; Nuns Island; Inishturk; Leveret Island; Hare Island in the south, on which St. Kieran erected a church before he founded Clonmacnoise, and which now contains the ruin of a church dedicated to him; and Inchbofin, on which St. Rioc erected a church in the 6th century, and which still contains some ecclesiastical ruins. In Lough Ennel is Great Island, and near it Croincha or Cormorant Island, on which Malachy, king of Ireland, died in 1022. In Lough Owel is Church Island, on which is the ruin of a church.

TOWNS.—Mullingar (4,787), the assize town, stands on the Brosna near its source, in the center of the county, and nearly midway between Loughs Ennel and Owel. Lower down on the Brosna, in the extreme south of the county, is Kilbeggan (1,033). Athlone (6,755 of whom 3,683 are in that part of the town belonging to Roscommon), built on both sides of the Shannon a little below where it issues from Lough Ree, is the most considerable town between Dublin and Galway, and was always an important place on account of commanding a pass on the Shannon. In this southwestern division of the county, near the boundary with Kings County, is Moate or Moate-Granoge (1,462), beside which is the great Moat, an ancient fortified dun, which gave name to the town. In the north of the county, near Lough Lene, is Castlepollard (852); and beside the southeast boundary is Kinnegad (424). In the northeast is the village of Delvin (276), which retains the name of a very ancient territory; near which, beside the boundary with Meath, is Clonmellon (456).

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The western half of the county constitute the ancient district of South Teffia, separated from North Teffia (see Longford) by the river Inny. The ancient district of Kineleagh, possessed by the family of MacGeoghegan, included a portion of the south of Westmeath, nearly coincident with the present barony of Moycashel. The barony of Kilkenny West is coextensive with the old district of Curcne. One of the ancient districts called Delvin, viz., Delvin-more or the Great Delvin, was in Westmeath, and is still represented by the present barony of Delvin in the east of the county. The baronies of Farbill, Corkaree Moygoish, and Brawney, also retain the names of old historic districts.

The Hill of Ushnagh, between the village of Ballymore and Lough Ennel, was constituted a royal residence by Tuathal the Acceptable, king of Ireland in the first century, who erected a palace on it. He also instituted a yearly meeting to be held on the hill on the first of May and the succeeding days, at which games were celebrated and various pagan rites were performed. Before this king's time the five provinces of Ireland met at the Hill of Ushnagh, and the point of meeting was marked by a stone called Aill-na-Mirenn, or the stone of the divisions; this stone still remains on the hill, and is now called Cat-Ushnagh.

COUNTY OF
WEXFORD
English Miles
Railways
Roads
Canals
Baronies thus GOREY
Revised by P W JOYCE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
WICKLOW
CARLOW
KILKENNY
WATERFORD
ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SCARAWALSH
GOREY
BALLAGHKEEN
BANTRY
SHELMALLERE EAST
SHELMALLERE WEST
SHELBURNE
BARGY
FORTH
Bagenalstown
Clonegill
Newtownbarry
Mount Leinster
Borris
Graiguenamanagh
Enniscorthy
New Ross
Old Ross
Wexford
WEXFORD Harbour
Wexford Bay
Greenore Pt.
Carnsore Pt.
Waterford Harbour
Ballyteige Bay
Hook Head
Saltee Islands
Long. West 6 30' of Greenw.

WEXFORD.

NAME.—The name Wexford is Danish; the old form is Weis-fiord. The Gaelic name is Loch-Garman.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length from Hook Head to the boundary near Coolgreany, 55 miles; breadth from New Ross to Carnsore Point., 29 miles; breadth from Mt. Leinster to the coast near Blackwater, 23 miles; area, 901 square miles; population, 123,854.

SURFACE.—The northwest margin has a grand mountain fringe. On the northern frontier, the Wicklow Mountains subsiding toward the south, send spurs and offshoots into Wexford. A series of high lands begin a little southeast of New Ross in the west, and run northeast toward Enniscorthy. A district running from Croghan Kinsella toward the southwest to Slieveboy is all hilly. The southeast angle of the county, namely, the two baronies of Forth and Bargy, terminating in Carnsore Point, is a dead level, guarded on the northwest by a small mountain knot. The rest of the county, constituting far the greater part, is a plain, diversified by ridges and isolated hills.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—Between Wexford and Carlow run the ranges of Mount Leinster (2,610) and Blackstairs (2,409), separated by Scullogue Gap, which have been described in Carlow. Black Rock Mountain (1,972), 2 miles east of Mount Leinster, lies wholly in Wexford. In the north the conspicuous Croghan Kinsella (1,987) lies on the boundary with Wicklow. Southwest of this is Annagh Hill (1,498); and still further southwest Slieveboy (1,385)—5 miles north of Ferns—is the terminating spur of these hills. Tara Hill (826), which stands quite detached near the coast 3 miles northeast of Gorey, is very conspicuous, and commands a fine view. Forth Mountain (776), a long ridgy hill beginning 2 miles from Wexford, and extending about 4 miles toward the southwest, is a sort of barrier separating the two level baronies of Forth and Bargy from the rest of the county.

COAST LINE.—The coast is low, and for the most part sandy, interrupted in a few places by fringes of rock; it is unbroken from Kilmichael Point to the Raven Point; but from this to Waterford Harbor it is much indented by inlets.

HEADLANDS.—Kilmichael Point in the north—only slightly projecting—marks the beginning of the Wexford coast. Roney Point, Glascarrig Point, and Cahore Point can hardly be called headlands. The Raven Point and Rosslare Point, which stand at opposite sides of the entrance to Wexford Harbor, are at the extremities of two long sandy peninsulas. Greenore Point is at the southern extremity of the open Bay of Wexford; and Carnsore Point marks the sudden and final turn of the coast to the west. West of this is Crossfarnoge or Forlorn Point. Clammers Point, scarped and rocky, but low, and Baginbun Head, are at the opposite sides of the entrance of Bannow Bay. Hook Head is the end of the long, rock-fringed peninsula of Hook, which defines Waterford Harbor on the east; at the point is the ancient Tower of Hook, now converted into a lighthouse.

ISLANDS.—In Lady's Island Bay, near Carnsore Point, are the two little islets, Inish and Lady's Island, the latter containing the ruins of a castle built by one of the Anglo-Norman adventurers. In Tacumshin inlet, west of this, is the low sandy islet of Sigginstown. Immediately south of Crossfarnoge Point are the Saltee Islands, consisting of Great Saltee, a little more than a mile in length, and the Little Saltee, three-quarters of a mile. In Ballyteige Bay are the Keeragh Islands, a rocky reef, low and dangerous. Bannow Island, a mile in length, lies just inside the entrance of Bannow Bay; on the mainland shore opposite it is the old buried town of Bannow, which has been quite covered up by the sand within the last 200 years. Five miles east-southeast of Greenore Point is the Tuskar Rock, a well-known dangerous reef, the scene of many shipwrecks, now marked by a lighthouse.

BAYS AND HARBORS.—Wexford Harbor, at the mouth of the Slaney, is large and shel-

tered, but shallow and sandy. Outside this, between Rosslare Point and Greenore Point, is Wexford Bay. The remaining inlets are all on the south coast. Lady's Island Lake and Tacumshin Lake lie near Carnsore Point. Ballyteige Bay is broad and open. Bannow Bay east of the peninsula of Hook is long, narrow, and sandy. Waterford Harbor separates Wexford from Waterford.

RIVERS.—The Barrow first touches Wexford at the mouth of the Pollmounty River; and the western boundary is formed first by this river and afterward by the united waters of the Barrow, the Suir, and the Nore; the whole distance from the mouth of the Pollmounty River to Hook Head is about 31 miles. The following are the Wexford tributaries of the Barrow and the Suir. One of the head streams of the Mountain River (which joins the Barrow near Borris, in Carlow) rises in Wexford, and runs into Carlow through Scullogue Gap (where it is called the Aughnabrisky). A little further south the Drummin River rises in Wexford, but soon enters Carlow. The Pollmounty River joins the Barrow 5 miles in a straight line above New Ross, forming for the last mile of its course the boundary between Wexford and Carlow.

The Slaney, from the point where it first touches Wexford to Newtownbarry, a distance of 3 miles, separates Carlow from Wexford; it enters Wexford at Newtownbarry, and flows through this county for the rest of its course to Wexford Harbor. The following are the tributaries of the Slaney belonging wholly or partly to Wexford. On the right or western bank, the Clody rises in Mount Leinster, and joins the Slaney at Newtownbarry. South of this is the Glasha, flowing from Black Rock Mountain. The Urrin rises on the east slope of Mt. Leinster, flows southeast, and joins half a mile below Enniscorthy. The Boro rises in Blackstairs Mountain, and falls into the Slaney 2½ miles below Enniscorthy; it has for tributaries the Miltown Stream on the left bank, and the Aughnaglaur on the right bank. On the right bank the Slaney is joined by the Derry River, which, coming from Wicklow, forms the boundary between Wexford and Wicklow for the last 3 miles of its course, and joins 2 miles in a straight line above Newtownbarry. The Bann rises in the southern slopes of Croghan Kinsella, flows south-southwest, and joins 4 miles above Enniscorthy; about the middle of its course it is itself joined on the right bank by the Lask. The Sow rises near Ballaghkeen, and falls into Wexford Harbor.

The following rivers fall into the sea. In the north the Clonough River. The Owenavorragh rises near Oulart, flows northward, and then turning east, enters the sea east of Gorey. The Owenduff and the Corock run southward into the head of Bannow Bay.

TOWNS.—Wexford (12,163), the assize town, on the shore of Wexford Harbor, was the first place of any consequence taken by the Anglo-Normans in the reign of Henry II. Enniscorthy (5,666) is situated on the slope of a steep hill which rises over the Slaney; in the town is the ruin of a very fine Anglo-Norman castle, originally built by Raymond le Gros, and also some abbey ruins. Higher up on the Slaney is the pretty little town of Newtownbarry (960), situated in a wooded valley traversed by the river. On the western side of the county is New Ross (6,670, of whom 295 are in that part of the town belonging to Kilkenny), in a beautiful situation on the Barrow; it is the second town of the county, and has considerable trade by the Barrow. The village of Duncannon (479) is situated on the shore of Waterford Harbor; and near it, on a rocky headland over the river, is a strong military fort with a lighthouse. In the northeast of the county, three miles from the seashore, is Gorey (2,450). Three-quarters of a mile from the shore of the Bann is the ancient episcopal town of Ferns (495), which derived its origin from a church founded there in the 6th century by the celebrated St. Aidan, or Maidoc, its first bishop, on a site granted to him by Branduff, king of Leinster.

MINERALS.—Copper ore is found at Kerloge, a little south of the town of Wexford; and lead ore at Caim, northwest of Enniscorthy. Silver was in former times raised at Clonmines, at the head of Bannow Bay, and the ancient mines are still to be seen.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The descendants of Enna Kinsella, king of Leinster in the 4th century, were called Hy Kinsella, and gave their name to a large

territory in Leinster, which included a great portion of Wexford; the name of this old district is still preserved by the mountain Croghan Kinsella. The southern Hy Felimy, who after the 10th century took the family name of O'Murcada (now Murphy), were seated in the present barony of Ballaghkeen (see Carlow, for the northern Hy Felimy). The barony of Forth preserves the name of the old territory of Fotharta, for which see Carlow.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

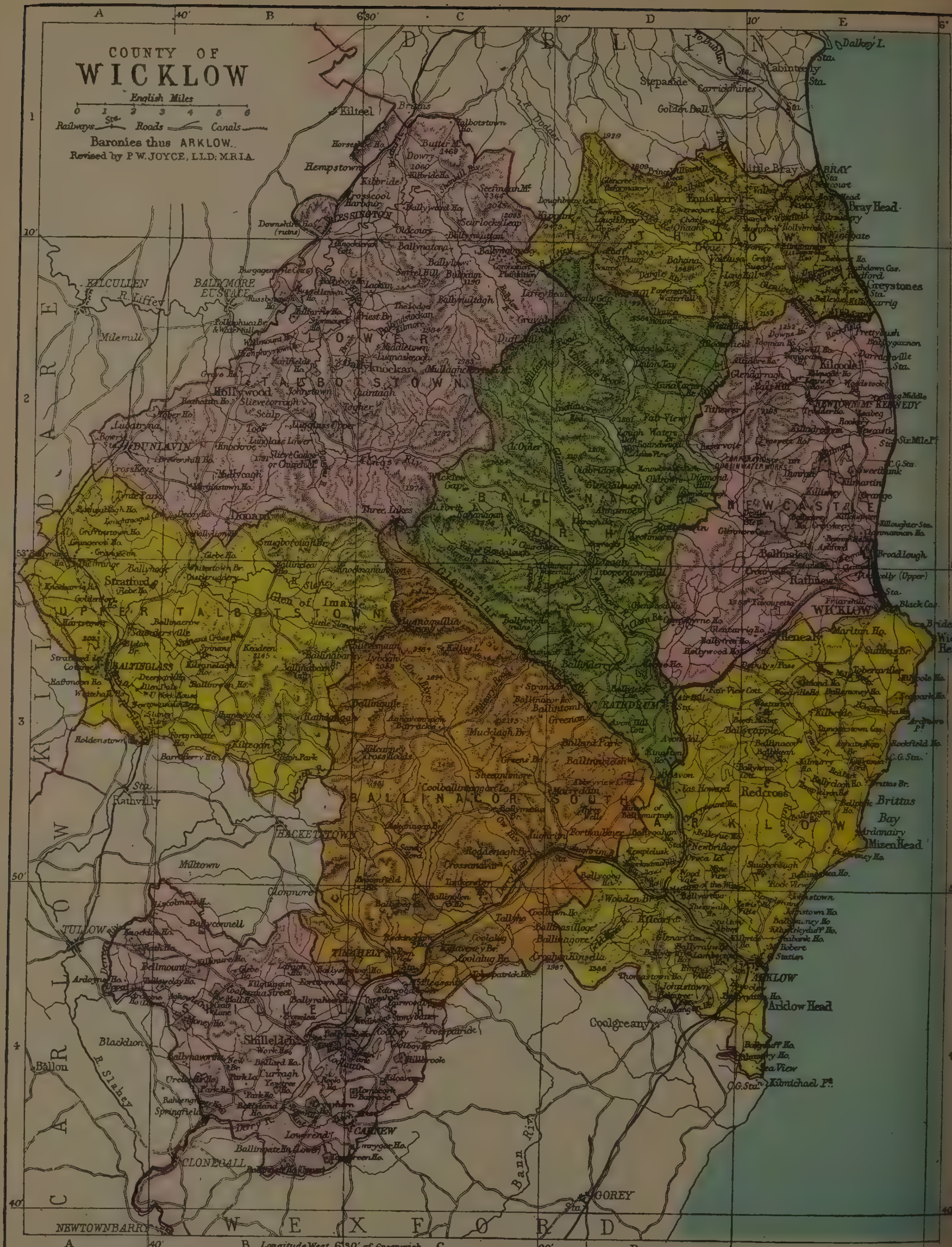
VINEGAR HILL.—Overlooking the historic town of Enniscorthy is the equally historic Vinegar Hill, an elevation about 400 feet in height. This spot is chiefly memorable for the bloody conflicts that occurred there in the great rebellion of 1798. The half-armed, and poorly-led peasants held their own for a time against the fully armed 20,000 troops of General Lake, but were finally overcome. British writers attribute "atrocities" to the insurgents during the time they were in possession of Vinegar Hill, but they neglect to state that any acts of retaliation that were exercised were provoked by the British soldiery, who, not only in Wexford but elsewhere, gave no quarter; and perpetrated on noncombatants, and women and children, cruelties and infamies from which even Comanches or Apaches would shrink. Vinegar Hill will always remain an undying monument to Irish valor and patriotism.

ST. PETER'S CHAPEL AND COLLEGE.—Of the noteworthy modern buildings of the town of Wexford the most prominent are the above named, which present an imposing view from their site on Summer Hill. The church is elegantly finished and is adorned with beautiful rose windows, and the college occupies a foremost place among the Catholic institutions of learning in Ireland. Wexford is a place of great antiquity, the town having been founded by the Danes in the 9th century, who named it Weisfiord or Washford from the shallowness of the water at low tide. It is situated on the river Slaney, so called from Slaingè, a Firbolg chief who landed there about 1,300 years before the Christian era. The town has played a conspicuous part in Irish history from the landing of the Normans in the 12th century down to the great Irish Rebellion of 1798. Among the many memorable incidents of its history is the brutal massacre of more than three hundred women and children at the foot of the cross in the market square of the town by the Puritan butcher, Cromwell.

VINEGAR HILL, WEXFORD.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, WEXFORD.

JOHNSTOWN CASTLE, WEXFORD.


COUNTY OF
WICKLOW
English Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5 6
Railways Sta. Roads Canals
Baronies thus ARKLOW.
Revised by P.W. JOYCE, LL.D. M.R.I.A.
D U B L I N
K I L D A R E
C A R L O W
W E X F O R D
Dalkey I.
Cabinteely
Stepaside
Carrickmines
Golden Ball
Kilteel
Hempstown
Little Bray
BRAY
Bray Head
Greystones
Kilcoole
NEWTOWN MT KENNEDY
WICKLOW
Wicklow Head
Rathnew
Glenealy
Redcross
Brittas Bay
Mizen Head
ARKLOW
Arklow Head
Coolgreany
GOREY
Bann Riv.
TINAHELY
Shillelagh
CARNEW
CLONEGALL
NEWTOWNBARRY
Tullow
Rathvilly
HACKETSTOWN
Milltown
Clonmore
Ballon
Blackhlon
R. Slaney
BALTINGLASS
Stratford
Dunlavin
Hollywood
Blessington
Donard
Glen of Imaale
Lugnaquillia
Rathdrum
Avoca
Aughrim
Woodenbridge
Kilcullen
Ballymore Eustace
R. Liffey
Liffey Head
Lough Dan
Laragh
Glendalough
Three Lakes
Wicklow Gap
TALBOTSTOWN LOWER
UPPER TALBOTSTOWN
BALLINACOR NORTH
BALLINACOR SOUTH
RATHDOWN
NEWCASTLE
ARKLOW
SHILLELAGH
Longitude West 6°30′ of Greenwich
A B C D E

WICKLOW.

NAME.—The old form of the name is Wykynglo or Wykinlo, which is Danish. The native Gaelic name is Kilmantan, the church of St. Mantan, one of St. Patrick's companions, to whom the ancient church of the place was dedicated.

SIZE AND POPULATION.—Length from Bray to the southern corner near Ballingate House, 41 miles; breadth from Mizen Head to the boundary near Dunlavin, 31½ miles; area, 781½ square miles; population, 70,386.

SURFACE.—It may be said that the whole of Wicklow is a mass of mountains, subsiding into low hills, ridged land, and small plains, along the seacoast south of Bray Head. Wicklow contains a smaller area of level land than any other county in Ireland.

MOUNTAINS AND HILLS.—The Wicklow Mountains do not run in chains, but are thrown together in groups, knots, and clusters; or rather the whole may be said to form one great group; and in many places the mountain masses are intersected in a very remarkable way by long ravines, mostly straight with very abrupt and often precipitous sides. The culminating summit of the whole group is Lugnaquillia (3,039), standing a little to the southwest of the center of the county, a great flap-topped mountain, the highest in Leinster, precipitous on some of its sides, overlooking the Glen of Imaile on its western side, Glenmalur on the northeast, and the Glen of Aghavannagh on the south. One mile southwest of Lugnaquillia is Slievemaan (2,498), beside which, a mile to the south, is Lybagh (2,053). Four miles west of these is the fine detached mountain of Keadeen (2,145), separated from the preceding by Ballinabarny Gap.

The following mountains are on or near the north margin. Kippure (2,473), on the boundary of Dublin and Wicklow, overlooking Glennasmole on the north or Dublin side, Glencree on the east, and the valley of the infant Liffey on the west. On the boundary also are Seefingan (2,364), northwest of Kippure (but its summit is in Wicklow), and east of Kippure Prince William's Seat (1,825), standing on the north side of Glencree. Along the south side of Glencree are Tonduff North (2,045) and Tonduff South (2,107), near each other, and Maulin (1,869). On the south side of these again winds the long valley of the Dargle River; this valley has on its south side these remarkable mountains: War Hill (2,250); Douce (2,384), with a great carn on its summit, overtopping all the mountains round it; Long Hill (1,073); Great Sugar Loaf (1,659), a beautiful detached cone commanding from its summit a landscape of surpassing loveliness, including Bray and the beautiful line of coast toward Dublin; beside it Little Sugar Loaf (1,120). The last spur of this series is Bray Head (793), hanging directly over the sea. The road running between the two Sugar Loaf Mountains traverses, about a mile further south, the Glen of the Downs, a deep defile, quite straight and a mile in length, with its sides luxuriantly wooded.

In the northwest of the county the road from Dublin to Blessington and Baltinglass traverses a long valley, overtopped on its southeast side by a number of lofty mountains. Beginning at the north: Butter Mountain (1,469) stands near the Dublin boundary; and near it on the west is Dowry (1,060). Further south are Sorrel Hill (1,975) and Bulbaun (1,190). Southeast of these are three great mountains in a line, forming the highest part of the separating ridge between the basins of the Liffey and the Avoca; Gravale (2,352), Duff Hill (2,364), and Mullaghcleevaun (2,783), the loftiest of all the mountains in this district. A little west of Mullaghcleevaun is Moanbane (2,313); and further west Slievecorragh (1,379) stands over the village of Holywood; a little south of which is Slieve Gadoe or Church Mountain (1,791), the western spur of the ridge that separates the basin of the Kings River and the Liffey from the basin of the Slaney.

Over Glendalough, in the center of the county,

is Lugduff, towering over the Upper Lake, Mullacor (2,176)—(this latter midway between Glendalough and Glenmalur)—and Derrybawn (1,567), all three south of the glen; and to the east is Trooperstown Hill (1,408), standing nearly detached. North of the glen is Camaderry (2,296); and 2 miles north from this is Tonlegee (2,684). The road running westward from the valley of Glendasan to the valley of the Kings River attains its summit level (1,569 feet) midway between these two mountains; this remarkable mountain pass is called Wicklow Gap. In the south of the county, Croghan Kinsella (1,987) stands on the boundary between Wicklow and Wexford.

COAST LINE: HEADLANDS: BAYS AND HARBORS.—Except at Bray Head and Wicklow Head the whole coast is low, with a fine sandy strand the whole way, occasionally interrupted by a low projecting spur of rock. It is a most inhospitable coast, containing no harbor where vessels might shelter, except those of Wicklow and Arklow, which can scarcely be called harbors at all; what is called Brittas Bay lies north of Mizen Head. At Wicklow there is a long narrow shallow inlet called Broad Lough, separated from the open sea by the long grassy spit of land called the Murrow; but it is useless for navigation. Bray Head is a fine rocky promontory rising straight from the sea to a height of 793 feet; and Wicklow Head, another rocky projection, is 268 feet high. Mizen Head, rocky but low, lies south of this.

RIVERS.—The Avoca, falling into the sea at Arklow, drains most of the middle and east of the county, and is the most important river of Wicklow. The Avoca is formed by the junction of the Avonmore and Avonbeg; and the point of confluence is the well-known beautiful spot, the "Meeting of the Waters." Halfway between this and Arklow the Avoca is joined from the west by an important tributary, the Aughrim River; the point of meeting is usually called the Wooden Bridge, and often the "Second Meeting of the Waters," and it vies in beauty with the principal Meeting 4 miles higher up. From the principal Meeting down to Arklow the Avoca flows between high wooded banks, presenting a succession of lovely quiet landscapes; this is the beautiful glen so well known as the "Vale of Avoca." The three main branches of the Avoca, the Avonmore, and the Avonbeg, and the Aughrim, have a number of smaller affluents which traverse many of the finest glens in Wicklow. These three rivers, with their affluents, are described in detail in the three following paragraphs.

The following are the chief headwaters of the Avonmore:

The Annamoe River rises near Sally Gap, within about half a mile of the source of the Liffey, falls into Lough Tay in the valley of Luggela, and two miles below Lough Tay falls into Lough Dan; issuing from this, it flows southward by the hamlets of Annamoe and Laragh, after which it takes the name of Avonmore; and traversing the lovely vale of Clara, it passes by Rathdrum to the Meeting of the Waters, 3 miles below the town. Between Lough Tay and Lough Dan, the Annamoe River receives the Cloghoge Brook, rising in Gravale Mountain; and into Lough Dan falls the Inchavore River, rising in Duff Hill. Three fine glens converge on the village of Laragh; first Glenmacnass, traversed by the Glenmacnass River, which joins the Annamoe River beside the village; secondly, the vale of Glendasan, through which flows the Glendasan River, rising in Lough Nahanagan; and thirdly, Glendalough, traversed by the Glenealo River; these two last rivers join at the Seven Churches, and the united stream falls in to the Annamoe beside Laragh.

The Avonbeg rises in Table Mountain and in the Three Lakes, and not far from its source forms the fine Ess waterfall, on the side of Table Mountain and at the head of Glenmalur; it next traverses Glenmalur, one of the grandest mountain valleys in Ireland, about 10 miles long, straight and narrow, and walled in on either side by rocky, precipitous barriers; after which it joins the Avonmore a little beyond the mouth of the glen.

The Aughrim River is formed by the junction of two head streams, the Derry Water and the Ow; which latter rises in Lugnaquillia and traverses the Aghavannagh valley; the two meeting at the hamlet of Aughrim; lower down the Aughrim River is joined by the Gold Mines, from the northern slope of the mountain Croghan Kinsella.

The Vartry rises in the valley at the eastern base of Douce Mountain, and after flowing southward about 5 miles is caught by an artificial embankment at the hamlet of Roundwood, so as to form a reservoir, which supplies the city of Dublin with water; that portion of the river that escapes from the reservoir traverses the Devil's Glen, a splendid ravine, narrow and winding, with lofty precipitous sides well wooded to the top; after which it falls into the sea inlet of Broad Lough, beside the town of Wicklow.

The Dargle River rises high up in the valley between War Hill and Tonduff, and after running east about 2 miles, tumbles over a cliff between 200 and 300 feet high, forming Powerscourt Waterfall, the finest in Wicklow; then passing through the beautiful valley of Powerscourt, it traverses the Dargle, a lovely winding narrow gorge, clothed with oak on both sides; and finally falls into the sea at Bray, where it is called the Bray River; it forms the boundary with Dublin for the last mile and a half of its course. Halfway between Powerscourt Waterfall and the head of the Dargle glen, the Dargle River is joined by the Glencree River, which traverses the wild valley of Glencree, about 5 miles long, with Kippure towering over its head, and walled in by the Tonduff Mountains and Maulin on the south, and by Prince William's Seat on the north. At the head of this valley, near Lough Bray, is the well-known Glencree Reformatory, which was originally a military barrack, erected in 1799. The Cookstown River, which comes from Dublin, passes by Enniskerry, and joins the Dargle River below the Dargle Glen.

The Liffey rises in the glen at the south side of Kippure, 13 miles in a straight line from Dublin city; flowing at first westward, and receiving from the south a number of its early tributaries from the three mountains, Gravale, Duff, and Mullaghcleevaun, it flows by Blessington; then forms for 2 miles, near Ballymore Eustace, the boundary between Kildare and Wicklow; while flowing on the boundary it forms the fine waterfall of Pollaphuca; and half a mile lower down it enters Kildare. A little below Blessington the Liffey is joined by the Kings River, which rises at the south side of Mullaghcleevaun, and which, before its junction with the Liffey, receives the Douglas on the left bank and the Cock Brook on the right. At Kilbride, a little above Blessington, the Liffey receives from the north the Brittas River, which rises in Dublin.

The Slaney rises high up on the side of Lugnaquillia, and flows westward through the Glen of Imaile, one of the grandest valleys of the whole county; then turning south near Stratford, it flows by Baltinglass, and 3 miles further south enters the county Carlow. In the Glen of Imaile it is joined by the Little Slaney, which also rises in Lugnaquillia. The Derreen rises in the mountains of Lybagh and Slievemaan, and flowing southwest crosses a corner of Carlow, then forms for 5 miles the boundary between Wicklow and Carlow, when it finally enters Carlow, and 2 miles lower joins the Slaney. The Derry River joins the Slaney in the county Carlow, near Clonegall; it comes from Wicklow (drawing some of its headwaters, however, from near Hacketstown in Carlow), flows by Tinahely, and takes the several names of Greenisland River, the Shillelagh River, and finally the Derry.

On the east coast, south of Wicklow, these small rivers fall into the sea: the Three Mile Water; the Potter's River, into Brittas Bay; and the Redcross River, a little north of Arklow.

LAKES.—On the Annamoe River are Lough Tay, in the lovely vale of Luggela, and Lough Dan, 2 miles lower down. Southwest of these are Lough Ouler and Lough Nahanagan. In the vale of Glendalough are Upper Lake and Lower Lake; the former a mile in length, and overhung by precipices that rise from the very water's edge; the latter very small. At the head of Glencree are the two small lakes Lower Lough Bray and Upper Lough Bray, both on the side of Kippure; the former a very fine mountain tarn, black as ink, and overhung by gloomy precipices.

TOWNS.—The following are on or very near the coast: Bray (6,535, of whom 2,148 are in that part of the town lying in Dublin), at the mouth of the Bray River, the finest and the most favored watering place in all Ireland; it lies under the north side of Bray Head, has a fine strand, and in its immediate neighborhood there is an infinite variety of the loveliest scenery. Wicklow (3,391), the assize town, near the mouth of the Vartry River, lies at the north side

of Wicklow Head; this is also frequented as a watering place, and like Bray it has lying near it several beautiful localities. A mile and a half inland from Wicklow is the village of Rathnew (630). Near the southern extremity of the coast, at the mouth of the Avoca, is Arklow (4,777), in which herring fishing is carried on to a considerable extent.

The following are inland: Baltinglass (1,151), on the Slaney, in the west of the county, near the boundary of Kildare. Eight miles north of Baltinglass is Dunlavin (615); and on the Liffey, in the northwest of the county, is Blessington (332), both of these also near the Kildare boundary. Rathdrum (733) stands on a high ridge over the Avonmore, three miles above the Meeting of the Waters. In the extreme south, beside the boundary of Wexford, is Carnew (701); near which on the north are the villages of Shillelagh (194), and Tinahely (458).

MINERALS.—There are lead mines at Luganure (on the north side of Camaderry Mountain, between Glendalough and Lough Nahanagan); on the hillsides at the head of Glenmalure; and on the slope of the hill over the north side of the head of Glendalough. There are copper mines at Ballymurtagh and Ballygahan, on the right bank of the Avoca, as you go from the Meeting of the Waters down to the Wooden Bridge; and at Cronbane, Tigroney, and Connoree, on the left bank, near Castle Howard. Gold has been found in considerable quantities in the bed of the Gold Mines River, flowing down the north slope of Croghan Kinsella to Wooden Bridge.

ANCIENT DIVISIONS AND DESIGNATIONS.—The old territory of Cualann or Crich-Cualann included the north part of Wicklow and the south part of the county Dublin; from this territory the Sugar Loaf Mountain was anciently called Slieve Cualann, the Mountain of Cualann. Glencullen, in the Dublin hills, and Cullenswood, at the south of the city, still preserve the old name. The Glen of Imaile preserves the name of the old territory of Hy Mail, which was taken possession of by the O'Tooles after they had been driven out of their original territory in Kildare. (See Kildare.) Hy Mail was also known by the name of Fortuatha. The district possessed by the O'Byrnes after they had been driven from Kildare was called Crich Brannach, or O'Byrne's Country; it was situated in the east of the county, and included the whole of the barony of Newcastle, and the barony of Arklow as far south as the Redcross River. A sept of the O'Byrnes called the Gaval Rannall also possessed the territory lying round Glenmalur. This territory was from them called Gaval-Rannall or Ranelagh; their chief had his residence at Ballinacor in Glenmalur, from which the two baronies of Ballinacor were so called. The old name is still preserved in that of Ranelagh, one of the south suburbs of Dublin.

The valley of Glendalough lies about eight miles northwest of Rathdrum. It is about three miles in length, surrounded by mountains except at the east side, and in several places overhung by precipices. The Glenealo River, tumbling down a steep ravine at the head, traverses the glen and expands into two lakes, from which the whole valley has its name—Glen-da-lough, the glen of the two lakes. The Lugduff Brook, which falls into the Upper Lake through a deep ravine at the base of Lugduff Mountain, forms the pretty waterfall of Pollanass, near where it enters the lake.

Considered merely in reference to the beauty and singularity of its natural features, Glendalough is the gem of Wicklow; but the natural attractions are infinitely enhanced by the historic associations of the place, and by the interesting ecclesiastical ruins scattered over the lower part of the glen. In the early part of the 6th century, St. Kevin, who, like St. Columkille and many other Irish saints, was a member of a princely family, founded a monastery here, which became a great center of religion and learning. After St. Kevin's death the reputation of the place increased, so that it attracted not only a large number of ecclesiastics, but also a lay population; and a town grew up, some remains of which are still to be seen near where the river emerges from the Lower Lake.

The principal ruins are as follows:

A Round Tower, 110 feet high, wanting the conical cap, erected probably in the 7th century. Our Lady's Church, near it, which contains a beautiful and characteristic example of an ancient Cyclopean doorway with sloping sides; there is reason to believe that this is the very church erected by St. Kevin when he had come to

settle in the lower part of the valley. Near these two stands Cro-Kevin, or St. Kevin's House (popularly called "St. Kevin's Kitchen"), which served the founder both as a residence and and as an oratory; it has a small round tower belfry on one gable. Near these is the Cathedral, coeval with the round tower. All the preceding are inclosed by a cashel, or stone wall, of which there are still some portions left, and the original entrance archway remains in good preservation.

A little lower down, on the same bank of the river, is Trinity Church; and lower still, on the opposite bank, the Priory of St. Saviour, a most interesting ruin. Higher up in the glen, on the south side of the Upper Lake, is the Reefert Church, which St. Kevin built while he lived at the head of the valley, and before the erection of Our Lady's Church. Higher up still, in an almost inaccessible spot on the shore of the lake, under the great precipice of Lugduff, is the little church called Temple-na-Skellig, of which only a small part remains. There are also several stone crosses and other monuments in different parts of the valley. A crevice in the face of the perpendicular cliff over the Upper Lake, difficult of access, is well known by the name of "St. Kevin's Bed."

The preceding ruins are commonly known by name of "The Seven Churches of Glendalough."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

VALE OF AVOCA.—This spot, immortalized in the exquisite lyric of Thomas Moore, presents a combination of scenic beauty unsurpassed in one of the most picturesque localities in Ireland. It is a scene of softness and tranquillity rather than of sublimity or grandeur, of repose and peace rather than of wildness and elevating inspiration. "The Meeting of the Waters" is formed by the junction of the rivers Avonmore and Avonbeg—the great and little rivers—and under the name of the Avoca the beautiful stream pursues its course through the vale to Arklow, some eight miles distant, and thence to the sea. "After all," writes a traveler, expressing the regret that every tourist feels, after enjoying this enchanting view of nature, "the greatest fault of the Vale of Avoca is that it is so short. How gladly would the eye feast on more of those beautiful meadows, those bold crags, those ivy-mantled oaks!" The serene beauty of the place has been somewhat marred by the introduction of the railway, and the operations of commerce.

GLENDALOUGH.—Glendalough, or the Glen of the Two Lakes, embraces a valley about two and a half miles long and from half a mile to a mile in breadth. In its somber solitude St. Kevin in the early part of the 6th century built an abbey and laid the foundation of his monastic establishment, which grew until it became a crowded city, a school of learning, and the abode of holy men, an asylum for the poor, a refuge for the oppressed, and a hospital for the sick. Here the saint lived to the uncommon age of 120 years. Of the remains of the ancient city and its sacred edifices are the Round Tower, the Cathedral, Our Lady's Church, and St. Kevin's House or Kitchen, and at a little distance Trinity Church, St. Saviour's, the Church of Rheafert, and St. Kevin's Bed. The erection of the cathedral is attributed to Goban Saer, the Celebrated architect of the 7th century. Thomas Moore, with, perhaps, an undue flavor of levity, has made the legend of St. Kevin and the Lake of Glendalough the subject of one of the Irish melodies.

BRAY HEAD.—Bray Head, a magnificent promontory rising some 800 feet above the shore of the Irish Sea, is the center of one of the most beautiful scenic localities in Ireland. A winding carriage road leads to its summit, from whence the eye of the tourist on a fine day is almost dazzled by the changing panoramic scene around him. Beneath is the thriving and handsome town of Bray, much frequented as a watering place, while to the east spreads the Irish Sea, over whose waters on a clear day may be discerned the outlines of the Welsh Mountains; to the west War Hill and the Douce, and the greater and lesser Sugar Loaf, while to the south lies the Glen of the Downs, which combines at once the beauties of a glen and a huge ravine. The O'Tooles and O'Byrnes, the heroic chiefs of

the district, maintained their independence down to the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

POWERSCOURT CASTLE AND TERRACE.—The demesne of Powerscourt for beauty and variety of scenery is unsurpassed by any spot in Ireland, both in point of embellishment of nature and art. It is situated on the Dargle, a charming, limpid stream, that flows through the far-famed glen of that name. The estate contains 1,400 acres, and the castle occupies a commanding position on an eminence overlooking the magnificent wooded valley at its base, and affording an ample view of the various attractive features and romantic scenery of the glen and the surrounding country, equally rich in natural beauties. A splendid terrace leads from the stately mansion to the stream below. Powerscourt is a favorite resort of tourists and pleasure parties. Tinnehinch, once the seat of the patriot Grattan, purchased for him by his countrymen, at a cost of $250,000, forms a part of this beautiful landscape.

VALE OF AVOCA, WICKLOW.

GLENDALOUGH, WICKLOW.

ESPLANADE, BRAY, WICKLOW.

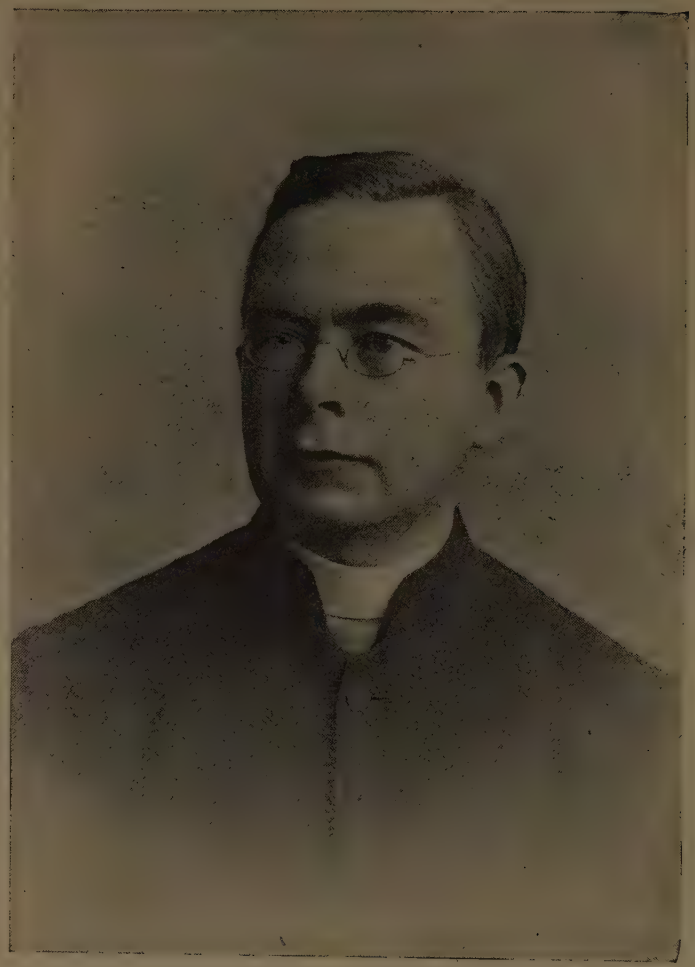
POWERSCOURT HOUSE, WICKLOW.

AVONDALL, WICKLOW.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE—CASHEL.

CARDINAL LOGUE—ARMAGH.

ARCHBISHOP MAC EVILLY—TUAM.



ARCHBISHOP WALSH—DUBLIN.

BISHOP LYSTER, ACHONRY.

BISHOP HOARE, ARDAGH.

BISHOP O'CALLAGHAN, CORK.

BISHOP BROWNE, CLOYNE.

BISHOP OWENS, CLOGHER

BISHOP HEALY, CLONFERT.

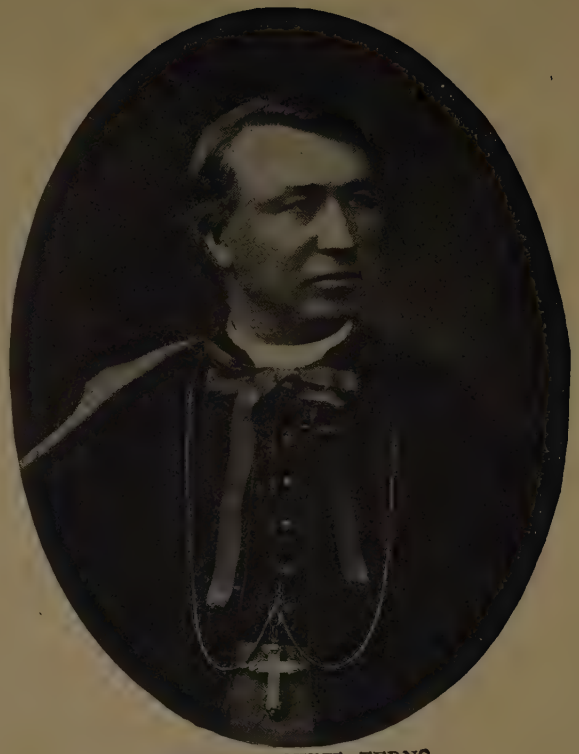
BISHOP O'DOHERTY, DERRY.

BISHOP HENRY, DOWN & CONNOR.

BISHOP McGIVERN, DROMORE.

BISHOP DONNELLY, DUBLIN.

BISHOP CLANCY, ELPHIN.



BISHOP BROWNE, FERNS.

BISHOP MacCORMACK, GALWAY AND KILMACDUAGH.

BISHOP COFFEY, KERRY.

BISHOP CONMY, KILLALA.

BISHOP O'DWYER, LIMERICK.

BISHOP McREDMOND, KILLALOE.

BISHOP FOLEY, KILDARE & LEIGHLIN.

BISHOP NULTY, MEATH.

BISHOP BROWNRIGG, OSSORY.

BISHOP O'DONNELL, RAPHOE.

BISHOP KELLY, ROSS.

BISHOP SHEEHAN, WATERFORD AND LISMORE.

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NOTE.—The *letters* and *numbers* after the name correspond with those in the borders of the Map, and indicate the square in which the name will be found.

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Aluirg L., Donegal C 2
America, Galway C 2
Amiens Sta., Dublin D 4
Anagloy Cross, Louth A 3
Analla L., West Meath F 2
Ananima L., Donegal B 3
Anascaul, Kerry B 2
Anaserd, Galway A 2
Anaverna, Louth C 1
Anderson's Town, Antrim F 5
Anglesborough, Limerick H 3
Anglesey Mt., Louth C 1
Anketell Grove, Monaghan C 2
Anlore, Monaghan B 2
Ann Grove, King's Co. C 4
Anna L., Donegal C 3
Anna Carter Br., Wicklow D 2
Annacarriga, Clare I 2
Annacarty, Tipperary B 3
Annaclone, Down B 4
Annacloy and R., Down E 3
Annacolty, Limerick F 2
Annadale, Down D 2
Annadale, Leitrim D 3
Annadorn, Down E 4
Annagarriff L., Armagh C 2
Annagassan, Louth C 2
Annageeragh R., Clare D 3
Annagh, Galway F 2
Annagh Bog, Kerry D 2
Annagh Cas. and Ho., Tipperary B 2
Annagh Hd., Mayo A 1
Annagh Hill, Wexford D 1
Annagh Ho., West Meath A 3
Annagh Lodge, Sligo G 3
Annagh L., Cavan D 2
Annagh L., Longford C 1
Annagh L., Mayo B 2
Annagh R., Cavan H 2
Annagh R., Clare D 3
Annagh R., Limerick G 1
Annaghbane Ho., Down B 4
Annaghbeg Ho., Tipperary A 2
Annaghdown, Galway D 2
Annaghearby L., Leitrim D 4
Annaghlea Ho., Cavan G 2
Annaghmakerig Ho. and L., Monag. B 3
Annaghmore, Roscommon E 3
Annaghmore, Sligo E 3
Annaghmore Ho. & L., King's Co. E 2
Annaghmore Sta., Armagh C 2
Annaghs Ho. & Cas., Kilkenny E 4
Annagola Bri., Armagh A 3
Annagor Ho., Meath F 2
Annahilt, Down D 3
Annakisha Ho., Cork F 2
Annalee R., Cavan F 2
Annalong and R., Down D 5
Annamoe, King's Co. G 3
Annamoe and R., Wicklow D 2
Annamoy Ho., Armagh B 2
Annamult Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Annascaulty, Kildare C 2
Annassellagh Strm., Limerick E 3
Annaville, King's Co. C 4
Annefield, Mayo D 5
Annegrove Abbey, Queen's Co. C 3
Anner R., Tipperary D 4
Annery L., Leitrim B 2
Annesbrook, Meath C 1
Annesbrook, Meath F 3
Annes Gift, Tipperary C 4
Annes Grove, Cork F 2
Annestown, Waterford F 3
Anneville Cott., Queen's Co. F 3
Anneville Ho., West Meath E 3
Annfield, Kildare B 4
Annfield, Tipperary C 3
Annfield Ho., Kildare C 3
Annfield Ho., Kilkenny B 4
Ann Grove, King's Co. C 4
Annsborough, Down D 4
Annsborough Ho., Kildare C 2
Annsborough Ho., Kilkenny B 4
Anns Fort, Cavan H 2
Annvale, Armagh B 3
Antonian, Queen's Co. C 2
Antrim Tn., Bay, and Sta., Antrim D 4
Antrim, Lo. Barony, Antrim E 3
Antrim, Up. Barony, Antrim E 4
Anure L., Donegal C 3
Ara Riv., Tipperary B 4
Arabella Ho., Kerry D 2
Araglin Cott., Cork G 2
Araglin R., Waterford A 2
Araglin R., Waterford D 2
Aran I., Donegal B 3
Aran Is., Galway B 3
Arboe, Tyrone I 3
Arboe Pt., Tyrone K 3
Arbourhill Ho., Tipperary C 1
Arbutus Lo., Down D 5
Archdeaconry Ho., Meath C 2
Archersgrove Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Archerstown Ho., West Meath F 2
Arch Hall, Meath D 2
Ard Bay, Galway B 3
Ardagh, Donegal E 3
Ardagh and Sta., Limerick C 3
Ardagh, Longford C 3
Ardagh Barony, Longford D 2
Ardagh Ho., Longford C 2
Ardagheena, Galway E 2
Ardakillin L., Roscommon D 3
Ardamine Ho., Wexford E 2
Ardamore, Kerry B 2
Ardanairy, Wicklow E 3
Ardara, Donegal B 3
Ardarragh, Down B 4
Ardbear Bay, Galway A 2
Ardboliss, Louth C 3
Ardbraccan Ho., Meath D 3
Ardcandrisk Ho., Wexford C 3
Ardcarn Ho., Roscommon D 6
Ardcath, Meath F 3
Ardcrony Ch., Tipperary B 2
Ardderry L., Galway C 2
Ardee Bar., Tn., and Ho., Louth A 2
Ardelly Pt., Mayo A 1
Arderee Br., Sligo E 3
Arderin, Queen's Co. B 2
Ardess, Fermanagh E 1
Ardfert and Abbey, Kerry C 2
Ardfinnan, Tipperary C 4
Ardgillan Cas., Dublin E 1
Ardglass and Harbour, Down F 4
Ardglass, West Meath B 3
Ardglass Ho., West Meath D 2
Ardgonnell Bri., Armagh A 3
Ardgroom Har., Cork B 3
Ardilea Ho., Down E 4
Ardillaun, Galway D 2
Ardinode and Ho., Kildare D 3
Ardkeen Ch., Down G 3
Ardkeenagh, Roscommon D 3
Ardmayle Ch., Tipperary C 3
Ardmillan, Down E 3
Ardmore, Bay, and Hd., Waterford C 4
Ardmore Pt., Armagh D 1
Ardmore Pt., Wicklow E 3
Ardmulchan Ho., Meath D 2
Ardnacrusha, Clare I 3
Ardnaglug, Roscommon E 5
Ardnagragh Kerry D 2
Ardnamullan Cas., Meath B 4
Ardnanure, Roscommon E 5
Ardnaree, Sligo B 3
Ardnargle, Londonderry D 2
Ardoginna Ho., Waterford C 4
Ardough Ho., Queen's Co. E 4
Ardoyne Ho., Up. & Lo., Wicklow A 4
Ardpatrick, Limerick F 2

Ardpatrick Ho. Louth A 2
Ardquin, Down F 3
Ardra L., Cavan D 3
Ardrahan, Galway E 3
Ardrass, Kildare D 2
Ardrea L., Sligo F 3
Ardree Ho., Armagh C 4
Ardress Ho., Armagh C 2
Ardristan Ho., Carlow C 2
Ardrum Ho., Cork E 3
Ards, Longford B 3
Ards Lower Barony, Down F 2
Ards Upper Barony, Down G 3
Ardsallagh Ho., Waterford B 4
Ardscull Ho. and Moat, Kildare B 3
Ardsolus, Clare G 3
Ardstraw, Tyrone D 2
Ardtully Ho., Kerry D 3
Ardvally, Sligo B 3
Ardvarny Ho., Fermanagh E 1
Ardy, Donegal E 2
Argideen R., Cork E 4
Argory, The, Armagh C 2
Arigna Iron Wks., Roscommon E 1
Arigna R., Roscommon D 1
Arklow and Hd., Wicklow E 4
Arklow Barony, Wicklow D 3
Arklow Hd., Wicklow E 4
Arless, Queen's Co. E 3
Arley Cott., Cavan F 4
Armagh Barony Armagh B 3
Armagh, Tn., Pal., & Dny., Armagh C 2
Armaghbrague Ho., Armagh C 3
Armoy, Antrim D 2
Armstrong Cas., King's Co. D 2
Armstrong Mt., Kildare C 2
Arnestown Ho., Wexford A 3
Arney R. and Bri., Fermanagh D 3
Aroideen River, Cork E 4
Arra and Owney Barony, Tipperary A 2
Arra Mts., Tipperary A 2
Arra R., Limerick C 3
Arranhill Ho., Tipperary B 1
Arran Islds., Galway B 3
Arrigle R., Kilkenny D 4
Arrow Lough, Sligo G 3
Artaine, Dublin E 4
Arthurstown, Wexford A 4
Arthurstown Ho., Louth A 2
Articlave, Londonderry E 2
Artramon Ho. and Cas., Wexford D 3
Artrea, Tyrone H 3
Artikelly, Londonderry D 2
Artillery Barks., Longford C 2
Arts Bri., Kildare B 1
Arundelmills, Cork E 4
Arvagh, Cavan D 3
Ashborough Ho., Limerick D 3
Ashbourne, Meath F 3
Ashbrooke, Londonderry B 3
Ashbrook Ho., Galway F 3
Ashbrook Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Ashbrooke, Fermanagh F 2
Ashfield, Down B 3
Ashfield, Meath C 1
Ashfield, Monaghan B 2
Ash Field, Queen's Co. E 2
Ashfield Br., Kildare B 1
Ashfield Hall, Queen's Co. E 3
Ashfield Ho., Cavan G 2
Ashfield Ho., Galway E 3
Ashford Ho., Galway D 2
Ashford, Limerick C 3
Ashford, Wicklow E 2
Ashford Old Ho., Roscommon D 5
Ashfort, Armagh A 3
Ashfort Ho., Roscommon E 2
Ashgrove, Cavan E 2
Ashgrove, Cork D 3
Ashgrove, Queen's Co. C 2
Ashgrove Ho., Kildare A 3
Ashgrove Ho., Limerick C 3
Ashgrove Ho., Tipperary B 4
Ash Hill Towers, Limerick F 3
Ashlamaduff, Londonderry E 3
Ashlane Cross Rds., Carlow B 1
Ash Park, Tipperary C 2
Ashleypark Ho., Tipperary B 2
Ashroe, Limerick G 1
Askanagap Br., Wicklow C 3
Askeaton and Sta., Limerick D 2
Assan Bri., Cavan G 3
Astee, Kerry D 1
Atedaun L., Clare F 2
Athabatteen, Cork E 3
Athassel Abbey, Tipperary B 4
Athboy, Meath C 3
Athcarne Cas., Meath F 3
Athclare Cas., Louth B 3
Athea, Limerick B 3
Athenry Barony and Tn., Galway E 3
Athgarret Ho., Kildare D 2
Athgarvan and Lo., Kildare C 3
Athgoe Cas., Dublin A 5
Athlacea, Limerick F 3
Athleague, Roscommon D 4
Athlone, Roscommon & W. Mea. F 5, A 8
Athlone Barony, Roscommon D 4
Athlumney Ho., Meath D 3
Athnid, Tipperary C 3
Athy, Tn., Sta., & Lodge, Kildare B 4
Atkinstown, Down E 3
Atona L., Fermanagh D 3
Atorick L., Clare I 1
Attanagh, Queen's Co. C 4
Attyflin Ho., Limerick E 2
Attymess, Mayo D 1
Aubane Cottage, Cork E 2
Auburn Ho., Dublin E 3
Auburn Ho., West Meath A 3
Auchnacloy, Tyrone G 4
Audleys Cas., Down F 3
Aughagault, Big, Donegal D 3
Aughboy, Clare I 3
Aughclare, Wexford A 4
Augher, Tyrone F 4
Aughils, Kerry C 2
Aughinish Bay, Galway D 3
Aughinish Isd., Limerick C 2
Aughinish Pt., Clare K 2
Aughnacloy, Tyrone G 4
Aughnagappull Br., Wexford B 3
Aughnaglaur R., Wexford B 3
Aughrim, Galway F 3
Aughrim, Sta. and R., Wicklow D 3
Aughris and Hd., Sligo D 2
Aughrus Pt., Galway A 2
Aughrusbeg L., Galway A 2
Auginish Pt., Clare F 1
Auna L., Galway B 2
Austin's Ho., Wexford E 1
Avaghon L., Monaghan C 3
Avaghty, Roscommon D 4
Aveh L., Donegal D 4
Avonbeg R., Wicklow B 3
Avondale, Wicklow D 3
Avon Hill Cott., Wicklow D 3
Avonmore, Wicklow D 2
Avonmore R., Wicklow D 3
Awaddy L., Leitrim E 3
Awbeg River, Cork F 2
Awboy River, Cork E 3
Ayle Ho., Clare H 2
Aylwardstown Ho., Kilkenny D 4

B

Bachelors Lo., Meath D 2
Backstown, Wexford D 1
Badger Hill Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Badinaminton Ho., King's Co. D 1
Bagenals Arms, Carlow B 2
Bagenalstown and Sta., Carlow B 2
Baggaghmalone Ho. & Ca., W. Mea. B 3
Baggotstown Ho., Limerick G 3
Baginbun Hd., Wexford B 4
Bahana, Wicklow D 2
Bailey L. Ho., Dublin G 4
Bailieborough, Cavan H 3
Bailieborough Cas., Cavan G 3
Balbriggan, Dublin F 1
Baldoyle, Dublin F 4
Baldwin Cas., Sligo F 3
Baldwinstown, Dublin C 2
Baldwinstown, Wexford C 4
Balgatheran, Louth B 3
Balgriffin, Dublin E 4
Balheary Ho., Dublin E 3
Balief Ho., Kilkenny A 2
Balix Hill, Tyrone E 2
Balla, Mayo D 2
Ballagan Pt., Louth D 2
Ballagh, Donegal F 2
Ballagh, Galway G 3
Ballagh, Roscommon E 3
Ballagh, Roscommon E 4
Ballagh, Sligo F 1
Ballagh R., Leitrim C 1
Ballaghaderg Br., Limerick H 4
Ballaghadereen, Mayo F 2
Ballaghkeen Bry. and Ch., Wexford D 3
Ballaghmoon Br., Kildare B 4
Ballaghtallion Cott., Meath C 3
Ballaghurt, King's Co. C 2
Ballakelly Cross Roads, Louth A 2
Ballallog, Kilkenny D 4
Ballard B., Clare C 3
Ballard Ho., Wicklow B 4
Ballard Pk., Wicklow D 3
Ballboy Ho., Wicklow C 3
Ballee, Down F 4
Balleeghan Abbey, Donegal E 3
Balleer, Armagh C 3
Balleevy Ho., Down B 4
Balleighteragh Ho., Waterford D 3
Balleny, Antrim D 2
Balleven Ho., Kilkenny B 3
Balleybofey, Donegal D 3
Balleyengland Ho., Limerick D 2
Balleyvalley Mt., Down B 5
Ballickmoyler, Queen's Co. E 3
Ballicossidy L., Fermanagh E 2
Ballin L., Mayo C 2
Ballina and Sta., Kildare B 1
Ballina, Mayo D 1
Ballina, Tipperary A 2
Ballina Br., Longford B 3
Ballina R., Armagh C 4
Ballinabarney Ho., Kilkenny E 4
Ballinabarney Gap & Br., Wicklow B 3
Ballinaclash, Wicklow D 3
Ballinacor, Wicklow E 3
Ballinacor Ho., Wicklow C 3
Ballinacor Ho., West Meath C 2
Ballinacor N. Barony, Wicklow C 2
Ballinacor S. Barony, Wicklow C 3
Ballinacostello, Mayo E 2
Ballinacrow, Wicklow B 3
Ballinadee, Cork E 3
Ballinafad, Roscommon E 3
Ballinafad, Sligo F 3
Ballinafad Ho., Mayo D 2
Ballinagar, King's Co. F 2
Ballinageeragh, Monaghan A 3
Ballinagore, Wicklow D 4
Ballinakill, Queen's Co. D 3
Ballinalack, West Meath D 2
Ballinalea, Wicklow E 2
Ballinalee, Longford D 2
Ballinamara Ch., Kilkenny B 2
Ballinameen, Roscommon D 2
Ballinamona Ho., Waterford G 2
Ballinamore, Leitrim E 3
Ballinamore, Mayo D 2
Ballinamuck, Longford C 1
Ballinapark, Mayo C 1
Ballinaphul, Donegal C 4
Ballinascarty, Cork E 4
Ballinascorney Ho., Dublin C 6
Ballinasilloge, Wicklow D 4
Ballinaskea Ho., Wicklow E 3
Ballinasloe and Sta., Galway G 3
Ballinastadd Ho., Wexford E 2
Ballinastraw Ho., Wexford D 2
Ballinclare Ho., Wexford D 2
Ballinclashet, Cork F 3
Ballinclay Ho., Wexford D 2
Ballinclea Ho., Wicklow B 3
Ballincollig, Cork F 3
Ballincolloo Ho., Limerick G 3
Ballincor Ho., King's Co. C 3
Ballincrea, Kilkenny D 5
Ballincurra Ho., West Meath C 2
Ballincurragh Ho., Kilkenny D 5
Ballincurrig, Cork G 3
Ballincurry, Roscommon D 3
Ballindaggan, Wexford C 2
Ballindagny, Longford D 2
Ballinderry, Antrim D 5
Ballinderry, Londonderry F 4
Ballinderry, Tipperary B 1
Ballinderry, Wicklow D 3
Ballinderry Ho., Kildare B 1
Ballinderry Ho., Meath C 4
Ballinderry L., West Meath B 3
Ballinderry R., Tyrone I 3
Ballinderry, Upper, Antrim D 5
Ballindine, Mayo E 2
Ballindoolin Ho., Kildare A 1
Ballindooly, Galway D 3
Ballindrait, Donegal E 3
Ballindrum Ho., Kildare B 3
Ballinfrase Ho., Queen's Co. B 4
Ballingarry, Limerick D 3
Ballingarry, Tipperary B 1
Ballingarry, Tipperary D 3
Ballingarry Ho., Wexford D 1
Ballingarteen, Cork D 3
Ballingate Ho., Lo. & Up., Wicklow B 4
Ballinglen Ho., Wicklow C 4
Ballinglen R., Mayo C 1
Ballingowan Ho., Waterford B 3
Ballingrane and Sta., Limerick D 2
Ballinguile, Wicklow C 3
Ballinhassig and Sta., Cork F 3
Ballinkeel Ho., Wexford D 3
Ballinkillin, Carlow B 3
Ballinla, West Meath F 3
Ballinlaghta, Longford D 2
Ballinlaw Cas. and Ferry, Kilkenny D 5
Ballinleeny, Limerick E 3
Ballinlena, Mayo D 1
Ballinleugh, Meath B 2
Ballinlig, Roscommon D 4
Ballinlough, Roscommon B 3
Ballinlough Cas., West Meath F 2
Ballinlough Ho., Longford D 2
Ballinlouty Ho., Tipperary C 3
Ballinlug, Galway G 3
Ballinocrish, Wexford B 3
Ballinphuill, Roscommon C 3
Ballinphull and Sta., Galway E 2
Ballinree Ho., Carlow B 3
Ballinrees, Londonderry E 2
Ballinroan Ho., Wicklow B 3
Ballinrobe, Mayo D 3
Ballinrostig, Cork G 3
Ballinruddery Ho., Kerry D 1
Ballinrun R., Galway G 3
Ballinrush, Cork G 2
Ballinskellig's Bay, Kerry B 3
Ballinspittle, Cork F 4
Ballintaggart Ho., Armagh C 2
Ballintaggart Lo., Kildare C 3
Ballintate, Armagh C 3
Ballintemple, Cavan E 3
Ballintemple, Cork F 3
Ballintemple, King's Co. G 2
Ballintemple Ho., Carlow C 2
Ballintemple Ho., Londonderry E 3
Ballinter Ho., Meath E 3
Ballintober, Roscommon F 3
Ballintober and Sta., Roscommon C 3
Ballintober Ho., Limerick C 3
Ballintober Ho., West Meath C 3
Ballintober N. Bar., Roscommon E 3
Ballintober S Bar., Roscommon D 4
Ballintogher, Sligo F 2
Ballintombay, Wicklow D 3
Ballintotty R., Tipperary B 2
Ballintoy, Antrim C 1
Ballintra, Donegal C 4
Ballintrane Cross Rds., Carlow B 2
Ballintubbert Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Ballinturly, Roscommon D 4
Ballinure, Tipperary D 3
Ballinvauneen, Wexford A 4
Ballinvilla Ho., Mayo E 2
Ballinvira Ho., Limerick D 2
Ballinvirick Ho., Limerick D 2
Ballinvonear Ho., Cork F 2
Ballisk, Dublin F 3
Ballitore and Hill, Kildare C 3
Ballivor, Meath C 3
Ballobegan Ho., Down G 2
Ballon, Carlow C 2
Balloo Ho., Down E 2
Ballooly Ho., Down C 3
Balloor, Donegal E 2
Balloor, Leitrim A 1
Ballough, Dublin E 2
Balloughter, Wexford D 2
Balloughton Ho., Wexford B 4
Ballsbridge, Dublin E 5
Balls Grove, Louth B 3
Bally L., Roscommon C 2
Bally L., Waterford G 2
Ballyadam Cross Rds., Waterford F 3
Ballyadams Bry. & Cas., Queen's Co. E 3
Ballyagran, Limerick E 3
Ballyallaban Ho., Clare F 1
Ballyalla Ho., Clare G 2
Ballyalloly Ho. and L., Down E 2
Ballyanne Ho., Wexford A 3
Ballyarthur, Wicklow D 4
Ballyarvey, Antrim D 3
Ballyaughlan Ho., Down C 4
Ballybane, Cork C 4
Ballybannon R., Down D 4
Ballybar Ho., Carlow B 2
Ballybarrack Ho., Louth B 2
Ballybay, Roscommon E 5
Ballybay and Ho., Monaghan C 3
Ballybay R., Armagh D 2
Ballybeen Ho Down E 2
Ballybeg, Carlow B 3
Ballybeg, Sligo E 2
Ballybeg Ho., Meath C 2
Ballybeg Ho., Wicklow C 4
Ballybeg R., Sligo C 2
Ballybeg Sta., Meath D 2
Ballybeggan Abbey, Meath B 4
Ballybeggan Cas., Kerry D 2
Ballybo, West Meath B 2
Ballyboden, Dublin D 5
Ballyboe, Donegal E 2
Ballybofey, Donegal D 3
Ballyboggan Bri., Kildare A 1
Ballyboggan Ho., Wexford D 3
Ballyboghil, Dublin D 2
Ballybogy, Antrim B 2
Ballybollen Ho., Antrim C 4
Ballybornia, West Meath B 3
Ballyboughlin Ho., King's Co. E 1
Ballyboy, Donegal B 4
Ballyboy, King's Co. D 3
Ballyboy, Tipperary C 4
Ballyboy Barony, King's Co. E 2
Ballyboy Ho., Meath C 3
Ballybrack Ho., Carlow B 3
Ballybrack Sta., Dublin F 6
Ballybrada Ho., Tipperary C 4
Ballybreagh Ho., Armagh C 2
Ballybrennan Ho., Wexford B 3
Ballybrew, Wicklow D 1
Ballybrick, Down C 4
Ballybrit, Galway E 3
Ballybritt Barony, King's Co. D 3
Ballybrittan, King's Co. G 1
Ballybrittan Cas., King's Co. H 1
Ballybrittas, Queen's Co. E 2
Ballybrood, Limerick G 2
Ballybroony Ho., Mayo D 1

Ballybrophy Ho. & Sta., Queen's Co. B 3
Ballybuck, Galway E 3
Ballybunion, Kerry C 1
Ballyburly Ho., King's Co. H 1
Ballycadden Bri., Wexford C 3
Ballycanew, Wexford E 2
Ballycannon Ho., Clare I 2
Ballycanvan Ho., Waterford G 2
Ballycapple, Wicklow D 1
Ballycarney, Wexford C 2
Ballycarra, Mayo D 2
Ballycarry and Sta., Antrim G 1
Ballycaseymore Ho., Clare G 3
Ballycastle, Mayo C 1
Ballycastle and Bay, Antrim D 1
Ballyclare, Antrim F 1
Ballyclare and Doagh Sta., Antrim F 1
Ballyclareen, Monaghan C 2
Ballyclerahan, Tipperary D 1
Ballyclery, Galway E 3
Ballyclog, Tyrone I 3
Ballyclogh, Cork E 2
Ballyclogh Ho., Limerick C 2
Ballyclogh Ho., Limerick F 3
Ballyclogh Ho., Wicklow E 3
Ballyclouh Ho. and Cas., Cork G 2
Ballyclover Ho., Antrim E 1
Ballycolla, Queen's Co. C 3
Ballycommon, King's Co. F 2
Ballyconneely Bay, Galway A 3
Ballyconnell and Cas., Cavan D 2
Ballyconnell, Sligo E 1
Ballyconnell, Wicklow B 3
Ballycoog Ho., Wicklow D 3
Ballyconra Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Ballycottin, Bay, and I., Cork H 3
Ballycourcy Ho., Wexford C 3
Ballycowan Barony, King's Co. E 2
Ballycronigan Ho., Wexford D 1
Ballycross Ho., Wexford C 1
Ballycuirke L., Galway D 3
Ballycullane, Wexford A 4
Ballycullane Ho., Waterford C 3
Ballycullen Ho., Limerick G 2
Ballyculter, Down F 3
Ballycumber, King's Co. E 2
Ballycummin Ho., Roscommon E 2
Ballycunneen Ho., Clare G 3
Ballycurkeen Ho., Tipperary E 4
Ballycurrin, Kilkenny D 4
Ballycurrin Ho., Mayo D 3
Ballycurry Ho., Wicklow E 2
Ballydahin, Cork F 3
Ballydarrog, Londonderry D 2
Ballydarton Ho., Carlow C 2
Ballydavid Hd., Kerry A 2
Ballydawley L., Sligo F 2
Ballydehob, Cork C 4
Ballydermot Ho., King's Co. H 2
Ballydevitt, Londonderry F 2
Ballydine Ho., Tipperary D 4
Ballydirity Ho., Antrim C 2
Ballydonegan, Londonderry C 3
Ballydonegan and Bay, Cork A 4
Ballydonnell, Louth C 3
Ballydonnell Ho., Kilkenny A 2
Ballydoogan Ho., Galway F 3
Ballydoolagh L., Fermanagh E 2
Ballydraia, Antrim F 1
Ballydrislane Ho., Waterford G 2
Ballyduagh Ho., Tipperary C 4
Ballyduff, Kerry C 1
Ballyduff, Waterford A 3
Ballyduff and Ho., Waterford F 2
Ballyduff Abbey & Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Ballyduff Br., King's Co. E 2
Ballyduff Ho., Tipperary D 3
Ballyduff Ho., Wexford C 2
Ballyduff Ho., Wicklow E 1
Ballyduff Ho. and Ch., Wexford E 2
Ballydugan, Down E 4
Ballydugan Ho., Down A 3
Ballyeaston, Antrim E 4
Ballyederlan, Donegal B 4
Ballyedmond Ho., Cork G 3
Ballyegan Ho., King's Co. C 2
Ballyegny Ho., Limerick C 2
Ballyellin Ho., Carlow A 3
Ballyellin Mill, Carlow B 3
Ballyellis, Cork F 2
Ballyellis Ho., Wexford D 1
Ballyfallon Ho., Meath C 3
Ballyfarnan, Roscommon D 1
Ballyfeard, Cork F 3
Ballyferis Pt., Down G 2
Ballyfermot and Sta., Dublin C 4
Ballyferriter, Kerry A 2
Ballyfin Ho., Queen's Co. C 2
Ballyfinboy R., Tipperary B 1
Ballyfirreen Ho., Limerick H 2
Ballyfoyle Ho., Queen's Co. F 2
Ballyfree Ho., Wicklow D 3
Ballygahan Ho., Wicklow D 3
Ballygall, Galway E 3
Ballygalley B., Antrim F 3
Ballygalley Hd., Antrim G 3
Ballygally Ho., Waterford A 3
Ballygannon, Wicklow E 2
Ballygar, Galway G 2
Ballygarden, Roscommon E 3
Ballygarret, Wexford E 1
Ballygarrett Ho., Cork F 1
Ballygarth Cas., Meath G 2
Ballygawbey and Water, Tyrone F 4
Ballygeehin Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Ballygibbon Ho., Kildare A 1
Ballygiblin Ho., Cork E 2
Ballygillaheen, Queen's Co. C 2
Ballyginiff, Antrim D 1
Ballyglass, Galway F 1
Ballyglass, Galway F 3
Ballyglass, Sligo D 4
Ballyglass Big, Roscommon D 3
Ballyglass Ho., Roscommon C 3
Ballyglass Ho., Sligo F 2
Ballygoghlan, Limerick A 2
Ballygoran Ho., Kildare D 1
Ballygorey, Kilkenny C 5
Ballygowan, Antrim E 4
Ballygowan, Kilkenny B 4
Ballygowan Sta., Down E 2
Ballygrady, Cork E 2
Ballygriffin, Cork F 2
Ballygriffin Ho., Wicklow D 1
Ballygub, Kilkenny E 1
Ballygunner Cas., Waterford G 2
Ballyhack, Wexford A 1
Ballyhagan Ho., Kildare B 1
Ballyhahill, Limerick B 2
Ballyhaise and Ho., Cavan F 1
Ballyhalbert, Down G 3
Ballyhale, Galway D 2
Ballyhale, Kilkenny C 1
Ballyhall, Galway E 2
Ballyhalwick Ho., Cork D 3
Ballyhamlet Ho., Waterford B 2
Ballyhandy, West Meath C 3
Ballyhare, Roscommon E 1
Ballyhaunis, Mayo E 2
Ballyhealy Ho., West Meath F 2
Ballyhealy Ho., Wexford C 1
Ballyheaun, Mayo C 2
Ballyheelan, Cavan E 3
Ballyheige, Bay, and Cas., Kerry C 1
Ballyhenebery Ho., Kilkenny B 4
Ballyherly, Down F 3
Ballyhighland, Wexford B 2
Ballyhillin, Donegal E 1
Ballyhire Ho., Wexford E 4
Ballyhoe Bri., Fermanagh G 4
Ballyhoe Lough, Meath D 1
Ballyholme B., Down F 1
Ballyhook, Wicklow A 3
Ballyhoolahan, Cork E 2
Ballyhooly, Cork F 2
Ballyhoorisky, Donegal D 2
Ballyhornan, Down F 4
Ballyhoura Hills, Limerick G 4
Ballyhowly Ho., Mayo E 2
Ballyin Ho., Waterford B 3
Ballyine Ho., Carlow B 3
Ballyjamesduff, Cavan F 3
Ballykealey Ho., Carlow C 1
Ballykean Ho. and Cott., Wicklow E 1
Ballykeel, Down C 1
Ballykeel Ho., Clare E 1
Ballykeel Ho., Down D 5
Ballykeenan Ho., Carlow C 2
Ballykeeran, West Meath A 1
Ballykelly, Sta., & R., Londonderry C 3
Ballykelly Ho., Wicklow B 1
Ballykenny I., Donegal F 1
Ballykilbeg, Down E 4
Ballykilcavan Ho., Queen's Co. E 2
Ballykilty Ho., Clare G 3
Ballykilty Ho., Wexford E 1
Ballykisteen Ho., Tipperary A 1
Ballyknock, Kilkenny D 4
Ballyknock, Longford C 1
Ballyknockan, Wicklow C 1
Ballyknockane Ho., Limerick E 1
Ballylaan, Clare D 2
Ballylanders, Limerick G 1
Ballylane Ho., Wexford A 1
Ballylane L., Armagh C 3
Ballylaneen, Waterford E 2
Ballylaur, Sligo D 1
Ballylea Lo., Tipperary B 1
Ballyleaan Ho., Clare F 1
Ballyleakin Ho., King's Co H 1
Ballyleck Ho., Monaghan B 2
Ballyleen Lo., Carlow C 2
Ballylegat Ho., Waterford F 1
Ballylennon Cross Rd., Carlow B 1
Ballylessan, Down D 2
Ballyliffin, Donegal E 1
Ballylin Ho., King's Co. D 2
Ballylin Ho., Limerick D 1
Ballylinch Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Ballyline Ho., Clare G 2
Ballylintagh, Londonderry F 2
Ballylintagh Ho., Down C 3
Ballylion Ho., Wicklow B 2
Ballylongford, Kerry D 1
Ballyloo Cas., Carlow B 2
Ballylooby, Tipperary B 4
Ballylough Cas., Antrim C 1
Ballyloughan Cas., Carlow B 2
Ballylow and Bay, Wicklow C 2
Ballylynan, Queen's Co. E 3
Ballymabin Cott., Waterford G 3
Ballymacallion, Londonderry D 3
Ballymacarret, Down D 2
Ballymacaw, Waterford G 3
Ballymacdermot, Armagh D 4
Ballymacegan Ho., Tipperary B 1
Ballymacgibbon Ho., Mayo D 3
Ballymack Ho., Kilkenny B 3
Ballymackesy Ho., Wexford B 3
Ballymackillagill, Kilkenny D 4
Ballymackney, Monaghan D 4
Ballymacoda, Cork H 3
Ballymacoll Ho., Meath E 4
Ballymacone R., Armagh C 3
Ballymacreelly, Down E 3
Ballymadun, Dublin C 2
Ballymagarry, Antrim B 1
Ballymagarvey Ho., Meath F 3
Ballymagauran, Cavan D 2
Ballymaglassan Ho., Meath E 4
Ballymagooly, Cork F 2
Ballymagorry, Tyrone D 1
Ballymahon, Longford C 3
Ballymakeery, Cork D 3
Ballymakellett, Louth C 1
Ballymakenny, Louth B 3
Ballymanus Bri., Wicklow C 3
Ballymanus Ho., Queen's Co. E 2
Ballymaquiff, Galway E 3
Ballymartin, Carlow B 3
Ballymartin, Down D 5
Ballymartle Ho., Cork F 3
Ballymartrim Bri., Armagh B 2
Ballymascanlan Ho., Louth B 1
Ballymastocker Bay, Donegal E 2
Ballymeelish Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Ballymeeny, Sligo C 2
Ballymena, Antrim D 3
Ballymenagh Ho., Down E 2
Ballymichael, Donegal D 2
Ballymire Ho., Wicklow A 2
Ballymoe Barony, Galway F 2
Ballymoe Town, Galway F 1
Ballymoe Barony, Roscommon C 3
Ballymogue Ho., Carlow C 2
Ballymoney, Antrim B 2
Ballymoney, Donegal E 2
Ballymoney, Londonderry C 3
Ballymoney Ho., Wicklow E 3
Ballymoney Ho., Wicklow E 4
Ballymoney R., Antrim C 2
Ballymoney Cross Rds. and Fishery, Wexford E 1
Ballymoon, Cas., and Ho., Carlow B 2
Ballymooney Ho., King's Co. F 2
Ballymoran Ho., King's Co. G 2
Ballymore, Longford D 2
Ballymore, Roscommon D 2
Ballymore, West Meath C 3
Ballymore Eustace, Kildare D 3
Ballymore Ho., Wexford D 2
Ballymore L., Mayo D 1
Ballymore Lowr., Donegal D 2
Ballymorran, Down F 3
Ballymote and Sta., Sligo E 3
Ballymullen Ho., Queen's Co. D 3
Ballymulvey Ho., Longford C 3
Ballymurn, Wexford D 3
Ballymurphy, Carlow B 3
Ballymurphy Ho., Carlow C 2
Ballymurray, Roscommon E 5
Ballymurry, Galway F 3
Ballymurtagh Mines, Wicklow D 3
Ballymyre Ho., Armagh C 3
Ballynabarna, West Meath C 3
Ballynabearna Ho., Limerick C 3
Ballynabloun Ho., Kerry A 3
Ballynabola, Wexford B 3
Ballynaboley Ho., Carlow B 2
Ballynabrocky, Wicklow C 2
Ballynacallagh, Cork A 4
Ballynacally, Clare F 3
Ballynacard Ho., King's Co. D 3
Ballynacarrig Br., King's Co. E 3
Ballynacarrig R., Queen's Co. B 1
Ballynacarriga, Cork E 3
Ballynacarrigy, West Meath C 2
Ballynacarrow, Sligo E 3
Ballynacarrow Br., West Meath C 2
Ballynacarry, Armagh C 4
Ballynaclogh, Tipperary B 2
Ballynaclogh R., Limerick F 2
Ballynaclouagh, West Meath D 2
Ballynacooly Cas., Kilkenny C 4
Ballynacorra, Cork G 3
Ballynacourty Ho., Limerick D 2
Ballynacourty Ho., Limerick G 4
Ballynacourty Ho., Tipperary B 4
Ballynacourty Ho., Waterford D 3
Ballynacree Ho., Tipperary A 4
Ballynadrinna Ho., Meath B 3
Ballynadrumny, Kildare B 1
Ballynafagh Ho., Kildare C 2
Ballynafauna and Sta., Cork G 2
Ballynagall, Kerry A 2
Ballynagall, West Meath D 2
Ballynagall, West Meath E 1
Ballynagarbry, West Meath B 3
Ballynagarde Ho., Limerick F 2
Ballynagard Sta., Londonderry B 2
Ballynaglogh, Sligo E 3
Ballynagore, West Meath D 3
Ballynagoshen Ho., Longford C 2
Ballynahallin Ho., Wexford C 2
Ballynahatty, Tyrone D 3
Ballynahinch, Down D 3
Ballynahinch, Limerick G 3
Ballynahinch Barony, Cas., & L., Galway B 2
Ballynahinch Ho., Clare H 2
Ballynahinch Inn, Down E 3
Ballynahinch R., Down D 3
Ballynahone Beg, Armagh C 3
Ballynahone Ho., Armagh C 2
Ballynahown and Court, W. Meath A 3
Ballynahown Bri., Wexford D 2
Ballynakill, Roscommon C 3
Ballynakill, Roscommon F 5
Ballynakill Ho., Carlow B 2
Ballynakill Ho., Kildare C 1
Ballynakill Ho., Limerick D 3
Ballynakill Ho., Limerick E 2
Ballynakill Hr. and L., Galway A 2
Ballynakill L., Galway E 3
Ballynamaddy, Armagh D 4
Ballynameen, Londonderry E 3
Ballynamona, Cork F 2
Ballynamona, Galway G 2
Ballynamona, Longford D 2
Ballynamona, Roscommon E 3
Ballynamona, Roscommon E 5
Ballynamona, Roscommon F 3
Ballynamona, West Meath C 2
Ballynamona Ho., Limerick D 3
Ballynamona Up. & Lr., Longford D 2
Ballynamony Br., Kildare B 4
Ballynamore, Londonderry B 3
Ballynamuck Ho., Waterford C 3
Ballynamuddagh, Wexford D 3
Ballynamuddagh Ho., West Meath B 3
Ballynamult, Waterford C 2
Ballynanty Ho., Limerick F 3
Ballynapatka Ho., Waterford C 3
Ballynaraha, Kilkenny D 4
Ballynard Ho., Tipperary A 4
Ballynascarty, Cork G 3
Ballynascreen Ch., Londonderry D 4
Ballynascreen Ho., Londonderry E 4
Ballynash Cas., Limerick D 2
Ballynaskeagh, Down B 4
Ballynastockan, Wicklow C 2
Ballynastraw Ho. and Cott., Wexford C 1
Ballynastuckaun, Galway E 2
Ballynatena, Wicklow C 2
Ballynatray Ho., Waterford B 3
Ballynattin Ho., Wicklow E 4
Ballynavortha, Wicklow B 4
Ballyneal Ho., Waterford E 2
Ballyneale, Kilkenny D 4
Ballyneally Ho., Limerick E 3
Ballynee, Meath D 2
Ballyneen, Cork E 3
Ballyneety, Limerick F 2
Ballyneety Ho., Limerick H 2
Ballyness Bay, Donegal C 2
Ballyness Mt., Tyrone E 4
Ballynestragh, Wexford E 1
Ballynew, Galway C 3
Ballynew, Galway G 3
Ballynewry Ho., Armagh C 2
Ballynicole, Waterford C 3
Ballynoe, Galway G 3
Ballynoe Ho., Limerick E 3
Ballynolan Ho., Limerick D 2
Ballynultagh, Wicklow C 2
Ballynunnery Cas., Carlow C 2
Ballynure, Antrim F 4
Ballynure Ho., Monaghan A 2
Ballynure Road Sta., Antrim F 4
Ballyorgan, Limerick G 4
Ballyorney, Wicklow E 2
Ballyoughteragh, Kerry A 2
Ballyourney, Cork D 3
Ballypatrick, Tipperary D 4
Ballyphilip, Kilkenny A 2
Ballyphilip Br., Waterford F 2
Ballyphilip Ho., Tipperary D 3
Ballypierce Ho., Carlow C 2
Ballyporeen, Tipperary B 4
Ballyquick Cott., Tipperary B 1
Ballyquin Ho., Clare I 3
Ballyquin Ho., Kilkenny D 4
Ballyquintin Pt., Down G 4
Ballyrafter Ho., Waterford B 3

Ballyraggan Ho., Kildare C 4
Ballyragget, Kilkenny C 2
Ballyraheen Ho., Wicklow B 4
Ballyraine Ho., Wicklow D 4
Ballyrankin Ho., Wexford C 2
Ballyrashane, Londonderry F 2
Ballyre, Cork G 3
Ballyredmond Ho., Carlow D 2
Ballyrihy Ho., King's Co. C 4
Ballyrisode Ho., Cork B 4
Ballyroan, Queen's Co. D 3
Ballyroe Ho., Kildare B 4
Ballyrogan, Londonderry E 2
Ballyrogan Ho., Wicklow E 3
Ballyronan, Londonderry F 4
Ballyroney, Down C 4
Ballyrush, Monaghan E 3
Ballysadare and Bay, Sligo E 2
Ballysadare R., Sligo F 2
Ballysaggartmore Ho., Waterford B 3
Ballysallagh Ho., Carlow D 1
Ballysallagh Ho., Kilkenny D 2
Ballysax Lo., Kildare C 3
Ballyscanlan L., Waterford F 2
Ballyscullion Ch., Antrim C 4
Ballyscullion Ho., Londonderry F 4
Ballyseedy, Kerry C 2
Ballyseskin Ho., Wexford C 4
Ballyshannon, Donegal C 4
Ballyshannon Ho., Kildare B 3
Ballyshear, King's Co. G 2
Ballysheedy Ho., Limerick F 2
Ballysheehan, Tipperary C 3
Ballyshiel Ho., King's Co. C 2
Ballyshonog Ho., Wicklow B 4
Ballysmuttan, Wicklow C 1
Ballysop Ho., Wexford A 4
Ballyspellun Ho., Kilkenny A 2
Ballyspurge, Down G 3
Ballystanly Ho., King's Co. C 4
Ballysteen Ho., Limerick C 2
Ballysteen Ho., Limerick D 2
Ballytarsna, Kilkenny D 4
Ballytarsna Cross Rds., Carlow B 2
Ballytarsna Ho., Tipperary C 3
Ballyteige Bay, Wexford B 4
Ballyteige Cas., Wexford C 4
Ballyteige Ho., Wicklow D 3
Ballyteigelea Lock and Br., Carlow B 3
Ballytohill, Tipperary D 4
Ballytrent Ho., Wexford D 4
Ballytrim Ho., Down F 3
Ballyturin Ho., Galway E 3
Ballyvad Cott., Waterford F 2
Ballyvahan, Clare E 1
Ballyvaghan B., Clare E 1
Ballyvaldon Cross Rds., Wexford E 3
Ballyvally Ho., Clare K 3
Ballyvatten, Kilkenny C 3
Ballyvelton Ho., Londonderry F 2
Ballyvester Ho., Down F 2
Ballyvolane Ho., Cork G 2
Ballyvoy, Antrim E 1
Ballyvoyle Hd., Waterford E 3
Ballywalter, Down G 2
Ballywalter Ho., Cork F 2
Ballywalter Ho., Wexford E 2
Ballyward Ho., Wicklow C 1
Ballyward L., Down C 4
Ballywater Ho., Wexford E 2
Ballywillhill Ho., Down D 4
Ballywilliam, Limerick D 2
Ballywilliam and Sta., Wexford A 3
Ballywilliam Ho., Down F 2
Ballywilliam Ho., King's Co. D 2
Ballywillin and Sta., Longford E 2
Ballywire Ho., Tipperary A 4
Ballyworkan Ho., Armagh D 2
Ballywully, Roscommon D 3
Balmoral Sta., Antrim F 2
Balnacart, West Meath E 1
Balrath, Meath C 2
Balregan Cas., Louth B 1
Balrickard, Dublin E 2
Balrothery, Dublin E 1
Balrothery East Barony, Dublin E 2
Balrothery West Barony, Dublin C 2
Balscaddan, Dublin E 1
Balteagh, Londonderry D 2
Baltimore and Bay, Cork C 4
Baltinglass, Wicklow A 3
Baltrasna, Louth A 2
Baltrasna Ho., Meath A 2
Baltrasna Ho., Meath E 4
Baltray, Louth C 3
Baltyboys Ho., Wicklow B 2
Banada and Abbey, Sligo D 3
Banagher, King's Co. C 2
Banagher, Leitrim B 2
Banagher, Londonderry D 3
Banbridge, Down B 3
Bandon, Cork E 3
Bandon R. Cork D 3
Bane L., Meath A 2
Bane L., West Meath D 1
Banemore Ho., Kerry D 1
Bangor, Mayo B 1
Bangor and Cas., Down F 2
Bangor B., Down E 1
Bann Bri., Wexford C 2
Bann R., Antrim B 3
Bann R., Armagh D 2
Bann R. source, Down C 4
Bann R., Wexford C 2
Bannagh R., Fermanagh D 1
Bannow Bay, Wexford B 4
Bannow I., Wexford B 4
Bannow L., Longford B 3
Bannow L., Longford B 3
Banse, Kilkenny B 3
Bansha, Tipperary B 4
Banteer and Sta., Cork E 2
Bantis Ho., Tipperary B 2
Bantry, Wexford B 3
Bantry Barony and Vil., Cork C 3
Bantry Bay and L. Ho., Cork B 4
Baraghy L., Cavan H 2
Barbavilla, West Meath E 2
Barberstown Cott., Kildare D 2
Bardinch R., Cork D 3
Bargy Barony, Wexford C 4
Bargy Cas., Wexford D 4
Barley Cove, Cork B 4
Barleyhill Ho., Mayo D 2
Barmeath, Louth B 3
Barmona, Carlow B 3
Barn, The, Queen's Co. F 4
Barn Ho., Tipperary C 4
Barn Str., Longford B 2
Barna, Galway D 3
Barna, King's Co. C 4
Barna, Queen's Co. B 2
Barnaboy Ho., King's Co. D 2
Barnacurra, Cork D 2
Barnacurra, Galway F 2
Barnaderg Cas., Galway E 2
Barnadown Ho., Wexford D 1
Barnadown Ho., Wexford E 2
Barnagh Barony, Donegal B 3
Barnagh Hill, Limerick B 3
Barnagh Hill, Limerick C 3
Barnagrotty, King's Co. C 4
Barnagrow L., Cavan G 2
Barnahowna, Galway C 2
Barnakyle Riv., Limerick E 2
Barnane, Tipperary C 2
Barnard Castle, Cork E 3
Barnathasona, Kilkenny B 4
Barnattin, Louth B 3
Barnavave, Louth C 1
Barnes Top, Londonderry D 3
Barnesmore Gap, Donegal D 3
Barnhill Ho., Kildare B 4
Barntick Ho., Clare G 3
Barntown Ho., Wexford C 3
Bar Hall, Down G 3
Barons Court, Tyrone D 2
Baronstown Ho., West Meath C 2
Barra L., Donegal C 3
Barrabehy, Kilkenny C 4
Barrack, Longford C 2
Barrack, Monaghan B 1
Barrack Street, Fermanagh B 2
Barrack Village, Carlow B 3
Barrack Village, Kilkenny C 2
Barrack Village, Waterford C 2
Barrack Village, Wexford A 3
Barracurragh, Tipperary C 3
Barradaw, Cork G 2
Barraderry Ho., Wicklow B 3
Barraduff, Kerry D 2
Barragh Ch., Carlow C 2
Barraghcore Ho., Kilkenny E 3
Barranatraw, Kerry B 3
Barranagh, Mayo A 1
Barranny, Galway D 2
Barratogher, Sligo C 3
Barravally, Kilkenny B 4
Barrell's Rks., Wexford D 5
Barretstown Ho., Kildare C 2
Barretts Barony, Cork F 2
Barrigone, Limerick C 2
Barrington's Bri., Limerick G 2
Barristown, Waterford G 2
Barrogstown Ho., Kildare D 1
Barronstown, Wexford B 3
Barrow Harb, Kerry C 2
Barrow Ho., The, Queen's Co. C 1
Barrow R., source of, Queen's Co. C 2
Barrow R., mouth of, Wexford A 4
Barrowbank Ho., King's Co. G 3
Barrowford Ho., Kildare B 3
Barry, Longford C 3
Barry L., Fermanagh E 3
Barrykilla, Cork G 3
Barrymore Barony, Cork G 2
Barryroe and Ibane Barony, Cork E 4
Barry's Hd., Cork F 3
Barry's Pt., Cork F 4
Barrystown Ho., Wexford B 4
Bartlemy, Cork G 2
Bartleys Grove, Monaghan C 3
Bartragh I., Mayo D 1
Bartramstown Ho., Meath F 3
Bartraw, Mayo B 2
Baskin Ho., West Meath B 3
Batterstown and Sta., Meath E 4
Battle Bridge, Roscommon E 1
Battlefield Ho., Sligo F 3
Battleford Bri., Armagh B 2
Battlemount Ho., Kildare B 3
Baunboy, Kilkenny D 3
Baunmore, Galway F 3
Baunmore Ho., Kilkenny A 2
Baunreaghcong Mt., Queen's Co. B 2
Baunskeha, Kilkenny D 4
Bauntia, Galway G 3
Baunyknav, Galway F 3
Bauraneag, Limerick C 2
Baurearagh R., Kerry D 3
Bauscoob, Kilkenny C 3
Baurtregaum, Kerry C 2
Bauteogue R., Queen's Co. D 3
Bawn, King's Co. G 2
Bawn Hill, Queen's Co. E 2
Bawn Ho., Longford C 2
Bawn L., Monaghan C 3
Bawnboy and Ho., Cavan D 2
Bawnduff, Kerry B 3
Bawnduff R., Mayo B 1
Bawnmore Ho., Wexford A 3
Bawnrush, Queen's Co. B 2
Bayswell Ho., Kilkenny A 2
Baytown Park, Meath E 4
Bayview, Waterford C 4
Beaconstown, Kildare B 4
Beagh, Galway E 2
Beagh Cas., Limerick D 2
Beagh L., Donegal D 2
Beagh R., Galway E 3
Beagmore L., Longford C 1
Beakstown Cott., Tipperary C 3
Beal Pt., Kerry D 1
Bealaclugga, Clare F 1
Bealaha, Clare C 3
Bealanabrack R., Galway C 2
Bealanageary, Cork D 3
Bealin, West Meath E 3
Bealock, Cork D 3
Beanfield Ho., Wexford C 1
Bear Barony, Cork B 3
Bear Haven and I., Cork B 4
Beardiville, Antrim B 1
Bearforest Ho., Cork F 2
Bearhaven Copper Mines, Cork A 4
Bearstown, Kilkenny E 4
Beau Ho., Dublin F 2
Beaufort Ho., Kerry D 2
Beaulieu Ho., Louth C 3
Beaupark Sta., Meath E 2
Beckfield Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Bective Sta., Bri., and Ho., Meath D 3
Bedford Ho., Kerry D 1
Beechabbey, Roscommon E 2
Beech Grove, Kildare C 1
Beech Gr., Monaghan C 2
Beech Hill Ho., Armagh B 3
Beech Mount, Wicklow D 3
Beechmount, Limerick D 2
Beechmount, Wicklow B 4
Beechmount Ho., Tipperary D 3
Beechpark Ho., Clare F 3
Beechwood, Roscommon E 4
Beechwood, Tipperary B 2
Beechwood Ho., Dublin F 3
Beehive, Cavan G 3
Beennaman, Kerry B 2
Beenoskee, Kerry B 2
Beesbrack, Monaghan B 2
Beg L., Kildare B 2
Beg Lough, Londonderry G 4
Beggars End, Kildare D 2
Begnagh Bri., Longford B 2
Begrath, Louth B 3
Behagh, Clare F 1
Beehamore Ho., Tipperary B 2
Behanagh, Limerick H 4
Beilanode, Monaghan B 2
Bekan, Mayo E 2
Belalt, Donegal D 4
Belan Ho., Lo., and Cott., Kildare B 4
Belcamp Park, Dublin E 4
Belcoo, Fermanagh C 3
Belderg Harb., Mayo C 1
Beleek and Sta., Fermanagh B 2
Beleeynamore Mtn., Tyrone G 2
Belfast, Antrim F 5
Belfast Lough, Antrim G 4
Belfast Lower Barony, Antrim F 4
Belfast Upper Barony, Antrim E 5
Belfrim Cas., Tyrone E 2
Belgard Cas., Dublin C 5
Belgooly, Cork F 3
Belhavel and L., Leitrim B 2
Beligny Lower, Donegal C 2
Bella, Roscommon C 2
Bellacorick Br., Mayo C 1
Bellacragher Bay, Mayo B 2
Belladrihid, Sligo F 2
Bellaheady Bri., Cavan D 2
Bellahy, Mayo E 2
Bellahy, Sligo D 4
Bellair Ho., King's Co. B 1
Bellamont Ho., Cavan G 2
Bellanacargy, Cavan F 2
Bellanagare, Roscommon C 2
Bellanamallard & Sta., Fermanagh E 2
Bellanamean R., Sligo C 3
Bellananagh, Cavan E 3
Bellantra Bri., Leitrim C 3
Bellarush Br., Sligo F 3
Bellanascarrow, Sligo F 3
Bellanayoran Br., Meath D 1
Bellarena and Sta., Londonderry D 2
Bellatrain, Monaghan C 3
Bellaugh, Roscommon E 5
Bellavally Gap, Cavan C 2
Bellavary, Mayo D 2
Bellebrook, Kildare E 1
Belleek, Armagh D 3
Belleek, Donegal C 4
Belleek Ab. and Cas., Mayo D 1
Bellefield, King's Co. C 4
Belle Grove, Queen's Co. E 2
Belleisle, Fermanagh E 3
Belle Isle, Donegal C 4
Belle Isle, Tipperary B 1
Belleville, Galway E 2
Belle Vue, Monaghan D 4
Bellevue, Waterford B 3
Bellevue, Wexford C 3
Bellevue, Wicklow E 2
Bellevue Ho., Tipperary A 1
Bellevue Ho., Wicklow D 3
Bellgrove Ho., Roscommon D 4
Bellgrove Ho., Tipperary B 2
Bellia, Clare B 2
Belline Ho., Kilkenny C 4
Bellisland L., Galway E 2
Bellisle, Down C 3
Bellmount, King's Co. C 2
Bellmount, Queen's Co. C 4
Bellmount, West Meath D 3
Bellmount, Wicklow B 4
Bellmount Ho., West Meath D 2
Bellmullet, Mayo A 1
Bellpark Ho., Wicklow E 3
Bellurgan Sta., Louth C 1
Bellview, Queen's Co. C 3
Bellville, Limerick D 3
Bellville Park, Waterford C 3
Belmont, Down D 2
Belmont, Galway E 2
Belmont Ho., Wexford C 3
Belmore Mtn., Fermanagh D 3
Belmount Ho., Carlow B 2
Belmount Ho., Wicklow E 2
Belraugh, Londonderry E 2
Belshade L., Donegal C 3
Beltany Lower, Donegal C 2
Beltoy, Antrim G 4
Beltra L., Mayo C 2
Beltrim Cas., Tyrone E 2
Belturbet, Cavan E 2
Belvidere, West Meath D 3
Belvidere Ho., Cork G 2
Belview, Armagh C 2
Belview, Fermanagh E 3
Belview, Galway G 3
Belview, Louth C 3
Belview, Meath B 2
Belview Ho., Kildare A 3
Belview Ho., Kilkenny D 5
Belview Ho., King's Co. E 1
Belville, Mayo C 1
Belville, West Meath B 3
Belvoir, Down D 2
Belvoir Ho., Clare H 3
Belvue, West Meath F 2
Benady Glen, Londonderry D 3
Benagh Lo., Down B 4
Benalbit, West Meath D 3
Benbaun, Galway B 2
Benbo, Leitrim B 2
Benbrack, Cavan B 2
Benbradagh, Londonderry D 3
Benbulbin, Sligo F 1
Benburb, Tyrone H 4
Bencor, Galway B 2
Ben Creggan, Mayo B 3
Bencroy, Leitrim D 3
Benduff, Tipperary C 2
Benettstown Ho., Wexford D 4
Bengore Hd., Antrim C 1
Bengorm, Mayo B 2
Bengorm, Mayo B 3
Benhead, Meath G 3
Ben Howth, Dublin G 4
Benison L., West Meath E 2
Benmore Mt. and Hd., Mayo C 1
Benmore or Fair Hd., Antrim E 1
Ben Neagh Ho., Antrim D 5
Bennekerry Lo. and Ho., Carlow B 2
Bennettsbridge, Kilkenny C 3

Benraw, Down C 4
Bently Cott., Wexford D 3
Benvardin Ho., Antrim B 2
Benville Ho., Wexford C 4
Benwee Geevraun Pt., Mayo C 1
Benwee Hd., Mayo B 1
Benwee, or Kilcummin Hd., Mayo D 1
Beragh and Sta., Tyrone F 3
Berkeley Forest Ho., Wexford A 3
Bernard Cas., King's Co. D 3
Berry B., Londonderry B 3
Bert Ho., Kildare A 3
Bertraghboy Bay, Galway B 2
Besborough Ho., Kilkenny C 4
Bessbrough, Clare D 4
Bess Brook and Sta., Armagh D 3
Bess Grove, Queen's Co. A 3
Bessfort, Longford C 3
Bessmount Park, Monaghan C 2
Bessy Bell, Tyrone D 2
Betaghstown, Louth C 3
Betaghstown Lo. and Sta., Meath G 2
Betaghstown Cross Rds., Kildare C 2
Bettyfield, Roscommon D 2
Bettyfield Ho., Carlow C 1
Betty Ville, Limerick G 3
Bettyville, Wexford C 3
Bettyville Ho., Dublin E 2
Beybeg Ho., Meath G 2
Beymore Ho., Meath F 2
Big Collin, Antrim E 4
Big R., Louth C 1
Bilberry Hill, Cavan D 2
Bilberry R., Longford B 3
Bilboa, Carlow A 2
Bilboa R., Limerick H 2
Billis Bri., Cavan G 3
Billy, Antrim C 1
Binbeg, Cavan C 1
Binevenagh, Londonderry D 2
Bingham Cas., Mayo A 1
Binghamstown, Mayo A 1
Binroe Cas., Clare E 1
Birchfield Ho., Clare D 2
Birchfield Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Birchgrove Ho., Tipperary C 2
Birdhill, Tipperary A 2
Bird Is., Armagh D 1
Bird's Rock, Sligo E 2
Birdstown Ho., Donegal E 2
Bireencorragh, Mayo C 1
Birmore I., Galway B 3
Birr or Parsonstown, King's Co. C 3
Birr View, King's Co. C 3
Bishops Court, Down F 4
Bishopscourt Ho., Kildare D 2
Bishop's Hall, Kilkenny D 5
Bishops I., Clare B 3
Bishops Palace, Down E 2
Bishopstown Cas., West Meath C 3
Bishops Village, Cork D 4
Black Ball Hd., Cork A 4
Black Bri., Kilkenny D 2
Black Bull, Meath F 4
Black Bush, The, Meath F 4
Black Cas., Wexford C 3
Black Castle, Wicklow E 3
Blackcastle Ho., Meath E 3
Blackford Br., Carlow B 2
Blackford Br., Kildare A 3
Blackford Br., Roscommon A 3
Black Fort, Londonderry E 4
Blackfort Ho., Tipperary B 2
Blackhall, Kildare D 2
Black Hall, Louth C 3
Black Hall, Meath E 4
Blackhall Cas., Kildare D 2
Black Hd., Antrim H 4
Black Head and Bay, Clare E 1
Blackheath Ho., Londonderry E 2
Black Hill, Fermanagh C 1
Black Is., Longford B 3
Black Knob, Waterford H 3
Black Lion, Cavan B 1
Blacklion, Carlow D 2
Black Lion, King's Co. E 2
Black L., Monaghan C 3
Black L., Monaghan C 3
Black Mt., Antrim E 5
Black Mtn., Louth C 1
Blackpool, Cork F 2
Black Quarter Ho., Armagh C 4
Blackrath, Ho., and Cas., Kildare C 3
Black R., The, Cavan B 1
Black R., Fermanagh C 2
Black R., Galway D 2
Black R., Kildare A 2
Black R., Leitrim B 1
Black R., Longford C 1
Black R., Mayo D 3
Black Riv., Tipperary D 3
Black R., Tipperary D 3
Black R., West Meath C 2
Black Rock, Dublin E 5
Black Rock, Louth B 2
Black Rock, Wexford D 5
Blackrock, Cork F 3
Blackrock, Down G 2
Blackrock Ho., Antrim B 1
Black Rock Lt. Ho., Sligo E 2
Black Rock, Wexford D 5
Black Rock Mtn., Wexford B 2
Black Rocks, Cork D 4
Blacksod Bay, Mayo A 1
Blackstairs Mountn., Carlow C 3
Blackstoops Ho., Wexford C 2
Blackwater, Armagh D 3
Black Water, Kilkenny C 4
Black Water, Londonderry E 4
Black Water, Tyrone C 3
Blackwater Vil., Wexford D 3
Blackwater Bri., Kerry C 3
Blackwater Bri., Kildare B 1
Blackwater Harbour, Wexford E 3
Blackwater R., Cavan C 2
Blackwater R., Cavan G 4
Blackwater R., source of, Cork D 3
Blackwater R., mouth of, Waterford B 3
Blackwater R., Down E 3
Blackwater R., Kerry E 2
Blackwater R., Kildare C 1
Blackwater R., King's Co. C 2
Blackwater R., Leitrim E 3
Blackwater R., Meath C 2
Blackwater R., Meath C 4
Blackwater R., Queen's Co. C 2
Blackwater R., Tyrone G 4
Blackwatertown, Armagh B 2
Blackwell Lo., Kilkenny D 3
Blackwood and Cas., Kildare C 2
Blackwood Pt., Longford A 3
Blairs Cove, Cork C 4
Blakestown Ho., Louth A 2
Blakestown Cross Rds., Louth A 3
Blanchardstown, Dublin C 4
Blanchville Ho., Kilkenny D 3
Blandsfort Ho., Queen's Co. D 3
Blaney Bay, Fermanagh D 2
Blarney, Cork F 3
Blasket Is., Great, Kerry A 2
Bleach Hill, King's Co. C 2
Bleach River, Clare I 1
Bleakfield Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Bleanoran, Galway D 2
Bleantasour, Waterford D 2
Blenheim, Waterford G 2
Blennerville, Kerry C 2
Blessingbourne Cott., Tyrone E 4
Blessington, Wicklow B 1
Blind Harbour, Cork D 4
Blind Harb., Mayo B 1
Block Ho. Is., Down C 5
Bloody Foreland, Donegal B 2
Bloomfield, West Meath D 3
Bloomfield, Wexford C 3
Bloomfield, Wicklow D 2
Bloomfield Ho., Mayo D 2
Bloomfield Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Bloomfield Ho., Sligo F 2
Bluebell Ho., Kildare C 2
Blue Stack Mts., Donegal C 3
Blunden Cas., Kilkenny C 3
Bo Lough, Sligo G 3
Boa Is., Fermanagh C 1
Boakefield, Kildare C 3
Boardmills, Down D 3
Bobs Grove, Cavan F 4
Bobsville, Meath B 2
Bodaun, Galway G 2
Boderg L., Roscommon F 2
Bodyke, Clare I 2
Bofin L., Galway C 2
Bofin L., Roscommon F 2
Bog L., Leitrim D 4
Bog of the Ring, Dublin E 1
Boggan, Roscommon F 5
Boggauns, Galway F 2
Boggeragh Mounts., Cork E 2
Boharboy, Louth D 1
Bohateh, Galway F 4
Bohaun, Mayo C 2
Boher, Limerick G 2
Boheraphuca, King's Co. D 3
Boherboy, Cork D 2
Boherboy, Kildare A 1
Boherboy, Kilkenny D 2
Boherduff, Kilkenny C 3
Bohereen, Kildare B 2
Bohergoy Ho., Kildare B 3
Boherlahan, Tipperary C 3
Bohermeen, Meath D 3
Bohernabreena, Dublin C 5
Bohernacross, Longford D 2
Boherquill, West Meath D 1
Bohill Ho., Antrim E 5
Bohola, Mayo D 2
Bohullion, Donegal E 2
Bola L., Galway B 2
Boley Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Boley Cross Rds., Kildare B 3
Boleybeg Bri., Queen's Co. D 3
Boleybeg Ho., Kildare D 3
Boleythomas, Galway F 2
Boleyvogue, Wexford D 2
Bolie, Longford D 2
Boliebaun, Leitrim C 1
Boliska L., Galway D 3
Bolisland Ho., Wicklow B 4
Bolton Mill, Kildare C 4
Boltown Ho., Meath C 2
Bolus Hd., Kerry A 3
Bonebrook, Cavan C 2
Bondville, Armagh A 3
Bond Br., Kildare B 2
Bonabrocka Ho., Wicklow E 3
Bonet R., Leitrim B 2
Bonnetstown Ho., Kilkenny C 2
Boolavonteen, Waterford C 2
Boolteens, Kerry C 2
Boolyglass, Kilkenny C 4
Boom Hall, Londonderry B 2
Boor R., West Meath A 3
Boora L. and Riv., King's Co. D 2
Booterstown, Dublin E 5
Borleagh Ho., Wexford E 1
Boro Bri., Wexford B 3
Boro R., Wexford C 3
Borodale, Wexford C 3
Borohill Ho., Wexford B 3
Borris, Ho., and Sta., Carlow B 3
Borris in Ossory, Queen's Co. B 3
Borrismore Ho., Kilkenny A 2
Borrisnoe Mt., Tipperary C 2
Borrisokane, Tipperary B 1
Borrisoleigh, Tipperary B 3
Borrmount Mt., Wexford C 3
Boston, Clare G 1
Boston, Galway F 3
Bottlehill, Cork F 2
Bougagh L., Monaghan D 4
Boughil, Kerry C 3
Boultypatrick, Donegal C 3
Bovagh Ho., Londonderry F 2
Boveagh and R., Londonderry D 3
Bovedy, Londonderry F 3
Boviel, Londonderry D 3
Bowdstown Ho., Meath E 3
Bowry, Wicklow A 2
Boycetown R., Meath D 3
Boyds Bri., Louth B 3
Boyds Mt., Londonderry D 2
Boylagh Barony, Donegal C 3
Boyle Barony and R., Roscommon D 2
Boyle Town and Sta., Roscommon D 2
Boyne R. and Ho., Meath E 2
Boyne Riv., mouth of, Louth C 3
Boyne Hill Ho., Meath D 3
Brabazon Park, Mayo E 2
Brackbaun Bri., Tipperary B 4
Brackenagh Hall, Down D 5
Brackenstown Ho., Dublin D 3
Brackhill, Kerry C 2
Bracklagh, Cavan E 4
Bracklagh, Galway F 3
Brackley Lough and Lo., Cavan C 2
Bracklin Ho., West Meath F 2
Bracknagh, King's Co. H 2
Bradan L., Tyrone C 3
Brade Ho., Cork D 4
Bradoge R., Donegal C 4
Braganstown, Louth B 2
Braid R., Antrim E 3
Bralieve Mts., Sligo G 3
Bran L., Leitrim C 4
Branchfield, Sligo D 3
Brandon Hd. and Point, Kerry B 2
Brandon and Bay, Kerry B 2
Brandondale Ho., Kilkenny E 3
Brandrum Ho., Monaghan B 2
Brannock I., Galway B 3
Brawny Barony, West Meath A 3
Bray Head, Kerry A 3
Bray Head, Wicklow E 1
Bray Ho., Kildare B 4
Bray and Sta., Wicklow E 1
Bray, Little, Dublin F 6
Bray Mount, Meath D 3
Breaghwy Lo., Mayo D 2
Breakey L., Meath C 1
Breandrum Bri., Leitrim D 4
Bree, Wexford C 3
Breechhill Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Breedoge and R., Roscommon C 2
Breen Ho., Antrim D 2
Breensford R., West Meath A 3
Brees, Mayo D 2
Bresk L., Fermanagh D 2
Brewershill Ho., Wicklow B 2
Brianstown Ho., Longford B 2
Brick R., Kerry D 1
Bricketstown Ho., Wexford B 3
Brickey R., Waterford C 3
Bridebridge, Cork G 2
Bride River, Cork E 3
Bride R., Cork F 2
Brides Head, Wicklow E 3
Brideswell, Roscommon E 5
Bridetree Well, Dublin E 2
Bridge End, Antrim E 5
Bridge End, Donegal D 2
Bridge Hill, Tyrone C 3
Bridgefoot Ho., Dublin E 1
Bridget L., Clare I 2
Bridgetown, Clare I 3
Bridge Town, Donegal E 2
Bridgetown, Donegal E 2
Bridgetown, Leitrim B 1
Bridge Town, Roscommon D 4
Bridgetown, Wexford C 4
Bridgeview, Armagh D 3
Brier Hall, Dublin F 3
Briggs, The, Down F 1
Bright, Down F 4
Brinny River, Cork E 3
Briskill, Lower and Upper, Longford C 2
Brittas, Dublin B 6
Brittas, Kilkenny D 3
Brittas, Meath D 2
Brittas Riv., Wicklow C 1
Brittas Bay and Br., Wicklow E 3
Brittas Cas., Tipperary C 3
Brittas Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Brittas L., West Meath E 2
Broadford, Clare I 3
Broadford, Kildare B 1
Broadford, Limerick D 3
Broad Haven, Mayo B 1
Broad Lough, Wicklow E 2
Broad Meadow Water, Dublin D 3
Broadstone Sta., Dublin D 4
Broadway, Wexford D 4
Brockagh, Mayo C 2
Brockaghboy, Londonderry E 3
Brocker Mt., Tyrone C 4
Brockley Park, Queen's Co. E 2
Brodagh Ho., Clare G 2
Brogeen River, Cork E 2
Broher, Sligo D 4
Brominagh Ho., Tipperary B 1
Brookeborough, Fermanagh F 3
Brookfield Ho., King's Co. E 2
Brook Hall, Londonderry B 2
Brook Hill, Leitrim B 1
Brookhill Ho., Antrim E 5
Brookhill Ho., Kilkenny E 3
Brookhill Ho., Wexford C 3
Brookhill Ho., Mayo D 2
Brook Lawn, Kildare D 1
Brook Lawn, Leitrim F 4
Brooklawn, King's Co. C 4
Brook Lo., Carlow B 3
Brook Lo., Limerick D 3
Brooklodge, Cork G 3
Brookly Ho., Armagh B 3
Brookville, Tipperary B 4
Brookville Ho., Kildare A 1
Brookville Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Broomfield, Monaghan D 3
Broomfield Ho., Carlow C 2
Broomfield Ho., Dublin F 3
Broomfield Ho., Kildare B 4
Broomfield Ho., Wicklow C 3
Broomfield Ho., Wicklow E 2
Broomville Ho., Carlow C 2
Brosna, Kerry E 2
Brosna, King's Co. C 4
Brosna R., King's Co. D 2
Brosna R., West Meath D 3
Broughal Cas., King's Co. D 2
Broughderg R., Tyrone F 2
Broughillstown Ho., Carlow C 1
Broughshane, Antrim E 3
Brow Head, Cork B 4
Browasbarn Ho., Kilkenny D 3
Browneshill Ho., Carlow B 2
Brown Flesk, Kerry D 2
Brownhall, Mayo D 2
Brown Hill, Londonderry D 3
Brownlow Ho., Armagh E 2
Brown Park, Wexford C 2
Browns B., Antrim G 3
Browns Bay, Sligo D 2
Browns Mills, Cork F 3
Brownscross Ho., Dublin C 2
Brownsford Ho., Kilkenny D 4
Brownstown, Sligo B 2
Brownstown Hd., Waterford G 3
Brownstown Ho., Kildare C 3
Brownstown Ho., Kildare C 3
Brownstown Ho., Meath E 3
Brownstown Ho., Tipperary C 3
Bruce Hall, Cavan D 3
Bruce's Cas., Rathlin Is., Antrim E 1
Bruff, Limerick F 3
Bruree, Sta., and Ho., Limerick F 3
Brusna R., Sligo B 3
Bryansford, Down D 4
Buckfield, Roscommon C 4
Buckna, Antrim E 3
Buckoogh, Mayo C 2
Buckroney Ho., Wicklow E 3
Buffy L., Galway D 2
Bulbaun, Wicklow C 2
Bulbin, Donegal E 2

Bulgaden, Limerick F 3
Bull Pt., Antrim D 1
Bull Wall (Breakwater), Dublin F 4
Bullabu R., Donegal D 3
Bullaun, Galway F 3
Bullock Har., Dublin F 5
Bulls Hd., Kerry B 2
Bull's Ring, The, Kildare B 1
Bullyglass, Mayo D 2
Bullys Corner, Carlow D 1
Bulrath, Meath C 2
Bunaninver, Donegal C 2
Bunatrahir Bay, Mayo C 1
Bunaw, Kerry C 3
Bunbeg, Donegal C 2
Bunbrosna, West Meath D 2
Buncraggy Ho., Clare F 3
Buncrana, Donegal E 2
Buncrowey R., Sligo C 2
Bundoran and Sta., Donegal C 4
Bundoran Junc., Tyrone C 4
Bundorragha, Mayo B 3
Bunduff Br., Leitrim A 1
Bunerky L., Cavan C 2
Bunglass, Kildare B 1
Bunlacken, Queen's Co. C 4
Bunlacky R., Donegal B 4
Bunlohy, Longford D 2
Bunlough Pt., Mayo B 2
Bunmahon and Bay, Waterford E 3
Bunnagee, Donegal F 2
Bunnahone L., Fermanagh C 2
Bunnahow L. and Ho., Galway E 3
Bunnanaddan, Sligo E 3
Bunnanilra, North & South, Sligo B 2
Bunnoe B., Cavan F 2
Bunny L., Clare G 1
Bunoke R., Limerick C 3
Bunowen B. and Cas., Galway A 2
Bunowen R., Galway G 2
Bunowen R., Mayo B 2
Bunratty, East and West, Clare H 3
Bunratty Lower, Barony, Clare G 3
Bunratty Upper, Barony, Clare G 2
Bunratty River, Clare H 3
Bunree, Sligo B 3
Burgage Ho., Carlow A 2
Burgagemoyle Cott., Wicklow B 2
Burial I., Down G 3
Burke's Is., Waterford F 3
Burkestown Cross Rds., Wexford A 4
Burke Ville, Galway F 3
Burley Br., Louth A 2
Burnbrook, Roscommon E 5
Burnchurch, Kilkenny C 3
Burncourt and Riv., Tipperary B 4
Burnfoot, Donegal E 2
Burnham, Kerry B 2
Burntollet Riv., Londonderry C 3
Burren and Barony, Clare F 1
Burren Riv., Carlow B 2
Burrishoole, Mayo C 2
Burrishoole Barony, Mayo B 2
Bursk L., Monaghan D 4
Burton Hall, Kildare B 4
Burtown Cross Rds., Kildare B 4
Bush R., Antrim B 2
Bush Sta., Louth C 2
Busherstown Ho., Carlow C 2
Busherstown Ho., King's Co. C 4
Bushfield, Kildare B 4
Bushfield, Mayo D 2
Bushfield, Mayo D 3
Bushfield, Tipperary A 2
Bushfield Ho., Kildare B 2
Bushmills, Antrim C 1
Bushville, Wexford D 4
Bushy Park, Dublin D 5
Bushy Park, Wicklow E 1
Bushypark Ho., Clare F 2
Bushypark Ho., Limerick D 1
Bushypark Ho., Roscommon D 4
Butlers Bri., Cavan E 2
Butlerstown, Cork E 4
Butlerstown Cas., Wexford D 4
Butlerstown Cas. & Ho., Waterford F 2
Butter Mt., Wicklow C 1
Butter Water, Armagh C 3
Buttermilk Bri., Armagh D 2
Buttevant and Sta., Cork F 2
Bweeng Cross Roads, Cork E 2
Byers Corner, Armagh B 2
Byrnes Hill, Queen's Co. B 3

C

Cabinteely, Dublin F 5
Cabra Cott. and Cas., Cavan I 3
Cabragh, Londonderry E 4
Cabragh, Meath C 2
Cabragh, Sligo G 3
Cabragh Cas., Tipperary C 3
Cabragh Ho., Down C 4
Cabragh Ho., Dublin D 4
Cabraghkeel, Sligo B 2
Cabry, Donegal F 2
Cadamstown, Kildare B 1
Cadamstown, King's Co. E 3
Cagosh, Donegal B 3
Caha Mountains, Cork C 3
Caha R., Cork D 3
Caheer L., Mayo E 2
Caheny, Londonderry F 3
Caher, Galway C 3
Caher, Roscommon B 3
Caher and Sta., Tipperary C 4
Caher Br., Waterford F 3
Caher Hill, Limerick B 3
Caher Is., Mayo A 2
Caher R., Limerick B 4
Caher R. and Ho., Clare H 2
Caherass Court and Ho., Limerick E 2
Caherbarnagh, Cork D 2
Caherbarnagh, Kerry E 2
Caherconlish, Limerick G 2
Caherdaniel, Kerry B 3
Caherduggan Ho., Cork G 2
Caherelly Cas. and Cott., Limerick F 2
Caherline Ho., Limerick G 2
Cahermacun Ch., Clare E 1
Cahermore, Cork A 4
Cahermoyle Ho., Limerick C 2
Cahermurphy, Clare E 3
Cahernacapols Ho., Queen's Co. E 2
Cahernahallia R., Limerick H 2
Cahernallia R., Tipperary B 3
Cahernarry Ho., Limerick F 2
Cahernrush Pt., Clare D 2
Cahersiveen, Kerry B 3
Cahir, Limerick F 2
Cahiracon Ho., Clare F 4
Cahircalla Ho., Clare F 2
Cahirconree, Kerry C 2
Cahore Ho. and Pt., Wexford E 2
Caldragh, Longford B 2
Caledon and Ho., Tyrone G 4
Calf Is., Cork C 4
Calf, The, Dursey Hd., Cork A 4
Calla Mountains, Kerry C 3
Callan and Barony, Kilkenny B 3
Callan R., Armagh B 3
Callenberg Ho., Monaghan E 4
Callies R., Leitrim F 4
Calloughs L., Leitrim F 4
Callow, Mayo D 2
Calluragh, Galway F 3
Calmullin Ho., Meath E 4
Calnacleha Bri., Mayo E 2
Calroostown, Louth C 3
Caltra, Galway F 2
Caltragh, Roscommon E 5
Caltragh, Roscommon E 5
Caltragh, Roscommon F 4
Caltragh Cas., Longford B 3
Calverstown and Ho., Kildare C 3
Cam L., Armagh D 4
Cam Lo., Roscommon E 5
Camagh Bri., West Meath D 1
Camagh L., Leitrim E 3
Camaross Mt., Wexford B 3
Camas Ho., Limerick C 3
Camas Ho., Limerick F 3
Camas Ho., Tipperary C 3
Camcor R., King's Co. C 3
Cameron Is., Tipperary A 2
Camla Ho., Monaghan C 2
Camlin, Roscommon D 2
Camlin Gap, Carlow B 3
Camlin R., Longford B 2
Camlough and Mt., Armagh D 3
Camoge Riv., Limerick F 2
Camolin and Sta., Wexford D 2
Camolin Park Ho., Wexford D 2
Camowen R., Tyrone F 3
Camp, Kerry C 2
Camphire Ho., Waterford B 3
Camport Bay, Mayo A 2
Campsey, Londonderry B 2
Campsey Ho., Londonderry B 2
Camross, Queen's Co. B 2
Cams Br., Sligo F 3
Camus B., Galway C 3
Camus Ho., Londonderry F 2
Canal Harbour, West Meath D 3
Canbo L., Roscommon D 2
Canglass Pt., Kerry B 3
Cangort, Lo., and Park, King's Co. C 4
Cannerstown Cas., West Meath B 2
Cannon Isle, Down E 2
Cannonstown Ho., Meath C 2
Canon Is., Clare F 3
Canpile, Wexford A 4
Capard Ho., Queen's Co. C 2
Capard, Ridge of, Queen's Co. C 2
Capel I., Cork H 3
Capeldale, Down E 3
Capira, Galway G 3
Cappacorcoge, Galway D 2
Cappagh, Galway E 2
Cappagh, Galway F 2
Cappagh, Galway F 3
Cappagh, Galway G [illegible]
Cappagh, Kildare B [illegible]
Cappagh Burn, Tyrone E 2
Cappagh Ch., Tyrone E [illegible]
Cappagh Copper Mine, Cork C [illegible]
Cappagh Ho., Carlow C 2
Cappagh Ho., Kildare C 1
Cappagh Ho., Limerick D [illegible]
Cappagh Ho., Waterford C [illegible]
Cappagh Mt., Tyrone G 3
Cappagh White, Tipperary B [illegible]
Cappaghabaun Mt., Clare I 2
Cappaghmore, Galway E 3
Cappaghmore, Roscommon F 5
Cappagowlan, King's Co. E [illegible]
Cappaharoe, Tipperary A [illegible]
Cappalough Ho., Queen's Co. C 1
Cappalusk, Galway F [illegible]
Cappamore, Kerry D [illegible]
Cappamore, Limerick G 2
Cappamurragh, Tipperary C [illegible]
Cappanaloha, Cork C [illegible]
Cappanihane Ho., Limerick E 3
Cappard Ho., Galway E 3
Cappateemore, Clare H [illegible]
Cappeen, Cork E 3
Cappenagh Ho., Carlow C 2
Cappoge, Dublin D [illegible]
Cappoquin and Ho., Waterford B 3
Cappy Ho., Fermanagh E 3
Capragh, Monaghan D [illegible]
Caragh Br. and Lough, Kerry C [illegible]
Caragh R., Kerry C [illegible]
Caran More, Roscommon D [illegible]
Carbery East, E. Division, Barony, Cork E [illegible]
Carbery East, W. Division, Barony, Cork D 3
Carbery I., Cork B [illegible]
Carbery West, E. Division, Barony, Cork D [illegible]
Carbery West, W. Division, Barony, Cork C [illegible]
Carbury and Barony, Kildare B 1
Carbury Barony, Sligo E 1
Carbury Sweep, Kildare B 1
Cardington Ho., Kildare A 3
Cardtown Ho., Queen's Co. B 2
Carey R., Antrim D 1
Cargin Ho., Roscommon D 3
Cargin L., Fermanagh F 3
Cark, Donegal D 3
Carlanstown, Meath D 2
Carlingford, Louth C 1
Carlingford Lough and Mt., Louth C 1
Carlisle Fort, Cork G 3
Carlonstown Cas., West Meath E 1
Carlow and Sta., Carlow B 1
Carlow Barony & Barracks, Carlow B 2
Carlton Ho., Down C 3
Carlust L., Armagh D 3
Carn, Londonderry E 3
Carn, Longford C 3
Carn Clonhugh, Longford C 2
Carn Hill, Antrim F 4
Carnhill, Mayo B 1
Carn Ho., Cavan D 2
Carn L., Leitrim E 4
Carna Ho., Wexford D 4
Carnacross, Meath C 2
Carnagh Ho., Wexford A 3
Carnagh Ho. and Mill, Armagh B 3
Carnaneel, Louth D 1
Carnanelly, Tyrone G 2
Carnareagh Ft., Down D 4
Carnaveagh Ho., Monaghan C 3
Carnbane, Meath B 2
Carnbane Ho., Down C 3
Carncastle, Antrim F 3
Carncastle Lo., Antrim G 3
Carncoagh, Antrim D 3
Carncormick, Antrim E 3
Carndonagh, Donegal F 2
Carnew, Wicklow C 4
Carnew Ho., Down C 3
Carney, Sligo E 1
Carney Cas., Tipperary B 2
Carnkenny, Tyrone D 2
Carnlough, Antrim E 3
Carnlough B., Antrim F 3
Carnmeen Ho., Down B 4
Carnmoney, Antrim F 4
Carnmore, Fermanagh G 3
Carn Park, West Meath B 3
Carns, Sligo C 3
Carnsore Pt., Wexford D [illegible]
Carnteel, Tyrone G [illegible]
Carntogher, Londonderry E [illegible]
Carra Barony, Mayo D [illegible]
Carrabaun, Galway D 2
Carrachor Ho., Monaghan B 2
Carran L., Fermanagh D [illegible]
Carrannore, Antrim E [illegible]
Carrantuohill, Kerry C [illegible]
Carraun, Sligo B 3
Carrick, Donegal B 4
Carrick, Londonderry D 2
Carrick, Wexford B 4
Carrick Cas., Kildare A 1
Carrick Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Carrick Ho., West Meath D 3
Carrick Ho., West Meath E 1
Carrick L., Fermanagh C 2
Garrickacottia, Donegal C 4
Carrickanarna, Leitrim B 2
Carrickaneane, Meath F 2
Carrickanna, Waterford E 3
Carrickaport L., Leitrim C 3
Carrick-a-raide I., Antrim D 1
Carrickart, Donegal D 2
Carrickbeg, Waterford E 1
Carrickbein, Wexford A 3
Carrick Blacker, Armagh D 2
Carrickborrahane Ho., Waterford E 3
Carrickboy, Longford C 3
Carrickbroad Ho., Armagh D 4
Carrickbyrne Hill, Wexford B 3
Carrickbyrne Lo., Wexford B 3
Carrickdale Pt., Sligo C 1
Carrickduff, Carlow C 3
Carrickedmond Ho., Louth B 1
Carrickfergus Bar. and Tn., Antrim G 4
Carrickfergus Junction, Antrim F 4
Carrickhugh Sta., Londonderry C 2
Carrickmacross, Monaghan D 4
Carrickmines, Dublin E 6
Carrickmore, Tyrone F 3
Carricknacleara, Clare C 3
Carrick-on-Shannon, Leitrim C 4
Carrick-on-Suir, Tipperary E 4
Carrickshock, Kilkenny C 4
Carrick Water, Galway C 2
Cary Barony, Antrim D 1
Carrig, Cork D 4
Carrig, Cork F 2
Carrig, Tipperary C 1
Carrig Hill, Cavan D 2
Carrig I., Kerry D 1
Carrig Lo., Cork D 3
Carrigacunna Cas., Cork F 2
Carrigadda Bay, Cork G 3
Carrigadoon Hill, Tipperary E 4
Carrigafoyle Cas., Kerry D 1
Carrigagulla Ho., Cork E 3
Carrigaholt, Clare B 4
Carrigaline, Cork F 3
Carrigallen, Leitrim F 4
Carrigaloe, Cork G 3
Carrigan Hd., Donegal A 4
Carrigane, Cork G 2
Carrigans and Sta., Donegal E 3
Carrigbeg Ho., Wexford D 1
Carrigboy, Cork C 4
Carrigeen, Galway E 3
Carrigeen Ho., Cork G 2
Carrigeenagappul, Roscommon E 3
Carrigeencor L., Leitrim B 2
Carrigeenina, Tipperary B 4
Carrigeennaveagh, Waterford G 2
Carrigerry Ho., Clare G 3
Carrighahorig, Tipperary B 1
Carrighallen Barony, Leitrim E 3
Carrigilliby, Cork D 4
Carriglead Lock, Carlow B 3
Carrignavar, Cork F 3
Carrigogunnel Cas., Limerick E 2
Carrigoran Ho., Clare G 3
Carrigtohill, Cork G 3
Carrigtuke, Armagh C 3
Carrigullian L., Down E 3
Carrive, Antrim E 3
Carolls Hill, King's Co. D 3
Carron Mtn., Limerick F 4
Carroon, Galway F 2
Carrow, Longford B 3
Carrowbeg, Donegal F 2
Carrowdore and Cas., Down F 2
Carrowgar Lo., Clare D 2
Carrowilkin, Sligo D 3
Carrowkee Hill, Sligo F 3
Carrowkeel, Donegal F 2
Carrowkeribly L., Mayo D 1
Carrowlaur, Roscommon F 2
Carrowmenagh, Londonderry E 3
Carrowmore, Galway E 3
Carrowmore, Mayo D 3
Carrowmore Ho., Mayo D 1
Carrowmore L., Mayo B 1
Carrowmore L., Mayo D 2
Carrowmore Pt., Clare C 3
Carrowmorris, Sligo D 2
Carrownabanny L., Sligo D 3
Carrownisky R., Mayo B 2
Carrowreagh, Sligo D 2
Carrowreagh, Up. & Lr., Roscommon D 5
Carrowroe, Galway D 2
Carrowroe, Roscommon E 4
Carrowilkin, Sligo D 3
Carrs Bri., Fermanagh E 3
Carryduff, Down D 2
Carsons Dam R., Down E 3
Castlereagh Barony, Roscommon D 3

Carstown, Louth C 3
Cartanstown L., Louth B 3
Carton, Kildare D 1
Cartown Ho., Limerick D 2
Cartron, Roscommon E 2
Cartron, Sligo C 3
Cartron Ho., Longford C 3
Casheen Bay, Galway B 3
Cashel, Cork D 4
Cashel, Donegal B 4
Cashel, Donegal D 2
Cashel, Galway F 2
Cashel and Sta., Tipperary C 3
Cashel Lo., Longford B 3
Cashel Loughs, Armagh C 4
Cashel Upper, Donegal C 4
Cashen R., Kerry D 1
Cashla Bay, Galway C 3
Cashlieve Ho., Roscommon B 3
Cassagh, Wexford A 3
Cassaugh Moune, Monaghan C 1
Castle Archdall, Fermanagh D 2
Castle Blunden, Kilkenny C 3
Castle Caldwell, Fermanagh C 2
Castle Cambie, Tipperary A 2
Castle Cary, Donegal F 2
Castle Cauldfield, Tyrone G 3
Castle Chichester, Antrim G 4
Castle Comfort, Limerick G 2
Castle Cosby, Cavan E 3
Castle Daly, West Meath B 3
Castle Dargan Ho., Sligo F 2
Castle Dawson, Londonderry F 4
Castle Farm, Limerick G 3
Castle Fogarty, Tipperary C 3
Castle Forbes, Longford B 2
Castle Freke, Cork E 4
Castle Garde, Limerick H 2
Castle Garden Ho., King's Co. C 2
Castle Gray, Limerick D 2
Castle Haven, Cork D 4
Castle Howard, Wicklow D 3
Castle Hume, Fermanagh D 2
Castle I., Cork C 4
Castle I., Down F 3
Castle Jevers, Limerick F 3
Castle Leslie, Monaghan C 2
Castle Lloyd, Limerick H 2
Castle Lodge, Limerick F 2
Castle L., Cavan H 3
Castle Nogent, Longford D 2
Castle Oliver, Limerick G 3
Castle Otway, Tipperary B 2
Castle Park, Cork E 2
Castle R., Londonderry D 2
Castle Rock Sta., Londonderry E 1
Castle Saunderson, Cavan E 2
Castlebar and L., Mayo C 2
Castlebellingham and Sta., Louth B 2
Castleblakeney, Galway F 2
Castleblayney and Sta., Wexford B 3
Castleboro Ho. and Cas., Wexford B 3
Castleboy, Galway E 3
Castlebridge, Wexford D 3
Castlecaldwell Sta., Fermanagh C 2
Castlecaulfield, Tyrone G 3
Castlecomer and Ho., Kilkenny C 2
Castleconnell and Sta., Limerick G 1
Castleconor, Sligo B 3
Castlecoo Hill, Louth C 3
Castlecoote, Roscommon C 4
Castlecor, Meath A 2
Castlecor Ho., Cork E 2
Castlecore Ho., Longford C 3
Castlecuffe Cas. & Hamlet, Queen's Co. B 2
Castlederg, Tyrone C 2
Castledermot, Kildare C 4
Castledockrell, Wexford C 2
Castledonovan Br., Cork D 3
Castlefield Ho., Kilkenny D 3
Castlefinn, Donegal E 3
Castlefore, Leitrim D 3
Castlegaddery, West Meath C 2
Castlegannon, Kilkenny C 4
Castlegar, Galway G 2
Castlegregory, Kerry C 2
Castlegrogan Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Castlehill Ho., Mayo C 1
Castleisland, Kerry D 2
Castlejordan Bri., Meath B 4
Castlekevin, Wicklow D 2
Castlekirk, Galway C 2
Castleknock and Barony, Dublin C 4
Castlelackan, Mayo D 1
Castlelake, Tipperary C 3
Castlelake Ho., Clare H 3
Castlelough, Tipperary A 2
Castlelyons, Cork G 2
Castlemagarret Ho., Mayo E 2
Castlemaine and Harb., Kerry C 2
Castlemartin, Kildare C 3
Castlemartyr, Cork H 3
Castlemartyr Ho., Cork G 3
Castlemitchell Ho., Kildare A 3
Castlemore, Mayo F 2
Castlemore Ho. and Moat, Carlow C 2
Castlemorris, Kilkenny C 4
Castlenancy, Galway F 3
Castlepark Ho., Roscommon E 5
Castlepark Ho., Tipperary B 3
Castleplunket, Roscommon D 3
Castlepollard, West Meath E 1
Castlequin, Kerry B 3
Castlerahan Barony, Cavan G 3
Castlerea, Longford C 3
Castlereagh, Mayo D 1
Castlereagh, Town, Bar., and Sta., Roscommon C 3
Castlereagh, Lower Barony, Down E 2
Castlereagh, Upper Barony, Down D 3
Castlerickard, Meath C 4
Castleroberts, Limerick E 2
Castleroe Ho., Londonderry E 2
Castleroe Ho. & Cross Rds., Kildare B 4
Castlerogy, Leitrim E 3
Castleruddery Ho Wicklow B 3
Castlesampson, Roscommon E 5
Castleshane and Ho., Monaghan C 2
Castlesize, Kildare D 2
Castlestrange, Roscommon D 4
Castle Tenison, Roscommon D 1
Castletimon Ford, Wicklow E 3
Castleton Ho., Limerick D 2
Castletown, Clare F 1
Castletown, Cork E 3
Castletown, Kildare D 1
Castletown, Queen's Co. C 3
Castletown, Limerick E 3
Castletown, Longford B 2
Castletown, Meath D 2
Castletown, Meath E 3
Castletown, Sligo F 2
Castletown and Sta., West Meath C 3
Castletown Ho., Carlow B 2
Castletown Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Castletown Ho., Kilkenny B 4
Castletown Ho., Sligo B 2
Castletown Ho., Sligo B 2
Castletown Ho., Wexford D 4
Castletown Ho., Wexford E 1
Castletown R., Louth B 1
Castletownarra Ch., Tipperary A 2
Castletown Bearhaven, Cork B 4
Castletown Conyers, Limerick E 3
Castletownoche, Cork F 2
Castletownsend, Cork D 4
Castle View, Queen's Co. B 3
Castleview Ho., Tipperary B 2
Castle Waller, Tipperary A 3
Castleward Ho., Down F 3
Castlewarden Ho., Kildare D 2
Castle Warren, Kilkenny D 2
Castlewarren, Kilkenny D 2
Castlewellan, Down C 4
Castlewellan, Cas., and L., Down D 4
Castle Willington, Tipperary B 2
Castlewood Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Castle Wray, Donegal D 3
Catherine L., Tyrone D 2
Catherines Bay, Wexford A 4
Cat Cross Rds., Kildare C 2
Catstown, Kilkenny C 4
Causetown Ho., Meath C 3
Causeway, Kerry C 1
Causeway Hd., Antrim B 1
Causeway W., Down C 5
Cavan, Donegal D 3
Cavan, Sta., and College, Cavan E 3
Cavan Junct., West Meath D 3
Cavanagrow Ho., Armagh C 2
Cave Hill, Antrim F 5
Cave of Dunmore, Kilkenny C 2
Cavetown and L., Roscommon D 2
Cecil Ho., Tyrone F 4
Cecilstown, Cork E 2
Celbridge, Kildare D 1
Chaffpool Ho., Sligo E 3
Chanter Hill, Fermanagh E 2
Chapel Is., Down F 2
Chapel Vil. and Sta., Wexford B 3
Chapelizod, Dublin C 4
Chapelizod Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Chapelmidway, Dublin D 3
Chapeltown, Antrim D 4
Chapeltown, Down F 4
Chapeltown, Kerry C 2
Charlemont, Armagh B 2
Charlesfort, Meath C 2
Charlesfort, Sligo C 2
Charlesfort Ho., Wexford C 2
Charles Town, Tyrone G 2
Charlestown, Armagh D 1
Charlestown, King's Co. E 2
Charlestown, Louth A 2
Charlestown, Mayo E 2
Charlestown Ho., Leitrim C 4
Charlestown Ho., West Meath D 2
Charleville, Cork E 1
Charleville, Louth B 2
Charleville Cas., King's Co. E 2
Charleville Ho., Mayo D 2
Charleville Ho., Queen's Co. A 3
Charleville Ho., West Meath C 3
Charleville Ho., Wicklow D 1
Charleville Junc., Limerick F 3
Checker Hall, Antrim D 2
Cheekpoint, Waterford G 3
Cheeverstown Cas., Dublin C 3
Cherry Green, Limerick E 3
Cherryfield, Roscommon D 3
Cherrymills Ho., Kildare B 3
Cherrymount, Armagh E 3
Cherrymount, Meath C 3
Cherrymount Ho., Wicklow D 3
Cherry Vale, Monaghan D 3
Cherryville Ho., Queen's Co. F 3
Chimneyparks, Sligo D 3
Chimney Rock, Down D 5
Chinauley, Down B 3
Christhianstown Ho., Kildare B 2
Christianstown Ho., Louth B 2
Church Bay, Antrim D 1
Churchboro, Roscommon E 4
Church Hill, Armagh C 2
Church Hill, Donegal D 3
Church Hill, Fermanagh C 2
Church Hill, Monaghan D 3
Church Is., Sligo F 3
Church Is. (L. Owel), West Meath D 3
Church-L., Leitrim E 3
Church Mt., or Slieve Gadoe, Wicklow B 3
Church Village, Mayo D 1
Church Town, Donegal E 3
Churchtown, Cork E 2
Churchtown, Cork G 2
Churchtown, Kerry C 2
Churchtown, Limerick C 3
Churchtown, West Meath C 3
Churchtown, Wexford A 3
Churchtown Ho., Meath D 3
Churchview Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Cinquefoil, Roscommon E 4
Clabby, Fermanagh F 3
Cladagh R. and Bri., Fermanagh D 3
Cladagh or Swanlinbar R., Fermanagh D 3
Claddagh Cas., Galway E 2
Clady, Tyrone C 2
Clady and Water, Antrim E 4
Clady R., Donegal C 2
Claggan, Donegal F 3
Claggan, Galway C 3
Clammers Pt., Wexford B 4
Clanabogan, Tyrone D 3
Clanawley Barony, Fermanagh D 3
Clanboy Bri., Longford D 2
Clandeboye Sta., Down E 2
Clandonagh Barony, Queen's Co. B 3
Clane Barony and Village, Kildare C 2
Clane Br., Kildare C 3
Clangibbon & Condons Barony, Cork G 2
Clanhugh Lo. and Sta., West Meath D 3
Clankee Barony, Cavan G 3
Clankelly Barony, Fermanagh G 3
Clanmahon Barony, Cavan E 3
Clanmaurice Barony, Kerry D 1
Clanmorris Barony, Mayo D 2
Clansast, Kildare C 1
Clanwilliam Barony, Limerick F 3
Clanwilliam Barony Tipperary B 3
Clara, King's Co. E 1
Clara Bri., Wicklow D 3
Clara Cas., Kilkenny D 3
Clare, Armagh D 3
Clare, Clare G 3
Clare, Down B 3
Clare or Claremorris, Mayo E 3
Clare Barony, Galway E 3
Clare Is., Mayo A 3
Clare Mount, Meath G 3
Clare R., Galway E 2
Clare R., Tipperary A 3
Clareen, King's Co. C 3
Clareen, King's Co. D 3
Claregalway, Galway E 3
Claregalway R., Galway D 3
Claremount Ho., Mayo E 2
Claremount Ho., Roscommon D 3
Clare Park, Antrim D 1
Claret Rock Ho., Louth B 1
Claretuam, Galway E 2
Clare View, Limerick A 2
Clareville Ho., Carlow B 2
Clareville Ho., Clare F 1
Clarina, Limerick E 3
Clarinbridge, Galway E 3
Clarkville Ho., King's Co. H 3
Clarmallagh Barony, Queen's Co. C 3
Clashavoon, Cork E 3
Clashawley R., Tipperary D 3
Clashmore, Waterford C 3
Clashnabrock, Cork F 2
Clashymore Harb., Sligo D 1
Classaghroe, Galway F 2
Classylaun Harb., Sligo F 1
Claudy, Londonderry C 3
Claudy and R., Londonderry F 3
Claureen R., Clare F 3
Clawinch, Longford A 3
Clay Lake, Armagh B 3
Cleady, Kerry D 3
Cleanagh, Queen's Co. D 3
Clear, Cape, Cork C 4
Clear I., Cork C 4
Clear View Ho., Kildare B 2
Cleggan B., Galway A 2
Cleggan Lo. and R., Antrim E 3
Clements Town, Cavan G 2
Clermont, Louth B 2
Clermont, Wicklow E 2
Clermont Carn, Louth C 1
Clew Bay, Mayo B 2
Clifden, Kilkenny D 3
Clifden Cas., Galway A 2
Clifden Ho., Clare F 2
Clifton, Galway F 2
Clifton Ho., Down E 2
Clifton Ho., Meath C 3
Clifton Lo., Fermanagh F 3
Cliff Lo., Waterford G 3
Cliffony, Sligo F 1
Clifford Ho., Cork F 2
Cliffort, Cork E 3
Clinoe Cott., Limerick F 2
Clobemon Hall, Wexford C 2
Clodiagh R., King's Co. E 2
Clodiagh R., Queen's Co. B 1
Clodiagh R., Tipperary B 3
Clodiagh R., Waterford E 2
Clody R., Wexford B 2
Cloganodfoy Cas., Limerick G 4
Clogga, Kilkenny C 5
Clogh, Kilkenny C 1
Clogh, Wexford D 2
Clogh and R., Antrim D 3
Clogh Mills, Antrim D 2
Clogh R., Kilkenny D 1
Cloghage Brook, Wicklow D 2
Cloghagh R., Kilkenny C 2
Cloghan, Roscommon D 4
Cloghan, West Meath E 2
Cloghan and Hill, King's Co. C 2
Cloghan Cas., King's Co. B 3
Cloghan Ho., King's Co. C 3
Cloghane, Kerry B 2
Cloghanodfoy Cas., Limerick F 4
Cloghans, Kerry B 2
Cloghany, Fermanagh D 3
Cloghanulk, Clare D 1
Clogharinka Cas., Kilkenny C 2
Cloghastucan, Antrim F 2
Cloghaun, Clare E 1
Cloghaun, Galway D 2
Cloghaun L., Clare D 3
Cloghboy, Donegal B 3
Cloghbrack, Galway C 2
Cloghchurnel Lower, Longford E 2
Cloghchurnel Upper, Longford D 2
Cloghcorr, Antrim C 1
Cloghdonnell, Cork C 4
Clogheen, Tipperary C 4
Clogher, Longford B 2
Clogher, Longford B 3
Clogher, Louth C 3
Clogher, Roscommon D 2
Clogher, Roscommon D 3
Clogher, Sligo F 4
Clogher and Barony, Tyrone E 4
Clogher Hd., Kerry A 2
Clogher Hd., Louth C 3
Clogher Ho., Mayo D 2
Clogher R., Donegal C 3
Clogher R., Donegal D 3
Cloghernagh Br., Waterford G 2
Clogherny, Tyrone E 3
Clogh fin R., Tyrone E 3
Cloghjordan, Tipperary B 2
Cloghleafin, Cork F 2
Clogh more and Sta., Galway C 3
Cloghran, Dublin E 3
Cloghroe R., Donegal D 3
Cloghy and Bay, Down G 3
Clogrenan Ho., Carlow B 2
Clohamon and Ho., Wexford C 2
Clomoney Bri., Carlow B 3
Clonabream, Meath B 2
Clonacody Ho., Tipperary D 4
Clonad Wood, King's Co. F 2
Clonagh, King's Co. E 2
Clonakilty and Bay, Cork E 4
Clonallan Ch., Down B 5
Clonamully Ho., Monaghan B 2
Clonard, Dublin E 1
Clonard, Grt. and Lit., Wexford D 4
Clonaslee, Queen's Co. B 2
Clonatin Ho., Wexford E 1
Cloncbeale Ho., King's Co. C 3
Clonbrock and R., Galway F 2
Clonbulloge, King's Co. H 2
Clonburren Ho., Carlow B 2
Cloncarneel Ho., Meath C 3
Cloncloney Ho., Kilkenny C 5
Cloncoskoran Ho., Waterford D 3
Cloncourse Bri., Queen's Co. C 2
Cloncumber Lo., Kildare B 2

Cloncurry, Kildare C 1
Clondagad, Clare F 3
Clondalkin, Dublin C 5
Clondaw, Wexford D 2
Clonderalaw Barony, Clare E 3
Clonderalaw Ho. and Bay, Clare E 3
Clondervis, Meath A 2
Clondrohid Rect., Cork D 5
Clone Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Clonea, Waterford E 2
Clonea Cas., Waterford D 2
Clonea Cas., Waterford E 2
Clonearl Ho., King's Co. F 2
Clonee, Meath F 4
Cloneen Ho., Tipperary D 4
Clonegall, Carlow C 2
Clonegath Ho., Kildare A 3
Clonelly Ho., Fermanagh D 1
Clonervy, Cavan F 2
Clones and Sta., Monaghan A 2
Cloney Bri., Kildare A 3
Clonfeade, Tyrone H 4
Clonfert Palace, Galway G 2
Clonganny Ho., Wexford E 2
Clongarret, King's Co. H 2
Clongeen, Wexford B 4
Clongorey Bawn, Kildare C 2
Clongoweswood College, Kildare C 2
Clonkeen, Kildare B 1
Clonkerdin Ho., Waterford C 3
Clonlea L., Clare H 3
Clonlisk Barony, King's Co. C 3
Clonlonan Barony, West Meath B 3
Clonlost Ho., West Meath E 2
Clonlyon, King's Co. C 2
Clonmacken Ho., Limerick E 2
Clonmacnoise, King's Co. B 2
Clonmacnowen Barony, Galway G 3
Clonmain, Armagh C 2
Clonmannan Ho., Wicklow E 2
Clonmaskill, West Meath F 3
Clonmeen Ho., Kildare A 1
Clonmel, Tipperary D 4
Clonmellon, West Meath F 1
Clonmelsh Ho., Carlow B 2
Clonmethan, Dublin C 2
Clonmines Ho., Wexford B 4
Clonmore, Galway D 2
Clonmore, King's Co. H 1
Clonmore, Wexford C 3
Clonmore, Wicklow B 4
Clonmore and Cas., Carlow D 3
Clonmore Ho., Carlow B 2
Clonmoyle Ho., West Meath E 3
Clonmullen, Carlow C 3
Clonmass B., Donegal D 2
Clonmult, Cork G 3
Clonoe, Tyrone H 3
Clonogan Ho. and Cas., Carlow D 3
Clonough R., Wexford E 1
Clonony, King's Co. C 2
Clonoulty, Tipperary C 3
Clonown, West Meath C 2
Clonreher Cas., Queen's Co. C 2
Clonroche, Wexford B 3
Clonrush, Galway F 4
Clonsast, King's Co. H 2
Clonshavoy, Limerick G 3
Clonshire Riv. and Ho., Limerick D 3
Clonsilla, Dublin B 4
Clonswords Ho., Dublin D 2
Clontarf, Dublin E 4
Clontoe, Monaghan B 3
Clonty L., Cavan D 2
Clontylew Ho., Armagh C 2
Clonuff Bri., Kildare B 2
Clonvaraghan Mt., Down D 3
Clonygowan, King's Co. G 2
Clonyharp Cas., Tipperary C 3
Clonyhurk, King's Co. G 3
Clonyn Ho., West Meath F 2
Cloon L., Kerry C 3
Cloon L., Mayo C 2
Cloon R., Clare E 3
Cloonacleigha L., Sligo E 3
Cloonacolly L., Roscommon A 2
Cloonacool, Sligo D 3
Cloonagh Ho., Roscommon D 5
Cloonagh L., Roscommon A 3
Cloonaghlin, Cork B 4
Cloonaghlin L., Kerry C 3
Cloonaghmore R., Mayo D 1
Cloonahee Ho., Roscommon E 2
Cloonakilleg, Roscommon C 1
Cloonakillina L., Mayo F 1
Cloonalis Ho., Roscommon B 3
Cloonart Bri., Longford B 3
Cloonbalt Ho., Longford C 2
Cloonbarry Ho., Meath C 2
Cloonbarry Ho., Sligo C 3
Cloonbo L., Leitrim D 4
Cloonbony Ho., Longford B 2
Cloonbonny Ho., West Meath A 3
Clooncah, Galway F 3
Clooncah, Roscommon E 3
Clooncah, Roscommon E 4

Clooncallow Ho., Longford C 3
Clooncoe L., Leitrim E 4
Clooncogaile, Waterford C 2
Clooncoorha, Clare D 3
Clooncoose, Longford C 2
Clooncoran Ho., Roscommon D 5
Clooncorick Cas., Leitrim F 4
Clooncose L., Longford C 1
Clooncraff, Roscommon E 4
Cloonculiaun L., Roscommon E 3
Cloondara, Longford B 2
Cloondarah, Roscommon D 4
Cloone and R., Leitrim B 4
Cloonee, Longford C 2
Cloonee Cott., Limerick E 3
Cloonee Loughs, Kerry C 3
Clooneen, Galway D 2
Clooneen Beg, Roscommon D 4
Clooneen Ho., King's Co. C 3
Clooneen R., Sligo E 3
Clooneenagh Ho., Clare D 3
Clooney Ho., Clare G 2
Clooney L., Donegal B 3
Cloonfad Ho., Roscommon E 2
Cloonfaris, Galway F 2
Cloonfin L. and Ho., Longford D 2
Cloonfinlough Ho., Roscommon E 3
Cloonfree L., Roscommon D 3
Cloonfush, Galway E 2
Cloongowla, Mayo D 3
Clooningan, Sligo C 3
Cloonkea, Galway G 3
Cloonkeen, Galway E 2
Cloonkeen, Galway F 2
Clooncker, Longford C 3
Cloonlara, Clare I 3
Cloonmachan L., Clare E 2
Cloonmore, Roscommon E 4
Cloonmore Ho., Mayo E 2
Cloonphierce, Roscommon E 3
Cloonshannagh Ho., Longford D 2
Cloontuskert, Roscommon F 3
Clooonty, Leitrim A 1
Clooonty L., Sligo F 1
Clooonusker, Clare I 2
Clooonyquin Ho., Roscommon D 3
Clopook Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Cloragh, Dublin D 5
Clorane Ho., Limerick F 3
Closet, The, and Riv., Armagh D 2
Clough, Down D 4
Cloughey Burn, Antrim B 2
Cloughjordan, King's Co. B 4
Clover Hill, Antrim D 5
Clover Hill, Leitrim E 3
Clover Hill, Monaghan C 3
Cloverhill, Cavan E 2
Cloverhill, Roscommon D 4
Cloverhill Ho., Sligo E 2
Cloyne, Cork G 3
Cluid, Galway E 2
Cluster, The, Armagh C 3
Clydagh, Galway D 3
Clydagh, Roscommon A 3
Clydagh R., Kerry E 2
Clydagh R., Kerry E 3
Clydagh R., Mayo D 2
Clynaoartan, Kerry A 3
Coachford, Cork E 3
Coagh, Tyrone I 3
Coagh L., Sligo E 3
Coal Ch., Wexford D 4
Coal Island, Tyrone H 3
Coalbrook Ho., Tipperary D 3
Coaville Ho., King's Co. G 1
Cobourg Lo., Kildare B 3
Cock Brook, Wicklow B 2
Cock Hill, Donegal E 2
Cock Mt., Down C 4
Cods Hd., Cork A 4
Coggrey Ho., Antrim E 4
Cogush, Donegal B 3
Cole Hill, Meath B 4
Colebreene, Londonderry F 2
Colebrooke and Riv., Fermanagh F 2
Coleman L., Monaghan A 3
Coleraine and Barony, Londonderry E 2
Coleraine Ho., King's Co. E 2
Coleraine Ho., Tipperary C 3
Coleraine, N. E. Liberties of, Londonderry F 2
Colgagh, King's Co. G 2
Colgagh Ho. and L., Sligo F 2
Colligan R. and Br., Waterford C 3
Collin Top, Antrim E 3
Collinstown, West Meath E 2
Collinstown Ho., Kildare E 1
Collon, Louth B 3
Collooney and Sta., Sligo E 2
Collorus, Kerry C 3
Colt I., Dublin F 1
Columbkille Cott., Clare F 1
Columbkille Pt., Armagh C 1
Comber, Down E 2
Comeragh Mts., Ho., & L., Waterford D 2
Conager, Kildare D 3

Condons and Clangibbon Bar., Cork G 2
Cones, The, Queen's Co. B 2
Coney Island, Armagh C 1
Coney Island, Down F 4
Coney Island, Sligo E 2
Coneyburrow Erl., Louth B 2
Coneyglen B., Tyrone F 2
Confey, Kildare E 1
Cong, Galway D 2
Conlawn H., Queen's Co. C 2
Conlig, Down E 2
Conn Lough, Mayo D 1
Conna, Cork G 2
Connabury Ho., Monaghan D 3
Connamara, Galway B 2
Connello, Lower Bar.; Limerick D 2
Connello, Upper Bar., Limerick D 3
Connonagh, Cork D 4
Connons Bri., Kildare B 3
Connor, Antrim D 4
Conogher Bri., Antrim B 2
Conor's Is., Sligo E 1
Cons Town, Armagh C 3
Convamore, Cork F 2
Convent Ho., Waterford C 3
Convoy, Donegal D 3
Conway L., Leitrim C 3
Cooanmore Bay, Sligo C 2
Cooksborough Ho., West Meath E 2
Cookstown, Sligo B 2
Cookstown, Tyrone H 3
Cookstown Ho., Louth A 2
Cookstown Junc., Antrim D 4
Cookstown R., Wicklow D 1
Coola Cott. and Bri., West Meath C 3
Cooladangan Ho., Wicklow D 4
Coolagarybeg, King's Co. G 2
Coolagh, Galway D 2
Coolaghflags, Kilkenny B 3
Coolalough Ho., West Meath C 3
Coolalug and Bri., Wicklow C 4
Coolamber, West Meath D 1
Coolamoney, Louth A 2
Coolaney, Sligo E 2
Coolattin, Wicklow B 4
Coolattin Park, Wicklow C 4
Coolavin and Barony, Sligo F 4
Coolavoher, Londonderry C 3
Coolavully, Antrim F 3
Coolballintaggart Lo., Wicklow C 3
Coolbeha Ho., Kerry D 1
Coolbawn Ho., Wicklow C 4
Coolbawn Ho. and Cott., Wexford B 3
Coolboy, Donegal D 3
Coolboy and Ho., Wicklow C 4
Coolcarrigan Ho., Kildare B 2
Coolcashin Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Coolcliffe Ho., Wexford B 4
Coolcor Ho., Kildare B 1
Coolcull Ho., Wexford B 4
Coolcullen R., Kilkenny D 2
Coolderry Ho., King's Co. C 3
Coolderry Ho., Monaghan D 4
Cooldorragha, Cork D 3
Coole, Galway E 3
Coole, West Meath D 1
Coole Barony, Fermanagh F 3
Coole Cas., King's Co. D 2
Coole Cas. and L., Fermanagh E 2
Coole Ho., Tipperary C 4
Cooleen, Sligo C 3
Cooleen Ho., Limerick E 3
Coolestown Barony, King's Co. H 2
Cooley Pt., Louth D 2
Coolfin Ho., Waterford F 2
Coolfitch, Kildare D 2
Coolgreany, Wexford E 1
Coolhull Cas., Wexford B 4
Coolin, Galway C 2
Coolishal Ho., Wexford D 2
Coolkenna Street, Wicklow B 4
Coolkeeragh, Londonderry B 2
Coolkirk, Louth C 3
Coolmanagh St., Carlow D 1
Coolmeen, Roscommon D 4
Coolmoonan, Kildare C 2
Coolmore, Cork G 3
Coolmore, Donegal C 4
Coolmore Ho., Kilkenny D 4
Coolmountain Ho., Cork D 3
Coolnagour, Queen's Co. B 3
Coolnagour Ho., Waterford C 3
Coolnahau, Kilkenny D 4
Coolnakisha Br., Carlow A 2
Coolnamara Cross Rds., Carlow B 3
Coolnamuck, Waterford E 1
Coolnamuck Ho., Kilkenny D 4
Coolamunna Ho., Tipperary B 2
Coolnareen, Queen's Co. C 3
Coolnasillagh, Londonderry E 3
Coolnavoe, Donegal D 3
Coolock and Barony, Dublin E 4
Coologe L., Cavan D 2
Coolpark, Sligo C 2
Coolrain, Queen's Co. B 3
Coolroe Ho., Kilkenny E 3

Coolrus Ho., Limerick E 3
Coolticormac, Cork E 2
Coolum Lo., Waterford G 3
Coolure, West Meath D 1
Coolvally, Wexford B 2
Coolyermer L., Fermanagh D 3
Coolyhane, Carlow B 3
Coolykeerane, Cork D 2
Coomacarrea, Kerry C 3
Coomasaharn, Kerry C 3
Coomcalec, Kerry B 3
Coomhola River, Cork C 3
Coomnahincha and Harb., Kerry B 3
Coonagh, Limerick E 2
Coonagh Barony, Limerick H 2
Coonana, Kerry A 3
Cooneen and C. Water, Fermanagh G 3
Coonen Hill, Meath G 2
Coonlanagh, Queen's Co. E 3
Coonogue, Carlow C 3
Cooper Hill, Queen's Co. F 3
Cooperhill Ho., Limerick E 2
Cooperhill Ho., Sligo F 3
Cooralacare and Riv., Clare D 3
Coosan Lough, West Meath A 3
Cootehall, Roscommon E 2
Cootehill and Sta., Cavan G 2
Cooter L., Galway E 3
Copeland Island, Down G 1
Coppanagh Gap, Kilkenny D 3
Coppenagh Cas., Carlow C 2
Copperalley, West Meath G 2
Coppony L., Cavan F 2
Copse Ho., Wicklow D 3
Coragh L., Cavan G 2
Coragh L., Monaghan B 3
Corballis, Meath G 2
Corballis Ho., Dublin D 3
Corballis Ho., Dublin F 3
Corbally, Kildare D 1
Corbally, Roscommon D 3
Corbally Ho., Galway E 2
Corbally Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Corbally L., Roscommon D 2
Corbally Sth., Sligo B 3
Corbalton Hall, Meath E 3
Corbeg Ho., King's Co. C 2
Corbet L., Down B 3
Corboley, Galway D 3
Corbollis Ho., Louth B 2
Corboy Upper, Longford C 2
Corcomroe Abbey, Clare F 1
Corcomroe Barony, Clare E 2
Corcrain Ho., Armagh D 2
Corcreeghagh, Louth A 2
Corderry Ho., Louth A 1
Cordoo L., Monaghan C 3
Corduff, Leitrim E 3
Corduff Ho., Dublin E 2
Corduff Ho., Kildare C 2
Corfad, Monaghan C 3
Corfin L., Monaghan C 3
Corglass L., Cavan G 3
Corglass L., Longford C 1
Corgrave, King's Co. C 2
Corick Mt., Londonderry E 3
Corickmore, Tyrone E 2
Cork and Barony, Cork F 3
Cork Abbey, Dublin F 6
Cork Harbour, Cork G 3
Corkagh Ho., Dublin C 5
Corkaguiny Barony, Kerry B 2
Corkaree Barony, West Meath D 2
Corkeen Is., Tipperary A 2
Corker R., Donegal B 3
Corkhill Ho., Sligo D 2
Corkip L., Roscommon E 5
Corkley R., Armagh C 3
Corlat Ho., Monaghan C 2
Corlea, Longford B 3
Corliss L., Armagh C 4
Corlougharoe, Monaghan B 3
Cormaglava Ho., Longford B 3
Cormeen Cott., Cavan G 4
Cormey Bri., Monaghan D 4
Cormoy Ho., Monaghan E 3
Cornabrass L., Fermanagh F 4
Cornacarta Lough, Roscommon E 1
Cornadrung Cott., Longford D 1
Cornagillagh, Donegal D 3
Cornaglare L., Monaghan B 2
Cornaglea Ho., Cavan G 3
Cornagrow L., Cavan F 3
Cornaher, West Meath D 3
Cornakill Ho., Cavan H 4
Cornamucklagh, Galway G 2
Cornamucklagh, Londonderry F 3
Cornapark, Longford D 3
Cornasaus, Cavan H 3
Cornascreeb Ho., Armagh D 2
Cornashesk, Cavan G 4
Cornecassa Ho., Monaghan B 2
Cornfield Ho., Mayo D 2
Coronation Plantation, Wicklow C 2
Corr Ho., West Meath C 2
Corra R., Clare I 2

Corrabella Ho., Tipperary C 4
Corrabut Gap, Carlow C 3
Corrachro Ho., Fermanagh A 3
Corradoo L., Sligo F 3
Corradooey, Donegal E 3
Corradoon Ho., Waterford C 2
Corradoran, Louth A 2
Corraghbridge Ho., Limerick D 2
Corralea, Roscommon E 5
Corralongford L., Fermanagh G 2
Corramore, Roscommon D 4
Corran Barony and L., Sligo E 3
Corran Lake, Cork D 4
Corran R., Armagh C 3
Corrandoo, Galway F 2
Corraneary L., Cavan G 3
Corraneary Lo., Cavan D 3
Corranroo, Clare G 1
Corranroo Ho., Galway E 3
Corratimore, Leitrim B 2
Corratinner L., Cavan G 3
Correen Ho., Roscommon E 6
Corrib, Lough, Galway D 2
Corrib R., Galway D 3
Corries Lo. and R., Carlow B 3
Corrigadrohid, Cork E 3
Corrinshigo Ho., Cavan I 3
Corrofin, Clare F 2
Corrstown Ho., Dublin C 3
Corry L., Fermanagh G 3
Corry Lo., Leitrim C 3
Corrymore Lo., Carlow B 3
Corsleive, Mayo B 1
Corstown Loughs, Meath E 1
Cortial L., Louth A 1
Cortiskea, Galway F 1
Corville, Cavan D 2
Corville Ho., Tipperary C 2
Corvish, Donegal F 2
Cosby Castle, Cavan E 3
Coshlea Barony, Limerick G 3
Coshma Barony, Limerick F 3
Coshmore & Coshbride Barony, Waterford B 3
Costello Barony, Mayo E 2
Cot Br., Dublin C 6
Cottage, The, Kildare D 2
Cottage Grove, Leitrim B 1
Coulagh and Bay, Cork A 3
Coumbeg, Tipperary A 2
Coumduala L., Waterford D 2
Coumduff, Kerry B 2
Coumshingaun L., Waterford D 2
Country Ho., Carlow B 2
County Bri., Louth C 1
County Bri. and Water, Armagh C 4
County Water, Monaghan E 3
Coura L., King's Co. C 2
Couragh, Cork G 3
Courceys Barony, Cork F 4
Cournellan Mill, Carlow B 3
Court, The, Kilkenny D 3
Courtaur Cas., Kilkenny C 3
Courtbane L., Louth A 1
Courtmacsherry and Bay, Cork E 4
Courtnacuddy Cross Rds., Wexford B 3
Courtown Ho., Kildare C 1
Courtown Ho. and Harb., Wexford E 2
Courttown Ho., Kildare A 3
Cow and Calf, Down E 4
Cox's Hill, Armagh D 2
Coy Ford, Kildare C 2
Crab Island, Clare D 1
Crab Lane, Wicklow B 4
Crabtree R., Kildare B 2
Craddanstan Ho., West Meath F 2
Cradockheel Cas., Clare H 3
Craigbrien Ho., Clare F 3
Cragg Ho., Tipperary A 3
Craghy L., Donegal C 3
Cragleagh Ho., Clare F 2
Craig, Tyrone F 2
Craig Abbey, Galway F 3
Craigagh, Londonderry D 3
Craigavad Sta., Down E 2
Craigavole, Londonderry E 3
Craigdarroch Ho., Down E 1
Craigdoo, Down C 4
Craiggore, Londonderry D 2
Craigmore, Londonderry E 3
Craignagapple, Tyrone E 2
Craignamaddy, Antrim C 1
Craignamaddy, Tyrone E 2
Craigs, Donegal E 3
Craigs Ch., Antrim C 3
Craigywarren, Antrim D 3
Crana R., Donegal F 2
Cranagh, The, Londonderry F 2
Cranagh, Tyrone F 2
Cranagh Ho., Tipperary C 2
Cranagher Ho., Clare G 2
Cranagill, Armagh C 2
Cranalagh, Longford D 2
Crancam, Roscommon F 5
Cranemore Ho., Carlow C 2
Cranfield, Antrim C 4
Cranfield and C. Pt., Down C 5
Cranford Bri., Donegal D 2
Cranna Ho., Tipperary A 2
Crannagh Barony, Kilkenny B 2
Crannagh Ho., Roscommon F 5
Crannford, Wexford D 1
Cranroe, Kilkenny D 2
Cratlieve, Down C 3
Cratloe Cas., Sta., and Wood, Clare H 3
Craud, Meath F 2
Craughwell and Sta., Galway E 3
Crawfords Lo., Tipperary D 2
Crawfordsburn, Down E 2
Crawfordsburn Ho., Down E 1
Crazy Corner, West Meath F 2
Creadan Hd. and Ho. Waterford H 2
Creagh, Cork D 4
Creagh Castle, Cork F 2
Creagh Ho., Mayo D 3
Creagh Lo., Roscommon D 6
Cream Pt., Clare D 2
Crebilly Ho., Antrim D 3
Crecharmore, Roscommon D 5
Creegh R., Clare D 3
Creehennan, Donegal F 2
Creemully, Roscommon C 4
Creeslough, Donegal D 2
Creeve Ho. and L., Monaghan C 3
Creevagh, Sligo G 3
Creevagh Ho., Londonderry A 3
Crevagh Vil. and Hd., Mayo D 1
Creevaghmore, Longford C 3
Creevelea Abbey, Leitrim A 2
Creeves, Limerick C 2
Creevinishaughy Is., Fermanagh D 2
Creevy, Mayo C 1
Creevy Ho., Longford E 2
Creevy L., Down D 3
Creevyquin, Roscommon E 4
Cregaclare, Galway E 3
Cregan, Londonderry C 2
Cregg, Clare E 1
Cregg and Ho., Tipperary E 4
Cregg Castle, Cork G 2
Cregg Cas. and R., Galway D 2
Cregg Ho., Sligo E 2
Cregg Pt., Galway G 3
Cregga Ho., Roscommon E 3
Creggan, Donegal E 2
Creggan, Roscommon F 5
Creggan, Roscommon F 5
Creggan, Sligo E 4
Creggan and R., Armagh C 4
Creggan L., West Meath A 2
Creggan R., Armagh D 3
Cregganconroe, Tyrone G 3
Creggane Cas., Limerick E 3
Creggaun, Limerick E 2
Creggs, Galway G 2
Cremorgan Ho., Queen's Co. D 3
Cremorne Ho. and Bar., Monaghan C 3
Crescent Ho., Louth B 2
Crettyard Bri., Kilkenny D 1
Crew, Tyrone D 2
Crew Hill, Kildare D 1
Crew Mount, Antrim D 5
Crilty Ho., Tyrone G 4
Crindle, Londonderry D 2
Crine Cas. Clare H 3
Crinkill, King's Co. C 3
Croagh, Fermanagh B 1
Croagh, Limerick D 2
Croagh Patrick, Mayo B 2
Croaghaun Mt., Mayo A 2
Croaghan, Cavan D 2
Croaghan Is., Armagh D 1
Croaghmoyle, Mayo D 2
Croaghnakeela I., Galway A 3
Croan L., Roscommon D 5
Croangar L., Donegal C 3
Croboy L., Meath B 4
Crockada Bri., Fermanagh G 3
Crockalough, Donegal F 1
Crockalougha, Londonderry D 3
Crockaneel, Antrim E 2
Crockaun, Queen's Co. F 3
Crockawilla, Londonderry D 4
Crockberry Hill, Kildare C 1
Crockbane, Tyrone G 2
Crockbrack, Londonderry D 4
Crockcor, Londonderry E 3
Crockets Town, Sligo B 3
Crockrour, Tyrone E 2
Croghan and Ho., Roscommon D 2
Croghan Hill, King's Co. G 1
Croghan Kinsella, Wicklow D 4
Crom Cas., Fermanagh F 3
Cromoge R., Tipperary C 3
Cromore, Londonderry E 1
Crompaun R., Limerick E 1
Cromwells Hill, Limerick G 2
Cromwellsford Ho., Carlow C 1
Crone, Wicklow D 2
Cronelea Ho., Wicklow B 4
Cronleagh Ho., Wicklow B 4
Cronohill, Cork G 2
Cronroe Ho., Wicklow E 3
Cronybyrne Ho., Wicklow D 3
Cronyhorn Ho., Wicklow B 4
Cronykeery, Wicklow E 2
Crookedwood, West Meath E 2
Crookhaven and L. H., Cork B 4
Crookstown, Cork E 3
Crookstown Bri., Kildare C 3
Croom and Ho., Limerick E 2
Crosaghstown, Longford D 2
Cross, Clare B 4
Cross, Waterford C 3
Cross, The, Meath E 3
Cross L., Mayo A 1
Cross L., Mayo B 2
Cross Barry, Cork F 3
Cross Forts, Cavan F 2
Cross Guns, Meath D 2
Cross Hill, Tyrone A 2
Cross Water, Cavan G 4
Crossabeg, Wexford C 3
Crossakeel, Meath B 2
Crossanavar, Wicklow C 3
Crossbane L., Armagh B 3
Crossboyne, Mayo D 2
Crosscool Harb., Wicklow B 1
Crossdall L., Armagh A 3
Crossdoney and Sta., Cavan E 3
Crossdrum Ho., Meath A 2
Crossfarnoge or Forlorn Pt., Wexford C 4
Crossfintan Pt., Wexford D 4
Crossfood Br., Waterford C 4
Crossgar, Down E 3
Crosshaven and Fort, Cork G 3
Cross Keys, Armagh B 3
Cross Keys, Cavan F 3
Crosskeys, Kildare A 3
Cross Keys, Londonderry F 0
Cross Keys, Meath E 3
Cross Keys, Meath B 2
Cross Keys, Wicklow A 2
Crossmaglen, Armagh C 4
Crossmolina, Mayo C 1
Crosspatrick, Wicklow C 4
Crossroads, Donegal C 2
Crossursa, Galway D 2
Crosswell, Galway F 2
Crotanstown Ho. and Lo., Kildare C 3
Crotlieve Mt., Down B 5
Crotta Ho., Kerry D 1
Crotty's L., Waterford D 2
Crow Hd., Cork A 4
Crow Hill, Armagh C 2
Crow R., Donegal B 3
Crowbally, Kilkenny D 4
Crowhill Lo., Kilkenny B 2
Crowmartin Ho., Louth A 2
Cruagh, Galway A 2
Cruicetown Ho., Meath C 2
Cruiserath Ho., Dublin C 3
Cruit Is., Donegal B 2
Crumlin, Dublin D 5
Crumlin and Sta., Antrim D 5
Crumlin R., Antrim E 5
Crump I., Galway B 2
Crumpaun, Galway C 3
Crumpaun R., Mayo C 2
Crunaun Br., Roscommon B 2
Cruninish, Fermanagh D 1
Crusheen, Clare G 2
Cuckoo Corner, Carlow C 1
Cuddagh Glebe, Leitrim B 2
Cuffsborough Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Cuffsborough Cross Rds., Queen's Co. C 3
Cuffs Town, Sligo B 2
Cuilcagh, Cavan C 1
Cuilcagh, Cavan G 3
Cuilcagh Gap, Fermanagh D 3
Cuillaghan L., Cavan D 2
Cuilleenirwan L., Roscommon E 5
Culbane, Londonderry G 3
Culcavy, Down C 3
Culdaff and B., Donegal F 2
Cullahill, Queen's Co. C 2
Cullahill Cas., Tipperary B 4
Cullaun, Kilkenny E 4
Cullaun, Limerick H 2
Cullaun L., Clare F 2
Cullaunyheeda L., Clare H 3
Callaville, Armagh C 4
Cullaville Sta., Monaghan E 3
Culleen, Roscommon E 3
Culleen Ho., West Meath D 2
Cullen, Cork D 2
Cullen, Tipperary A 3
Cullen Hill, Fermanagh D 2
Cullen Ho., Meath E 2
Cullenagh Barony, Queen's Co. D 3
Cullenagh Hill & Abbey, Queen's Co. D 3
Cullenagh R. and Bri., Clare E 2
Cullenstown and Ho., Wexford B 3
Cullentra Ho., Wexford C 3
Cullies Ho., Cavan E 2
Cullin L., Kilkenny D 5
Cullin L., Mayo D 2
Cullinane, Antrim E 3
Cullion, Tyrone D 1
Cullion Bridge, Down B 3
Cully Water, Armagh D 4
Cullybackey and Sta., Antrim D 4
Cullyhanna, R., and L., Armagh C 4
Culmore, Antrim B 3
Culmore Pt., Londonderry B 2
Culnady, Londonderry F 3
Culnafay Ho., Antrim C 4
Culray, Longford D 2
Cultra, Down E 2
Cumber Br., Down D 3
Cumber Ho., Londonderry B 3
Cumber Lower Ch., Londonderry B 3
Cummeen Ho. and Strand, Sligo E 2
Cummer, Wexford A 3
Cummeragh, Kerry B 3
Cummurk R., Donegal C 3
Cunnel L., Mayo B 2
Cunningburn, Down F 2
Curchtown, Wexford D 4
Curlieu Hills, Sligo F 4
Curly R., Londonderry D 2
Curracloe Ho., Wexford D 3
Curragh, Down F 3
Curragh, Fermanagh E 3
Curragh, Galway E 2
Curragh, Kilkenny B 4
Curragh, Wicklow B 4
Curragh and Bri., Kildare C 2
Curragh, The, and Encampment, Kildare B 3
Curragh Chase Ho., Limerick D 2
Curragha, Meath F 3
Curraghabeen, Roscommon E 5
Curraghboy, Roscommon E 6
Curraghclady, Leitrim E 5
Curraghgorm, Cork G 2
Curraghgraigne, Wexford B 2
Curraghmore, Kilkenny D 4
Curraghmore Ho., Waterford E 2
Curraghmore Ho., Wexford A 4
Curraglass, Cork G 2
Currahen and Sta., Cork F 3
Curralanty, King's Co. C 3
Curran, Londonderry F 4
Curranagh, Galway F 2
Currane L., Kerry B 3
Currans, Kerry D 2
Curraun Peninsula, Mayo B 2
Currenstown Ho., Tipperary C 4
Curristown Ho., West Meath F 2
Currowbane Ho., Clare G 3
Curry, Sligo D 3
Curryard, Sligo F 1
Curryfree, Londonderry B 3
Currygrane Ho. and L., Longford D 2
Curryquin, Tipperary B 2
Curve Bri., Kildare B 2
Cushaling Br., King's Co. H 2
Cushaling River, Kildare B 2
Cushendall, Antrim E 2
Cushendun, Antrim E 2
Cusher River, Armagh D 2
Cushina, King's Co. G 2
Cushina R., Kildare A 2
Cushina Riv. and Ho., King's Co. H 2
Cussan, Kilkenny B 4

D

Daar R., Limerick C 3
Daffy Lo., Kildare D 2
Dahybaun L., Mayo C 1
Daisy Hill, Armagh B 3
Dale R., West Meath F 2
Dalgan Ho., Mayo D 3
Dalgan R., Mayo E 2
Dalla R., Cork D 2
Dalkey, Dublin F 5
Dalkey I., Dublin G 5
Dalligan R., Waterford D 3
Dallingstown, Down B 3
Dallyhaysy, Dublin E 1
Daly Cas., Galway E 3
Dalys Bri., Meath C 2
Dalystown, Galway F 3
Dalystown Ho., West Meath C 2
Damerville, Tipperary A 4
Danes Cast, The, Down A 4
Danesfield Ho., Galway D 2
Danesfort, Cork E 2
Danesfort, Fermanagh C 3
Danesfort, Roscommon E 2
Danesfort Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Danesfort Ho., Limerick D 3
Danesfort Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Dangan, Cork G 3
Dangan Ho., Clare G 3
Dangansallagh Ho., Tipperary C 2
Dangar Ho. and Park, King's Co. D 4
Daphney Cas., Wexford C 2
Darcy's Str., King's Co. C 1
Dardistown, Meath G 3
Dargle R., Wicklow E 1

Darkley and D. Lower, Armagh B 3
Daroge Ho., Longford C 3
Darragh Ho., Limerick G 4
Darraghville, Wicklow E 2
Darrynane Abbey and Bay, Kerry B 3
Dart Mt., Tyrone F 2
Dartfield, Galway F 3
Darton, Armagh B 2
Dartree Barony, Monaghan B 3
Dartrey Ho., Monaghan B 3
Dartry Lo., Armagh B 2
Darver Cas., Louth B 2
Dash Bri., Longford C 2
Daurnett Burn, Donegal D 3
Davidstown, Kilkenny D 5
Davidstown Ho., Kildare C 4
Davillaun I., Mayo A 3
Davillaun More I., Mayo A 1
Davis, Antrim E 5
Davistown Ho., King's Co. D 3
Dawros Hd. and Bay, Donegal B 3
Dawros R., Galway B 2
Dawsons Grove, Armagh D 2
Dead R., Limerick H 2
Deadmans Hill, Armagh C 3
Deanery, Longford C 2
Deans Cott., Carlow B 1
Debsborough Ho., Tipperary B 2
Decies, within Drum Barony, Waterford C 3
Decies, without Drum Barony, Waterford C 3
Decoy Gr., Kildare C 1
Decoy Ho., Wicklow B 2
Dee R., Louth B 2
Deece, Lower Barony, Meath D 3
Deece, Upper Barony, Meath D 4
Deehommed Mt., Down C 4
Deel R., Limerick D 2
Deel R., Mayo C 1
Deele L. and R., Donegal D 3
Deelis Bri., Kerry B 3
Deenish, Kerry B 3
Deer Is., Clare F 1
Deer Park, Armagh D 3
Deerpark Ho., Wicklow A 3
Delamone, Down E 3
Delgany, Wicklow E 2
Dellin Ho., Louth B 2
Delour R., Queen's Co. B 3
Delphi, Mayo B 3
Delvin Barony, West Meath F 2
Delvin R., Dublin D 1
Denn, Cavan F 3
Dennet Burn, Tyrone E 1
Deputy's Pass, Wicklow E 3
Derdaoil, Tipperary A 2
Dereen R., Wicklow B 3
Derg Lough, Tipperary A 2
Derg R., Tyrone B 2
Derg R. and Lough, Donegal D 4
Derinch I., Sligo E 2
Derk, Limerick G 2
Derlangen, Meath C 3
Dermotstown, Dublin E 1
Dernagree, Cork D 2
Dernaskeagh L., Sligo F 3
Dernish Is., Sligo E 1
Derragh, Cork D 2
Derragh L., Longford E 2
Derrane Ho., Roscommon D 3
Derraurneen, Sligo D 4
Derreen, Galway F 2
Derreen, Roscommon F 5
Derreen Riv., Wicklow A 4
Derriana L., Kerry C 3
Derries, The, Queen's Co. E 2
Derrin L., Galway F 2
Derrin Mt., Fermanagh C 1
Derrinboy Ho., King's Co. D 3
Derrinkee, Mayo C 2
Derroon Ho., Sligo E 3
Derrow, Galway G 3
Derry Cas., Tipperary A 2
Derry Ho., Cork D 4
Derry Ho., King's Co. C 3
Derry L., Longford B 3
Derry Riv., Wicklow B 4
Derry Water, Wicklow C 3
Derryad, Longford B 3
Derryadd Bay, Armagh D 2
Derryadd L., Armagh C 2
Derryard, Clare C 3
Derrybard, Tyrone E 4
Derrybawn Ho., Wicklow D 3
Derrybeg, Donegal C 2
Derrybeg Ho., Fermanagh E 3
Derryboy, Down E 3
Derrycarne, Leitrim D 4
Derrycarran, Armagh C 2
Derrycassan Ho., Longford D 2
Derrycassan L., Cavan D 2
Derrycanfield, Roscommon F 3
Derryclare L., Galway B 2
Derryconor, Donegal C 2
Derrycooly, King's Co. D 2
Derrycoosh, Mayo C 2
Derrycorrib, Mayo B 1
Derrycraff, Mayo C 2
Derrycree Cott., Armagh C 2
Derrydorragh Ho., Armagh B 2
Derryduff L., Donegal B 3
Derryfalone Ho., Louth A 1
Derrygonelly, Fermanagh D 2
Derrygoolin, Galway F 4
Derrygoony L., Monaghan C 3
Derryhale, Armagh D 2
Derryharney, King's Co. C 2
Derryharrow, Longford C 2
Derryhick L., Mayo D 2
Derrykeel Ho., King's Co. D 3
Derrykeighan, Antrim C 2
Derrylaur, Galway F 3
Derrylileagh L., Armagh C 2
Derrylin, Fermanagh E 3
Derryluskan Ho., Tipperary C 4
Derrymacar L., Longford B 3
Derrymacash, Armagh D 2
Derrymacegan, West Meath E 1
Derrymannin L., Mayo D 1
Derrymore, Antrim C 5
Derrymore, Clare I 2
Derrymore Ho., Armagh D 3
Derrymore Ho., Clare H 2
Derrymore Ho., King's Co. D 2
Derrymore Ho., West Meath F 2
Derrynacarbit L., Fermanagh C 2
Derrynahinch Ho., Kilkenny C 4
Derrynamehaun, Longford B 3
Derrynananta L., Cavan C 2
Derrynasaggart Mts., Cork D 3
Derrynasaggart Mts., Kerry E 3
Derrynascera Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Derrynea Lo., Galway C 3
Derrynoyd Lo., Londonderry E 4
Derrypark, Galway C 2
Derryquin Cas., Kerry C 3
Derryveagh Mts., Donegal C 2
Dervock, Antrim C 2
Derrywaragh I., Armagh C 1
Desart Cott., Kilkenny B 3
Descart L., Monaghan D 4
Desertcreat, Tyrone H 3
Desertlyn, Londonderry E 4
Desertmartin, Londonderry E 4
Desertoghill, Londonderry F 3
Devenish, Fermanagh D 2
Devilsbit Mt., Tipperary C 2
Devils Glen, Wicklow E 2
Devlin R., Donegal C 3
Devlin R., Sligo B 2
Devlins R., Meath E 2
Devon Cott., Cavan E 2
Diamond, Monaghan D 4
Diamond, The, Tyrone I 3
Diamond Hill, Armagh C 2
Diamond Hill, Cavan D 2
Diamond Hill, Wicklow D 2
Diffagher R., Leitrim C 2
Diffreen R., Leitrim A 2
Digby's Br., Kildare C 2
Dillagh L., Cavan E 3
Dillon, Cas., Lo., and Ho., Armagh C 2
Dillonstown Cross, Louth C 2
Dingle, Harb., and Bay, Kerry B 2
Dinin R., Kilkenny C 2
Dinin Riv., Kilkenny D 2
Dirk Bay, Cork E 4
Divna L., Donegal A 3
D'Loughtane Ho., Waterford B 4
Doagh, Antrim E 4
Doagh, Donegal D 2
Doagh Beg, Donegal E 2
Doagh I., Donegal E 2
Dobbs, Antrim G 4
Dodard Cas., Waterford B 2
Dodder R., Dublin C 5
Dodwell Mt., Sligo F 3
Dog Street, Armagh C 3
Dogs B., Galway A 2
Dolanstown Ho., Meath E 4
Dollardstown Ho., Kildare B 4
Dollardstown Ho., Meath E 2
Dollymount, Dublin F 4
Dellys Grove, Meath E 4
Dolvin, Kilkenny C 3
Donabate, Dublin F 3
Donacarney, Meath G 2
Donadea Cas., Kildare C 1
Donagh, Fermanagh F 3
Donagh, Sligo C 2
Donaghadee, Down F 2
Donaghcloney, Down B 3
Donaghcumper, Kildare D 1
Donaghedy Ch., Tyrone E 1
Donaghmore, Meath F 4
Donaghmore, Queen's Co. B 3
Donaghmore, Tyrone H 3
Donaghmore Ch., Down B 4
Donaghmore Ho., Wexford E 2
Donaghmoyne Ho., Monaghan D 3
Donaghpatrick Bri., Meath D 2
Donard, Wicklow B 2
Donard Lodge, Down D 4
Donegal, Donegal C 4
Donegal Bay, Donegal B 4
Donegal Pt., Clare C 3
Donegore, Antrim E 4
Doneraile, Cork F 2
Donnell L., Clare D 3
Donogher L., Leitrim E 4
Donore, Meath F 2
Donore Cas., West Meath C 3
Donore Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Donore Ho., West Meath D 2
Donore Lo. and Ho., Kildare C 2
Doo L., Clare E 3
Doo L., Donegal E 2
Doo L., Leitrim C 2
Doo L., Mayo B 3
Doo L., Sligo E 2
Dooagh, Mayo A 2
Dooally R., Limerick C 3
Dooaun L., Galway D 2
Doobharn, Fermanagh G 2
Doocastle, Mayo F 1
Dooega Hd., Mayo A 2
Dooey, Londonderry E 2
Doogarry L., Leitrim E 4
Doogary L., Armagh B 3
Doogary L., Longford C 1
Dooghta R., Galway C 2
Dooglasha R., Limerick G 2
Doogort, Mayo A 1
Doohooma, Mayo B 1
Dooish, Tyrone C 3
Dooish Mt., Donegal C 2
Dookinelly, Mayo A 2
Doolin Cas. and Pt., Clare D 1
Doolough Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Doolystown Ho., Meath C 3
Doomore, Sligo D 3
Doon, Galway F 2
Doon, Limerick H 2
Doon Cas., Galway A 2
Doon Ho., King's Co. C 1
Doon L., Clare I 3
Doon L., Leitrim B 2
Doon L. and Lo., Clare H 2
Doonaha, Clare C 4
Doonally Ho., Sligo F 2
Doonally Ho., Sligo F 2
Doonane Bri., Queen's Co. E 3
Doonane R., Tipperary A 3
Doonass Ho., Clare I 3
Doonass, Leap of, Limerick F 1
Doonbeg and B., Clare C 3
Doonbeg R., Clare E 3
Dooneen Ho., Limerick F 2
Doonis Lough, West Meath A 2
Doonlicka Cas., Clare B 4
Doonmadden, Sligo D 2
Doonvinalla, Mayo B 1
Doonybrook, Dublin E 5
Doora, Clare G 2
Doorin Pt., Donegal C 4
Doornane, Kilkenny C 5
Dooroge Ar., Wexford E 1
Dooros, Galway C 2
Doory Hall, Longford C 3
Dooovertha R., Galway F 3
Dora Ville, Fermanagh D 2
Dorrington Ho., West Meath B 3
Dorsey R., Armagh C 4
Dough Cas., Clare E 2
Doughiska, Galway E 3
Douglas, Cork F 3
Douglas Bri., Tyrone D 2
Douglas R., Cork D 3
Douglas R., Londonderry E 4
Douglas R., Queen's Co. E 3
Douglas R., Sligo F 3
Douglas R., Wicklow B 2
Douglas R., Wicklow B 3
Douglas Top, Antrim E 3
Douce Mtn., Wicklow D 2
Doulus Hd., Kerry A 3
Doves, Tipperary C 3
Dovegrove Ho., King's Co. C 3
Dovehill Ho., King's Co. D 3
Dowdingston, Kildare C 2
Dowdstown Ho., Kildare D 1
Dowdstown Ho., Louth B 2
Dowdstown Ho., Meath D 2
Downeen Castle, Cork D 4
Downeys Cross Roads, Limerick G 2
Downhill, Londonderry E 2
Downhill Sta., Londonderry D 1
Downing, Cork G 2
Downings Ho. and Cross Roads, Kildare C 2
Downpatrick, Down E 4
Downpatrick Hd., Mayo D 1
Downs Lo., Wicklow E 2
Downshire Ho., Wicklow B 1
Dowra, Cavan A 1
Dowry, Wicklow C 1
Dowth Ho., Meath F 2
Draghanstown, Louth C 2
Drains B., Antrim G 3
Draperstown, Londonderry E 4
Drangan, Tipperary D 3
Drangan Ho., Tipperary C 4
Dreen, Londonderry C 3
Drehid Ho., Kildare B 1
Dresternan Cas., Fermanagh E 3
Drews Court, Limerick E 3
Drewstown Ho., Meath C 3
Drimmeen, Galway A 2
Drimnagh Cas., Dublin C 5
Drin L., West Meath E 2
Drinagh, Roscommon F 3
Drinan Ho., Dublin E 3
Dring Ho., Cavan D 2
Dring Ho., Leitrim D 3
Dripsey, Cork E 3
Drishane Br., Cork C 4
Drishane Castle, Cork D 2
Drisk R., Tipperary D 3
Drogheda Tn. and Barony, Louth B 3
Drogheda Bay, Louth C 3
Droghedayarry Bri., Louth A 2
Drom, Tipperary C 2
Dromada Mt., Limerick B 3
Dromagh and Castle Cork E 2
Dromana Ho., Waterford B 3
Dromaneen Ho., Cork E 2
Dromara, Down C 3
Dromard Ho., Tipperary C 2
Drombanny Cas., Limerick F 2
Drombrow Ho., Cork C 3
Dromcolliher, Limerick D 3
Dromdaleague, Cork D 4
Dromin, Limerick F 3
Dromin, Louth B 2
Dromina, Cork E 2
Dromiskin, Louth B 2
Dromkeen, Sta., and Ho., Limerick G 2
Drommartin, Kerry C 1
Dromoland Cas., Clare G 3
Dromore, Down C 3
Dromore, Sligo C 2
Dromore, Tyrone C 3
Dromore Cas., Kerry C 3
Dromore Hd., Mayo A 2
Dromore Ho., Cork E 2
Dromore Ho. and L., Clare G 2
Dromore L., Monaghan B 3
Drowes R., Leitrim B 1
Drum, Monaghan B 3
Drum Hills, Waterford C 3
Drum L., Down C 4
Drumacarrow Lo., Cavan G 3
Drumadarragh Ho., Antrim E 4
Drumadonnell R., Down C 4
Drumagore, Londonderry A 3
Drumahaire and Barony, Leitrim B 2
Drumahoe, Londonderry B 3
Drumalagagh Cott., Roscommon E 6
Drumanaught, Donegal D 3
Drumandoora, Clare H 2
Drumandoora R., Clare H 1
Drumane Bri., Fermanagh D 3
Drumantine Ho., Down A 4
Drumard Ho., Leitrim D 4
Drumate Lo., Monaghan B 3
Drumbad, Fermanagh C 2
Drumbanagher Ho., Armagh D 3
Drumbane, Tipperary B 3
Drumbaragh Ho., Meath C 2
Drumbaun, Longford C 2
Drumbaun, Sligo D 3
Drumbeg, Down D 2
Drumbo, Down D 2
Drumboy L., Armagh C 4
Drumbrean Cott., Monaghan B 3
Drumbride Ho., Meath E 1
Drumcalpin Loughs, Cavan G 3
Drumcar, Louth B 2
Drumcarban, Cavan E 3
Drumcashel Ho., Louth B 2
Drumcaw L., Monaghan C 2
Drumcliff Bay, Sligo E 2
Drumcliff Br. and R., Sligo F 2
Drumcoh L., Louth A 1
Drumcondra, Dublin E 4
Drumcondra, Meath D 1
Drumconora, Clare G 2
Drumcor L., Monaghan A 3
Drumcormick, Londonderry E 4
Drumcoura L., Leitrim E 3
Drumcrea Ho. & Cott., West Meath E 2
Drumcro Ho., Down B 3
Drumcroon Ho., Londonderry E 2
Drumcru, Fermanagh F 3
Drumcullaun L., Clare E 2
Drumderg L., Fermanagh E 4
Drumdoe, Roscommon D 1
Drumdoit, Donegal E 3
Drumdowney, Kilkenny D 5
Drumduff Ho., Roscommon E 3
Drumeltan Ho., Cavan G 2
Drumerce Ch., Armagh D 2
Drumfad B., Down G 2

Drumfaldra Ho., Monaghan C 3
Drumfin, Sligo F 3
Drumgarve, Galway A 2
Drumgay L., Fermanagh E 2
Drumgoff Bar'ks, Wicklow C 3
Drumgole L., Monaghan B 3
Drumgooland Ch., Down C 4
Drumgoon, Fermanagh E 3
Drumgoon Ho., Cavan D 3
Drumhillagh, Cavan H 3
Drumhirk, Louth A 2
Drumilly Ho., Armagh C 2
Drumkeeran, Leitrim B 2
Drumkern Ho., Tyrone I 3
Drumlaheen L., Leitrim D 3
Drumleck Ho., Louth B 2
Drumleck Pt., Dublin G 4
Drumlee, Down C 4
Drumleevan, Leitrim F 3
Drumlish, Longford C 2
Drumlona L., Monaghan B 3
Drumloo L., Monaghan B 2
Drumloughan, Leitrim E 4
Drummaconor Ho., Monaghan B 2
Drumman, West Meath E 2
Drumman, Roscommon E 3
Drummerhin Ho., Kilkenny C 2
Drummin Br. and R., Carlow B 4
Drummond Ho., Kildare B 2
Drummuckavall L., Louth A 1
Drumnacor Ho., Longford B 3
Drumuacreeha, Leitrim B 1
Drumnakilly Ho., Tyrone F 3
Drumnasole, Antrim F 2
Drumnee, Upr. and Lr., Longford B 3
Drumod and Sta., Leitrim D 4
Drumone, Meath A 2
Drumquin, Tyrone D 3
Drumragh R., Tyrone E 3
Drumrainy Bri., Fermanagh D 3
Drumraney Ho West Meath B 3
Drumraw Ho., Antrim C 3
Drumreask, Monaghan B 2
Drumree Sta., Meath E 3
Drumreilly, Leitrim E 3
Drumroe, Down F 4
Drumroe Ho., Waterford B 3
Drumroragh Lo., Cavan F 3
Drumsaul L., Monaghan B 3
Drumscar, Galway G 3
Drumshallon Ho., Louth B 3
Drumshanbo, Leitrim C 3
Drumshanbo, Tyrone G 3
Drumshanbo L., Leitrim E 4
Drumsill Ho., Armagh B 2
Drumsillagh Ho., Leitrim F 4
Drumskellan, Donegal F 2
Drumslieve, Londonderry D 3
Drumsna, Leitrim D 4
Drumsurn, Londonderry D 3
Drumtullagh, Antrim C 2
Drung, Cavan F 2
Drung Hill, Kerry B 2
Drunganagh, Mayo D 2
Duag R., Tipperary B 4
Duagh, Kerry D 1
Dually Ho., Tipperary C 3
Duarrigle Cas., Cork D 2
Dubber Ho., Dublin D 4
Dublin, Dublin D 4
Dublin Barony, Dublin E 4
Dublin Bay, Dublin F 5
Dublin Corporation Water Works, Wicklow D 2
Ducketts Grove, Carlow C 1
Duddestown, Louth C 2
Duff Hill, Wicklow C 2
Duff L., Antrim F 3
Duff R., Leitrim A 1
Duffcarrick Rks., Wexford E 2
Dufferin Barony, Down E 3
Duffry Hall, Wexford B 2
Duhallow Barony, Cork D 2
Duleek, Meath F 3
Duleek Sta., Meath F 2
Duleek, Lower Barony, Meath F 2
Duleek, Upper Barony, Meath F 3
Dullerton Ho., Tyrone D 1
Dun Aillinne, Kildare C 3
Dunabrattin Hd., Waterford F 3
Dunadry Sta., Antrim E 4
Dunaff Hd., Donegal E 2
Dunally, Donegal E 2
Dunamon Br., Roscommon C 4
Dunamon Cas., Galway F 2
Dunany Ho. and Pt., Louth C 2
Dunaweel L., Leitrim F 3
Dunbell, Kilkenny D 3
Dunboden Park, West Meath E 3
Dunboe, Londonderry E 2
Dunboy Castle, Cork B 4
Dunboyne Barony, Meath E 4
Dunboyne, Vil., Sta., & Cas., Meath F 4
Dunbrock Mt., Londonderry C 3
Dunbrody, Wexford A 4
Dunbrody Cas. and Abbey, Wexford A 4
Duncannon, Wexford A 4
Duncanstown, Wexford A 3
Duncarbey Cas., Leitrim B 1
Duncormick, Wexford C 2
Dundalk Bay, Louth C 4
Dundalk and Harb., Louth B 1
Dundalk, Lower Barony, Louth C 1
Dundalk, Upper Barony, Louth B 1
Dundarave Ho., Antrim C 1
Dundermot Ho. Roscommon B 3
Dunderrow and Sta., Cork F 3
Dunderry Bri., Meath D 3
Dundonald, Down E 2
Dundonnell, Roscommon E 5
Dundooan Ho., Londonderry F 2
Dundrod, Antrim E 5
Dundrum, Armagh C 3
Dundrum, Down D 4
Dundrum, Dublin E 5
Dundrum Bay, Down E 4
Dundrum Ho. and Sta., Tipperary B 3
Duneagh L., Donegal D 4
Dunegan Lo., West Meath B 3
Duneight Ho., Down C 3
Dunelty L., Louth A 2
Dunfanaghy, Donegal C 2
Dunfierth Ho., Kildare C 1
Dungannon, Tyrone H 3
Dungannon, Lower Barony, Tyrone G 4
Dungannon, Middle Barony, Tyrone H 3
Dungannon, Upper Barony, Tyrone H 3
Dunganstown Cas., Wicklow E 3
Dungarvan, Kilkenny D 3
Dungarvan and Harb., Waterford D 3
Dungeagan, Kerry B 3
Dungillick Ho., Monaghan C 1
Dungiven, Londonderry D 3
Dunglady, Londonderry F 3
Dungloman R., West Meath B 3
Dunglow, Donegal C 3
Dungooly, Kilkenny C 5
Dungormly Ho., Armagh C 3
Dungourney, Cork G 3
Dungummin Ho., Cavan F 4
Dunhill Lodge, Waterford F 3
Duninga Ho., Kilkenny E 3
Duniry, Galway F 3
Dunishal Ho., Wexford C 1
Dunkellin Barony, Galway E 3
Dunkerrin, King's Co. C 4
Dunkerron Cas., Kerry C 3
Dunkerron, North Barony, Kerry C 2
Dunkerron, South Barony, Kerry C 3
Dunkettle Ho., Cork F 3
Dunkineely, Donegal B 4
Dunkitt Ho., Kilkenny D 5
Dunlarg Cottage, Armagh B 3
Dunlavin, Wicklow A 2
Dunleckny Ho., Carlow B 2
Dunleer, Louth B 3
Dunlewy and L., Donegal C 2
Dunloe Cas., and Gap of, Kerry D 2
Dunloy, Antrim C 2
Dunluce Cas., Antrim B 1
Dunluce, Lower Barony, Antrim B 2
Dunluce, Upper Barony, Antrim C 2
Dunmahon Cas., Louth B 2
Dunmakeever L., Cavan B 1
Dunmanus Bay, Cork B 4
Dunmanway, Cork D 3
Dunminning Ho., Antrim C 3
Dunmore, Donegal D 2
Dunmore, Donegal E 2
Dunmore, Queen's Co. C 3
Dunmore, Waterford G 3
Dunmore and Barony, Galway E 2
Dunmore Bay, Waterford H 3
Dunmore Cott., & Cave of, Kilkenny C 2
Dunmore Cott., Meath E 2
Dunmore Hd., Clare A 4
Dunmore Hd., Donegal B 3
Dunmore Hd., Donegal F 2
Dunmore Hd., Kerry A 2
Dunmurry, Antrim E 5
Dunmurry Ho., Kildare B 2
Dunnamanagh, Tyrone E 1
Dunneill R., Sligo D 2
Dunnycove Bay, Cork E 4
Dunore R., Antrim D 4
Dunowen, Cavan G 4
Dunowen and Head, Cork E 4
Dunowla, Sligo D 2
Dunquin, Kerry A 2
Dunrally Bri., Queen's Co. E 2
Dunran, Wicklow E 2
Dunree Hd., Donegal E 2
Dunroe Br., Carlow B 3
Dunsandle, Galway F 3
Dunsany Cas., Meath E 3
Dunseverick, Antrim C 1
Dunsfort, Down F 4
Dunshaughlin, Meath E 3
Dunsinea Ho., Dublin D 4
Dunsink Observatory, Dublin D 4
Duony, Cork E 1
Duross Pt., Fermanagh D 2
Durrow and Cas., Queen's Co. C 3
Durrow Abbey, King's Co. F 2
Dursey I. and Head, Cork A 4
Duvillaun More, Mayo A 1
Dyan, Tyrone G 4
Dysart Bri's., Kilkenny C 2
Dysart Farm, Louth C 3
Dysart Ho., West Meath D 3
Dysert, Clare F 2

E

Ea L., Clare H 2
Eadestown, Kildare D 2
Eagil, Leitrim C 1
Eagle Is., Mayo A 1
Eagle Mt., Down C 5
Eagle Mt., Kerry E 2
Eaglehill Ho., Kildare B 3
Eagle's Rock, Clare G 1
Eanybeg W., Donegal C 3
Eanymore W., Donegal C 3
Earlsfield, Sligo E 3
Earlstown, Galway G 3
Eask L. and R., Donegal C 3
Easkavey, Sligo D 4
Easky, Roscommon D 2
Easkey and Riv., Sligo C 2
Easky L., Sligo C 3
East Carbery, W. Div., Barony, Cork D 3
East Hill, Wicklow E 2
East Idrone Barony, Carlow B 2
East Inishowen Barony, Donegal F 2
East Muskerry Barony, Cork E 3
East Narragh and Reban Barony, Kildare B 3
East Offaly Barony, Kildare B 2
East Omagh Barony, Tyrone D 3
East Shelmaliere Bar., Wexford D 3
East Town, Donegal C 2
Easton, Kildare D 1
Eastwood Ho., Tipperary C 2
Ebor Hall, Galway C 2
Ebrington Bar., Londonderry B 3
Ecclesville, Tyrone E 4
Eden, Antrim G 4
Eden, Roscommon E 2
Eden Br., Londonderry E 3
Eden Burn, Antrim B 2
Eden Ho., Armagh C 2
Edenavey's Ho., Armagh C 2
Edenderry, King's Co. H 1
Edenmore Bri., Fermanagh D 3
Edenvale, Clare G 3
Edergale, Leitrim B 2
Edermine Ferry Sta., Wexford C 3
Edermine Ho., Wexford C 3
Ederny, Fermanagh E 1
Edgehill, Queen's Co. B 2
Edgeworthstown and Ho., Longford D 2
Edmondstown, West Meath E 2
Edmondstown Ho., Mayo F 2
Ednego, Down B 3
Edoxtown Ho., Meath E 3
Edwardstown Ho., Limerick F 2
Effishmore, Donegal F 2
Egan Mt., Kildare C 2
Eglantine, Down C 3
Eglinton Sta., Londonderry B 2
Eglish, Tyrone H 4
Eglish Barony and Cas., King's Co. C 3
Eglish Ch., Armagh B 2
Eglish Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Eglish L., Monaghan D 3
Eglish R., Donegal C 3
Ehernagh Str., Limerick C 3
Eighter, Cavan G 4
Eldon Bridge, Wicklow A 3
Eldons Fort, Kildare C 2
Elfeet Bay, Longford B 3
Eliogarty Barony, Tipperary C 3
Ellaghmore, Mayo D 1
Ellen Cas., Galway E 2
Ellen Grove, Carlow C 2
Ellen Vale, Down B 4
Ellenborough, Dublin C 5
Elly Harb., Mayo A 1
Elm Grove, Meath B 3
Elm Grove, Meath G 3
Elm Hill, Limerick C 2
Elmhill Ho., Tipperary B 2
Elm Park Ho., Limerick E 2
Elmpark Ho., Armagh B 2
Elphin and Palace, Roscommon D 2
Elton Ho. and Cross Rds., Limerick G 3
Ely Ho., Wexford D 3
Ely Lo. and Cas., Fermanagh D 2
Emlagh Ho., Roscommon C 3
Emlagh Pt., Mayo B 2
Emlaghkeadew, Roscommon C 4
Emlaghnidgree, Roscommon D 4
Emlaghyroyin, Roscommon C 4
Emly, Tipperary A 4
Emma Ville, Wicklow D 4
Emmet Cas., King's Co. B 4
Emo and Cas., Queen's Co. D 2
Emoclew, Wicklow E 4
Emy, Lough, Monaghan C 1
Emyvale, Monaghan C 1
Enaghan L., Longford D 1
Enfield Ho., Roscommon C 3
Englishtown, Londonderry F 2
Englishtown, Roscommon D 4
Ennell L., West Meath D 3
Ennis, Clare G 2
Enniscoffey, West Meath E 3
Enniscorthy, Wexford C 3
Ennisken, Cork E 3
Enniskerry, Wicklow D 1
Enniskillen, Fermanagh D 2
Ennislare Ho., Armagh B 3
Ennistimon, Clare E 2
Eonish, Cavan E 2
Ereneystown, Kilkenny D 2
Erganagh, Tyrone E 3
Erindale, Carlow B 2
Erindale, Kildare B 2
Erke Ch., Kilkenny A 2
Erkina Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Erkina Riv., Queen's Co. C 3
Erne L., Down D 3
Erne Lough, Fermanagh C 2
Erne R., Cavan E 2 & E 3
Erne R., Donegal C 4
Erne R., Fermanagh E 3, B 2, F 4
Erra, Roscommon F 3
Erriff R., Mayo C 3
Errigal, Donegal C 2
Errill, Queen's Co. A 3
Erris Barony, Mayo B 1
Erris Head, Mayo A 1
Errit L., Roscommon A 3
Ervey L., Cavan H 3
Eshbrack, Monaghan B 2
Eshmore, Monaghan B 2
Esker, Dublin B 4
Esker Ho., Roscommon E 5
Eskerboy, Galway F 3
Eslin R., Leitrim D 4
Essagalvane, Monaghan A 1
Essnaheery, Monaghan B 1
Etna Lo., Monaghan A 2
Eustace Ho., Kildare D 2
Evansons Cove, Cork B 4
Evergreen Cott., Waterford G 2
Evergreen Lo., Carlow B 2
Everton Ho., Queen's Co. F 4
Evington Lo., Carlow B 1
Eyeries, Cork B 3
Eyes L., Fermanagh E 2
Eyrecourt, Galway G 3
Eyrefield, Kildare C 3

F

Faa L., Donegal E 2
Faccary Ho., Tyrone E 3
Fad L., Donegal C 3
Fad L., Donegal F 2
Fadd L., Fermanagh C 2
Fadda L., Galway A 2
Fadda L., Galway C 3
Faha Ho., Limerick E 2
Fahamore, Kerry B 2
Fahan, Kerry A 2
Fahan Sta., Donegal E 2
Fahy L., Mayo B 1
Fahymore, Galway F 2
Failmore R., Galway C 2
Fair Hd., Cork B 4
Fair or Benmore Hd. Antrim E 1
Fairbank, Roscommon E 3
Fairfield, Fermanagh E 3
Fairfield, West Meath B 3
Fairfield Ho., Monaghan B 3
Fairfield Ho., Wexford C 4
Fairhill, or Clonbur, Galway C 2
Fairhill Ho., Louth B 2
Fair View, Kildare C 3
Fair View, Monaghan C 3
Fair View, Wicklow D 2
Fair View, Wicklow E 2
Fair View Cott., Wicklow D 3
Fairwood, Upper & Lower, Wicklow C 4
Fairy Mt. Cas., Roscommon E 3
Fairy Street, Limerick B 3
Fairy Water, Tyrone D 3
Fairyhill Ho., Clare F 3
Faithlegg Ho., Waterford G 2
Fall, The, Donegal E 2
Fallan R. and Bri., Longford B 2
Falleen Ho., Tipperary B 2
Fallmore, Mayo A 1
Falmore Ho., Louth B 1
Faltia Ho., Roscommon E 6
Fanad District and Hd., Donegal D 2
Fane R., Louth A 2
Fane Valley, Louth B 2
Fannings Walls, Dublin D 2
Fanningstown Ho. Kilkenny B 4

Faeore Bri., Clare E 1
Farahy, Cork F 2
Farbill Barony, West Meath E 3
Farbreague, King's Co. D 3
Fardrum Ho., West Meath A 3
Farland Sta., Donegal E 2
Farlough R., Armagh C 2
Farmer's Bridge, Kerry C 2
Farm Hill, Fermanagh G 4
Farm Hill, Meath G 2
Farm Hill, Monaghan D 3
Farm Hill, Wexford E 2
Farmhill, Kildare B 4
Farmhill, Kildare D 2
Farmhill, Mayo C 1
Farmhill Ho., Mayo D 2
Farmhill Ho., Waterford C 2
Farmina, Galway C 3
Farmley, Kilkenny C 3
Farmley Ho., Wexford C 2
Farmly Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Farmoyle Ho., Monaghan C 3
Farn R., Monaghan E 3
Farnane R., Waterford C 2
Farnbeg, Roscommon E 3
Farney Barony, Monaghan D 3
Farnham Ho., Cavan E 2
Farnoge, Kilkenny D 4
Farragher, Roscommon D 3
Farraghroe Ho., Longford C 2
Farranamucklagh, Armagh C 3
Farrancassidy Cross Rds., Fermanagh B 2
Farranduff, Sligo D 3
Farranfore and Sta., Kerry D 2
Farrannacfarrel Ho., Sligo C 2
Farranville Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Farrihy B., Clare C 3
Farsid, Cork G 3
Fartagar, Galway E 2
Fartullagh Barony, West Meath E 3
Fary Ho., Wexford B 3
Fassadinin Barony, Kilkenny C 2
Fatham Mt., Armagh E 4
Faughalstown, West Meath E 2
Faughan R., Londonderry B 3
Faughanvale, Londonderry C 2
Faughart Ho., Louth B 1
Faulkland Bri., Monaghan C 2
Favor Royal, Tyrone F 4
Favouretta, Wicklow E 3
Fawney, Londonderry B 3
Fawnlion, Leitrim A 2
Faymore R., Donegal D 2
Fea L., Londonderry E 4
Fea L., Monaghan D 4
Feacle Ho., Roscommon E 5
Feakle, Clare H 2
Feale R., Kerry D 1
Fearagha, Galway E 2
Fearaun Ho., Kildare B 3
Fearglass L., Leitrim E 4
Feathallagh Ho., Kilkenny C 2
Fedamore, Limerick F 2
Fee L., Galway B 2
Feeagh L., Mayo C 2
Feenagh, Limerick D 3
Feenagh L., Sligo F 3
Feeny, Londonderry C 3
Feevagh, Roscommon D 5
Feevaghmore, Roscommon D 5
Feighcullen Cross Roads, Kildare B 2
Fellows Hall, Armagh B 3
Feltrim Ho., Dublin E 3
Fenagh and L., Leitrim E 3
Fenaghy Ho., Antrim D 3
Fennagh Bri. and Lo., Carlow B 2
Fennor Br., Waterford F 3
Fenton's Br., Kildare C 2
Feohanagh, Kerry B 2
Feohanagh, Limerick D 3
Feorish R., Roscommon E 1
Ferbane, King's Co. D 2
Fergus R., Clare F 2
Fergus R. and Fort, Clare F 3
Fermoy, Cork G 2
Fermoy Barony, Cork F 2
Fermoyle Cas., Kerry B 3
Fern Hall, Roscommon C 3
Fern L., Donegal D 2
Ferns, Wexford C 2
Ferns Hill, Donegal C 4
Fernsborough, Longford E 2
Ferransville, Meath D 4
Ferrard Barony, Louth B 3
Ferry, Fermanagh E 3
Ferrybank, Waterford G 2
Ferta R., Kerry B 3
Fethard, Tipperary D 4
Fethard, Wexford A 4
Fethard B., Wexford B 4
Fews Barracks, Armagh C 4
Fews, Lower Barony, Armagh C 3
Fews, Upper Barony, Armagh C 4
Feystown, Antrim F 3
Ffrench Cas., Galway G 2
Fiddown, Kilkenny B 5
Fieldstown, Dublin C 3
Fieldtown Cas., West Meath D 2
Fieries, Kerry D 2
Figile R., King's Co. H 2
Filans Town, Longford D 2
Fin L., Clare G 3
Fin L., King's Co. C 2
Fin L., Mayo B 3
Fin L., Sligo E 3
Finavarra Ho., Clare F 1
Fincarn, Londonderry D 3
Finglas, Dublin D 4
Finglas R., Kerry C 2
Fingrean L., Tyrone F 3
Finisk R., Waterford C 3
Finlieve, Down C 5
Finlough, Clare G 3
Finn L., Donegal C 3
Finn R., Donegal E 3
Finn R., Monaghan A 3
Finnea, Cavan & W. Meath E 4 & D 1
Finned R., Sligo C 2
Finnery R., Kildare B 3
Finniterstown Ho., Limerick E 2
Finnoe Ch. and Ho., Tipperary B 2
Finnstown Ho., Dublin B 4
Finny, Galway C 2
Finrabrogue Ho., Down E 3
Fintona, Tyrone D 4
Fintona Junc., Tyrone D 3
Fintragh Bay, Donegal B 4
Finuge, Kerry D 1
Finvoy, Antrim B 2
Firbis Cas., Sligo B 2
Fir Grove, Kilkenny D 4
Firgrove Ho., Clare G 3
Firmount, Longford D 2
Firmount, Meath F 3
Firmount Ho., Kildare C 2
Firpark, Meath B 2
Firrib L., Wicklow C 2
Firry Park, Longford E 2
Fisherstown, Longford B 2
Fisherstreet, Clare D 1
Fishmoyne Ho., Tipperary C 2
Fivealley, King's Co. D 3
Five-mile-bourne, Leitrim A 2
Fivemilebridge, Cork F 3
Fivemiletown, Tyrone D 4
Five Roads, The, Waterford E 2
Flaskagh, Roscommon D 3
Flat Head, Cork G 3
Fleries, Kerry D 2
Flesk R., Kerry D 2
Float Sta., West Meath D 1
Floodhall, Kilkenny C 3
Florence Court, Fermanagh D 3
Florida Manor, Down E 3
Flowerhill, Sligo E 3
Flowerhill Ho., Waterford A 3
Flushtown, Donegal D 3
Foaty L., Cork G 3
Foghill, Mayo D 1
Foherish R., Cork D 3
Follsillagh, Galway E 2
Fonthill Ho., Carlow B 2
Fontstown, Kildare B 3
Foohagh Pt., Clare B 3
Forbes L., Longford B 2
Ford, Mayo B 1
Ford, Wexford E 2
Ford Cottage, Antrim G 4
Fore, West Meath E 1
Fore Barony, Meath B 2
Fore Barony, West Meath E 1
Foreland, Mayo C 1
Forenaghts and Ho., Kildare D 2
Forest Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Forest Ho., West Meath D 3
Forestalstown, Kilkenny D 4
Forgney Ho. & F. Old Ho., Longford C 3
Forked L., Queen's Co. A 3
Forkill, R., and Ho., Armagh D 4
Formal L., Fermanagh C 2
Formil R., Londonderry E 3
Formoyle, Londonderry E 2
Formoyle Ho., Longford B 3
Formoyle L., Galway C 2
Fort L., Leitrim E 4
Fort Lo., Limerick E 3
Fort Edmond, Limerick E 3
Fort Elizabeth, Limerick E 2
Fort Etna, Limerick E 2
Fort Frederick, Cavan G 4
Fort George, Cavan G 3
Fort Johnston, Monaghan C 2
Fort Stewart, Donegal E 2
Fort William, Londonderry E 4
Fort William, West Meath D 3
Fortel Cas., King's Co. D 3
Fortfaulkner, Wicklow D 3
Fortfield, Roscommon E 5
Fortgranite Ho., Wicklow B 3
Forth Barony, Carlow C 2
Forth Barony, Wexford D 4
Forth Mtn., Wexford C 4
Forthill, Longford B 3
Fortland, Cavan F 3
Fortland, Sligo C 2
Forttown Ho., Wicklow B 4
Fortwilliam Ho., Waterford B 3
Fort Sound, Galway C 3
Foulkesmill, Wexford B 4
Foulkscourt Ho., Kilkenny A 2
Foulksrath Cas., Kilkenny C 2
Four Mile Water, Cork C 4
Four Roads, Down D 4
Four Roads, Tipperary D 3
Fourcuil, Cork E 4
Fowlards Bri., Longford C 3
Fox Hall, Longford D 3
Foxborough, Roscommon D 3
Foxborough, Roscommon E 5
Foxbrook, Meath C 3
Foxburrow Ho., King's Co. C 4
Foxford, Mayo D 2
Foxhillmore, Galway C 2
Foxmount, Waterford G 2
Foxrock Sta., Dublin E 5
Foxtown Ho., Meath D 3
Foy Mount, Armagh D 2
Foyarr Ho., Armagh B 2
Foyle Ho. and Bri., Kilkenny B 2
Foyle L., Donegal F 2
Foyle Park, Londonderry B 2
Foyle R., Londonderry A 3
Foynes, Is., and Ho., Limerick C 2
Fraine Ho., Meath C 3
Frances R., Roscommon C 3
Franckfort Cas., King's Co. C 4
Frankford, King's Co. D 2
Frankford Ho., Longford D 2
Frankfort, Leitrim D 4
Frankfort Ho., Limerick D 3
Frazers Hall, Kilkenny D 5
Freagh Cas., Clare D 2
Freaghana, Kilkenny D 3
Freame Mt., Monaghan B 3
Freemount, Cork E 2
Freepark, Kildare C 3
Freffans, Meath D 3
Frenchgrove Ho., Mayo D 3
Frenchpark, Town, Barony, & Ho., Roscommon C 2
Freshford, Kilkenny B 2
Friarshill, Wicklow E 3
Friarstown, Leitrim A 2
Friarstown, Limerick F 2
Friarstown Cas., Carlow C 2
Friarstown Ho., Dublin C 5
Friarstown Cross Roads, Carlow C 1
Friary, Kildare C 2
Frower Pt., Cork F 4
Fruit Hill, Londonderry D 2
Fruithill Ho., Wexford A 4
Fuerty, Roscommon D 4
Fule, Sligo D 4
Funshinagh L., Roscommon E 4
Funshion River, Cork F 2
Furmina, Galway C 3
Furnace, Galway F 4
Furnace I., Galway B 3
Furnace L., Mayo C 2
Fury R., Tyrone F 4
Fushoge R., Queen's Co. F 3

G

Gageborough, R., & Ho., King's Co. E 1
Gaile Ho., Tipperary C 3
Gaine R., West Meath D 2
Galbally, Limerick H 3
Galbally Cross Roads, Wexford C 3
Galboly, Antrim F 2
Galbraiths Bri., Armagh C 3
Galey R., Kerry D 1
Galgorm and Cas., Antrim D 3
Gallagh, Louth B 2
Gallaghcullia, Roscommon E 4
Gallen, Mayo D 2
Gallen Ho., King's Co. D 2
Galley Head, Cork E 4
Galligh, Londonderry A 2
Gallows H., Carlow A 2
Gallows Hill, Queen's Co. E 3
Gallstown Ho., West Meath E 3
Galmoy Tn. and Bar., Kilkenny A 2
Galtrim Ho., Meath D 3
Galty Mts., Tipperary B 4
Galtymore, Tipperary B 4
Galway Tn., Bar., and Bay, Galway D 3
Gambol Hall, Kildare A 3
Ganderpark, Louth C 3
Gangin L., Leitrim F 4
Ganiamore, Donegal D 2
Gannivegil L., Donegal C 3
Gaol, Longford C 2
Gap of Dunloe, Kerry D 2
Gara Lough, Sligo F 4
Garadice and Lough, Leitrim E 3
Garballagh, Meath F 3
Garbally, Galway G 3
Gardenhill, Fermanagh C 3
Gardenmorris Ho., Waterford E 2
Garinish and Pt., Cork A 4
Garnavilla Ho., Tipperary C 4
Garr Br. and Riv., Kildare A 1
Garr L., West Meath D 2
Garran Cross Roads, Monaghan B 2
Garrane, Cork E 3
Garrane, Tipperary B 2
Garranlea Ho., Tipperary C 4
Garraun Ho., Tipperary C 4
Garraun Cross Roads, Wexford E 3
Garrendenny, Queen's Co. E 3
Garrisker Ho., Kildare B 1
Garrison, Fermanagh B 2
Garristown, Dublin C 2
Garroman L., Galway B 2
Garron Pt. and Tower, Antrim F 2
Garrose, Limerick E 3
Garrycastle, West Meath A 3
Garrycastle Barony, King's Co. C 2
Garryduff, Kilkenny C 4
Garryduff Ho., Limerick C 3
Garryduff Ho., Waterford B 4
Garryhill Ho., Carlow B 2
Garryhinch Ho., King's Co. G 3
Garryhundon Ho. and Cross Roads, Carlow B 2
Garrynarea Ho., Kilkenny B 4
Garryrickin Ho., Kilkenny B 4
Garryroan Ho., Tipperary C 4
Garryspellane, Limerick G 3
Garrythomas, Kilkenny B 4
Garryvoe, Cork H 2
Gartan L., Donegal D 2
Gartermone L., Leitrim E 4
Garty L., Cavan D 3
Garvagh, Londonderry E 3
Garvagh Ho., Longford C 2
Garvagh L., Cavan B 1
Garvaghy, Down C 3
Garvaghy Bri., Tyrone F 4
Garvan Is., Donegal F 1
Garvey Ho., Tyrone F 4
Garvtawly, Leitrim A 1
Gascanane Sound, Cork C 4
Gattaduff, West Meath C 2
Gattanvoher Cross Rds., Waterford C 4
Gaugin Hill, Donegal C 3
Gaulstown Cas., Kilkenny B 2
Gaultiere Barony, Waterford G 2
Gaybrook Ho., West Meath E 3
Gayfield Ho., Roscommon E 3
Gearhameen R., Kerry C 3
Geashill, King's Co. G 2
Geashill Barony & Sta., King's Co. F 2
Geehy, Galway D 3
Geeragh Ho., Limerick H 4
Geevagh, Sligo G 3
Gelvin R., Londonderry D 3
Geneva Barracks, Waterford H 2
Gentle Owen's L., Armagh B 3
George L., Clare G 2
Georgestown Ho., Waterford E 2
Geraldine Ho., Kildare B 3
Gerardstown Ho., Meath E 3
Gerardstown Ho., Meath E 3
Ghann R., Down B 6
Giants Causeway, Antrim B 1
Giants Leap, Cavan B 1
Giants Ring, Down D 2
Gibbings Grove, Cork E 1
Gibbstown Ho. and Sta., Meath D 2
Gigginstown Lo., West Meath E 2
Gilford, Down A 3
Gilford and Tanderagee Station, Armagh D 2
Gill Lough, Sligo F 2
Gillhall Ho., Down B 3
Gillstown Ho., Meath C 3
Gilltown Ho. and Lo., Kildare C 3
Ginnets Ho., Meath D 3
Glack, Meath C 3
Gladney, Down D 3
Glanarought Barony, Kerry D 3
Glanbehy, Kerry C 2
Glandoran Ho., Wexford D 1
Glandore and Harb., Cork D 4
Glanleam, Kerry A 3
Glanmire, Cork F 3
Glanmire, New, Cork G 3
Glanmore L., Kerry C 3
Glanna Ruddery Mts., Kerry D 2
Glannan, Monaghan C 2
Glantane and Sta., Cork E 2
Glantrasna R., Kerry C 3
Glanworth, Cork G 2
Glaryford Sta., Antrim C 3
Glascarrig Abbey and Pt., Wexford E 2
Glasdrumman Ho., Down D 5
Glasha R., Waterford D 1
Glasha R., Wexford C 2
Glashaboy River, Cork F 2
Glashacloonaraveela R., Limerick H 2
Glashagal Bri., Kilkenny C 2

Glashagh R., Donegal C 3
Glashagh R., Donegal D 2
Glashagh R., Donegal D 3
Glashamore Ho., Clare D 1
Glashare Cas., Kilkenny A 2
Glashedy Is., Donegal E 2
Glashewee R., Limerick C 4
Glashganna Bri., Carlow B 3
Glaskeeragh L., Donegal D 4
Glaslough Vil., St., & L., Monaghan C 2
Glasmullagh, Fermanagh E 4
Glasnevin, Dublin D 4
Glaspistol, Louth C 3
Glass Ho., Kilkenny D 5
Glass Ho., King's Co. C 4
Glassan, West Meath A 3
Glassely Ho., Kildare B 3
Glasshouse L., Leitrim F 3
Glastry, Down G 3
Glen, Cavan B 1
Glen, Cavan E 3
Glen, Donegal D 2
Glen Anne, Armagh D 3
Glen Bay, Donegal A 3
Glen Beagh, Donegal C 3
Glen Bevan, Limerick E 3
Glen Bri., Limerick B 3
Glen Cott., Wicklow E 2
Glen Derragh, Fermanagh E 1
Glen Head, Antrim E 3
Glen Ho., Waterford F 2
Glen Lodge, Longford D 2
Glen Lodge, Waterford D 1
Glen Lough, Donegal C 4
Glen Lough, Donegal D 2
Glen Lough, Longford D 3
Glen Lough, Monaghan B 2
Glen of Imaile, Wicklow B 3
Glen of the Downs, Wicklow E 2
Glen R., Donegal B 3
Glen R., Fermanagh B 2
Glen R., Cork E 2
Glenaan R., Antrim E 2
Glenabbey Ho., Waterford C 2
Glenacurragh Cas., King's Co. D 3
Glenaddragh R., Donegal B 4
Glenade Ho. and Lough, Leitrim B 1
Glenagarey Ho., Dublin F 5
Glenahiry Barony, Waterford C 2
Glenalbert Ho., Tipperary C 2
Glenamaddy, Galway F 2
Glenamoy R., Mayo B 1
Glenamoyle Ho., Londonderry C 3
Glenaniff R., Leitrim B 1
Glenanna Cott., Waterford D 4
Glenard, Waterford D 4
Glenariff or Waterfoot, Antrim E 2
Glenariff R., Antrim E 2
Glenarm, Bay, R., & Cas., Antrim F 3
Glenarm, Lower Barony, Antrim E 2
Glenarm, Upper Barony, Antrim F 3
Glenart Cas., Wicklow D 4
Glenasheen, Limerick F 4
Glenastuckaun S., Waterford D 2
Glenavurder Bri., Queen's Co. D 3
Glenavey R. and Sta., Antrim D 5
Glenawough L., Mayo C 3
Glenbank Ho., Antrim D 2
Glenbeg Ho., Waterford A 3
Glenbeg L., Cork B 3
Glenbonniv and Ho., Clare H 2
Glenbower, Kilkenny C 4
Glenbower, Waterford H 2
Glenboy, Leitrim C 2
Glenbrien, Wexford C 3
Glenbrook, Monaghan B 2
Glenbrook Ho., Limerick E 3
Glencairn Abbey, Waterford A 3
Glencalo R., Wicklow C 2
Glencar L., Leitrim A 1
Glencarn, Armagh B 3
Glencarrig Ho., Wicklow D 3
Glencoltmkille, Donegal A 3
Glenconnor Ho., Tipperary D 4
Glencorran, Waterford C 4
Glencorrib Ho., Mayo D 3
Glencullin, Mayo B 1
Glencullin L., Mayo B 2
Glencullen R., Dublin E 6
Glencree R. & Reformatory, Wicklow D 1
Glencunny Bri., Fermanagh D 3
Glendalough, Wicklow D 2
Glendalough, Vale of, Wicklow C 2
Glendaoan, Vale of, Wicklow C 2
Glendarragh, Wicklow D 2
Glendergan R., Tyrone B 2
Glendine Gap, Queen's Co. B 2
Glendine R., Waterford B 3
Glendoo Mt., Dublin D 6
Glendowan Mts., Donegal C 3
Glenduff Cas., Limerick C 3
Glendun R., Antrim E 2
Glenealo R., Wicklow C 2
Glenealy and Sta., Wicklow E 3
Gleneask Ho., Sligo C 3
Gleneefy, Limerick G 3
Gleneely, Donegal D 3
Glenelly R., Tyrone F 3
Glenfarn Hall, Leitrim D 3
Glengad Hd., Donegal F 1
Glengariff Harb., Lo., & Cas., Cork C 3
Glengavlen L., Cavan B 1
Glengomna R., Londonderry D 3
Glengormly Ho., Antrim F 5
Glenicmurrin L., Galway C 3
Gleninagh Lo., Clare E 1
Glenkeen Ho., Londonderry B 3
Glenlark R., Tyrone F 2
Glenlary Cot., Limerick G 3
Glenlough, Londonderry B 3
Glenmacnass R., Wicklow D 3
Glenmakeeran R., Antrim E 1
Glenmalire Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Glenmalur, Wicklow C 3
Glenmanus, Londonderry F 1
Glenmore, Kilkenny D 3
Glenmore, Mayo C 1
Glenmore, Roscommon D 5
Glenmore Cas., Wicklow D 2
Glenmore Ho., Longford C 3
Glenmore R., Waterford B 2
Glenmornan R., Tyrone D 1
Glennagalliagh, Clare I 3
Glennagoul, Cork F 2
Glennalong, Fermanagh B 3
Glennamorig, Mayo C 2
Glennaphuca Cross Rds., Waterford E 2
Glennascaul, Galway E 3
Glennasmole, Dublin C 3
Glenoe, Antrim F 4
Glenpatrick Ford, Waterford D 2
Glenpipe Ho., Kilkenny D 3
Glenquin Barony, Limerick C 3
Glenrandal R., Londonderry C 3
Glenravel Ho., Antrim E 3
Glenree R., Mayo D 1
Glenroe, Clare F 1
Glensaul R., Galway C 3
Glensawisk, Tyrone F 2
Glenshane Mt., Londonderry E 3
Glenshelane R., Waterford C 2
Glenshesk R., Antrim D 2
Glenstal Cas., Limerick G 2
Glenties, Donegal C 3
Glentogher R., Donegal F 2
Glentornan L., Donegal C 2
Glenullin Water, Londonderry E 3
Glenville, Antrim E 4
Glenville, Antrim E 3
Glenville, Cork F 3
Glenville, Down B 4
Glenville, Tyrone D 1
Glenville Ho., Antrim E 3
Glenville Ho., Clare E 2
Glenville Ho., Limerick C 2
Glenwhirry R., Antrim E 4
Glenwilliam Cas., Limerick D 3
Glenwood Ho., Wicklow D 2
Glin R. and Cas., Limerick B 2
Glinch Ho., Monaghan B 3
Glinn L., Roscommon B 2
Glinsk, Donegal D 2
Glinsk, Mayo C 1
Glinsk Ho., Galway F 2
Globeisland Ho., Kildare A 3
Glore L., West Meath E 1
Glore R., Mayo E 3
Glore R., West Meath D 1
Glory R., Kilkenny C 1
Gloster, King's Co. C 2
Glyde R., Louth B 3
Glydefarm, Louth A 2
Glynn, Carlow B 3
Glynn, Wexford C 3
Glynn Sta., Antrim G 1
Glynnwood Ho., West Meath A 3
Gneeves, Cork E 3
Gneevgullia, Kerry E 3
Goalstown, Galway F 2
Gobban Saers Cas., Antrim D 1
Gobbins, The, Antrim H 4
Gobbinstown Ho., Wexford A 3
Gobrana Ho., Antrim D 3
Goish R. and Br., Waterford C 3
Gokane Pt., Cork D 1
Gola, Monaghan B 2
Gola Is., Donegal B 2
Golagh L., Donegal C 3
Golagh L., Donegal D 3
Golagh L., Donegal D 1
Golam Hd., Galway B 3
Golden, Tipperary C 1
Golden Ball, Dublin E 6
Golden Grove, King's Co. C 1
Golden Hills, Tipperary B 2
Golden Riv. Bri., Louth C 1
Goldenbridge, Dublin D 5
Goldenfort Ho., Wicklow A 3
Goldmines R., Wicklow D 3
Goleen, Cork B 4
Goolds Cross, Tipperary C 3
Goraghwood Junc., Armagh D 3
Goresbridge, Kilkenny D 3
Goresgrove Ho., Kilkenny A 2
Gorey Barony, Wexford D 2
Gorey Town and Sta., Wexford E 1
Gorman L., Donegal C 4
Gormanston and Cas., Meath G 3
Gormanstown Ho., Kildare C 3
Gort, Galway E 3
Gort, Roscommon E 4
Gortacurra, Mayo D 3
Gortagarry Ho., Tipperary C 2
Gortareask, Galway F 3
Gortaroo, Cork H 3
Gortatlea Sta., Kerry D 2
Gortbaun, Mayo C 2
Gorteen. Galway F 2
Gorteen, King's Co. G 1
Gorteen, Mayo E 2
Gorteen, Sligo E 4
Gorteen B., Galway B 2
Gorteen Br., King's Co. D 2
Gorteen Ho., Kildare B 3
Gorteen L., Longford D 2
Gorteen, Lower & Upper, Longford B 3
Gorteen R., Queen's Co. B 2
Gortermone L., Longford C 1
Gortfadda, Leitrim D 4
Gortfree, Roscommon E 5
Gortgare, Londonderry C 2
Gortgarrigan Br., Leitrim B 2
Gortgranard Ho., Monaghan A 3
Gorticross, Londonderry B 3
Gortin, Tyrone E 2
Gortin Ho., Londonderry F 2
Gortinty L., Leitrim D 4
Gortkelly, Tipperary C 3
Gortlass L., Clare E 3
Gortleek, Donegal E 2
Gortlusky, Queen's Co. B 3
Gortmaraby Ho., Mayo D 1
Gortnaclea Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Gortnageragh R., Limerick H 2
Gortnagier, Galway F 2
Gortnahoo, Tipperary D 3
Gortnessy, Londonderry B 3
Gortraska, Tipperary A 2
Gortraw Ho., Fermanagh F 3
Gorumna I., Galway B 3
Gosford Cas., Armagh C 3
Gotham Bri., Kildare B 4
Gouganebarra L., Cork C 3
Goul Riv., Queen's Co. C 3
Goulbourne Bri., Limerick B 3
Gouldavoher, Limerick E 2
Government Ho., Londonderry A 3
Gower Hall, Clare D 3
Gowlaun, Galway B 2
Gowlin, New and Old, Carlow B 3
Gowran Tn., Bar., & Cas., Kilkenny D 3
Graan Ho., Fermanagh D 2
Grace Hall, Down B 3
Grace Hill, Antrim C 3
Gracehill Ho., Antrim C 2
Gracefield, Londonderry F 4
Gracefield Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Graddum L., Cavan F 3
Graffy, Mayo D 1
Grahams Tn., Tyrone C 2
Graig Abbey, Galway F 3
Graigavern, Queen's Co. E 2
Graignagower, Waterford C 2
Graigue, Tipperary C 1
Graigue, Queen's Co. F 4
Graigue Hill and Cas., Carlow B 2
Graigue Ho., Wexford A 4
Graigue Ho., Wexford B 4
Graigue, Little, Wexford A 5
Graigue Cas., Carlow B 2
Graigueavallagh Ho., Queen's Co. A 3
Graiguenamanagh, Kilkenny E 3
Graiguenaspiddoge Cas., Carlow B 2
Graiguenoe Ho., Tipperary C 3
Graigues Br., Kildare C 2
Grallagh Br., Waterford C 3
Granard Barony, Longford D 2
Granard Ho., Limerick E 2
Granard Town, Longford E 2
Grand Canal, Dublin and Kildare, B 5 & B 2
Graney L. and Riv., Clare I 2
Graney and Riv., Kildare C 4
Grange, Cork G 2
Grange, Kildare A 1
Grange, Kilkenny C 5
Grange, Louth C 1
Grange, Roscommon E 3
Grange, Sligo E 1
Grange, Tyrone H 3
Grange, Wicklow E 2
Grange, The, Limerick F 2
Grange, The, Wicklow A 3
Grange Blundel, Armagh C 2
Grange Bri., Limerick C 3
Grange Hill, Limerick F 2
Grange Ho., Dublin F 4
Grange Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Grange Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Grange Ho., King's Co. D 3
Grange Ho., Louth B 2
Grange Ho., Meath G 3
Grange Ho., Wexford B 4
Grange Ho., Wexford B 2
Grange Ho., Wexford D 4
Grange More Ho., West Meath F 2
Grange R., Galway E 2
Grange Water, Londonderry F 4
Grangebeg Ho., Kildare C 3
Grangebeg Ho., West Meath F 2
Grangebellew, Louth C 3
Grangecon and Ho., Wicklow A 2
Grangeford, Kildare B 4
Grangeford Bri., Kildare C 4
Grangefoyle, Tyrone D 1
Grangehill Ho., Kildare B 2
Grangemellon Ho., Kildare B 4
Granny, Kilkenny C 5
Granny, Roscommon D 2
Granny Ferry, Kilkenny C 5
Gransha Lo., Londonderry B 2
Gransha Pt., Down F 3
Granshoe Ho., Monaghan B 2
Grantstown Ho. and L., Queen's Co. C 3
Granville, Tyrone H 4
Grattan Aqueduct, Queen's Co. E 2
Grave Yard, Louth A 3
Gravale Mt., Wicklow C 2
Greaghlone L., Monaghan C 4
Grean Rock, Clare B 4
Great Heath of Maryborough, Queen's Co. D 2
Great I. (Lough Ennel), W. Meath D 3
Great Island, Cork G 3
Great Newton Hd., Waterford G 3
Great Saltee I., Wexford C 5
Great Sugar Loaf, Wicklow E 2
Greatconnell Lo., Kildare C 2
Greatmans B., Galway C 3
Green, The, King's Co. H 2
Green Hall, Armagh C 2
Green Hills, Dublin C 5
Green Hills, Louth C 3
Green Ho., Carlow B 2
Green I., Down C 5
Green I., Waterford F 3
Green Mount, Limerick E 2
Green Mount, Tyrone E 3
Green Mount, Armagh C 2
Green Mts., Antrim D 4
Green Ville, Wexford D 1
Greenan, Wicklow D 3
Greenan L., Down B 5
Greenan Mt., Donegal E 2
Greenane Ho., Tipperary B 3
Greencastle, Donegal G 2
Greencastle, Down C 5
Greencastle, Tyrone F 2
Greencastle Sta., Antrim F 5
Greenfield, Galway G 3
Greenfield Ho., Tipperary B 3
Greenhall Ho., Wicklow C 4
Greenhill, Fermanagh F 2
Greenhills, Kildare C 3
Greenhills Ho., King's Co. C 4
Greenhills Ho., King's Co. H 1
Greenish Is., Limerick C 2
Greenlawn, Clare D 2
Greenmount and G. Lo., Louth B 2
Greenmount Ho., Monaghan C 2
Greenmount Ho., Tipperary C 4
Greenmount Ho., Wexford C 2
Greenoge, Carlow C 3
Greenoge, Meath F 4
Greenore Point, Louth D 1
Greenore Pt., Wexford E 4
Greenpark Ho., Limerick F 3
Greenpark Ho., Meath E 3
Greenpark Ho., West Meath D 2
Greens Bri., Wicklow C 3
Greenville, Cavan D 2
Greenville Ho., King's Co. D 1
Greenwood, Mayo D 1
Greenwood Cott., Cavan G 3
Greese Riv., Kildare B 4
Gregory Hill, Donegal D 3
Gregory Sound, Galway C 3
Grenan, Queen's Co. C 4
Grenan Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Grennanstown Ho., Meath C 3
Grey Abbey, Down F 2
Grey Abbey, Kildare B 3
Grey Pt., Down E 1
Grey Stone, Down F 2
Greyfort Cott., Sligo F 3
Greystones and Sta., Wicklow E 2
Griffinstown, West Meath F 3
Griffinstown Ho., Wicklow A 2
Griggins, Galway B 2
Grillagh R., Londonderry F 3
Grillagh Street, Longford B 2
Griston Ho., Limerick G 3
Grogan, King's Co. D 2
Grove, The, Carlow C 2

Grove, Roscommon E 4
Grove Ho., Roscommon E 2
Grove Ho., Tipperary D 4
Grove Ho., Wicklow E 2
Groomsport Sta., Down F 2
Grouse Lo., West Meath C 3
Gruggandoo Mt., Down E 4
Grundel Ke., Clare C 3
Gubtarve Pt., Fermanagh D 3
Gubbin Hill, Donegal C 3
Gubnagele Pt., Fermanagh D 3
Gubroe, Leitrim E 3
Gulbagh Ho., Waterford E 3
Guilford Ho., West Meath D 3
Guinaneve, Limerick F 3
Guinnyboe, Roscommon B 3
Guitane L., Kerry D 2
Guitane Lough, Leitrim F 4
Gulladuff, Londonderry F 4
Gulladuff, Armagh D 1
Gunny L., Queen's Co. C 1
Gunt L., Down F 4
Gur L., Limerick F 4
Gurteen Ho., Tipperary D 1
Gurteen Ho., Tipperary D 4
Gurteen Ho., Waterford D 3
Gweebarra Bay, Donegal B 3
Gweebarra R., Donegal C 3
Gweedore Bay, R., & Hotel, Donegal A 3
Gweestion R., Mayo F 1
Gweestin R., Kerry F 1
Gyleen, Cork G 3

H

Hacket Cas., Galway E 3
Hacket L., Galway D 2
Hacketstown, Carlow D 1
Hacketstown Ho., Limerick F 2
Haggard and Cas., Kildare B 1
Hags Head, Clare D 2
Halfway Ho., Clare F 2
Halfway Ho., Waterford C 2
Hall Craig, Fermanagh D 2
Hall Ho., West Meath B 3
Hallstown Ho., West Meath C 2
Halverstown Ho., Kildare C 3
Hamilton, Cavan D 2
Hamilton's Bawn and Sta., Armagh C 2
Hamilton's Br., Kildare B 2
Hamlinstown, Louth B 3
Hamlinstown, Meath B 2
Hammondstown, Louth B 3
Hammonstown, Waterford G 2
Hampton Hall, Dublin E 1
Hamwood Ho., Meath E 4
Hand Cross Roads, Clare E 3
Hanleystown, Sligo B 2
Harcourt Sta., Dublin D 3
Harding Grove, Limerick E 3
Hardymount, Carlow C 2
Hare I., Cork C 4
Hare I. (L. Ree), West Meath A 3
Haremount, Kerry D 2
Harleypark, Tipperary E 2
Harlinstown, Meath E 2
Harmony Hall, West Meath A 3
Harolds Cross and Grange, Dublin D 3
Harperstown Ho., Wexford C 4
Harrison Castle, Cork F 2
Harrisons Close, Down E 3
Harrstown, Kildare B 2
Harrstown, Queen's Co. B 4
Harristown Ho., Kildare C 2
Harristown Ho., Louth A 2
Harristown Ho., Roscommon E 3
Harristown Ho., Wexford E 4
Harrow Tor, Carlow E 1
Harry Mount, Wexford D 2
Harrybrook, Armagh C 4
Harrybrook, Armagh D 3
Harrybrook, Wexford A 3
Hartstown, Wicklow A 3
Haubowlie I., Cork G 3
Haverty Cott., West Meath A 3
Hawthorn Ho., Armagh D 4
Hayestown Ho., Wexford C 4
Hayestown Ct., Louth B 2
Haye Ho., Meath H 3
Haystown, Longford F 3
Haywood Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Hazelbrook, Roscommon D 4
Hazelhatch Sta., Dublin A 3
Heaghs Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Headwood Ho., Sligo F 2
Heath L., Fermanagh F 3
Heathborough Ho., Wexford B 3
Heathfield, Galway D 2
Heathfield Ho., Leitrim E 3
Heathfield Sta., Kerry D 2
Heathstown, Meath C 2
Heathstown Ho., Armagh E 4
Heavitree, Wexford C 3
Heavitree Ho., Armagh D 4
Heath Hall, Kildare B 4
Heath Ho., Kildare B 4

Heath Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Heath Lo., Cavan H 3
Heath of Maryborough, Great, Queen's Co. D 2
Heathfield, Limerick D 3
Heathfield, Sligo E 3
Heathstown, Galway G 3
Heaton Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Hedgefield, Cork E 3
Hedge, Kildare D 1
Hedge Tower, Down E 2
Hewick Hd., Waterford D 3
Hempstown, Wicklow B 1
Hen Mt., Down C 4
Henry L., Down D 3
Herbertstown, Limerick G 2
Herbertstown Harb., Kildare C 3
Herbertstown Ho., Meath G 3
Hermitage, Louth C 2
Hermitage, Roscommon D 2
Herrestown Ho., Roscommon C 2
Herrestown Ho., Limerick C 3
Herrestown Ho., Queen's Co. F 3
Hewitstown, Kerry G 3
Hewson Hill, Queen's Co. D 2
Heywood, Dublin D 4
Heywood School, Cork D 4
High and Low Is., Galway A 2
High I., Wicklow B 3
High Park, King's Co. C 2
High Street, Longford B 2
High Street, Tipperary B 1
High Street, Fermanagh F 3
High Park, Limerick F 2
High Park Ho., Sligo D 2
High Park, Kilkenny B 3
High Park, Wexford D 4
High Park, Antrim D 3
Hill Head, Kildare B 2
Hill of Assey, Meath C 4
Hill of Down Sta., West Meath C 3
Hill of Uisnagh, Roscommon E 2
Hill Street, Wicklow C 4
Hillcrook, Wexford B 4
Hillsborough Ho., Down C 3
Hilton, Down C 4
Hilltead, Wexford A 3
Hilltarie Ho., Down C 3
Hillsborough, Kildare C 3
Hillsborough, King's Co. D 4
Hillsborough Hall, Kildare D 2
Hillside, Wexford B 4
Hillsown, Down C 4
Hilltown, Meath F 3
Hilltown Cott., West Meath E 1
Hilltown Ho., Wexford B 4
Hilton Ho., Monaghan A 3
Hinchey and Lo., Armagh C 2
Hodgestown, Kildare C 1
Hodgestown Ho., Kildare C 2
Hodgins Corner, Armagh C 2
Hodges Bay Ho., Roscommon F 5
Hog I., Clare C 3
Hogarswood Ho., Kildare C 2
Hogs Hd., Kerry B 3
Holdestown Ho., Wicklow A 3
Holestone Ho., Antrim E 4
Hollow, The, Armagh B 2
Holly Hill, Londonderry F 4
Holly Hill, Tyrone D 1
Hollybrook, Fermanagh F 3
Hollybrook, Wicklow E 1
Hollybrook Ho., Antrim D 4
Hollybrook Ho., Carlow C 2
Hollybrook Ho., King's Co. D 2
Hollybrook Ho., Mayo D 2
Hollybrook Ho., Sligo F 3
Hollybrook Ho., Sligo F 1
Hollyfort, Wexford D 3
Holymount, Leitrim C 2
Holymount, Leitrim C 3
Holymount, Galway E 3
Holymount, Mayo D 3
Holymount Ho., Down E 4
Holymount Ho., Queen's Co. F 3
Holymount Ho., Wexford D 3
Holy Park Ho., Dublin D 3
Holy Well Ho., Roscommon E 3
Holywood, Wicklow B 2
Holywood Ho., King's Co. H 2
Holywood Ho., Limerick D 2
Holywood Ho., Monaghan B 2
Holywood Ho., Wicklow D 3
Holywoodstown, Down C 3
Holy or Inisnatra I., Galway F 4
Homestress, Limerick F 2
Homestress, Tipperary C 3
Honey Well, Sligo E 1
Honey Well Ho., Antrim D 4
Honeyhill, Fermanagh C 3
Honeyhill, Sligo F 1
Honeyhill Ho., Wicklow E 2
Honeyhill, Down E 3
Honeyford, Tipperary D 3
Honeyford, Wexford A 5
Honeycombe Ho., Wexford B 4
Horn Head, Donegal C 2
Horse and Jockey, Tipperary C 3
Horse I., Cork C 4
Horse I., Cork D 4
Horsecamp Sta., West Meath C 3
Horsepark, Longford D 1
Horseshoe Ho., Wicklow B 1
Horsland Ho., Kildare C 1
Hospital, Kilkenny B 3
Hospital, Limerick G 3
Houndswood Ho., Mayo D 3
House of Ward, Meath C 3
Howth Pt., Howth, & Hill, Dublin G 4
Howth Cas. and Junct., Dublin F 4
Huggingstown, Kilkenny C 4
Hume L., Fermanagh D 2
Humewood Ho., Wicklow B 3
Humphrystown Ho., Wicklow B 2
Hungry Hill, Kerry C 2
Hunterstown, Antrim D 3
Hunting Park, Cork G 2
Hunting Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Huntington Ho., West Meath E 2
Huntington Cas., Carlow C 2
Huntly, Galway G 3
Huntly Glen, Down B 3
Huntstown Ho., Dublin C 4
Huntstown Ho., Dublin D 3
Hunting Ho., King's Co. C 2
Hunting Ho., Meath C 2
Hurney Ks., Meath F 3
Hyma Ho., Kildare A 3
Hyde Park, Antrim E 4
Hyde Park, West Meath F 3
Hydepark Ho., Wexford E 1
Hymenstown Ho., Tipperary C 4
Hyne Lake, Cork D 4

I

Iarconnaught, Galway C 2
Ibane and Barryroe Barony, Cork E 4
Iberrian Barony, Clare D 3
Ida Barony, Kilkenny D 4
Idrone, East Barony, Carlow B 2
Idrone, West Barony, Carlow A 2
Iffa & Offa, East Barony, Tipperary D 4
Iffa & Offa, West Barony, Tipperary C 4
Ightermurragh, Cork H 3
Ikerrathy & Oughterany Bar., Kildare C 1
Ikerrin Barony, Tipperary C 2
Ilen River, Cork D 4
Ilaunmaster, Mayo C 1
Ilaunnacarraun, Clare B 4
Ilaunnaskey Pt., Limerick C 2
Iniles, Donegal F 2
Imokilly Barony, Cork G 3
Inagh L., Galway B 2
Inagh R. and Bri., Clare F 2
Inane Ho., Tipperary C 2
Inch, Cork H 3
Inch, Down E 3
Inch, Kerry C 2
Inch The, Limerick G 2
Inch, Donegal E 2
Inch and Sta., Kildare B 3
Inch Cas., Tipperary C 3
Inch Ho., Galway D 3
Inch L., Galway D 2
Inchagoleagh, Kildare C 3
Inchaguagh and Bri., Longford A 3
Inchamacomm, Wicklow D 2
Inchanore R., West Meath A 2
Inchboffin, Longford A 3
Inchbrennan, Longford A 3
Inchcough, King's Co. B 2
Inchcarty, Cork C 3
Inchbrook Ho., Clare G 2
Inchbonnan L., Cork D 3
Inchbonnagh, Clare F 2
Inchbonnagh Parony and L., Kerry C 3
Inchbiddin L., Limerick D 2
Inchbarrice More, Limerick B 3
Inchmagura, West Meath A 2
Inchmore, Longford D 2
Inchmore and Abbey, West Meath A 2
Inchmore, Wexford B 4
Inchmore Ho., Galway F 4
Inchmore Holy L., Cork F 2
Inchnagoy, Down F 2
Inchnagoy, Mayo A 3
Inchnagoy, Cork C 4
Inchnagoy, Donegal C 2
Inchnagoe, Mayo B 1
Inchnagoe, Donegal C 2
Inchnagoe, Mayo A 3
Inchnagoe, Galway A 2
Inchnagoe, Mayo B 1
Inchnagoe, Fermanagh F 3
Inchnagoe, Down E 4
Inchnagoe, Kerry A 2
Inchnagoe, Donegal E 2
Inchnagoe, Donegal E 2
Inchnagoe, Kerry A 2
Inchnagoe, Donegal F 1
Inchnagoe, Mayo A 2
Inishvickillane, Kerry A 2
Inismore Hall, Fermanagh E 3
Inistioge, Kilkenny D 4
Inisturk, Galway A 2
Inn L., Donegal F 2
Inner Bay (Dundrum B.), Down E 4
Inner L., Monaghan B 3
Inniefield, Meath D 4
Innishinny, Donegal B 2
Inny R. Source, Meath A 2
Inny R., West Meath C 2
Inny R. and Bri., Kerry B 3
Inver, Donegal C 4
Inver, Mayo B 1
Inver Bay, Donegal B 4
Inver L., Fermanagh G 3
Inver R., Antrim E 3
Inverroe Water, Londonderry F 3
Ioe L., Sligo C 2
Iraghticonnor Barony, Kerry D 1
Ire R., Waterford E 2
Ireland's Eye, Dublin G 4
Irishtown, Dublin E 4
Irishtown Ho., Dublin C 3
Irishtown Ho., Kildare C 2
Irishtown Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Iron L., West Meath D 2
Ironhills Ho., Kildare B 3
Irvinestown or Lowtherstown, Fermanagh E 2
Irwin Mount, Armagh B 3
Iskule Strm., Limerick C 3
Islan L., Cavan E 3
Island Cott., Monaghan A 2
Island Ho., Wexford E 3
Island L., Mayo E 2
Island Magee, Antrim H 4
Island Magee Ch., Antrim G 4
Island Pt., Armagh D 1
Islands Barony, Clare F 3
Island Reavy L., Down C 4
Islandbridge, Dublin C 5
Islandeady L., Mayo C 2
Islandferry Ho., Down B 2
Islandmore, Limerick E 2
Islandstown, Antrim D 3
Iveagh, Lower Barony, Down C 3
Iveagh, Upper Barony, Down B 4
Iver Cas., King's Co. C 2
Iveragh Barony, Kerry B 3
Iverk Barony, Kilkenny C 4
Ivy Bri., Donegal C 3

J

Jamestown, Fermanagh E 2
Jamestown, Kilkenny D 1
Jamestown, Leitrim C 4
Jamestown, West Meath C 3
Jamestown and Ho., Queen's Co. F 2
Jamestown Ho., Dublin D 4
Jane Vale, Carlow D 2
Janeville, Louth B 2
Jamestown Cott., Kerry E 4
Jamestown Ho., Kilkenny C 2
Jamestown Ho., Meath E 4
Jerpoint Sta., Kilkenny D 3
Jockey Hall, Kildare C 3

Johnsbrook Ho., Meath C 2
John's Port, Sligo E 1
Johnsport Ho., Roscommon F 4
Johnston's Bri., Longford B 2
Johnstown, Fermanagh G 3
Johnstown, Kildare B 1
Johnstown, Kildare D 2
Johnstown, Kilkenny A 2
Johnstown, Wicklow B 2
Johnstown, Wicklow D 4
Johnstown and Ho., Wicklow E 4
Johnstown Cas., Wexford D 4
Johnstown Ho., Carlow B 1
Johnstown Ho., Waterford C 3
Johnstown Ho., Dublin A 5
Johnstown Ho., Roscommon E 5
Johnstown Ho., Tipperary A 2
Johnswell Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Jonesborough, Armagh D 4
Jonesborough Ho. Meath B 2
Jonestown Ho., King's Co. H 1
Jordanstown Sta., Antrim F 4
Joristown Ho., West Meath F 2
Joyce's Country, Galway C 2
Judgeville, West Meath D 3
Julianstown, Meath G 2
Julianstown Ho., Meath D 2

K

Kanturk, Cork E 2
Kate M'Kay's Bri., Down C 4
Kate Ville, Clare C 4
Keadeen, Wicklow B 3
Keadew, Roscommon E 1
Keady, Armagh B 3
Keady Mt., Londonderry D 2
Keale Ho., Cork D 2
Keale R., Limerick G 4
Kealkill, Cork C 3
Keamaneigh Pass, Cork D 3
Kearney, Down G 3
Kearneystown, Kildare D 2
Kedge I., Cork D 4
Keehill, Galway D 2
Keel and Bay, Mayo A 2
Keel Bri., Longford C 3
Keel Ho., Kerry C 2
Keel L., Donegal C 3
Keel L., Donegal D 2
Keel L., Mayo A 2
Keeldra L., Leitrim E 4
Keeloge, Galway F 2
Keeloge Batteries, King's Co. B 2
Keelrin, Leitrim E 3
Keely, Londonderry F 2
Keem, Mayo A 2
Keenagh, Longford C 3
Keenagh R., Donegal F 2
Keenaghan L., Fermanagh B 2
Keenaght Barony, Londonderry D 3
Keenans Cross, Louth B 2
Keenrath Ho., Cork D 3
Keeper Hill or Slievekimalta, Tipperary A 3
Keeragh Is., Wexford B 4
Keeran Ho., Meath E 2
Keeran R., Louth A 2
Keerans Cross, Louth B 3
Keereen, Waterford C 3
Keerglen, Mayo C 1
Keishcorran, Sligo F 3
Kells, Kerry B 2
Kells, Kilkenny C 3
Kells, Meath C 2
Kells and R., Antrim D 4
Kells Barony, Kilkenny B 4
Kells, Lower Barony, Meath C 2
Kells, Upper Barony, Meath C 2
Kells Pt., Tyrone I 3
Kellswater Sta., Antrim F 4
Kelly Cas., Galway E 2
Kelly Cas., Galway G 2
Kellybrook, Roscommon E 4
Kellys L., Wicklow C 3
Kellys Quarters, Carlow C 3
Kellystown Ho., Meath E 2
Kellyville Ho. and L., Queen's Co. E 3
Keltonstown, Down D 4
Kenmare, Kerry D 3
Kenmare R., Kerry B 3
Kennel, Kildare D 2
Kenny, West Meath D 2
Kennycourt Ho., Kildare D 3
Kenry Barony, Limerick D 2
Kentstown, Meath E 3
Kenure Park, Dublin F 2
Keoghville, Roscommon E 5
Kerdiffstown Ho., Kildare D 2
Kerneys Cross, Louth B 2
Kerry, Tipperary B 1
Kerry Hd., Kerry C 1
Kerrycurrihy Barony, Cork F 3
Kesh, Down C 3
Kesh, Roscommon E 3
Kesh, Sligo F 3
Kesh and R., Fermanagh D 1
Keshcarrigan, Leitrim D 3
Key Lough, Roscommon D 1
Keys Cross Rds., Wexford D 1
Kid I., Mayo B 1
Kiddstown, Antrim C 4
Kidlawn, Roscommon E 6
Kiggaul B., Galway B 3
Kilbaha and Bay, Clare A 4
Kilballyhue Ho., Carlow B 2
Kilballyskea, King's Co. C 4
Kilbane, Clare I 3
Kilbeg Cott., Waterford B 3
Kilbeg Ho., Meath D 2
Kilbeggan, West Meath C 3
Kilbeheny and Cas., Limerick H 4
Kilbelin, Kildare C 2
Kilbennan, Galway E 2
Kilberrin Br., Kildare B 3
Kilberry, Meath D 2
Kilberry Cott., Kildare A 3
Kilboggin Ho., Kildare B 3
Kilboy Ho., Tipperary B 2
Kilbrack Ho., Cork F 2
Kilbraghan, Kilkenny B 3
Kilbrannish, Carlow C 3
Kilbree Ho., Waterford B 3
Kilbreedy Ho., Limerick G 3
Kilbrew Ho., Meath F 3
Kilbrickan Bri., Queen's Co. C 3
Kilbride, Kilkenny D 4
Kilbride, Wicklow E 3
Kilbride and Ho., Wicklow C 1
Kilbride Ho., Carlow C 2
Kilbride Ho., West Meath D 3
Kilbride Ho., Wexford E 2
Kilbride Ho., Wicklow E 4
Kilbrin, Cork E 2
Kilbrittain, Cork E 4
Kilbroney Ho., Down B 5
Kilcaimin, Galway E 3
Kilcaltan Ho., Londonderry B 3
Kilcar, Donegal B 4
Kilcarn Bri., Meath E 3
Kilcarney Cross Rds., Wicklow C 3
Kilcarra, Wicklow D 4
Kilcarrig Ho., Carlow B 2
Kilcarry Bri. and Cott., Carlow C 2
Kilcarty, Meath D 3
Kilcash, Tipperary D 4
Kilcatherine Pt., Cork A 3
Kilcavan, Wicklow C 4
Kilcheest Galway F 3
Kilclare, Leitrim D 3
Kilclief, Down F 3
Kilcloher, Clare B 4
Kilcolney Br., Carlow B 3
Kilcock and Sta., Kildare C 1
Kilcogy, Cavan E 4
Kilcolgan, Galway E 3
Kilcolgan Cas., King's Co. D 2
Kilcolinan Castle, Cork F 2
Kilcolman, Limerick C 2
Kilcoltrim Ho., Carlow B 3
Kilcolumb, West Meath F 2
Kilcomin, King's Co. C 4
Kilconnaught, Carlow D 1
Kilconnell Barony, Galway F 2
Kilconnell, Galway F 3
Kilconner Ho., Carlow C 2
Kilconny, Cavan E 2
Kilconway Barony, Antrim C 3
Kilcoo Ho., Kildare A 4
Kilcoo R., Leitrim C 1
Kilcoole and Sta., Wicklow E 2
Kilcooly Abbey, Tipperary D 3
Kilcop Ho., Waterford G 2
Kilcor, Cork G 2
Kilcoran Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Kilcorkey, Roscommon C 3
Kilcornan Ho., West Meath B 3
Kilcorney, Cork E 2
Kilcoursey Barony, King's Co. E 1
Kilcrea Ho., Dublin E 3
Kilcredan, Cork H 3
Kilcredaun Pt., Clare B 4
Kilcreen Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Kilcrohane Br., Cork B 4
Kilcronaghan Ch., Londonderry E 4
Kilcullen and Barony Kildare C 3
Kilcullen, Old, Kildare C 3
Kilcully, Cork F 3
Kilcummin Ho., King's Co. C 2
Kilcummin or Benwee Hd., Mayo D 1
Kilcumney Ho., Carlow B 3
Kilcurly Ho., Louth B 2
Kilcurry R., Armagh D 4
Kildalkey, Meath C 3
Kildangan Cas., Kildare B 3
Kildare and Sta., Kildare B 3
Kildaree, Galway D 2
Kildaree, Galway F 1
Kildavin and Ho., Carlow C 2
Kildevin, West Meath D 1
Kildimo, Limerick E 2
Kildimo, Old, Limerick E 2
Kildinan Ho., Cork F 2
Kildolagh, Londonderry F 2
Kildoon, Kildare B 3
Kildorrery, Cork F 2
Kildrum, Donegal E 3
Kildrum Ho., Antrim D 4
Kilduff Ho., King's Co. F 1
Kilfarrasy Is., Waterford F 3
Kilfane, Kilkenny D 3
Kilfeakle Ho., Tipperary B 4
Kilfearagh, Clare C 4
Kilfenora, Clare E 2
Kilfenora, Kerry C 2
Kilfinnane, Limerick F 3
Kilfinny Cas., Limerick E 2
Kilflyn, Kerry D 1
Kilfrush Ho., Limerick G 3
Kilgarriff, Mayo F 2
Kilgarvan, Kerry D 3
Kilglass Ho., Kildare B 1
Kilglass L., Roscommon E 3
Kilglass Lo., Sligo B 2
Kilgobbin, Dublin E 6
Kilgobbin Ho., Limerick E 2
Kilgolagh, Cavan E 4
Kilgorman Ch., Wexford E 1
Kilgory Ho. and L., Clare I 2
Kilgraney Ho., Carlow B 3
Kilgraney Lo., Carlow C 2
Kilirellig, Clare B 4
Kilkea and Moone Barony, Kildare B 4
Kilkea Cas., Kildare B 4
Kilkeasy, Kilkenny C 4
Kilkee, Clare C 3
Kilkeel, Down C 5
Kilkeel Pier and R., Down D 5
Kilkeeran, Mayo D 2
Kilkeeran, Mayo D 3
Kilkelly, Mayo E 2
Kilkenny, Tn., Sta., and Bar., Kilkenny C 3
Kilkenny, West Meath B 3
Kilkenny Race Co., Kilkenny C 3
Kilkenny, West Bar., West Meath B 2
Kilkieran Bay, Galway B 3
Kilkinlea, Limerick B 3
Kilkishen, Clare H 3
Kill, Kildare D 2
Kill, Waterford F 2
Kill Ho., Cavan E 3
Killabeg Ho., Wexford C 2
Killachor, Longford D 2
Killadeas, Fermanagh D 2
Killadoon, Kildare D 2
Killadreenan, Wicklow E 2
Killadysert, Clare F 3
Killagan Sta., Antrim C 3
Killagan Water, Antrim C 2
Killagh Ho., Galway F 3
Killagh Ho., West Meath F 2
Killaghy Cas., Tipperary E 3
Killahaly Br., Waterford B 3
Killahy, Kilkenny C 4
Killahy Cas., Kilkenny B 2
Killakee Ho., Dublin D 5
Killakee Mt., Dublin D 6
Killala and Bay, Mayo D 1
Killaloe, Clare K 3
Killaloo, Londonderry B 3
Killamanagh, Galway D 2
Killamery, Kilkenny B 4
Killan, King's Co. H 2
Killane Br., Carlow C 2
Killanena, Clare H 2
Killaney Ch., Down D 3
Killann, Wexford B 2
Killanny, Louth A 2
Killanummery, Leitrim B 2
Killard and Point, Down F 4
Killard Pt. and Ch., Clare C 3
Killare Ho., West Meath C 3
Killary, Meath D 2
Killarga, Leitrim B 2
Killarney, Kerry D 2
Killary Harb., Mayo B 3
Killasana Ho., Longford E 2
Killashandra, Cavan D 2
Killashee, Longford B 2
Killashee Ho., Kildare C 2
Killaskillan Ho., Meath B 4
Killaspug Pt., Sligo E 2
Killaspy Ho., Kilkenny D 5
Killavackan, Roscommon E 3
Killavally, West Meath D 3
Killaveney Bri., Wicklow C 4
Killavilla Ho., King's Co. D 4
Killavoggy Br., Leitrim B 2
Killawillin, Cork F 2
Killballyowen, Limerick F 3
Killcoo Cross Roads, Fermanagh B 2
Killduff Mt., Tipperary C 2
Killea, Waterford G 2
Killead, Antrim D 5
Killeagh and Sta., Cork H 3
Killeague Ho., Londonderry E 2
Killeany and Bay, Galway C 3
Killeck, Dublin D 3
Killedan Ho., Mayo D 2
Killedmond, Carlow B 3
Killeedy, Limerick C 3
Killeelaun, Galway E 2
Killeen, Galway E 2
Killeen, Wexford B 2
Killeen Cas., Meath E 3
Killeen Ho., Armagh C 3
Killeen Ho., Armagh D 4
Killeen Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Killeen Ho., Queen's Co. F 3
Killeen L., Longford D 2
Killeen R., Queen's Co. B 2
Killeenagh Br., Waterford B 3
Killeenaran, Galway E 3
Killeenavarra, Galway E 3
Killeenboy, Roscommon E 4
Killeenleagh, Cork C 4
Killeenrevagh, Roscommon E 4
Killeeshal Fort, Carlow B 2
Killeeshill, Tyrone G 4
Killeevan, Monaghan B 2
Killeglan, Roscommon D 5
Killeigh, King's Co. F 2
Killelagh, Londonderry E 3
Killelton, Kerry C 2
Killen, Tyrone C 3
Killenagh, Wexford E 2
Killenaule, Tipperary D 3
Killenna, Leitrim B 2
Killennan, Londonderry B 3
Killenure Cas., Tipperary C 3
Killerig Cross Roads, Carlow C 1
Killerkin Pt., Clare D 4
Killester, Dublin E 4
Killeter, Tyrone B 3
Killevy Cas., Armagh D 4
Killian Barony, Galway F 2
Killimer, Clare D 4
Killimor, Galway G 3
Killimor Cas., Galway F 3
Killinagh Glebe, Cavan B 1
Killinane Ho., Carlow A 2
Killinardan Ho., Dublin C 5
Killinardish, Cork E 3
Killincarrig, Wicklow E 2
Killinchy, Down E 3
Killincooly Ch., Wexford E 3
Killine Burial Gd., Carlow C 2
Killineer Ho., Louth B 3
Killiney, Kerry B 2
Killiney Hill and Cas., Dublin F 5
Killiney Sta. and Bay, Dublin F 5
Killinick, Wexford D 4
Killinkere, Cavan G 3
Killinny, Galway E 3
Killinthomas Ho., Kildare A 2
Killinure Br., Queen's Co. B 2
Killinure Ho., Wicklow B 4
Killinure Lough, West Meath A 3
Killiskey, Wicklow E 2
Killmaboy, Clare F 2
Killofin, Clare E 4
Killonahan Ho., Limerick E 2
Killone Abbey, Clare G 3
Killongford Ho., Waterford C 3
Killooman L., Leitrim C 2
Killoran Ho., Tipperary D 2
Killorglin, Kerry C 2
Killoscobe, Galway F 2
Killoscully, Tipperary A 2
Killoskehan Cas., Tipperary C 2
Killoteran Ho., Waterford F 2
Killough and B., Down F 4
Killoughrum Ho. & Forest, Wexford B 2
Killoughter and Sta., Wicklow E 2
Killowen, Down C 5
Killowen Ho., Wexford A 4
Killowen Ho., Wexford C 3
Killower, Galway E 2
Killoy, Roscommon E 4
Killrickan, Galway C 2
Killua Cas., West Meath F 2
Killucan, West Meath F 2
Killucan Sta., West Meath E 3
Killumney, Cork E 3
Killuney, Armagh C 2
Killure, Galway G 2
Killure, Londonderry E 2
Killurin and Sta., Wexford C 3
Killurin Ho., King's Co. E 2
Killurney, Tipperary D 4
Killy L., Monaghan B 2
Killybegs, Donegal B 4
Killybegs Ho., Kildare C 2
Killycolpy, Tyrone I 3
Killycor, Londonderry C 3
Killyfaddy, Tyrone E 4
Killygar and Ho., Leitrim F 3
Killyglen, Antrim F 3
Killygordon, Donegal D 3
Killygowan, Fermanagh E 3
Killyhevlin Cott., Fermanagh E 3
Killylea and Sta., Armagh B 2

Killylea L., Cavan E 2
Killylcagh, Down F 3
Killymackan L., Fermanagh E 4
Killyman, Tyrone H 4
Killymoon Cas., Tyrone H 3
Killynan Ho., West Meath E 2
Killyon, King's Co. D 3
Killyon Ho., Meath C 4
Killywillin L., Cavan C 2
Killywilly L., Cavan D 2
Kilmacanoge, Wicklow E 2
Kilmacart Ho., Carlow D 1
Kilmacbrack L., Fermanagh F 3
Kilmacduagh, Galway E 3
Kilmacoe Lo., Wexford D 3
Kilmacomma, Waterford C 2
Kilmacow, Kilkenny C 5
Kilmacow, Upper, Kilkenny C 5
Kilmacrenan Bar. & Vil., Donegal D 2
Kilmactalway Ho., Dublin B 5
Kilmacthomas, Waterford E 2
Kilmaganny, Kilkenny B 4
Kilmagar Ho., Kilkenny C 2
Kilmaine Barony, Mayo D 3
Kilmaine Ho., King's Co. D 3
Kilmainham, Dublin D 5
Kilmainham and Sta., Meath D 1
Kilmakevoge, Kilkenny D 4
Kilmakilloge Harbour, Kerry C 3
Kilmakinlan, Longford B 3
Kilmalkedar, Kerry A 2
Kilmallock, Tn., Bar., and Sta., Limerick F 3
Kilmanagh, Kilkenny B 3
Kilmanahan Cas., Waterford C 2
Kilmannock Ho., Wexford A 4
Kilmartin, Wicklow E 2
Kilmartin Ho., Dublin C 3
Kilmartin Ho., Queen's Co. A 3
Kilmashogue Mt., Dublin D 5
Kilmastulla R., Tipperary A 2
Kilmead Ho., Kildare B 3
Kilmeadan, Waterford F 2
Kilmeage, Kildare B 2
Kilmeany Ho., Carlow B 2
Kilmeany Ho., Kerry D 1
Kilmeedy, Limerick D 3
Kilmeena, Mayo C 2
Kilmessan and Sta., Meath E 3
Kilmichael Ho., Wexford E 2
Kilmichael Pt., Wexford F 1
Kilmihil, Clare D 3
Kilmoney Cott., Kildare B 2
Kilmood, Down E 3
Kilmore, Armagh C 2
Kilmore, Down E 3
Kilmore, Galway C 2
Kilmore, Roscommon D 4
Kilmore, Wexford C 4
Kilmore, Wexford C 4
Kilmore, Wicklow C 2
Kilmore and Orrery Barony, Cork E 2
Kilmore Ho., Clare D 4
Kilmore Ho., Limerick E 3
Kilmore Ho., Meath E 4
Kilmore Ho., Waterford B 3
Kilmore L., Fermanagh F 3
Kilmore L., Monaghan B 2
Kilmore Palace, Cavan E 3
Kilmorgan, Sligo F 3
Kilmorony Ho., Queen's Co. F 3
Kilmoyler, Tipperary B 4
Kilmuckbridge Ho., Wexford E 2
Kilmullen Ho., Queen's Co. E 2
Kilmur Ho., Meath C 3
Kilmurry, Clare D 3
Kilmurry, Clare H 3
Kilmurry, Cork E 3
Kilmurry, Kilkenny D 3
Kilmurry Ho., Carlow C 2
Kilmurry Ho., Cork G 2
Kilmurry Ho., Kildare B 1
Kilmurry Ho., Wicklow E 3
Kilmurry Ho., Wicklow E 4
Kilmurry McMahon, Clare E 4
Kilmurvy, Galway B 3
Kilmyshall, Wexford C 2
Kilnacreevy L., Cavan E 3
Kilnacrott Cott., Cavan F 3
Kilnagarvagh Ho., King's Co. D 2
Kilnagrange Br., Waterford E 2
Kilnahard Ho., Cavan E 4
Kilnahue Ho., Wexford D 1
Kilnalag, Galway F 1
Kilnaleck, Cavan F 3
Kilnamanagh Lower Bar., Tipperary B 3
Kilnamanagh Upper Bar., Tipperary B 3
Kilnarovanagh, Kerry C 2
Kilnock Ho., Carlow C 2
Kilonan Sta., Limerick F 2
Kilooly Hall, King's Co. D 2
Kilpatrick, Cork E 3
Kilpatrick, Kildare A 3
Kilpatrick Ho., Kildare B 2
Kilpatrick Ho., Louth A 3
Kilpeacon Ho., Limerick F 2
Kilpierce, Wexford D 2
Kilpoole Ho., Wicklow E 3
Kilquade Ho., Wicklow E 2
Kilquane, Cork E 2
Kilquiggin, Wicklow B 4
Kilrainy Ho. and Cas., Kildare A 1
Kilranelagh Ho., Wicklow B 3
Kilrea, Londonderry F 3
Kilree Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Kilreehill, Galway F 3
Kilreesk Ho. and Ch., Dublin D 3
Kilronan, Galway C 3
Kilronan Ho., Waterford C 2
Kilronane, Cork D 3
Kilroot Sta., Antrim G 4
Kilrossanty, Waterford D 2
Kilruddery, Wicklow E 1
Kilrush and Ho., Clare D 4
Kilrush Bri., Queen's Co. D 3
Kilrush Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Kilsallaghan, Dublin D 3
Kilsaran, Louth B 2
Kilscannell Ho., Limerick C 2
Kilshanchee, Kildare B 1
Kilshane Ho., Dublin D 3
Kilshannig, Cork G 2
Kilshannig, Kerry C 2
Kilsharvan Ho., Meath G 3
Kilsheelan, Tipperary D 4
Kilshruley Ho., Longford D 2
Kilskeer, Meath B 2
Kilskeery, Tyrone C 4
Kiltabridd Loughs, Armagh A 3
Kiltale, Meath E 3
Kiltamagh, Mayo E 2
Kiltanon Ho., Clare H 2
Kiltarsaghaun, Mayo C 2
Kiltartan and Barony, Galway E 3
Kiltealy, Wexford B 2
Kilteel, Kildare D 2
Kilteely, Limerick G 2
Kilteeven, Roscommon E 4
Kiltegan, Wicklow B 3
Kiltennell Ch. Wexford E 2
Kiltiernan, Dublin E 6
Kiltimon, Wicklow E 2
Kiltinan Cas., Tipperary D 4
Kiltinny, Lower, Londonderry E 2
Kiltober Cas., West Meath D 3
Kiltoghert, Leitrim C 4
Kiltoom, West Meath D 2
Kiltorcan Ho., Kilkenny C 4
Kiltormer, Galway G 3
Kiltra Ho., Wexford B 4
Kiltrea Ho., Wexford B 2
Kiltullagh, Galway E 3
Kiltullagh, Galway F 2
Kilturk L., Fermanagh F 3
Kiltybane L., Armagh C 4
Kiltyclogher Leitrim C 1
Kiltycon, Longford C 1
Kilure, Galway G 2
Kilvine, Mayo E 2
Kilwaughter Cas., Antrim F 3
Kilworth, Cork G 2
Kimalta Ho., Tipperary A 2
Kimmage Ho., Dublin D 5
Kinale L., Longford E 2
Kinalea Barony, Cork F 3
Kinallen, Down C 3
Kinalmeaky Barony, Cork E 3
Kinalogh, Longford E 2
Kinard Ho., Roscommon E 2
Kinard Lo., Sligo B 2
Kinawley, Fermanagh D 3
Kinbane or White Hd., Antrim D 1
Kincon, Mayo C 1
Kinelarty Barony, Down D 3
Kingarogy I., Cork C 4
Kinghill, Down C 4
King's Mt., Sligo F 1
Kings R., Kilkenny B 3
Kings Riv., Wicklow C 2
Kings Row, Donegal F 2
Kingsborough Ho., Sligo G 3
Kingsbridge Sta., Dublin D 4
Kingscourt, Cavan I 3
Kingsfort, Meath C 2
Kingsland, Roscommon C 2
Kingston Br., Waterford A 2
Kingston Ho., Wicklow D 3
Kingstown and Harbour, Dublin F 5
Kingstown Ho., Dublin D 3
Kingstown R., Galway F 2
Kingwilliamstown, Cork D 2
Kinlough, Leitrim B 1
Kinnafad Cas., Kildare A 1
Kinnagoe B., Donegal G 2
Kinnahooey, Mayo B 2
Kinnatalloon Barony, Cork G 2
Kinnegad and Riv., West Meath F 3
Kinnegoe Harb., Armagh D 2
Kinnegoe Pt., Armagh D 1
Kinnitty, King's Co. D 3
Kinrovar, Mayo A 1
Kinsale and Barony, Cork F 3
Kinsale Harbour, Cork F 4
Kinsaley, Dublin E 3
Kinturk Ho., West Meath E 1
Kinvarra and Bay, Galway E 3
Kip L., Galway D 3
Kip L., Leitrim C 2
Kippure, Dublin C 6
Kircassock Ho., Down B 3
Kircock L., Louth B 3
Kirkcubbin, Down F 3
Kirkiniola, Antrim D 3
Kirkistown, Down G 3
Kirwans Cross, Louth B 3
Kishawanny, Kildare A 1
Kishkeam, Cork D 2
Kitt St Nicholas, Waterford H 2
Knappagh Ho., Armagh B 2
Knappoge Ho., Longford C 3
Knapton and Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Knavinstown Ho., Kildare B 2
Knights Mt., Kerry D 2
Knights Town, Kerry B 3
Knightsbrook Ho., Meath D 3
Knightstown Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Knock, Clare D 4
Knock, Down D 2
Knock, Galway D 3
Knock, Mayo E 2
Knock Ho., Waterford G 2
Knock Cross Roads, Tipperary D 2
Knocka L., Clare E 3
Knocka L., Galway D 3
Knockachorra, Queen's Co. B 2
Knockacuppul, Kerry E 2
Knockadaff, Mayo B 1
Knockade, Limerick B 4
Knockaderry and Ho., Limerick D 3
Knockaderry Ho., Waterford F 2
Knockadoo, Roscommon C 2
Knockadoon Hd., Cork H 3
Knockadrum, Galway F 3
Knockaholet, Antrim C 2
Knockahunna, Tipperary D 4
Knockainy, Limerick G 3
Knockakiboon, Limerick D 4
Knockalaght, Limerick B 3
Knockalisheen, Waterford D 2
Knockalla Mt., Donegal E 2
Knockallow Rath. Carlow D 2
Knockalough, Tipperary B 3
Knockan, Londonderry C 3
Knockanaffrin, Waterford D 2
Knockanally Ho., Kildare C 1
Knockanare, Cork E 3
Knockanastumba, Queen's Co. B 2
Knockanboy Bri., Longford B 2
Knockandinny, Dublin B 5
Knockaneill R., Londonderry F 3
Knockanimpaha, Limerick B 3
Knockaniss, Clare H 2
Knockannavea, Dublin C 5
Knockanora, Tipperary B 2
Knockanore Mt., Kerry D 1
Knockantern Ho., Londonderry F 3
Knockanure, Kerry D 1
Knockaroon, Roscommon E 2
Knockarradaun, Clare F 2
Knockarrow, West Meath D 1
Knockasceggan, Tipperary B 3
Knockaskehane, Cork G 2
Knockastanna, Limerick H 2
Knockasturkeen, Cork G 3
Knockathea, Limerick B 3
Knockatooan, Cork D 2
Knockatulla, Meath E 4
Knockaturly L., Monaghan C 2
Knockaunavoher, Limerick H 2
Knockaunbrandaun, Waterford C 2
Knockauncoura, Galway E 3
Knockaunnaglashy, Kerry C 2
Knockavelish Cott., Waterford H 2
Knockaville, West Meath E 3
Knockaviltoge, Tipperary B 3
Knockavoe, Tyrone D 2
Knockawarriga, Limerick B 3
Knockballystine Cross Rds., Carlow D 2
Knockbane Ho., Kildare B 4
Knockbarragh Pk., Down B 5
Knockbaun, Carlow B 3
Knockbawn, Queen's Co. D 3
Knockbeg Ho., Queen's Co. F 3
Knockbeha Cott., Clare I 2
Knockboy, Kerry D 3
Knockboy, Waterford D 2
Knockboy Ho., Antrim D 3
Knockbrack, Kerry D 3
Knockbrack, West Meath E 2
Knockbride Ch., Cavan H 3
Knockbridge, Louth B 2
Knockcarrig Ho., Wicklow A 3
Knockchree, Down C 5
Knockcloghrim, Londonderry F 4
Knockcroghery & Sta., Roscommon E 4
Knockdrin Cas., West Meath E 2
Knockduff Ho., Carlow B 3
Knockeen Lock, Carlow B 3
Knockeevan Ho., Tipperary C 4
Knockfeerina, Limerick E 3
Knockfin Ho. Queen's Co. B 3
Knockglass, Roscommon C 2
Knockglass Ho., Mayo C 1
Knockgorm L., Cavan B 2
Knockhouse, Kilkenny C 4
Knockieran Cott., Wicklow B 2
Knockinelde, Down G 3
Knocklayd, Antrim D 2
Knockletter Cuss, Mayo B 1
Knockloe Bri., Carlow C 2
Knockloe Ho., Wicklow A 4
Knocklofty Br., Waterford C 1
Knocklofty Ho., Tipperary C 4
Knocklong and Sta., Limerick G 3
Knocklyne Cas., Dublin D 5
Knockmahon, Waterford E 3
Knockmanus Ho., Carlow B 3
Knockmeal, Kerry D 1
Knockmealdown Mts., Tipperary C 4
Knockmore Junction, Antrim E 5
Knockmoylan, Kilkenny C 4
Knockmoyle, Galway F 3
Knockmoyle, Tipperary B 4
Knockmulrooney Tower, Kildare E 1
Knocknacarry, Antrim E 2
Knocknacree Cross Rds., Kildare C 4
Knocknadober, Kerry B 2
Knocknagann Bri., Carlow C 1
Knocknagashel, Kerry D 1
Knocknageragh Ho., Waterford C 4
Knocknagtie, Cork D 2
Knocknalower, Mayo B 1
Knocknaman, King's Co. D 3
Knocknamohill Ho., Wicklow D 3
Knocknamona, Louth C 1
Knocknamoyle, Carlow B 3
Knocknamunnion, Wicklow B 3
Knocknarea, Sligo E 2
Knockninny Bar. & Hall, Fermanagh E 3
Knockor Ho., Kildare B 1
Knockourha, Limerick C 2
Knockowen, Kerry C 3
Knockraha, Cork G 3
Knockranny Ho., Roscommon D 1
Knockroe, Carlow C 3
Knockroe, Waterford C 3
Knockroe, Wicklow B 2
Knocks, Kildare C 2
Knockshawn, Carlow B 3
Knockshigowna, Tipperary C 1
Knockteige, Tipperary B 3
Knockthomas Ho., Carlow B 2
Knocktopher, Bar., & Ho., Kilkenny C 4
Knopoge Cas., Clare H 3
Knowth Ho., Meath E 2
Knuckbue Sta., Cork D 3
Kuliniskyduff Ho., Wicklow E 4
Kyle Ho., Queen's Co. B 4
Kyle Ho., Wexford C 3
Kyleballintallon, Queen's Co. C 3
Kylemore L., Galway B 2

L

Labanstown, Louth C 3
Labasheeda, Clare E 4
Labe L., Sligo F 3
La Bergerie Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Laburnum Lo., Wexford E 2
Lachan B., Mayo D 1
Lack, Fermanagh E 1
Lack, Roscommon F 3
Lack L., Tyrone C 3
Lacka Ho., Queen's Co. B 2
Lackagh, Londonderry C 2
Lackagh L., Leitrim C 2
Lackan, Donegal C 4
Lackan, Roscommon D 4
Lackan, West Meath D 2
Lackan, Wicklow C 2
Lackandarra, Waterford C 2
Lackenacoombe Ho., Tipperary B 3
Lacys Canal, West Meath D 2
Ladestown Ho., West Meath D 3
Lady's I., Wexford D 4
Lady'sbridge, Cork G 3
Ladycastle, Kildare D 2
Ladyschapel Ho., Kildare C 1
Lady's Island Lake, Wexford D 4
Ladys Well, Limerick C 3
Ladytown Ho., Kildare C 2
Lag, Donegal F 2
Lagan, Donegal E 3
Lagan R., Down D 2 & C 3
Lagan R., Louth A 2
Lagan Navigation Canal, Antrim D 5
Lagha L., Donegal C 2
Laghile, Tipperary B 3
Laght Daughybaun, Mayo C 1
Laghtseefin, Tipperary B 3
Lagore Ho., Meath F 3
Lahy, Donegal C 4
Lake, Tipperary B 1

Lakefield, Cavan C 2
Lakefield, Leitrim E 4
Lakefield, Tipperary D 4
Lakefield Ho., Meath B 2
Lakelands, Monaghan D 3
Lake Mount, Waterford G 2
Lake Strand, Cavan H 4
Lakeview, Cavan F 2
Lake View, Cavan G 4
Lake View, Londonderry F 4
Lake View, Mayo D 3
Lake View, Roscommon E 2
Lake View, Sligo F 3
Lake View, Wicklow D 2
Lakeview Ho., Meath C 1
Lakeview Ho., Monaghan A 3
Lakeview Ho., Monaghan C 3
Lakeville, Cavan D 3
La Mancha, West Meath D 3
Lambay I., Dublin G 2
Lambay Harbour and Cas., Dublin G 3
Lambeg, Antrim E 5
Lambert Cas. and Lo., Galway E 3
Lamberton Ho., Queen's Co. D 3
Lamberton Ho., Wicklow D 4
Lambs Head, Kerry B 3
Lancaster Ho., Roscommon D 6
Landenstown Ho., Kildare C 2
Landmore Ho., Londonderry F 2
Landscape Ho., Waterford D 1
Landscape Ho., Wexford A 3
Lanesborough, Longford B 2
Lanespark, Tipperary D 3
Laney River, Cork E 3
Langford Lodge, Antrim C 5
Langfords Lodge, Cork D 2
Langley Lo., Tipperary D 3
Lanmore, Mayo C 2
Laragh, Roscommon C 3
Laragh and Ho., Wicklow D 2
Laragh Ho., Kildare C 1
Laragh Ho., Monaghan D 3
Laragh Ho., Wicklow B 4
Laragh L., Fermanagh E 3
Laragh R., Cavan F 3
Larah Ho., Carlow C 2
Larchfield, Down C 3
Larch Hill, Kildare A 3
Larch Hill, Kildare D 2
Larch Hill, Queen's Co. B 3
Larch Hill, Wexford E 1
Larchhill Ho., Meath D 4
Largan, Sligo D 3
Largy, Donegal B 4
Largy Ch., Cavan B 1
Largydonnell, Leitrim B 1
Largymore Ho., Down C 3
Lark Lo., Kildare B 3
Larkfield, Leitrim B 2
Larkfield Ho., West Meath E 3
Larkfield Ho., Wexford B 2
Lark Hill Ho., Antrim C 2
Larne, Antrim F 3
Larne Lough, Antrim G 4
Larne Water, Antrim F 4
Lask R., Wexford D 1
Latimerstown Ho., Wexford D 4
Latoon Creek, Clare G 3
Latteragh, Tipperary B 2
Lattin, Tipperary A 4
Lattone H. & L., Fermanagh C 2
Lattone R., Leitrim C 1
Laughton Ho., King's Co. C 4
Laune R., Kerry C 2
Lauragh, Kerry C 3
Lauragh, Queen's Co. D 2
Laurel Hall, Wicklow B 4
Laurel Hill, Armagh C 2
Laurel L., Monaghan A 3
Laurel Lodge, Armagh C 3
Laurel Lodge, Tipperary C 3
Laurel Mount Ho., Dublin C 2
Laurel Vale, Armagh D 2
Laurencetown, Galway G 3
Lavey, Cavan F 3
Lavistown Sta., Kilkenny C 3
Lawnsdown, Queen's Co. D 2
Lawrencetown and Sta., Down B 3
Lea L., Fermanagh F 3
Leabeg, King's Co. D 2
Leabeg, Wicklow E 2
Leabeg, Middle, Wicklow E 2
Lead Mines, Down E 2
Lead Mine, Monaghan D 2
Leaffony R., Sligo B 2
Leaghan, Tyrone F 3
Leaghany R., Tyrone A 3
Leamlara Ho., Cork G 3
Leane R., Kerry D 2
Leannan R., Donegal D 2
Leap, Cork D 4
Leap, The, Wexford B 3
Leap Castle, King's Co. D 3
Leap of Doonass, Limerick F 1
Learmount, Londonderry C 3
Leary's L., Wexford E 2
Leas Ho., Dublin D 3
Leathenstown, Antrim E 5
Lecale, Upper Barony, Down E 4
Lecale, Lower Barony, Down F 4
Lecarrow, Leitrim C 3
Lecarrow, Roscommon E 4
Lecarrow, Sligo G 3
Leckpatrick, Tyrone D 1
Leck Pt., Kerry C 1
Lecky Rks., Mayo A 3
Ledwithstown Ho., Longford B 3
Lee R., Cork D 3 & F 3
Lee R., Kerry C 2
Leeke Water, Londonderry D 3
Leekfield Ho., Sligo D 2
Leenane, Galway B 2
Legamaddy, Down E 4
Legan, Longford D 3
Legan Cas., Kilkenny D 3
Legavannon, Londonderry E 3
Leggykelly, Cavan E 2
Legoniel, Antrim E 5
Legwee Bri., Cavan E 3
Lehenagh, Cork E 4
Lehery Bri., Longford B 3
Lehinch, Clare D 2
Leighlinbridge, Carlow B 2
Leinster Ho., Kildare B 4
Leipsic, King's Co. C 4
Leitrim, Leitrim C 4
Leitrim Barony, Leitrim C 3
Leitrim Bar. and Hamlet, Galway F 3
Leitrim, Longford C 2
Leitrim Ho., Sligo D 3
Leitrim R., Down D 4
Leixlip, Sta., and Cas., Kildare E 1
Lemanaghan Cas. & Ch., King's Co. D 2
Lemineagh, Louth C 1
Lemnalary, Antrim E 2
Lemongrove Ho., West Meath E 3
Lenaboy, Longford C 3
Lenadoon Pt., Sligo B 2
Lenaghans, Longford C 3
Lenagubbagh Ho., King's Co. G 1
Lenan Hd., Donegal E 2
Lene L., West Meath E 2
Leopardstown, Dublin E 5
Lerr Riv., Kildare B 4
Lerrig, Kerry C 1
Leslie Hill, Armagh B 3
Leslie Hill Ho., Antrim B 2
Letter Ho., Kerry D 1
Lettera, Galway F 1
Letterbeg Ho., Wexford E 2
Letterbreen, Fermanagh D 3
Letterbrickaun, Galway B 2
Lettercraffroe L., Galway C 2
Letterkenny, Donegal D 3
Lettermore I., Galway B 3
Lettermullan I., Galway B 3
Lettybrook Ho., King's Co. D 3
Levally Ho., Queen's Co. B 4
Levally L., Galway E 2
Levally L., Mayo D 2
Leveret I., West Meath A 2
Levington Park, West Meath D 2
Levitstown and Ho., Kildare B 4
Lewistown Ho., Kildare C 2
Lewis Ville, Wicklow E 4
Leyny Barony, Sligo D 3
Lickadoon Cas., Limerick F 2
Lickeen Ho., Kerry C 2
Lickeen Lough, Clare E 2
Licketstown, Kilkenny C 5
Licky R., Waterford C 3
Liffey Cott., Kildare C 3
Liffey Head, Wicklow C 2
Liffey R., Dublin and Kildare C 4 & C 2
Liffey R. (source), Wicklow C 2
Lifford, Donegal E 3
Lighthouse I., Down F 1
Lilliput Ho., West Meath D 3
Limavady Junct., Londonderry C 2
Limerick, Limerick F 2
Limerick, Wexford E 1
Limerick Junct., Tipperary B 3
Linen Hill Ho., Armagh B 3
Linen Vale, Armagh C 2
Linfield Ho., Limerick G 2
Linford Water, Antrim F 3
Lingaun R., Kilkenny B 4
Linkardstown Ho., Carlow B 2
Linns, Louth B 2
Linsfort, Donegal E 2
Lisachrin, Londonderry F 3
Lisalea, Monaghan B 3
Lisanelly, Tyrone E 3
Lisanoure Cas., Antrim C 2
Lisbellaw and Sta., Fermanagh E 3
Lisbofin Ho., Fermanagh D 3
Lisbride, Roscommon E 4
Lisburn, Galway E 3
Lisbryan Ho., Tipperary B 1
Lisburn, Antrim E 5
Liscananaun, Galway E 2
Liscannor and Bay, Clare D 2
Liscarney Ho., Monaghan C 2
Liscarroll, Cork E 2
Liscartan Cas., Meath D 2
Liscasey, Clare E 3
Liscolman Ho., Wicklow B 4
Liscormick Ho., Longford C 3
Liscune, Galway F 2
Lisdargan, Kerry B 2
Lisdoonvarna, Clare E 1
Lisdowney, Kilkenny B 2
Lisduane Ho., Limerick E 3
Lisfelim, Roscommon E 5
Lisfinny Ho., Waterford A 3
Lisgar, Galway G 3
Lisglassock Ho., Longford C 3
Lisgoole Abbey, Fermanagh E 3
Lisheen, Clare B 4
Lisheen, Galway F 2
Lisheen, Kerry E 2
Lisheen Br., Cork C 3
Lisheen Cas., Tipperary C 2
Lisheen Ho., Tipperary C 3
Liskennett Ho., Limerick E 3
Lisky, Tyrone D 2
Lislap, Tyrone E 2
Lislasly, Armagh C 2
Lislea, Sligo E 3
Lislea Ho. and Cott., Armagh B 3
Lislea Ho., Cavan G 2
Lislea Ho., Longford C 3
Lisleen, Down E 2
Lisleitrim L., Armagh C 4
Lislevane, Cork E 4
Lismacmurrogh Ho., Longford C 3
Lismacue Ho., Tipperary B 4
Lismaine Ho., Kilkenny C 2
Lismoher Ho., Clare E 1
Lismore Cas., Cavan E 3
Lismore Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Lismore and Sta., Waterford B 3
Lismoyne, Antrim F 5
Lismoyny, West Meath C 3
Lismullin Ho., Meath E 3
Lisnabin Ho., West Meath E 2
Lisnabo Ho., Meath D 1
Lisnacree, Down C 5
Lisnacreevy Ho., Down B 4
Lisnacullia Cas., Limerick D 2
Lisnadill, Armagh C 3
Lisnagade Ho., Down B 4
Lisnagar, Cork G 2
Lisnagowan Ho., Cavan F 2
Lisnagunogue, Antrim C 1
Lisnamorrow, Londonderry F 4
Lisnaroe, Monaghan A 2
Lisnarrick, Fermanagh D 2
Lisnaskea and Sta., Fermanagh F 3
Lisnawully Ho., Louth B 1
Lisnevagh Ho., Carlow C 1
Lispatrick, Cork F 4
Lisquinlan Ho., Cork H 3
Lisrenny Ho., Louth A 2
Lisryan, Longford E 2
Lissadill Ho., Sligo E 1
Lissadorn Ho., Roscommon D 2
Lissadrone, Mayo D 1
Lissaha, Tipperary D 3
Lissamota Cas., Limerick D 3
Lissan, Tyrone H 2
Lissan Ch., Londonderry E 4
Lissan Water, Tyrone H 2
Lissanisky, Roscommon E 4
Lissanover Ho., Cavan D 2
Lissanure Ho., Tipperary D 2
Lissaquill Ho., West Meath B 2
Lissard Ho., Longford D 2
Lissawarriff, Longford D 3
Lisselton, Kerry D 1
Lissenhall Ho., Tipperary B 2
Lissoy, West Meath A 2
Lissurland Ho., Limerick C 3
Lissydaly Br., Roscommon A 2
Listerlin, Kilkenny D 4
Listoke Ho., Louth B 3
Listowel, Kerry D 1
Listrisman Ho., Mayo D 2
Listrolin, Kilkenny C 4
Listry, Kerry D 2
Little Arrigle R., Kilkenny C 4
Little Bray, Dublin F 6
Little Brosna R., King's Co. B 3
Littlefield Ho., Tipperary D 3
Little Furze, The, Meath E 3
Little I., Cork F 3
Little Island, Waterford G 2
Little R., Louth C 1
Littlerath, Kildare D 2
Little Saltee I., Wexford C 5
Little Slaney Riv., Wicklow B 3
Little Sugar Loaf, Wicklow E 2
Littleton, Tipperary D 3
Littletown Ho., West Meath A 2
Lixnaw, Kerry D 1
Lloydsborough Ho., Tipperary C 2
Lobinstown, Meath E 2
Lodge, The, Dublin D 4
Lodge, The, Wexford D 3
Lodge Park, Kildare D 2
Lodgepark, Meath C 3
Lodgepark Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Loftus Hall, Wexford A 5
Loghill, Limerick B 2
Lombardstown Sta. Cork E 2
Londonderry, Londonderry A 2
Londonderry, N. W. Liberties of, Londonderry A 2
Long I., Cork C 4
Long I., Longford B 3
Long Is., West Meath A 3
Longfield, Armagh D 4
Longfield Ho., Roscommon E 4
Longfield Ho., Tipperary C 3
Longfield Ho., West Meath B 2
Longford, King's Co. D 3
Longford, Longford C 2
Longford Barony, Galway G 3
Longford Barony, Longford C 2
Longford Bri., Longford C 3
Longford Ho., Sligo D 2
Long Hill, West Meath D 3
Longhill, Wicklow D 2
Long L., Down D 3
Long L., Monaghan B 3
Longorchard Ho., Tipperary D 2
Longpavement Sta., Limerick F 1
Longtown Ho., Kildare C 2
Longueville, Cork E 2
Longwood, Meath C 4
Lonsdale, Wexford C 3
Loo R., Kerry D 3
Loobagh R., Limerick F 3
Loop Hd., Clare A 4
Loran Park, Tipperary C 2
Lordship of Newry, Down B 4
Lorrha, Tipperary B 1
Loskeran Ho., Waterford D 3
Lossett, Cavan E 3
Lough Allen, Leitrim C 3
Loughan, Londonderry F 2
Loughan B., Antrim E 1
Loughananna, Limerick H 4
Loughanillaun, Galway C 2
Loughanillaunmore, Galway C 3
Loughanleagh L., Cavan H 3
Loughanmore, Roscommon E 5
Loughanvally, West Meath C 3
Loughaunnavaag, Galway F 3
Loughaveena, Antrim E 2
Loughawee, Galway A 2
Loughbane, Kildare C 3
Loughbawn Ho., Monaghan C 3
Lough Beg, Antrim B 4
Lough Boderg, Leitrim D 4
Loughbrack Ch., Kilkenny C 3
Loughbray Cott., Wicklow D 1
Loughs Bray, Upper and Lower, Wicklow D 1
Loughbrickland, Down B 4
Loughburke Ho., Clare F 2
Lough Carra, Mayo D 2
Lough Conn, Mayo D 1
Lough Cornacarta, Roscommon D 1
Lough Corrib, Galway D 2
Loughcrew Ho., Meath B 2
Loughcurra, Galway E 3
Lough Dan, Wicklow D 2
Lough Derg, Tipperary A 2
Lough Derravaragh, West Meath D 2
Loughderry, Monaghan D 4
Lougheask, Donegal C 3
Lough Emy Ho., Monaghan C 1
Lough Ennel, West Meath D 3
Lougher, Meath F 2
Loughermore Ho., Antrim E 4
Loughermore and R., Londonderry C 3
Lough Erne, Fermanagh C 2
Lough Erne, Upper, Fermanagh E 3
Lough Fea, Tyrone G 2
Lough Fea Ho., Monaghan D 4
Lough Foyle, Londonderry C 2
Loughgall, Armagh C 2
Lough Gara, Roscommon C 2
Lough Gill, Sligo F 2
Loughgilly Rectory, Armagh D 3
Loughglinn, Roscommon B 3
Loughglinn Ho., Roscommon B 2
Lough Gowna, Cavan D 3
Loughguile, Antrim D 2
Loughgur, Limerick F 2
Loughill Ho., Kilkenny C 1
Loughinisland L., Down E 3
Loughinn R., Donegal F 2
Loughinsholin Barony, Londonderry E 4
Lough Hoe R., Sligo C 3
Lough Key, Roscommon D 1
Loughkip R., Galway D 3
Loughlinstown, Dublin F 6
Loughlohery Cas., Tipperary C 4
Lough Macnean, Upper and Lower, Fermanagh C 3
Loughmacrory, Tyrone F 3
Lough Mask, Mayo C 3

Lough Mask Ho., Mayo D 3
Lough Melvin, Leitrim C 1
Loughmoe, Tipperary C 2
Loughmogue Cott., Wicklow A 2
Lough Money, Down F 3
Lough More, Monaghan E 1
Lough na Kill, Mayo D 3
Lough Neagh, Antrim C 5
Lough Nilly, or Lough Macnean, Lr., Fermanagh C 3
Lough O'Connell Ho., Clare H 3
Lough O'Flyn, Roscommon B 3
Loughoony Ho., Monaghan B 2
Lough Oughter, Cavan E 2
Lough Owel, West Meath D 2
Lough Park, West Meath E 2
Lough Point, Sligo F 3
Lough Ramor, Cavan G 4
Loughrea and Barony, Galway F 3
Lough Ree, Roscommon F 4
Lough Ree Ho., West Meath A 3
Loughros Beg Bay, Donegal B 3
Loughros More Bay, Donegal B 3
Lough Scur, Leitrim D 3
Lough Sheelin, Cavan F 4
Loughshinny, Dublin G 2
Loughstown Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Lough Swilly, Donegal E 2
Lough Tay, Wicklow D 2
Loughtee, Upper Barony, Cavan E 3
Loughtee, Lower Barony, Cavan E 2
Loughtown, Leitrim D 4
Loughtown, Wexford A 4
Louisburgh, Mayo B 2
Loup, The, Londonderry F 4
Louth, Tn., Abbey, and Hall, Louth A 2
Louth Barony, Louth B 2
Lowberry, Roscommon B 3
Lower Antrim Barony, Antrim E 3
Lower Ards Barony, Down F 2
Lower Belfast Barony, Antrim F 4
Lower Castlereagh Barony, Down E 2
Lower Castlereagh Barony, Down E 2
Lower Cumber Ch., Londonderry B 3
Lower Deece Barony, Meath D 3
Lower Duleek Barony, Meath F 2
Lower Dundalk Barony, Louth C 1
Lower Dungannon Barony, Tyrone G 4
Lower Dunluce Barony, Antrim B 2
Lowerend, Wicklow B 4
Lower Glenarm Barony, Antrim E 2
Lower Iveagh Barony, Down C 3
Lower Kells Barony, Meath C 2
Lower Kiltinny, Londonderry E 2
Lower Lecale Barony, Down F 4
Lower L., Longford D 1
Lower Loughtee Barony, Cavan E 2
Lower Massereene Bar., Antrim D 5
Lower Moyfenrath Bar., Meath C 4
Lower Navan Barony, Meath D 3
Lower Orior Barony, Armagh D 3
Lower Ormond Bar., Tipperary B 1
Lower Philipstown Bar., King's Co. F 2
Lower Slane Barony, Meath E 2
Lower St Mullins Barony, Carlow B 3
Lower Strabane Barony, Tyrone D 2
Lower Talbotstown Bar., Wicklow B 2
Lowertown, West Meath D 3
Lowerymore R., Donegal D 3
Lowrys I., Armagh C 2
Lowther Lo., Dublin E 1
Lowtherstown or Irvinestown, Fermanagh E 2
Lower Toome Barony, Antrim C 3
Lowtown, Down C 4
Lowtown, West Meath E 3
Lucan and Sta., Dublin B 4
Lucas Bri., Carlow D 1
Lugatryna, Wicklow A 2
Lugboy Lo., Mayo E 2
Lugduff Brook, Wicklow C 3
Luggacurren, Queen's Co. E 3
Luggala Lo., Wicklow D 2
Luggatarriff, Galway B 2
Luggaun, Longford B 3
Luglass, Upper & Lower, Wicklow B 2
Lugmore, Leitrim B 2
Lugnafella Br., Sligo E 2
Lugnaquillia Mt., Wicklow C 3
Lugnashinna, Cavan B 1
Lugnaskeagh, Wicklow C 2
Lukes Mt., Down D 4
Lukeswell, Kilkenny C 4
Lullymore Lo., Kildare B 2
Lumcloon, King's Co. C 2
Lumcloon Br., King's Co. D 2
Lumcloon Ho., Carlow B 2
Lumman L., Sligo F 2
Lumville Ho., King's Co. H 2
Lune Barony, Meath C 3
Lung R., Roscommon B 2
Lurg Barony, Fermanagh D 1
Lurga Pt., Clare C 3
Lurgan, Armagh E 2
Lurgan Lo., Cavan G 3
Lurgan L., Kildare B 2
Lurgan White Ho., Louth B 2
Lurgana Ho., Armagh D 3
Lurganboy, Leitrim B 2
Lurgangreen, Louth B 2
Lurgantogher Ho., Londonderry E 3
Lurgoe Ho., Tipperary D 3
Lusgarboy, Donegal E 2
Lusk and Sta., Dublin F 2
Lustia L., Leitrim C 3
Lustybeg, Fermanagh D 1
Lustymore Is., Fermanagh C 2
Lybagh, Wicklow C 3
Lynches Cross, Louth B 3
Lynchfort Ho., Galway F 3
Lynn Ho., West Meath E 2
Lynnbury, West Meath D 3
Lyons Ho., Kildare D 2
Lyreen Riv., Kildare D 1

M

Maas, Upper, Donegal B 3
McBrides Cross Rds., Down C 4
McCone's Bri., Armagh C 3
McCourts L., Armagh D 3
McDowell's Bri., Armagh D 2
McDruid Ho., Roscommon C 3
Mace Hd., Galway B 3
Macfinn, Antrim B 2
Macgillicuddy's Reeks, Kerry C 2
Machugh L., Leitrim D 4
MacMurrough Ho., Wexford A 3
Mackan, Cavan D 2
Mackans, West Meath C 3
McKees Br., Down C 3
McKinneys Bank, Donegal F 2
Mackmine Sta. and Cas., Wexford C 3
McLouise, Monaghan B 2
Macnean Loughs, Upper and Lower, Fermanagh C 3
Macosquin and R., Londonderry E 2
Macreddin, Wicklow D 3
Macroom, Cork E 3
McSwynes Bay, Donegal B 4
McTalbot Lo., Roscommon C 4
Maddan Ch., Armagh B 3
Madden Bri., Armagh D 2
Maddenstown Ho., Kildare B 3
Maddysrulla, Roscommon E 4
Madore Sta., Cork D 4
Madstown Ho., Meath D 3
Maganey Sta., Kildare B 4
Magee Island, Antrim H 4
Magh Ho., Kerry D 2
Maghaberry, Antrim E 5
Maghan Ho., Armagh D 2
Magharees, The, Is., Kerry B 1
Maghera, Donegal B 3
Maghera, Down D 4
Maghera, Londonderry F 3
Maghera L., Tyrone C 2
Magherabane, Antrim F 4
Magheraboy, Sligo E 2
Magheraboy Barony, Fermanagh C 2
Magheracreggan, Tyrone C 2
Magheradernon & Moyashel Barony, West Meath E 2
Magheradunbar Ho., Fermanagh D 2
Magherafelt, Londonderry F 4
Magheragall Sta., Antrim E 5
Magherahamlet, Down D 3
Magheralin, Down B 3
Magherally, Down B 3
Magheramenagh Cas., Fermanagh B 2
Magheramore, King's Co. C 2
Magheramorne Ho., Antrim G 4
Magherastephana Bar., Fermanagh F 3
Magherban Ch., Tipperary C 3
Maghereagh Cross, Louth A 1
Maghery, Armagh C 1
Maghery and Bay, Donegal B 3
Magilligan Pt., Londonderry D 1
Magilligan Sta. & Ch., Londonderry D 2
Maginstown Ho., Tipperary C 4
Magrath More L., Donegal C 3
Maguin's I., Sligo E 2
Maguires Bri. and Sta., Fermanagh F 3
Magunihy Brrony, Kerry D 2
Mahanagh L., Leitrim C 2
Mahee Is., Down F 3
Mahon Lake, Cork F 3
Mahon R. and Br., Waterford D 2
Mahonburgh Lo., Clare F 3
Mahoonagh, Limerick D 3
Mahore R., Limerick G 3
Maidenhall, Limerick F 3
Maidenhead Ho., Queen's Co., E 3
Maidens, The, Antrim G 3
Maidens Cross, Louth B 3
Maidstown Cas., Limerick F 3
Maigue R., Limerick E 2
Main R., Antrim D 4
Maine Ho., Louth B 2
Maine R., Kerry C 2
Mainham, Kildare C 2
Makeegan L., West Meath B 3
Makeeran L., Galway E 2
Mal Bay, Clare C 2
Mall Ho., The, Wicklow B 4
Malahide and Cas., Dublin E 3
Malcolm Ville, Carlow B 2
Malheney Ho., Dublin E 2
Malin, Donegal F 2
Malin Bay, Donegal A 3
Malin Head, Donegal E 1
Malin More, Donegal A 3
Mallow, Cork E 2
Malone Sta., Antrim F 5
Maltown Castle, Cork E 2
Man of War, Dublin E 2
Manaquill Ho., Tipperary B 2
Manch Sta., Cork D 3
Mangerton, Kerry D 3
Mann L., Down E 3
Mannin Bay, Galway A 2
Mannin Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Mannin Ho. and L., Mayo E 2
Manninard, Galway E 3
Manning Castle, Cork G 2
Manor Cott., Fermanagh F 3
Manor Ho., Armagh C 2
Manor Ho., Cork D 3
Manor Ho., Londonderry F 3
Manorcunningham, Donegal E 3
Manor Hamilton, Leitrim C 2
Mansfieldtown, Louth B 2
Mansion Ho., Waterford F 2
Mantua Ho., Roscommon D 2
Manulla and R., Mayo D 2
Many Burns R., Fermanagh F 2
Mapastown Bri., Louth A 2
Maperath Ho., Meath C 2
Maria Villa, Kildare D 1
Marino, Down D 2
Marino Ho., Dublin E 4
Markethill and Sta., Armagh C 3
Markree Cas., Sligo F 2
Marlacoo Ho., Armagh D 2
Marlay, Louth B 3
Marley Ho., Dublin D 5
Marlfield, Tipperary C 4
Marlfields Ho., Wicklow B 2
Marlow Ho., Tipperary C 3
Marlton Ho., Wicklow E 3
Marshtown, Cork G 2
Martin R., Cork F 3
Martins Cross, Louth B 2
Martinstown, Kildare B 3
Martinstown, Roscommon D 4
Martinstown Ho., Kildare C 3
Martray Ho., Tyrone F 4
Maryborough, Queen's Co. C 2
Maryborough, E. Bar., Queen's Co. D 2
Maryborough, W. Bar., Queen's Co. C 3
Mary, Cas., Cork G 3
Maryfield, Kildare D 2
Mary Fort, Clare H 2
Mary Gray (hill), Tyrone E 2
Maryvale, Down B 4
Maryville, Limerick E 2
Maryville, Meath E 3
Mary Ville, Tipperary A 2
Mary Ville, Wexford A 3
Mason I., Galway B 3
Massereene, Upper Bar., Antrim D 5
Massereene, Lower Bar., Antrim D 5
Massford, Down C 3
Massy Lo., Limerick H 3
Massytown, Cork E 3
Mastergeehy, Kerry B 3
Mattle Is., Clare C 3
Mattock R., Louth B 3
Mauherslieve Mt., Tipperary B 3
Maum, Galway C 2
Maumtrasna, Mayo C 3
Maurice's Mills, Clare F 2
Maxwells Cross Rds., Meath C 2
May Mt., Armagh D 3
May Park, Waterford G 2
Mayally Ho., King's Co. E 1
Maycullen, Galway D 2
Maydown Ho., Armagh B 2
Mayfield, Cork E 3
Mayfield, Waterford C 4
Mayfield Ho., Kildare A 3
Mayglass, Wexford C 4
Mayne, Louth C 3
Mayne, West Meath D 1
Mayne Ho., Limerick D 3
Mayne R., Dublin E 3
Maynooth and Sta., Kildare D 1
Maynooth R. C. College, Kildare D 1
Mayo, Leitrim D 3
Mayo, Mayo D 2
Mayobridge, Down B 4
Mayoghill, Londonderry F 3
Mazetown, Antrim E 6
Meadesbrook, Meath F 3
Mealagh R., Cork D 3
Meela L., Donegal B 3
Meelagh L., Roscommon E 1
Meeldrum Ho., West Meath C 3
Meelick, Clare H 3
Meelick, Galway G 3
Meelin, Cork E 2
Meeltanagh Ho., Longford C 3
Meenard, Londonderry D 3
Meenawaddy, Tyrone D 2
Meeny Hill, Londonderry C 3
Meerscourt, West Meath C 2
Meeting of the Waters, Wicklow D 3
Meigh, Armagh D 4
Meldrum Ho., Tipperary C 3
Mell, Louth B 3
Mellifont Abbey, Louth B 3
Mellon Ho., Limerick D 2
Mellon Pt., Limerick D 1
Melmore Hd., Donegal D 2
Melvin L., Leitrim C 1
Mendon Ho., Dublin E 3
Menlough, Galway D 3
Menlough, Galway F 2
Mentrim L., Meath E 2
Merginstown Ho., Wicklow B 2
Merrion, Dublin E 5
Merton, Wexford C 3
Merton Hall, Tipperary B 2
Merville Ho. and Sta., Dublin E 5
Metcalf Pk., Kildare B 1
Mettican R., Londonderry E 2
Mew Is., Down G 1
Micknanstown Ho., Meath F 3
Middle Dungannon Bar., Tyrone H 3
Middlemount Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Middlethird Barony, Tipperary C 4
Middle Third Barony, Waterford F 2
Middleton, Armagh A 3
Middleton and Sta., Cork G 3
Middleton Ho., Longford B 2
Middleton Ho., West Meath D 3
Middletown, Wicklow C 2
Midfield, Mayo E 2
Midlawornia, Longford C 3
Milecross, Down E 2
Milemill, Kildare C 3
Milestown Ho., Louth B 2
Milestown Ho., Meath D 2
Milford, Cork E 1
Milford, Limerick F 1
Milford Ho., Mayo D 3
Milford Ho., Queen's Co. F 3
Milford Ho., Tipperary B 1
Military Rd., Wicklow C 2 & C 3
Milk Haven, Sligo E 1
Milk Haven, Sligo F 1
Milkpark, Carlow C 2
Mill L., Fermanagh E 3 & G 3
Millbank Lodge, Limerick G 2
Mill Bay Sta., Donegal E 2
Millbrook, Kildare B 4
Mill Brook, Meath A 2
Millbrook Ho., Tipperary B 2
Millfall Ho., Kilkenny D 2
Millford, Donegal D 2
Millford Ho., Armagh B 3
Millford Ho., Carlow B 2
Millford Sta., Carlow B 2
Millgrove Ho., Tipperary B 4
Millicent Ho and Br., Kildare C 2
Millin Bay, Down G 3
Mill Isle, Down F 2
Millmount, Galway F 3
Millstone Mt., Down D 4
Millstreet, Cork D 2 & G 2
Milltown, Antrim C 4 & E 2
Milltown, Armagh B 3, C 1, & D 4
Milltown, Carlow D 1
Milltown, Cavan E 2 & H 3
Mill Town, Donegal B 4 & D 3
Milltown, Down B 4, B 5, D 2, & D 3
Milltown, Dublin B 5 & E 5
Milltown, Fermanagh D 2
Milltown, Galway E 2 & F 2
Milltown, Kerry B 2 & C 2
Milltown, King's Co. C 4
Milltown, Leitrim B 2
Milltown, Longford C 2 & D 2
Milltown, Louth C 3
Milltown, Monaghan C 2 & D 3
Milltown, Sligo F 1
Milltown, Tyrone D 2 & F 3
Milltown and R., West Meath E 3
Milltown, Wexford D 2
Milltown, Wicklow B 3
Milltown Br., Kildare B 2
Milltown Clady, Armagh C 3
Milltown George, Limerick F 3
Milltown Ho., Kildare A 3
Milltown Ho., Meath B 2
Milltown Ho., Roscommon D 3
Milltown Place, Cork E 4
Milltown, Round Tr., and Abbey, Cavan E 2
Milltown Str., Wexford B 2
Mill Vale, Armagh D 3
Mill View Ho., Armagh B 3
Miltown Bri., Carlow C 2

Miltown Malbay, Clare D 2
Milverton Ho., Dublin F 2
Minane, Cork F 3
Minard and Hd., Kerry B 2
Mine Hd., Waterford D 4
Mine Riv., Wicklow B 4
Mine View, Wicklow D 3
Miners Tn., Down E 4
Mines of Ballymurtagh, Wicklow D 3
Minnakesh, Armagh C 2
Minore Ho., Monaghan B 3
Mintiaghs Lough, Donegal E 2
Mitchellsfort, Cork F 3
Mitchelstown, Cork G 2
Mitchelstown Ho., Meath C 3
Mizen Head, Cork B 4
Mizen Head, Wicklow E 3
Moanaha Glen, Tipperary B 2
Moanmore L., Clare D 3
Moat, The, Longford D 2
Moatabower, Carlow C 2
Moate, Down E 2
Moate and Sta., West Meath B 3
Moatfield Ho., Kildare C 2
Moat Park, Wexford C 3
Mobaman Ho., Tipperary D 3
Mocollop Cas., Waterford A 3
Modelligo, Waterford C 3
Modreeny, Tipperary B 2
Moffats Ford, Carlow D 1
Mogeely and Sta., Cork G 3
Moher, Galway C 3
Moher, Cliffs of, Clare D 2
Moher L., Mayo C 2
Moher Lo., Cavan C 2
Mohernashammer, Roscommon F 3
Mohil Tn. and Barony, Leitrim D 4
Mohober Ho., Tipperary E 3
Moira and Sta., Down B 3
Molrenny, Mayo B 2
Molyneauxtown, Antrim D 4
Mon L., Down D 2
Mona Lo., Limerick F 1
Monaghan Tn., Sta., and Bar., Monaghan C 2
Monaghanstown R., West Meath D 3
Monahincha Bog, Queen's Co. A 3
Monahincha Ho., Tipperary D 2
Monalour, Waterford B 2
Monalty L., Monaghan D 4
Monamolin, Wexford D 2
Monanveel, Cork E 2
Monart, Wexford C 2
Monascallaghan Ho., Longford B 3
Monaseed Ho., Wexford D 1
Monaster, Limerick F 2
Monasteranenagh Abbey, Limerick F 2
Monasterboice Ch. and Ho., Louth B 3
Monasterevin and Sta., Kildare A 3
Monasteroris and Ho., King's Co. H 1
Monatray Ho., Waterford C 4
Monavarnoge, Cork H 2
Monawilkin, Fermanagh C 2
Mondellihy Ho., Limerick E 2
Mondrehid Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Monea, Fermanagh D 2
Moneenally, Galway F 1
Moneenlom, Leitrim C 2
Monefelim R., Kilkenny D 3
Monettia Bog, Queen's Co. C 1
Money Ho., Wicklow B 4
Money L., Down F 3
Moneycarrie Ho., Londonderry E 2
Moneycashen, Kerry C 1
Moneydig, Londonderry F 3
Moneygall, King's Co. C 4
Moneyglass Ho., Antrim C 4
Moneyhore Bri., Wexford B 3
Moneylawn Cott., Wexford D 2
Moneymore, Galway E 3
Moneymore and Sta., Londonderry F 4
Moneyneany, Londonderry D 4
Moneyreagh, Down D 2
Moneyteige, Galway E 3
Mongagh R., King's Co. G 1
Monivea Cas., Galway E 2
Monksfield, Galway E 3
Monkstown, Antrim F 4
Monkstown and Cas., Cork F 3
Monroe, Tipperary A 2
Monroe, Kilkenny C 4
Montalto Ho., Down D 3
Monteith, Down B 4
Montgomerys L., Down D 3
Montiaghs Ch., Armagh D 1
Montpelier, Limerick G 1
Montrath Cas., West Meath D 3
Mooncoin, Kilkenny C 5
Moone, Kildare C 4
Moone and Kilkea Barony, Kildare B 4
Mooneabbey Ho., Kildare B 4
Mooneys Bri., Kildare C 2
Moonlaur, Kerry C 2
Moonveen, Kilkenny C 5
Moor L., Tyrone E 2
Moore, Roscommon E 6
Moore Bay, Clare B 3
Moore Lo., Antrim B 2
Mooreabbey Ho., Kildare A 2
Moorechurch Ho., Meath G 3
Moorefield, Down B 2
Moore Hall, Mayo D 3
Moorehill Ho., Kildare C 3
Moorehill Ho., Waterford B 3
Mooremount Ho., Louth B 2
Mooresfort Ho., Tipperary A 4
Moore's Quay, Antrim D 5
Moores Town, Longford D 2
Mooretown, West Meath F 2
Mooretown Ho., Kildare B 3
Mooretown Ho., Meath E 2
Moorfield Ho., Kildare C 2
Moorfield Ho., Queen's Co. B 3
Moorfields, Antrim E 3
Moorhill Ho., Longford D 3
Moorock Ho., King's Co. D 1
More L., Monaghan B 1
More L., Tyrone F 1
Moree Ho., Tyrone H 2
Moreen Lo., Dublin E 3
Moreena Pt., Limerick C 2
Morerah, Leitrim B 3
Morett Cas., Queen's Co. D 3
Morgallion Barony, Meath D 2
Morgans Ho., Limerick C 3
Morganstown Ho., Louth B 3
Morne L., Monaghan C 3
Morningstar R., Limerick F 3
Mornington Ho., Meath G 2
Moroe, Limerick G 3
Morpeth Bri., Tipperary B 1
Morristown Ho., Kildare C 2
Morrows Pt., Armagh D 1
Mortlestown Cas., Tipperary D 3
Mosney Ho., Meath G 3
Mossfield Ho., King's Co. C 3
Moss-side, Antrim C 3
Mosstown Ho., Longford B 3
Mosstown Ho., West Meath C 3
Mossvale, Longford D 2
Mote Park, Roscommon E 1
Mothel, Waterford E 2
Mothell Ch., Kilkenny D 2
Moughan, Armagh C 3
Mount Aaron, Carlow C 3
Mountain Cas., Waterford C 3
Mountain L., Limerick H 4
Mountain Lo., Armagh B 3 & D 1
Mountain Lo., Tipperary B 1
Mountain R., Carlow B 3
Mountain Village, Galway F 3
Mountain Water, Monaghan B 1
Mountainstown Ho., Meath D 2
Mountainy, Queen's Co. B 2
Mount Alto, Waterford G 2
Mount Anna, Wexford C 3
Mount Argus, Donegal F 3
Mount Armstrong, Kildare C 3
Mount Avon, Wicklow D 1
Mount Bailey, Louth B 1
Mount Bellew, Galway F 2
Mountbolus, King's Co. D 1
Mount Bottom, Waterford F 2
Mount Briscoe, King's Co. G 2
Mount Browne, Limerick D 2
Mount Brown Ho., Mayo C 2
Mount Bruis, Tipperary B 4
Mount Butler, Queen's Co. A 3
Mount Campbell Ho., Leitrim C 1
Mount Carmel, Monaghan C 3
Mount Cashel Lo., Kildare D 3
Mountcharles, Donegal C 1
Mount Congreve, Waterford F 3
Mount Coote, Limerick F 3
Mount Dalton Ho. & L., W. Meath C 2
Mount David and Ho., Limerick C 2
Mount Davis Ho., Longford B 2
Mount Davys Ho., Antrim C 3
Mount Delvin, Roscommon A 3
Mount Dillon Ho., Roscommon F 3
Mount Druid, Waterford G 2
Mounteagle, Queen's Co. D 3
Mount Edward Cott., Sligo E 1
Mount Egan and Cott., Kildare C 2
Mount Equity, Roscommon E 5
Mount Erris, Roscommon D 2
Mount Falcon, Tipperary B 2
Mouat Falcon Lo., Mayo D 1
Mountfield, Tyrone E 3
Mountfin Ho., Wexford C 1
Mountforest Ho., Wexford D 2
Mount Gabriel, Cork C 1
Mountgale Ho., Kilkenny B 3
Mount George, Wexford D 2
Mount Hamilton, Tyrone F 2
Mount Hanover, Meath F 3
Mount Hazel, Galway F 2
Mount Heaton, King's Co. C 1
Mount Henry, Queen's Co. E 2
Mounthill Ho., Louth A 1
Mount Howard, Wexford D 2
Mounthussey, Roscommon F 3
Mount Ida, Down C 3
Mount Ida, Leitrim E 4
Mount Irvine, Sligo E 3
Mount Jessop, Longford C 2
Mountjoy Bar., Dublin C 4
Mountjoy Bri. Sta., Tyrone D 3
Mount Juliet, Kilkenny C 3
Mount Kearney, Down B 4
Mount Keeffe, Cork E 2
Mount Kennedy, Tipperary B 2
Mount Kennedy, Waterford D 2
Mount Kennedy Ho., Wicklow E 2
Mount Leader, Cork D 2
Mount Leinster and Lo., Carlow C 3
Mount Leinster Lo., Carlow C 3
Mount Loftus, Kilkenny E 3
Mount Louise, Monaghan B 2
Mount Lucas, Carlow D 1
Mount Lucas Ho., King's Co. G 2
Mount Melleray Monastery, Waterford B 2
Mountmellick, Queen's Co. D 2
Mount Murray, West Meath D 2
Mount Nebo, Wexford D 1
Mount Neill, Carlow D 1
Mount Nugent, Cavan F 4
Mount Odell, Waterford C 3
Mount Oriel, Louth A 3
Mountpallas, Cavan F 4
Mount Panther, Down D 4
Mount Pleasant, Carlow C 2
Mount Pleasant, Clare C 4
Mount Pleasant, Cork E 3
Mount Pleasant, Kildare C 2
Mount Pleasant, Kilkenny A 2
Mount Pleasant, Louth B 1
Mount Pleasant, Waterford G 2
Mount Pleasant, Wicklow C 4
Mountpleasant Ho., King's Co. E 2
Mount Pleasant Ho., Roscommon E 3
Mount Pleasant Ho., Wexford C 4
Mount Plummer, Limerick D 3
Mount Plunkett Ho., Roscommon E 4
Mount Prospect, Cavan F 4
Mount Prospect, Kildare A 2
Mount Prospect, Leitrim B 1
Mount Prospect, Roscommon D 4
Mountrath and R., Queen's Co. C 2
Mountrath Ho., Kilkenny D 2
Mountrath and Castleton Sta., Queen's Co. C 3
Mount Reilly, Louth B 2
Mount Rivers, Clare D 3
Mount Rivers, Waterford B 3
Mount Robert, Wicklow E 4
Mount Rose, Kilkenny C 2
Mountrussell Ho., Limerick F 4
Mount St Lawrence, Limerick F 2
Mount Salem, Queen's Co. B 3
Mount Seskin, Dublin B 6
Mountshannon, Clare K 2
Mountshannon, Galway F 4
Mount Shannon, Limerick F 1
Mountshannon Pt., Clare E 4
Mount Silk, Galway F 2
Mount Sion Cott., Carlow B 2
Mount Stewart Ho., Down F 2
Mount Talbot and Ho., Roscommon D 4
Mount Tempest, Fermanagh E 3
Mount Temple Old Ho., West Meath B 3
Mount Trenchard, Limerick C 2
Mount Uniacke, Cork H 3
Mount Villa Lodge, Kildare B 2
Mount William, Limerick C 2
Mount Windsor, Kildare C 1
Mourne, Down D 5
Mourne Abbey, Cork F 2
Mourne Abbey, Down C 5
Mourne Abbey and Barony, Down C 5
Mourne Beg R., Tyrone B 2
Mourne L., Antrim G 4
Mourne L., Donegal D 3
Mourne Mts., Down C 5
Mourne Park Ho., Down C 5
Mourne R., Tyrone D 2
Movanagher Cas., Londonderry F 3
Moville, Donegal F 2
Moy, Tyrone H 4
Moy Bridge, Monaghan C 1
Moyagher Ho., Meath C 3
Moyaliff Ho., Tipperary C 3
Moyallan, Down A 3
Moyarget Lo., Antrim C 1
Moyarta Barony, Clare C 4
Moyashel and Magheradernon Bar., West Meath D 2
Moycarky, Tipperary C 3
Moycarn Barony, Roscommon E 5
Moycashel and Barony, West Meath C 3
Moyclare Ho., King's Co. C 2
Moycuish Barony, West Meath C 2
Moyeullen Barony, Galway C 2
Moydilliga, Cork G 2
Moydow, Longford C 3
Moydow Toneen, Longford C 2
Moydrum Cas., West Meath A 3
Moyenfenrath, Lower Bar., Meath D 3
Moyenfenrath, Upper Bar., Meath B 4
Moygara Cas., Sligo F 4
Moygh Ho., Longford C 3
Moyglare Ho., Meath E 4
Moyhora Ho., Kilkenny C 1
Moyle, Carlow B 2
Moyle Cas., Louth B 2
Moyle Ho., Tyrone D 2
Moyle R., Tipperary D 4
Moylough, Sligo D 3
Moynalty, Meath C 2
Moynalty R., Meath C 1
Moyne Ch., Tipperary D 3
Moynehall Ho., Cavan E 3
Moyne Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Moyne Ho., Wexford C 2
Moyne Cross Rds., Longford D 1
Moynoe Ho., Clare K 2
Moyode Cas., Galway E 3
Moyola Park and R., Londonderry F 4
Moyour, Mayo C 2
Moy R., Mayo D 1 & E 1
Moyra, Donegal C 2
Moyrath Cas., Meath C 3
Moyree R., Clare G 2
Moyriesk Ho., Clare G 2
Moyrourkan L., Armagh D 3
Moystown Ho., King's Co. C 2
Moyteoge Hd., Mayo A 2
Moyvally, Sta., and Ho., Kildare B 1
Moyview, Sligo B 2
Moyvore, West Meath C 2
Muck I., Antrim G 3
Muck L., Galway B 2
Muck L., Donegal C 3
Muckalee R., Kilkenny C 2
Muckamore Abbey, Antrim D 4
Muckanagh L., Clare G 2
Muckinish, King's Co. B 2
Muckinish Ho., Clare F 1
Muckinish Pt., Limerick E 1
Muckish, Donegal C 2
Mucklagh, Fermanagh C 3
Mucklagh Br., Wicklow C 3
Muckno Lake, Monaghan D 3
Muckros Hd., Donegal B 4
Muckross Abbey and Lake, Kerry D 2
Mucksna, Kerry D 3
Muddock R., Down C 4
Muff, Cavan H 3
Muff, Donegal F 2
Muff, Londonderry C 2
Muff, Roscommon D 4
Muilrea, Mayo B 3
Muingnabo, Mayo B 1
Mulberry Lane, Cork G 2
Muldonagh, Londonderry C 3
Mulgeeth Ho., Kildare B 1
Mulgrave Bri., Tipperary B 3
Mulhollandstown, Londonderry F 3
Mulhuddart, Dublin B 4
Mulkear Ho., Tipperary A 2
Mulkear R., Limerick G 2
Mullacash Ho., Kildare D 2
Mullacloe Ho., Louth A 2
Mullacrew, Louth A 2
Mullafernaghan Sta., Down B 3
Mullagh, Cavan H 4
Mullagh, Clare D 3
Mullagh Ho., King's Co. E 2
Mullagh L., Sligo E 2
Mullaghanattin, Kerry C 3
Mullaghanoe R., Sligo C 4
Mullaghareirk Mts., Limerick C 3
Mullaghash, Londonderry D 3
Mullaghboy L., Leitrim E 3
Mullaghcarn, Tyrone E 2
Mullaghcleevaun Mt., Wicklow C 2
Mullaghclogha, Tyrone F 2
Mullaghderg L., Donegal B 2
Mullaghinshigo Loughs, Monaghan B 2
Mullaghmore, Londonderry D 3
Mullaghmore, Sligo F 1
Mullaghmore Ho., Tyrone E 3
Mullaghmore L., Armagh D 3
Mullaghmore L., Monaghan B 2
Mullaghroe, Donegal F 2
Mullaghturk, Tyrone G 2
Mullaleam, Fermanagh D 3
Mullamast Ho., Kildare B 3
Mullan Ho., Monaghan C 3
Mullanacross, Donegal C 4
Mullanadarragh L., Leitrim E 4
Mullanalaghta, Longford D 1
Mullany's Cross, Sligo C 3
Mullary Cross, Louth B 3
Mullavilly Ho., Armagh D 2
Mullinabro Ho., Kilkenny D 5
Mullinahone, Tipperary E 3
Mullinam, Meath F 4
Mullinavat, Kilkenny D 4
Mullingar, West Meath E 2
Mullingar Barracks, West Meath D 2
Mullurg Cott., Armagh C 3
Mullycagh, Wicklow B 2

Mullylea, West Meath E 3
Mullyloughan, Armagh B 2
Mulnaver Ho., Tyrone C 3
Mulreavy L., Donegal D 4
Mulroy B., Donegal D 2
Mulshane L., Fermanagh F 2
Multeen R., Tipperary B 3
Multyfarnham, West Meath D 2
Mulvin, Tyrone D 2
Mulvohill Ho., Clare F 3
Munakill L., Leitrim C 2
Mungret, Limerick E 2
Munnilly Ho., Monaghan A 3
Munster R., Kilkenny B 3
Munter Eolus L., Leitrim D 3
Muntetvary or Sheep Hd., Cork B 4
Murglash R., Queen's Co. C 2
Murlin R., Donegal A 3
Murlough B., Antrim E 1
Murlough Ho., Down D 4
Murragh, Cork E 3
Murren, Donegal E 2
Murrisk and Bar., Mayo B 2
Murroe, Donegal C 2
Musheramore Mt., Cork E 2
Muskerry, East Barony, Cork E 3
Muskerry, West Barony, Cork D 3
Mutton Is., Clare C 3
Mweelaun Is., Mayo A 2
Mweenish B., Galway B 3
Mylerspark, Wexford A 3
Mylerstown Ho., Kildare B 1
Myra Cas., Down F 3
Myshall Tn., Ho., and Br., Carlow C 2

N.

Naan I., Fermanagh E 3
Naas, Kildare D 2
Naas, North Barony, Kildare C 2
Naas, South Barony, Kildare C 3
Naback L., Longford D 1
Nabellbeg L., Leitrim D 3
Nabelwy L., Leitrim E 4
Nablahy L., Roscommon E 2
Nabrach L., Leitrim B 1
Nacallagh L., Fermanagh F 4
Nacorra L., Mayo C 2
Nacung L., Upper, Donegal C 2
Nad and River, Cork E 2
Nadregeel L., Cavan G 3
Nafooey L., Galway C 2
Nagarnaman L., Monaghan D 3
Nageoge L., Donegal D 4
Naglare L., Cavan G 3
Nagles Mts., Cork F 2
Nags Hd., Dublin D 2
Nahanagan L., Wicklow C 2
Nahelwy L., Longford C 1
Nahillion L., Galway B 2
Nahinch L., Galway F 2
Nahoo L., Leitrim B 2
Nalughraman L., Donegal B 3
Naman L., Fermanagh C 2
Nambrack L., Leitrim D 3
Naminna L., Clare E 3
Naneagh L., Meath A 2
Nanny R., Meath G 2
Nantinan Ho., Limerick D 2
Naptown, Dublin D 2
Naran, Donegal B 3
Naroon L., Antrim C 3
Narragh and Reban, East Barony, Kildare B 3
Naragh and Reban, West Barony, Kildare A 3
Narraghmore and Ho., Kildare C 3
Narrow Water Ho., Down B 5
Nash, Wexford A 4
Nasvol L., Sligo G 3
Natire L., Leitrim C 2
Natroey L., Fermanagh G 3
Naul, Dublin D 1
Navan, Meath D 3
Navan, Lower Barony, Meath D 3
Navan, Upper Barony, Meath D 3
Navan Fort (Emania), Armagh B 2
Navar L., Fermanagh C 2
Navaria, Roscommon D 2
Neagh Lough, Antrim C 5
Neale, Mayo D 3
Nealstown, Queen's Co. A 3
Necarn Cas., Fermanagh E 2
Needleford Bri., Queen's Co. C 2
Nenagh and R., Tipperary B 2
Nenagh Road Sta., Limerick G 1
Nephin, Mayo C 1
Nephin Beg, Mayo B 1
Nethercross Barony, Dublin D 3
Nethertown, Wexford D 4
Netley Ho., Mayo D 1
New Abbey Ho., Kildare C 3
Newbawn Ho., Wexford B 3
Newbay Ho., Wexford C 4
Newberry, Kildare C 3
Newberry Hall, Kildare B 1
New Birmingham, Tipperary D 3
Newbliss and Sta., Monaghan B 2
Newbliss Ho., Monaghan A 5
Newborough Ho., Limerick E 3
New Bridge, Cavan G 3
New Bridge, Galway G 3
New Bridge, Kildare B 1
Newbridge and Sta., Kildare C 2
Newbridge, Limerick C 2
Newbridge, Wexford C 4
New Bridge, Wicklow B 1
Newbridge and Sta., Wicklow D 3
Newbridge Lo., Wexford D 2
Newbridge Sta., Kildare C 2
Newbridge Ho. and Cas., Dublin E 5
Newbrook Ho., Mayo D 2
New Buildings, Londonderry A 5
Newburn Ho., Dublin D 3
Newcastle, Down G 5
Newcastle and Barony, Dublin B 1
Newcastle, Limerick C 3
Newcastle, Longford C 3
Newcastle, Tipperary C 4
Newcastle, West Meath D 1
Newcastle, Wicklow E 2
Newcastle and Sta., Down D 4
Newcastle Ho., Meath B 2
Newcastle Ho. and Lo., Meath D 1
Newcastle Ho., West Meath D 5
Newcourt, Wicklow E 1
Newells Bri., West Meath D 3
Newfarm Village, Roscommon D 1
Newforest Ho., Galway F 2
Newfort, Wexford D 3
Newfoundland Bay, Cork F 1
Newgarden Ho., Carlow B 1
Newgarden Ho., Limerick F 1
Newgrange Ho., Meath F 2
New Grove, Meath B 3
Newgrove, West Meath B 3
Newgrove Ho., Clare H 2
Newgrove Ho., Kilkenny D 1
New Haggard Ho., Meath D 3
Newhall Ho., Clare F 3
Newhall Ho., Kildare C 2
Newington Ho., Kildare B 3
New Inn, Cavan F 3
Newinn, Tipperary C 4
Newland Ho., Kildare C 2
Newlawn Ho., Dublin E 2
Newmarket, Cork E 2
Newmarket, Kilkenny C 4
Newmarket Ho., Cork D 2
Newmarket-on-Fergus, Clare G 3
New Mills, Monaghan C 2
Newmills, Cork E 4
New Mountain, Roscommon E 4
New Park, Longford B 3
New Park, Monaghan B 3
New Park, Roscommon E 5
Newpark, Galway G 3
Newpark, Kildare C 1
Newpark, Kildare C 3
Newpark, Limerick D 2
Newpark Ho., Kildare B 2
Newpark Ho., Sligo F 2
Newpark Ho., Tipperary C 3
Newpass, West Meath C 2
Newport and Riv., Mayo C 2
Newport and Riv., Tipperary A 3
Newport Bay, Mayo B 2
New Quay Ho., Clare F 1
Newrath Bri., Wicklow E 2
New Ross, Wexford A 3
Newry Canal, Down A 4
Newry Town and R., Down B 4
Newry, Lordship of, Down B 4
Newstone Cas., Meath D 1
Newstown Ho., Carlow C 2
Newtown, Carlow B 2 & B 3
Newtown, Cork E 1
New Town, Donegal D 2
Newtown, Dublin E 1
Newtown, Down B 3 & D 1
Newtown, Fermanagh B 3
Newtown, Galway E 3, F 2, & F 3
Newtown, Kildare C 1, C 4, D 2, & E 1
Newtown, King's Co. C 2
Newtown, King's Co. C 3
Newtown, Longford B 2
Newtown, Meath C 3
Newtown, Queen's Co. E 3
Newtown, Roscommon C 4, D 3, D 4, E 5, E 6, & F 3
New Town, Sligo C 3
Newtown, Wexford A 3
Newtown Ards, Down F 2
Newtown Bellew, Galway F 3
Newtown Butler & Sta., Fermanagh F 3
Newtown Cas., Clare E 1
Newtown Cott., Kildare B 3
Newtown Crommelin, Antrim D 3
Newtown Cross Roads, Waterford E 2
Newtown Cunningham, Donegal E 3
Newtown Daly, Galway F 3
Newtown Darver, Louth B 2
Newtown Forbes and Sta., Longford C 2
Newtown Ford, Down F 2
Newtown Gore, Leitrim F 3
Newtown Hamilton, Armagh C 3
Newtown Ho., Carlow C 2
Newtown Ho. and Lo., Cork G 2
Newtown Ho., Dublin E 3
Newtown Ho., Kildare C 1, C 2, & D 2
Newtown Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Newtown Ho., King's Co. F 2
Newtown Ho., Limerick H 2
Newtown Ho., Louth C 3
Newtown Ho., Meath B 2, C 1, & F 3
Newtown Ho., Waterford B 4 & G 3
Newtown Ho., Wexford A 3
Newtown Limavady, Londonderry D 2
Newtown Lo., Longford D 3
Newtown Lo., Wexford E 1
Newtown L., West Meath E 2
Newtown Monasterboice, Louth B 3
Newtown Mt. Kennedy, Wicklow E 2
Newtown Morris, Galway E 2
Newtown Park, Meath D 3
Newtown Pt., Limerick E 1
Newtown R., Tipperary A 2
Newtown Sandes, Kerry D 1
Newtown Saville, Tyrone F 4
Newtown Stalaban, Louth C 3
Newtown Stewart, Tyrone D 2
Newtown Trim and Sta., Meath D 3
Newtown Vevay, Wicklow E 1
Newtownanner Ho., Tipperary D 4
Newtownbalregan L., Louth B 1
Newtownbarry, Wexford B 2
Newtonbond Ho., Longford C 2
Newtonbreda, Down D 2
Newtownfortescue, Meath E 2
Newtownhill Cott., Waterford G 3
Newtownsaunders, Wicklow A 3
New Twopothouse Village, Cork E 2
Neynoe Cas., Sligo F 2
Nicker, Limerick G 2
Nicholastown Ho., West Meath D 2
Nier R., Waterford C 2
Nilly L., or L. Macnean, Lower, Fermanagh C 3
Ninemilehouse, Tipperary E 4
Nixon Lo., Cavan D 2
Nobber, Meath D 2
Nohaval, Cork F 3
Nore R., Kilkenny C 2, & Queen's Co. C 3
Normanby Lo., Kildare B 3
Normans Grove Ho., Meath F 4
Norris Mount, Armagh D 3
Norris Mount, Wexford D 2
N.E. Liberties of Coleraine Bar., Londonderry F 2
North Sound, Galway B 3
N.W. Liberties of Londonderry Bar., Londonderry A 2
Northgrove, Queen's Co. B 2
North Naas Barony, Kildare C 2
North Salt Barony, Kildare D 1
Northlands, Cavan H 3
Norton's Cross Roads, Armagh B 3
Noughaval, Clare F 1
Noughaval Ho., West Meath B 2
Nuenna R., Kilkenny B 2
Nun's Is., West Meath A 2
Nurney, Carlow B 2
Nurney Cas., Kildare B 3
Nurney Ho., Kildare B 1
Nursery Cott., Carlow C 3
Nut Grove, Queen's Co. C 2
Nutstown Ho., Dublin C 2

O.

Oak Grove, Cork E 3
Oak Park, Kerry C 2
Oakfield, Fermanagh G 3
Oakfield Ho., Sligo F 2
Oaklands, Tyrone G 3
Oaklands Ho., Antrim D 3
Oakley, Down E 4
Oakley, Kildare D 1
Oakley Ho., King's Co. C 3
Oakley Park, Meath C 2
Oakpark Ho., Carlow B 1
Oakport Ho., Roscommon D 2
Oatfield Ho., Queen's Co. D 3
Oatland Ho., Wicklow E 3
Oatlands, Roscommon D 2
Oatlands Ho., Wexford A 3
O'Brian's Bri., Clare D 2
O'Brien's Big Lough, Clare G 2
O'Brien's Tower, Clare D 2
O'Briensbridge, Clare I 3
O'Dea's Cas., Clare F 2
Odell Ville, Limerick D 3
O'Donevan's Cove, Cork B 4
Offaly Cas., Kildare B 2
Offaly, East Barony, Kildare B 2
Offaly, West Barony, Kildare A 3
O'Flyn Lough, Roscommon B 3
O'Gallaghan'smills, Clare I 2
Oghil, Galway G 3
Oghill, Galway B 3
Oghill, Londonderry C 3
Oghill Ho., Sligo C 2
O'Grady L., Clare I 2
O'Hara Brook Ho., Antrim B 2
Oilgate, Wexford C 3
Oily R., Donegal B 3
Old Ballybrittas, Queen's Co. D 2
Old Bridge, Meath F 2
Old Yard, Carlow B 3
Oldabbey Ho., Limerick C 2
Oldbridge, Wicklow D 2
Oldcarton, Kildare D 1
Old Connaught, Dublin F 6
Oldcastle, Meath B 2
Oldchapel, Cork E 3
Oldconnell Ho., Kildare C 2
Old Court, Kilkenny D 4
Oldcourt, Kildare B 1
Oldcourt, Wicklow C 1
Oldcourt Ho., Dublin C 5
Oldderrig Ho., Queen's Co. F 3
Oldglass, Queen's Co. C 3
Oldgrange, Kildare B 3
Old Head, Mayo B 2
Old Head of Kinsale, Cork F 4
Old Kilcullen, Kildare C 3
Oldleighlin, Carlow A 2
Old Ross, Wexford B 3
Old Town, Donegal D 3
Oldtown, Donegal C 2
Oldtown, Dublin D 2
Oldtown, Longford C 2
Old Town, Queen's Co. C 3
Old Town, Roscommon E 6
Old Town, Sligo C 3
Oldtown, Wicklow D 2
Oldtown Bri., Carlow B 2
Oldtown Ho., Kildare D 2
Oldtown Ho., Queen's Co. B 4
Oldtown Ho., West Meath C 2
Old Yard, Carlow B 3
Ollatrim R., Tipperary B 2
O'Loughlin's Cas., Clare E 1
Omagh, Tyrone D 3
Omagh, East Barony, Tyrone D 3
Omagh, West Barony, Tyrone C 3
Omeath, Louth C 1
Omey I., Galway A 2
Onagh, Galway B 3
Onagh, Wicklow D 1
Oneilland, East Barony, Armagh D 2
Oneilland, West Barony, Armagh C 2
Oola, Limerick H 2
Oolagh R. and Bri., Limerick B 3
Oona Water, Tyrone G 4
Oorid L., Galway C 2
Ora L., Fermanagh C 3
Ora More, Fermanagh C 2
Orange Field, Cavan E 4
Orangefield, Down D 2
Oranmore, Sta., and Bay, Galway E 3
Orchard Bri. and Ho., Carlow B 2
Orior, Lower Barony, Armagh D 3
Orior, Upper Barony, Armagh D 4
Oristown, Meath D 2
Oritor, Tyrone H 3
Orlands Cas., Antrim G 4
Ormeau, Down D 2
Ormond, Lower Bar., Tipperary B 1
Ormond, Upper Bar., Tipperary B 2
Orne L., Down B 4
Orrery and Kilmore Barony, Cork E 2
Osberstown Hill and Ho., Kildare C 2
Osterbrook Ho., King's Co. D 3
Otway Cas., Tipperary B 2
Oughterany and Ikeathy Barony, Kildare C 1
Oughterard, Galway C 2
Oughterard, Kildare D 2
Oughtmore, Londonderry D 4
Oulart, Wexford D 2
Oulartleigh Ho., Wexford C 3
Ouler L., Wicklow C 2
Ourtnagapple, Galway B 3
Ouske L., Londonderry D 4
Ouver L., Galway F 2
Ovens, Cork E 3
Ovoca Lo., Wicklow D 3
Ow Riv., Wicklow C 3
Owbeg R., Waterford B 3
Owel L., West Meath D 2
Owen Hill, Cork D 3
Owenaher R., Sligo C 3
Owenamarve R., Donegal C 3
Owenass R., Queen's Co. C 2
Owenavorragh and R., Wexford E 2
Owenbeg, Tipperary C 3
Owenbeg R., Donegal D 3
Owenbeg R., Londonderry D 3
Owenbeg R., Queen's Co. D 3
Owenboliska R., Galway D 3

Owenboy R., Donegal E 2
Owenboy R., Sligo E 2
Owenbream R., Fermanagh D 3
Owenbrin R., Galway C 2
Owencarrow R., Donegal D 2
Owendalulleegh R., Galway E 3
Owenduff R., Mayo B 1
Owenduff R., Wexford B 4
Owenea R., Donegal B 3
Owenerk Bay, Donegal E 2
Owengar R., Leitrim C 3
Owengarr R., Fermanagh E 3
Owengarve L., Galway B 2
Owengarve R., Sligo D 4
Owenglin R., Galway B 2
Owengowla, Galway B 2
Owenny R., Mayo C 1
Owenkeal R., Cork D 2
Owenkillew R., Tyrone E 2
Owenkiltew R., Donegal E 2
Owenmore R., Cavan B 1
Owenmore R., Mayo B 1
Owenmore R. and Bri., Mayo C 2
Owenmore R., Sligo E 3
Owenacurra River, Cork G 3
Owennashad R., Waterford B 2
Owennayle R., Leitrim C 2
Owenogarney R., Clare H 3
Owenrigh R., Londonderry D 3
Owenreagh R., Kerry C 3
Owenreagh R., Tyrone D 3 & F 2
Owenriff, Galway C 3
Owenriff R., Galway C 2
Owensallagh or Swanlibar R., Cavan C 2
Owenskaw R., Limerick D 3
Owenteskiny R., Donegal B 3
Owentocker R., Donegal B 3
Owenwee, Galway C 2
Owenwee R., Donegal B 4 & C 3
Owenwee R., Mayo C 2
Owey I., Donegal B 2
Owney and Arra Bar., Tipperary A 2
Owneybeg Barony, Limerick G 2
Owveg R., Kerry D 2
Owveg R., Queen's Co. D 3
Owyane River, Cork C 3
Ox Mountains, Sligo C 3
Oyster Hall, Kerry C 2
Oyster Haven, Cork F 4
Oyster Is., Sligo E 2

P

Paget Priory, Meath D 4
Painstown Ho., Kildare C 1
Pakenham Hall, Louth A 2
Pakenham Hall, West Meath D 1
Palace, Cork C 3
Palace, Down B 3
Palace Ho., Wexford B 3
Palatine and Lo., Carlow B 1
Palatine Street, Tipperary D 3
Pallas, Galway F 3
Pallas, Longford C 3
Pallas Cas., Tipperary A 2
Pallas Ho. and L., King's Co. E 2
Pallas Sta., Limerick H 2
Pallas Grean, Limerick G 2
Pallas Grean, New, Limerick H 2
Pallaskenry, Limerick D 2
Palmerston, Dublin C 4
Palmerstown, Antrim D 5
Palmerstown, Dublin C 2
Palmerstown, Mayo D 1
Palmerstown Ho., Kildare D 2
Palmira Ho., Cavan H 3
Palmtree Cott., Wicklow D 4
Panther Mount, Down D 4
Paps, The, Kerry E 2
Paradise Ho., Clare F 3
Park Bri., Wicklow B 4
Park Ho., Carlow B 2
Park Ho., Kildare C 3 & D 3
Park Ho., King's Co. C 4
Park Ho., Longford C 3
Park Ho. and Lo., Wicklow B 4
Park Mt., Antrim F 5
Park Place, Longford C 3
Parkanaur, Tyrone G 3
Parker's L., Cavan G 3
Parkfelim, Galway F 2
Parkgate, Antrim E 4
Parkhill L. and Abbey, Fermanagh E 1
Parkmore, Antrim E 2
Parkmore, Galway E 3
Parkmore Pt., Kerry B 2
Parknashaw Ho., Wicklow D 3
Parkrow Hp., Down C 3
Parkstown Ho., Meath C 3
Parsonstown, Kildare D 1
Parsonstown, Meath E 4
Parsonstown or Birr, King's Co. C 3
Parsonstown Ho., Meath E 2
Partry Mountains, Mayo C 3
Pass Br., Kildare A 3
Pass Ho., Queen's Co. D 3
Pass of Kilbride, West Meath E 3
Passage, Waterford H 3
Passage, West, Cork F 3
Pastorville, Tipperary C 4
Patrick L., Armagh C 4
Patrick's B., Wexford A 5
Patrickstreet Ho., Carlow D 2
Pattens Fall, Antrim E 2
Paulstown Cas., Kilkenny D 3
Paulsworth, Waterford C 4
Paulville Ho., Carlow C 1
Peacefield, Armagh D 2
Pellipar Ho., Londonderry D 3
Pembrokestown, Waterford F 2
Pennyburn, Londonderry A 2
Peppards Cas., Wexford E 2
Pepperstown Ho., Louth A 2
Percy Lo., Wexford C 3
Percy Mt., Sligo F 2
Peters L., Armagh C 4
Petersville, Meath C 2
Pettigoe and Sta., Donegal D 4
Pharis, Antrim C 2
Phepotstown Ho., Meath E 4
Philipstown, King's Co. G 2
Philipstown, Louth B 1
Philipstown R., King's Co. H 2
Phillipsburgh, Queen's Co. B 4
Phillipstown Ho., Carlow C 1
Philpotstown Ho., Meath D 3
Phœnix Park, Dublin C 4
Piedmont R., Louth C 2
Piercetown, West Meath E 1
Piercetown Ho., Kildare C 2
Pierpoint, Cork F 2
Pig I., Mayo B 1
Pigeon Rock Mt., Down C 5
Pike, The, Tipperary C 1
Pikestone, Down E 3
Pilltown, Kilkenny B 4
Pilltown Ho., Meath G 2
Pilltown Ho., Wexford A 4
Pim Br., Kildare B 2
Pimlico, Queen's Co. E 3
Pipers Well, Kildare C 4
Plantation Ho., Down D 2
Platin Ho., Meath F 2
Plesk Water, Antrim C 2
Pluck, Donegal D 3
Plumb Bri., Tyrone E 2
Pointstown Ho., Tipperary D 3
Pointzpass, Armagh D 3
Polehore Ho., Wexford C 3
Poliboy, Galway G 3
Pollagh, Galway E 3
Pollagh R., Mayo D 2
Pollan B., Donegal E 2
Pollanass R., Kilkenny C 4
Pollanass Waterfall, Wicklow C 3
Pollaphuca Br. & Waterfall, Wicklow B 2
Pollardstown Hill, Kildare B 2
Pollbrock, Louth B 2
Pollduff, Wexford E 2
Pollerton Cas. and Ho., Carlow B 1
Pollglass, Galway F 2
Pollmounty R., Wexford A 3
Pollrone Ho., Kilkenny C 5
Polishone Har. and Hd., Wexford E 2
Pomeroy and Ho., Tyrone G 3
Ponds, Dublin D 5
Poolbeg L. H., Dublin F 4
Poplar Hall, Kildare C 3
Poplar Vale, Monaghan C 2
Port, Donegal C 4
Port, Louth C 2
Port Hall Sta., Donegal E 3
Port Stewart, Londonderry E 1
Portacloy and Bay, Mayo B 1
Portadown and Sta., Armagh D 2
Portaferry, Down F 3
Portaleen, Donegal F 2
Portallintra, Antrim B 1
Portarlington and Sta., Queen's Co. D 2
Portavoe Ho., Down F 2
Portglenone, Londonderry G 3
Portglenone and Ho., Antrim C 3
Portiroe, Cork C 4
Portland Ho., Tipperary B 1
Portlaw, Waterford F 2
Portlick Cas. and Bay, West Meath A 3
Portloman, West Meath D 2
Portmagee, Kerry A 3
Portmarnock Ho., Dublin F 3
Portmore L., Antrim D 5
Portmuck Cas., Antrim G 3
Portna, Londonderry F 3
Portnafrankagh, Mayo A 1
Portnahinch Bar. & Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Portnahully, Kilkenny C 5
Portnard Ho., Limerick G 2
Portnascully, Kilkenny C 5
Portnashangan, West Meath D 2
Portnelhgan, Armagh B 3
Portobello Ho., Roscommon D 2
Portraine Ho., Dublin F 3
Portinard, Limerick B 3
Portroe, Tipperary A 2
Portrunny, Roscommon E 4
Portrush, Antrim A 1
Portumna, Galway G 3
Portwilliam, Cork E 2
Potters Riv., Wicklow E 3
Potterswalls, Antrim E 4
Potterys, Carlow C 3
Pottlerath, Kilkenny B 3
Pottore, Leitrim D 3
Poulacapple, Tipperary E 4
Poulanishery Bay, Clare C 4
Poulaweala Crk., Limerick C 2
Poulnamucky, Tipperary C 4
Pound Hill, Fermanagh C 2
Powellsborough, Sligo D 3
Power Head, Cork G 3
Powerscourt Ho., Wicklow D 1
Powerscourt Waterfall, Wicklow D 2
Powersgrove Ho., Kildare B 4
Powerstown, Kilkenny D 3
Powerstown Ho., Tipperary D 4
Prehen, Londonderry B 3
Preston Brook, Kildare A 2
Prettybush, Wicklow E 2
Priest Br., Wicklow C 2
Priest Town Ho., Meath F 4
Priesthaggard, Wexford A 4
Priestsleap, Kerry D 3
Primatestown, Meath F 3
Primrose Hill, Kildare D 2
Primrose Ho., Carlow B 2
Prince William's Seat, Dublin E 6
Prior Park, Tipperary B 2
Priorland Ho., Louth B 2
Prohust Ho., Cork E 2
Prospect, Kildare B 3 & D 2
Prospect, Kilkenny D 3
Prospect, Longford C 3
Prospect, Louth B 2
Prospect, Queen's Co. C 4
Prospect Cott., Cavan B 1
Prospect Hall, Limerick E 2
Prospect Hill, Limerick B 2
Prospect Ho., Antrim G 4
Prospect Ho., Fermanagh E 2
Prospect Ho., Galway E 3
Prospect Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Prospect Ho., King's Co. D 1
Prospect Ho., Sligo F 2
Prospect Ho., Tipperary B 2
Prospect Ho., Wexford C 1
Prospect Ho., Wicklow E 2
Prosperous, Kildare C 2
Prumplestown Ho., Kildare B 4
Pubblebrien Barony, Limerick E 2
Puckaun, Tipperary B 2
Puffin Is., Kerry A 3
Pulfarris Ho., Wicklow B 2
Punchestown Ho. and Race Course, Kildare D 2
Purple Mt., Kerry D 2
Purdysburn, Down D 2
Pyrmont, Kerry D 1

Q

Quagmire R., Kerry D 2
Quaker's Br., Queen's Co. A 3
Quarrymount, Galway E 2
Queensborough, Louth C 3
Queenstown, Cork G 3
Quignalahy, Sligo B 2
Quilly Ho., Down B 3
Quin, Clare G 3
Quinsborough, Kildare A 2
Quintagh, Wicklow C 2
Quintin Cas., Down F 3
Quivvy L., Cavan E 2
Quoile Br. and R., Down E 3
Quolie Water, Antrim E 3

R

Rabbit I., Cork D 4
Racecourse Hall, Tipperary C 4
Raconnell, Monaghan C 2
Rademan Ho., Down E 3
Rafinny L., Monaghan B 2
Raford R., Galway F 3
Rag R., Cavan D 2
Raghlin More, Donegal E 2
Rahan Lo., King's Co. E 2
Rahan R. C. College and Ch., King's Co. E 2
Rahanna Ho., Louth A 2
Rahans, Monaghan E 4
Rahans L., Monaghan D 4
Rahara Ho., Roscommon E 4
Raharney, West Meath F 2
Raheen, Carlow D 1
Raheen, Galway G 3
Raheen, Mayo C 1
Raheen and Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Raheen Cas., Galway F 2
Raheen Ho., Clare K 2
Raheen Ho., Roscommon D 3
Raheenahown Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Raheenakeeran Cas., King's Co. G 2
Raheendoran, Carlow B 2
Raheenduff Ho., Wexford B 4
Raheengraney Ho., Wicklow B 4
Raheens Ho., Mayo C 2
Raheny, Dublin F 4
Rahill Cott., Carlow C 1
Rahillakeen, Kilkenny D 4
Rahin, Leitrim B 2
Rahin Ho., Kildare A 1
Rahin Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Rahins, Galway F 2
Rahinstown Ho., Meath D 4
Raholp, Down F 3
Rahona, Clare B 4
Rahoughtragh Br., Waterford E 2
Rahugh, West Meath D 3
Raigh, Galway C 2
Rainsford Lo., Wexford B 1
Rake Street, Mayo C 1
Rakenny Ho., Cavan F 2
Raleigh Ho., Cork D 3
Ralphsdale Ho., West Meath E 2
Ram Hd., Waterford C 4
Ramoan Ch., Antrim D 1
Ramor, Lough, Cavan G 4
Rampart, Louth D 1
Rams I., Antrim D 5
Ramsfort Ho., Wexford E 1
Ramsgrange, Wexford A 4
Ranaghroe Pt., Donegal C 2
Randalstown, Antrim D 4
Randalstown Ho., Meath D 2
Ranelagh, Dublin E 5
Rantavan, Cavan H 4
Rapemills, King's Co. C 3
Raphoe, Donegal E 3
Raphoe Barony, Donegal D 3
Rapla Ho., Tipperary B 2
Rappa Cas., Mayo D 1
Rasharkin, Antrim C 3
Rashee, Antrim E 4
Rasheen Wood, Tipperary B 3
Ratesh, Galway D 2
Rath, King's Co. D 3
Rath and R., Longford C 3
Rath Ho., Louth C 3
Rath Ho., Wicklow A 4
Rath L., Donegal C 4
Rath Mahon, Carlow C 2
Rath Meave, Meath E 3
Rath of Mullamast, Kildare B 3
Rathangan and Ho., Kildare B 2
Rathanna, Carlow C 3
Rathahny Ho., Limerick G 3
Rathargid Ho., Kildare C 3
Rathattin Ho., Wicklow B 2
Rathbaun Ho., Clare E 1
Rathbeal Ho., Dublin D 3
Rathbournes Bri., Cavan H 3
Rathbrack, West Meath D 2
Rathbraghan Cott., Sligo F 2
Rathbride Ho. and Cott., Kildare B 2
Rathbrist Ho., Louth A 2
Rathcabban, Tipperary B 1
Rathcarrick Ho., Sligo E 2
Rathcastle, West Meath C 2
Rathclarish, Tipperary E 4
Rathcline Barony, Longford B 3
Rathcoffey Ho., Kildare C 2
Rathconnell Court, West Meath E 2
Rathconrath Barony, West Meath C 2
Rathcoole, Dublin B 5
Rathcoole Ho., Louth B 3
Rathcor, Louth C 2
Rathcore, Meath C 4
Rathcormack, Cork G 2
Rathcormick Ho., Meath C 3
Rathcoursey, Cork G 3
Rathcrogue Ho., Carlow B 2
Rathdangan, Wicklow B 3
Rathdown Barony, Dublin E 5
Rathdown Cas., Wicklow E 2
Rathdowney, Queen's Co. B 3
Rathdrum and Sta., Wicklow D 3
Rathdrumin, Louth C 3
Rathduane Ho., Cork D 2
Rathduff, West Meath C 2
Ratheahill, King's Co. C 3
Rathedan Ho., Carlow B 2
Ratheline Ho., Longford B 3
Rathenny Ho. and Cott., King's Co. B 4
Rathernan Ho., Kildare C 2
Ratheroghan, Roscommon D 3
Rathfarnham, Dublin D 5
Rathfeigh, Meath F 3
Rathfeston Ho., King's Co. G 2
Rathfran Bay, Mayo D 1
Rathfriland, Down C 4
Rathgar and Ho., Dublin D 5
Rathgilbert Ho., Queen's Co. E 3

Rathglass Ho. and Br., Carlow C 2
Rathgormuck, Waterford E 2
Rathgranagher, Mayo D 3
Rathingle Ho., Dublin D 3
Rathinure, Kilkenny D 4
Rathkeale and Abb., Limerick D 2
Rathkenny, Meath D 2
Rathlackan, Mayo D 1
Rathlaheen Ho., Clare G 3
Rathleague Ho. & Lo., Queen's Co. D 2
Rathleash Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Rathleash Ho., Tipperary C 3
Rathlee Hd., Sligo B 2
Rathlin Island, Antrim E 1
Rathlin O'Birne Is., Donegal A 4
Rathluby L., Clare H 3
Rathmacknee Ho. and Ch., Wexford C 4
Rathmanna Ho., Tipperary D 3
Rathmelton, Donegal D 2
Rathmichael Ch., Dublin F 6
Rathmines, Dublin D 5
Rathmolyon, Meath D 4
Rathmoon Ho., Wicklow A 3
Rathmore, Kildare D 2
Rathmore, Wexford B 3
Rathmore Ho., Carlow C 1
Rathmore Ho., King's Co. C 3
Rathmore Ho., Longford C 3
Rathmore Sta., Kerry E 2
Rathmoyle Ho., King's Co. G 1
Rathmoyle Ho., Queen's Co. D 3
Rathmoyle Ho., Roscommon C 3
Rathmullan, Donegal E 2
Rathmullan, Down E 4
Rathnacusheran, Wexford A 4
Rathnageeragh Cas., Carlow C 3
Rathmagurry Ho., Sligo C 3
Rathnally Ho., Meath D 3
Rathnew, Wicklow E 3
Rathornan Bri., Carlow B 2
Rathorp Ho., Clare G 1
Rathowen, West Meath C 2
Rathpatrick Ho., Kilkenny A 2
Rathpeak Ho., Roscommon D 6
Rathrobin Ho., King's Co. E 2
Rathronan Ho., Tipperary C 4
Rathrush Ho., Upper and Lower, Carlow C 2
Rathsallagh Ho., Wicklow A 2
Rathtoe Bri. and Ho., Carlow C 2
Rathumney Cas., Wexford A 4
Rathurles Ho., Tipperary B 2
Rathvilla, King's Co. H 2
Rathvilly and Barony, Carlow C 1
Rathvilly Bri. and Moat, Carlow C 1
Rathvinden, Carlow A 2
Rathwade Ho., Carlow B 2
Rathwire, West Meath F 2
Ratoath, Meath F 3
Ratoath Barony, Meath F 4
Ratra, Roscommon C 2
Ratrass, West Meath F 2
Rattin Cas., West Meath E 3
Rattoo Ho., Kerry C 1
Raveagh Ho., Tyrone E 4
Ravel, Tipperary C 3
Raven Pt., The, Wexford D 3
Ravensdale, Kildare D 1
Ravensdale Bri. and Lo., Louth C 1
Ravensdale Ho., Louth B 1
Ravenswood Ho., Carlow C 3
Ravernet R., Down D 3
Raymount, King's Co. C 3
Rayoganagh, Clare C 3
Rea L., Galway F 3
Reagh I., Down F 2
Reagh L., Kerry C 3
Reaghstown, Louth A 2
Reane L., Leitrim D 3
Reanies Bay, Cork F 3
Rearyvale Ho., Queen's Co. C 2
Reaskmore, Galway G 3
Reban Cas., Kildare A 3
Red Bay, Antrim E 2
Red Castle, Donegal F 2
Red Cas., Queen's Co. C 2
Red Cow, The, Armagh D 1
Red Ford, Tyrone H 4
Red Hill, Sligo D 2
Red Ho., Louth A 2
Red I., Dublin F 1
Red Lion, Cavan B 1
Red Park, Wicklow E 3
Redcow, Dublin C 5
Redcross and Riv., Wicklow E 3
Redford, Wicklow E 2
Redforge Cross Roads, Cork H 3
Redgap, Kilkenny C 4
Redgap Pt., Clare E 4
Redgate, Wexford D 3
Redhall Ho., Antrim G 4
Redhill, Sligo F 4
Redhill and Sta., Cavan F 2
Redhills, Kildare B 2
Redmondstown, West Meath C 3
Redmondstown Ho., Tipperary D 4
Redstone Ho., Meath C 2
Ree Lough, Roscommon F 4
Reedy Is., Armagh D 1
Reelan R., Donegal C 3
Reen Pt., Cork C 4
Reens, Limerick D 2
Reens Ho., Limerick C 3
Relagh, Leitrim E 4
Relane Pt., Cork C 4
Renaghmore, Tipperary E 3
Rerrin, Cork B 4
Retreat, Armagh C 2
Retreat, West Meath A 3
Reuben's Glen, Londonderry E 4
Reynella Ho., West Meath E 2
Reynoldstown, Longford D 2
Reynoldstown, Louth C 3
Reynoldstown Ho., Dublin D 1
Rich Hill and Sta., Armagh C 2
Rich View, Kilkenny C 2
Richardstown Cas., Louth B 2
Richfield Ho., Wexford C 4
Richfort, Longford C 2
Richmond Ho., Kilkenny C 2
Richmond Ho., Tipperary A 2
Richmond Ho., Waterford B 3
Richmont Hill, Longford C 3
Ricketstown Ho., Carlow C 1
Riddlestown Park, Limerick C 2
Ridge, Carlow A 2
Ridge of Capard, Queen's Co. B 2
Ridge Pt., Mayo A 1
Riffey R., West Meath D 2
Rinardoo Bay, West Meath A 3
Rindaly Cotts., Sligo F 1
Rinekirk Pt., Limerick E 1
Rinevella B., Clare B 4
Ring, Cork G 3
Ring, Longford D 2
Ring, The, Kildare D 3
Ringabella Bay, Cork G 3
Ringboy, Down G 3
Ringdufferin, Down F 3
Ringmoylan Quay, Limerick D 1
Ringrash, Londonderry E 2
Ringsallin Pt., Down E 4
Ringsend, Londonderry E 2 & E 3
Ringville, Waterford D 3
Ringville Ho., Kilkenny D 5
Ringwood Ho., Kilkenny E 4
Rinmore Pt., Donegal D 2
Rinn, Galway E 3
Rinn, Lough, Cas., and R., Leitrim D 4
Rinn Mt. and R., Longford B 2
Rinville, Galway E 3
Rinvyle Ho. and Pt., Galway A 2
River View, Cavan E 3
River View, Tipperary B 2
Riverchapel, Wexford E 2
Riverdale, Roscommon E 3
Riverdale Ho., West Meath F 2
Riverpark Ho., West Meath B 3
Riversdale, Fermanagh E 2
Riversdale, Limerick H 3
Riverstown, Cork F 3
Rivers Town, Leitrim E 4
Riverstown, Sligo F 3
Riverstown, Tipperary C 1
Riverstown Ho., Kildare A 3
Riverstown Ho., Louth A 2
Riverstown R., West Meath F 2
Roachtown, Meath B 2
Roadford, Clare D 1
Roadstown, Louth C 2
Roaninish, Donegal B 3
Roaringwater Bay, Cork C 4
Robe R., Mayo D 3
Roberts Cove, Cork F 3
Robert's Hd., Cork G 3
Robertstown, Kildare C 2
Robertstown Riv., Limerick C 2
Robins L., West Meath A 3
Robinstown, Meath D 3
Robinstown Ho., Wexford A 3
Roche Cas., Limerick F 2
Roche Cas. and Ho., Louth B 1
Roches Pt., Cork G 3
Rochestown, Wexford B 3
Rochestown Ho., Kilkenny D 5
Rochestown Ho., Tipperary C 4
Rochfort Ho., West Meath D 3
Rochfort Ho., Wexford C 3
Rochfortbridge, West Meath E 3
Rock, Tipperary C 3
Rock, The, Monaghan B 2
Rock Ho., Monaghan D 4
Rock Ho., Wicklow B 4
Rock I., Galway B 3
Rock Island C.-G. Sta., Cork B 4
Rock Lo., Limerick B 2
Rock Lo., Meath D 3
Rock Lo., Waterford H 2
Rock of Dunamase, Queen's Co. D 2
Rock View, Kilkenny D 4
Rock View, Wicklow E 3
Rock View, Limerick F 2
Rockabill, Dublin G 1
Rockbarton Ho., Limerick F 2
Rockbrook, West Meath E 1
Rockbrook Ho., Sligo F 1
Rockcorry, Monaghan B 3
Rockdale Ho., Tyrone G 3
Rockfield, Kildare A 4
Rockfield, Meath C 2
Rockfield, Roscommon D 4
Rockfield, West Meath C 2 & C 3
Rockfield, Wicklow E 1
Rockfield Ho., King's Co. D 1
Rockfield Ho., Longford D 3
Rockfield Ho., Meath D 2
Rockfield Ho., Monaghan D 2
Rockfield Ho., Waterford C 3
Rockfield Ho., Wicklow E 3
Rockfield L., Cavan D 3
Rockfield L., Leitrim F 4
Rockforest Ho., Clare G 1
Rockforest Ho., Cork F 2
Rockhill, Limerick E 3
Rockhill, Roscommon E 1
Rockingham Ho., Roscommon D 2
Rockingham Ho., Wicklow C 4
Rockland, Armagh D 2
Rockland, West Meath E 1
Rockland Ho., West Meath B 3
Rocklow Ho., Tipperary D 4
Rockmarshall Ho., Louth C 1
Rockmills, Cork F 3
Rockmount, Down E 3
Rocksavage, Monaghan E 4
Rocksavage, Roscommon D 4
Rockspring, Londonderry F 4
Rockspring Ho., Wexford D 2
Rockstown Harb., Donegal E 2
Rockstown Ho., Limerick F 2
Rockvale, Cork F 2
Rockvale Ho., Clare G 1
Rockview Ho., West Meath F 2
Rockville Ho., Roscommon E 1
Rockwell Ho., Tipperary C 4
Rocky Hill, Armagh D 3
Rocky Mt., Down C 5
Rocky R., Down C 4
Rodanstown Ho., Meath E 4
Roddenagh Br., Wicklow C 5
Roe Ho., Park, & R., Londonderry D 2
Roebuck, Cavan F 3
Roesborough Ho., Tipperary B 4
Roestown Ho., Louth B 2
Roevehagha, Galway E 3
Rogerstown Ho., Louth A 2
Rokeby Hall, Louth B 3
Roney Pt., Wexford E 2
Roogagh R., Fermanagh B 2
Rookery, Wexford A 4
Rookery, Wicklow E 2
Rooskagh, Roscommon E 5
Roosky, Roscommon F 2
Roristown, Meath D 2
Rosbercon, Kilkenny E 4
Roscall Ho., Dublin E 2
Roscavey, Tyrone F 3
Rosclogher Barony, Leitrim B 1
Roscommon, Roscommon D 4
Roscommon Barony, Roscommon D 3
Roscrea, Tipperary C 2
Roscroe L., Clare H 3
Roscunnish L., Leitrim C 3
Rosdaul, Galway F 2
Rose Lawn, Kildare D 2
Rose Mount, West Meath C 3
Rose Villa, Wicklow B 4
Roseboro, Kildare D 2
Rosebrook Ho., Armagh B 2
Rosefield, Monaghan B 2
Rosegarland Ho. & Cott., Wexford B 4
Rosegreen, Tipperary C 4
Rosehill Bri., Cavan H 4
Rosemead Ho., West Meath F 2
Rosemeade Ho., Galway E 3
Rosemount, Waterford F 2
Rosemount Lo., Wexford A 4
Rosenallis, Queen's Co. C 2
Rosepenna Sands, Donegal D 2
Rosetown, Kildare C 3
Roseville and Cott., Waterford B 3
Rosguill (District), Donegal D 2
Roshin, Donegal C 4
Roskeeragh Pt., Sligo D 1 & E 1
Roskill Ho., Limerick G 2
Roslee Cas., Sligo C 2
Rosmore Cas., Monaghan C 2
Ross Bay, Clare A 4
Ross Barony, Galway C 2
Ross Cas., Kerry D 2
Ross Ho., Clare K 3
Ross Ho., King's Co. E 2
Ross Ho., Meath A 2
Ross Lo., Antrim E 4
Ross L., Armagh C 4
Ross L., Fermanagh D 3
Ross L., Galway D 3
Ross L., Louth A 3
Rossagh, Cork F 2
Rossan Pt., Donegal A 3
Rossana Ho., Wicklow E 2
Rossbehy and Crk., Kerry B 2
Ross Carbery, Cork D 4
Rosscarbery Bay, Cork E 4
Rosscor Ho., Fermanagh B 2
Rossdohan, Kerry C 3
Rossenarra Ho., Kilkenny C 4
Rosserk Ab., Mayo D 1
Rosses, Sligo E 2
Rossfad, Fermanagh D 2
Rossinan, Kilkenny D 4
Rosskeen Ho., Tipperary C 3
Rosskirk, Donegal E 2
Rosskit Is., Fermanagh B 2
Rosslare Ho. and Pt., Wexford D 4
Rosslea and Manor, Fermanagh G 3
Rossline, Cork E 2
Rossminoge Ch., Wexford D 2
Rossmore, Cork E 3
Rossmore Cott., Monaghan C 2
Rossmore Ho., Limerick D 3
Rossmore Is., Kerry C 3
Rossmore Lo., Kildare B 2
Rosnaree Ho., Meath E 2
Rossnowlagh, Donegal C 4
Rossole L., Fermanagh D 2
Rosstrevor and Quay, Down B 5
Rossnakill, Donegal E 2
Rostellan Cas., Cork G 3
Rothescar, Louth B 3
Roths Mt., Cork G 3
Rough Is., Fermanagh C 2
Rough Pt., Kerry C 2
Roughty R., Kerry D 3
Round O Rath, Carlow D 3
Round Tower, Antrim D 4
Round Tower, Louth B 1
Round Tower and Cas., Kilkenny A 2
Roundfort, Mayo D 3
Roundstone, Galway B 2
Roundwood and Park, Wicklow D 2
Roundwood Ho., Queen's Co. B 2
Rousky, Tyrone F 2
Rowan L., Leitrim D 3
Rower, The, Kilkenny E 4
Rowesmount Ho., Wexford D 4
Rowlestown Ho., Dublin D 3
Roxborough, Armagh C 4
Roxborough, Galway E 3
Roxborough, Roscommon D 4
Roxborough Cas., Tyrone H 4
Roxborough Ho., Limerick F 2
Roxborough Ho., Louth B 3
Roxton Ho., Clare F 2
Roy L., Donegal D 2
Roy R., Donegal C 2
Royal Canal, Dublin C 4, Meath D 4, West Meath B 2
Royaloak, Carlow A 2
Ruan, Clare G 2
Rubane Ho., Down G 3
Ruddan L., West Meath D 1
Rue Pt., Antrim D 1
Runabay Hd., Antrim E 1
Runnastoat, Roscommon D 3
Rush, Dublin F 2
Rush Hall Court, Queen's Co. B 3
Rush Harbour, Dublin G 2
Rushen L., Fermanagh C 1
Rushestown, Galway F 2
Rushfield, Roscommon D 2
Rushwee, Meath E 2
Rusk Ho., Meath F 4
Russborough Ho., Wicklow B 2
Russellstown Ho., Kilkenny E 4
Russellstown Ho., Wicklow B 2
Russellstown Lo. and Park, Carlow C 1
Russellstown R., Waterford C 2
Rutland I., Donegal B 3
Rutland Ho., King's Co. C 4
Rutland Lo. and Ho., Carlow B 1
Rye Water, Kildare D 1
Ryefield, Roscommon D 2
Ryefield Ho., Cavan G 4
Ryehill, Galway E 2
Ryevale, Kildare E 1
Rylagh, Tyrone E 3
Ryndville, Meath C 4
Ryston, Kildare C 2
Ryves Cas., Limerick G 3

S

Sabine Field, Queen's Co. E 2
Sackinstown, Kilkenny E 3
Saddle Head, Mayo A 1
Saddle Hill, Leitrim C 1
Sadleirswells Ho., Tipperary B 4
Saggart, Dublin B 5
Saggart Hill, Dublin B 6
St Andrews Well, Carlow B 2
St Anne's, Wexford C 3
St Anns Grave Yd., Dublin C 6

St Anns Ho., Dublin E 4
St Aubyns Ho., Dublin F 5
St Braagh's Well, Wexford D 4
St Bridgets Ch., Carlow B 2
St Catherines, Clare I 2
St Cloud Ho., Meath E 3
St Columb's, Londonderry B 2
St Denis's Well, Louth C 3
St Doalaghs, Dublin E 4
St Edans, Wexford C 2
St Edmonds, Wexford D 3
St Edmondsbury Ho., Dublin B 4
St Finan's Bay, Kerry A 3
St Hubert, Fermanagh E 3
St Johns Ho., Kildare C 4
St Johns L., Leitrim D 3
St Johns Pt., Donegal B 4
St Johns Pt., Down F 4
St Johnstown, Donegal E 3
St Johnstown Cas., Tipperary D 3
St Kenny's Well, Dublin D 2
St Macdara's I., Galway B 3
St Margaret's Ho., Wexford D 4
St Michaels Ch., Carlow B 3
St Mullins and Lock, Carlow B 4
St Mullins, Lower Bar., Carlow B 3
St Mullins, Upper Bar., Carlow D 2
St Nalery, Wicklow E 1
St Nicholas Well, Wexford D 3
St Patrick's I., Dublin G 1
St Patricks Well, Down F 2
St Patricks Well, Carlow D 1
St Patrickswell, Limerick E 2
St Thomas Island (Shannon), Clare I 3
St Wolstans and Abbey, Kildare D 1
Saintfield and Ho., Down D 3
Saints L., Longford B 3
Salem Lodge, Armagh C 2
Salem Mt., Monaghan A 2
Salialean, Galway C 2
Salisbury Ho., Kildare B 3
Salisbury Lo., Longford A 3
Sallagh L., Leitrim E 4
Sallaghan Bri., Cavan D 3
Sallins and Sta., Kildare D 2
Sallow I., Kildare A 3
Sallowglen, Kerry D 1
Sally Bog, Kilkenny D 3
Sally Gap, Wicklow D 2
Sally Park, Queen's Co. E 2
Sallybrook, Cork F 3
Sallyfield, Roscommon F 2
Sallymount, Monaghan C 2
Sallymount, Roscommon E 3
Sallymount Ho., Kildare C 3
Sallymount Ho., West Meath E 1
Sallyview, West Meath F 2
Salrock, Galway B 2
Salt L., Donegal D 2
Salt Hill, Donegal C 4
Salt Hill, Galway D 3
Salt Rock, Wexford E 2
Salt, North Barony, Kildare D 1
Salt, South Barony, Kildare D 2
Saltee Islands, Wexford C 5
Salterbridge Ho., Waterford B 3
Salterstown, Louth C 2
Saltmills, Wexford A 4
Salville Ho., Wexford C 3
Sand Bay, Fermanagh D 2
Sand L., Fermanagh F 3
Sandbrook Ho., Carlow C 2
Sandeel Bay, Wexford A 5
Sandfield Ho., Roscommon E 4
Sandfords Cott., Kilkenny C 2
Sandhole Ho., Fermanagh F 3
Sandville, Limerick F 2
Sandy Ford, Wicklow C 3
Sandymount, Dublin E 5
Sandymount, Louth B 2
Santry and Ho., Dublin D 4
Santry R., Dublin E 4
Sapperton Ho., Waterford B 3
Sarahville, Waterford E 2
Sarshill Ho., Wexford C 4
Saugville Ho., Clare F 3
Saul, Down E 3
Sauls Ford, Carlow D 1
Saunders Bri., West Meath E 2
Saunders Court, Wexford D 3
Saundersville, Wicklow A 3
Sawel Mtn., Londonderry C 4
Scalp, Donegal E 2
Scalp, Galway F 4
Scalp, Wicklow B 2
Scalp, The, Dublin E 6
Scarawalsh Barony, Wexford C 2
Scardan, West Meath F 2
Scariff, Kerry B 3
Scarnagh Cross Roads, Wexford E 1
Scarriff, Clare I 2
Scarriff Bay, Clare K 2
Scartaglin, Kerry D 2
Scartana Ho., Tipperary C 4
Scarteen Ho., Limerick G 3
Scartlea, Cork G 3
Scarva, Down A 4
Scarva and Junct., Armagh E
Scarvy Ho., Monaghan A
Scattery I., Clare C 4
Scilly Cove, Cork F
Scion Hill, Down C
Scogh, Kilkenny B
Scolban L., Fermanagh B 2
Scolboa, Antrim D
Scollogs Tn., Down E
Scotch Street, Armagh C
Scotch Town, Tyrone F
Scotchrath Ho., Queen's Co. C
Scotland Bri., Carlow D 1
Scotsborough, Kilkenny B
Scotshouse, Monaghan A 3
Scotstown, Monaghan B
Scottsborough Ho. Fermanagh G 3
Scrabby, Cavan D 3
Scrabo Hill, Down E 2
Scramoge R., Roscommon E 3
Scrawtown, Kildare C 2
Screenagh R., Fermanagh C
Scregg and Ho., Roscommon E
Scregg, E. and W., Galway F 2
Screggan, King's Co. E
Scullaboge Ho., Wexford B 3
Scullane Pt., Cork D
Scur L., Leitrim D
Scurlocks Leap, Wicklow C 1
Seabank Ho., Wicklow E 4
Seacor Big, Donegal D
Seafield, Dublin E
Seafield, Louth C 2
Seafield Ho., Clare C
Seafield Ho., Sligo E
Seafield Ho., Waterford E 3
Seafield Ho., Wexford E 1
Seafin, Meath A
Seafin Cas., Down C
Seaforde, Down E
Seaforde Ho., Down D
Seafort, Cork C
Seal Rocks, Sligo D 1
Sea Park, Antrim G 4
Sea Park, Dublin F
Seapark Ho., Wicklow E
Seasons Ho., Kildare D
Seatown Cas., Dublin E 3
Seaview, Mayo C 2
Sea View, Sligo D
Sea View, Wicklow E 4
Seaview, Waterford D 3
Seaview Cott., Louth B
Sea View Cott., Waterford G
Seaview Ho., Wexford E
Seaville Ho., Sligo B
Seaweed Pt., Galway D
Seecon I., Galway C 2
Seefin, Waterford D 2
Seefin Mt., Limerick F 4
Seefingan Mt., Dublin C
Segrave Cas., Kildare D 2
Selloo Ho., Monaghan B 2
Seltan L., Leitrim D
Semlockstown Cas., West Meath F
Sentry Lodge, Queen's Co. B 3
Seskin Ho., Kilkenny B
Seskinore, Tyrone E
Sessiagh L., Donegal D 2
Seven Churches, King's Co. B 2
Seven Churches, Wicklow C 2
Seven Heads and Bay, Cork F 4
Seven Stars, The, Kildare B 3
Shad L., Roscommon D
Shaen Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Shallee R., Clare F
Shalwy, Donegal B
Shamrock Hill, Meath D
Shamrock Lodge, Dublin C
Shamrock Lo., Kildare B
Shanafaraghaun, Galway C
Shanagarry, Cork H
Shanagh, Cork E
Shanaglish, Galway E
Shanagolden, Limerick C
Shanbally, Cork F
Shanbally, Down D
Shanbally Cas., Tipperary B 4
Shanbally Ho., Tipperary B 2
Shanballymore, Cork F 2
Shanderry, Queen's Co. B 3
Shanes Cas., Antrim D
Shanganagh Cas., Dublin F
Shanganny Cas., Kilkenny C 2
Shanid Barony and Cas., Limerick C
Shankill Cas., Kilkenny D
Shankill Ho., Waterford D 2
Shankill Riv., Wicklow C 1
Shankill Sta., Dublin F 6
Shanlieve, Down C
Shanlis Ho., Louth A 2
Shannagh L., Down C
Shannon Bridge, King's Co. B
Shannon Harb., King's Co. C
Shannon Lawn, Limerick B
Shannon R., source, Cavan B 1
Shannon R., mouth, Clare C. 4
Shannon View, Limerick D 2
Shannongrove Ho., Limerick D 1
Shannonvale Ho., Tipperary A 2
Shanow R., Kerry D 1
Shantonagh, Monaghan C 3 & D 3
Shanvally, Galway G 3
Shanvally, Roscommon F 3
Sharaghan, Donegal B 3
Sharavogue Ho., King's Co. C 3
Shark L., Down A 4
Shaws L., Armagh C 3
Shean, North, Fermanagh C 2
Shee Bridge, Kildare B 2
Shee L., Monaghan B 2
Sheenamore, Wicklow C 3
Sheeaun, Galway D 3
Sheeffry Mines, Mayo C 2
Sheehaunrevagh, Roscommon E 3
Sheehills Ho., Tipperary D 2
Sheelin, Lough, Cavan F 4
Sheen R., Kerry D 3
Sheep Haven, Donegal D 2
Sheep I., Antrim C 1
Sheep I., Waterford F 3
Sheepland Har., Down F 4
Sheeptown Cas., Kilkenny C 4
Sheeptown Ho., Kilkenny B 3
Sheepwalk Ho., Wicklow D 4
Sheerin Street, Roscommon F 3
Sheetrim L., Armagh C 4
Sheever L., West Meath E 2
Sheffield Ho., Queen's Co. D 2
Shehy Mt., Cork D 3
Shelburne Barony, Wexford A 4
Shelmaliere, East Bar., Wexford D 3
Shelmaliere, West Bar., Wexford B 4
Shelton Abbey, Wicklow D 4
Shenick's I., Dublin G 2
Shercock, Cavan H 3
Sheriff hill, Kildare C 4
Sherkin I., C.-G. S., Cork C 4
Sherky I., Kerry C 3
Sherlockstown, Kildare D 2
Sherwood Ho. and Park, Carlow C 2
Sheshia, Clare F 1
Sheskinmore L., Donegal B 3
Shillelagh Tn., Bar., & Sta., Wicklow B 4
Shillelogher Barony, Kilkenny B 3
Shinan Ho., Cavan H 3
Shindilla L., Galway C 2
Shinglis Cott., West Meath B 2
Shinina R., Down D 4
Shinrone, King's Co. C 4
Shippool, Cork F 3
Shiven R., Galway F 2
Shortstone Ho., Louth A 1
Shot Head, Cork C 4
Shournagh River, Cork E 3
Shrigley, Down F 3
Shrule Barony, Longford C 3
Shrule, Mayo D 3
Shrule Cas., Queen's Co. F 3
Shuddan, Donegal F 2
Siddan, Meath E 2
Sigginstown Is., Wexford D 4
Sillan L., Cavan H 2
Sillees R., Fermanagh D 2
Silver and Lead Mines, Clare G 2
Silver Bridge, Armagh C 4
Silver Brook, Tyrone E 1
Silver Hill, Fermanagh D 2
Silver Hill, King's Co. C 4
Silver Mine, Clare D 1
Silver R., King's Co. D 2 & E 2
Silverfield, Roscommon B 2
Silverfort Ho., Tipperary D 3
Silverhill, Louth A 2
Silvermine Mts., Tipperary A 2
Silvermines, Tipperary A 2
Silverspring, Wexford D 4
Silverspring Ho., Kilkenny C 5
Singland Ho., Limerick F 2
Single Street, Donegal C 4
Singleton Fort, Monaghan C 1
Sion, Tyrone D 2
Sion Ho., Wexford C 3
Sion Mills Sta., Tyrone D 2
Sixmilebridge, Clare H 3
Sixmilebridge, Limerick F 2
Six Mile Cross, Tyrone F 3
Six Mile L., Monaghan C 2
Six Mile Pt. and Sta., Wicklow E 2
Six Mile Water, Antrim E 4
Six Road Ends, Down F 2
Six Towns, The, Londonderry D 4
Skady Tower, Antrim C 4
Skahugh, West Meath C 2
Skannive L., Galway B 2
Skate L., Fermanagh E 2
Skea and Ho., Fermanagh D 3
Skeagh L., Cavan H 3
Skeaghatooreen, Tipperary C 4
Skeahoges, Leitrim E 4
Skean L., Roscommon D 1
Skehanagh, Galway E 3
Skellig Rocks, Kerry A 3
Skenakilla Cross Roads, Cork F 2
Skerdmore, Galway A 3
Skernaghan Pt., Antrim G 3
Skerries, The, Antrim B 1
Skerries and Sta., Dublin F 2
Skerries Ho., Kildare B 3
Skerry Ch., Antrim E 3
Skibbereen, Cork C 4
Skirk, Queen's Co. B 3
Skreen and Barony, Meath E 3
Skreen, Wexford D 3
Skreen Hill, Fermanagh D 3
Skreeny Ho., Leitrim C 2
Skull, Cork C 4
Slade, Wexford A 5
Slade Burn, Dublin C 6
Slaght Bridge, Antrim C 3
Slaheny R., Kerry D 3
Slane, Antrim E 3
Slane and Cas., Meath E 2
Slane, Lower Barony, Meath E 2
Slane, Upper Barony, Meath E 2
Slaney Park and R., Wicklow A 3
Slaney R., Carlow C 2
Slaney R., Wexford C 3
Slate Pt., Waterford G 3
Slate R., Kildare A 2
Slea Hd., Kerry A 2
Sleady Cas., Waterford C 2
Slean More, Mayo A 1
Sleatygraigue, Queen's Co. F 3
Slemish Mount, Antrim E 3
Slevins L., West Meath D 2
Slevoir Ho., Tipperary B 1
Slevoy Cas., Wexford B 4
Sliddery Bay, Down F 3
Slievbingian, Down D 5
Slieve, Roscommon C 3
Slieve Alp, Mayo B 1
Slieve Anierin, Leitrim D 3
Slieve Aughty Mts., Galway F 3
Slieve Beagh, Tyrone E 4
Slieve Bearnagh, Down D 4
Slieve Bernagh Mts., Clare I 3
Slieve Bloom, Queen's Co. B 2
Slieve Bregh, Meath E 2
Slieve Croob, Down D 3
Slieve Daeane, Sligo F 2
Slieve Dart, Roscommon A 3
Slieve Elva, Clare E 1
Slieve Fyagh, Mayo B 1
Slieve Gamph Mts., Sligo C 3
Slieve Gadoe or Church Mt., Wicklow B 2
Slieve Gallion, Londonderry E 4
Slieve Glah, Cavan F 3
Slieve Gullion, Armagh D 4
Slieve Gullion, Meath B 2
Slieve League, Donegal A 4
Slieve Mish, Kerry C 2
Slieve Miskish Mts., Cork B 3
Slieve Muck, Down C 5
Slieve-na-Calliagh, Meath B 2
Slieve Naglogh, Louth C 1
Slieve Rushen, Fermanagh E 4
Slieve Snaght, Donegal E 2
Slieveanard, Tipperary B 4
Slieveanorra, Antrim D 2
Slieveardagh Barony, Tipperary D 3
Slieveatooey, Donegal B 3
Slieveavaddy, Londonderry D 4
Slieveboy, Wexford D 2
Slievebrack, Armagh D 4
Slievebuck, Donegal E 3
Slievecallan, Clare E 2
Slievecarran, Clare F 1
Slievecommedagh, Down D 4
Slievecorragh, Wicklow B 2
Slievefelim Mts., Limerick H 1
Slievegarran, Down D 4
Slieveglass, Kerry B 2
Slieyemaan, Wicklow C 3
Slievemargy Bar., Queen's Co. E 3
Slievemartin, Down B 5
Slievemeel, Down C 4
Slievemore, Tyrone F 3
Slievenaboley Mt., Down C 4
Slievenaglough, Down D 4
Slievenahanaghan, Antrim D 2
Slievenakilla, Cavan B 1
Slievenaman, Tipperary D 4
Slievenamuck, Tipperary A 4
Slievenanee, Antrim D 2
Slievenisky, Down D 4
Slievekimalta or Keeper Hill, Tipperary 3
Slievekirk, Tyrone E 1
Slievelamagan, Down D 5
Sleveroe, Kilkenny D 5
Sligo, Sligo F 2
Sligo Bay, Sligo D 2
Sliguff Lock, Carlow B 3
Slihaunmore, Galway F 3
Slish Mt., Sligo F 2

Slyne Head, Galway A 2
Small County Barony, Limerick F 2
Smarmore Cas., Louth A 3
Smearlagh R., Kerry D 1
Smerwick Harb., Kerry A 2
Smithborough and Sta., Monaghan B 2
Smithstown, Kilkenny D 4
Smithstown Ho., Clare E 2
Smythbrook Ho., Longford C 3
Snave Br., Cork C 3
Sneem, Kerry C 3
Snowhill, Fermanagh F 3
Snowhill Ho., Kilkenny D 5
Snugboro, Meath F 3
Snugborough Bridge, Wicklow B 2
Snugborough Ho., Wicklow E 3
Snugburrow, Kildare B 4
Soarns Hill, Antrim E 3
Sockar, Donegal D 3
Soldierstown, Antrim D 5
Solsborough Ho., Tipperary A 2
Solsborough Ho,, Wexford C 2
Somerset, Londonderry E 2
Somerton, Sligo E 3
Somerton Ho., Kilkenny C 2
Somerville Ho., Meath E 3
Sonna Ho., West Meath D 2
Sonnagh, Galway F 2
Sopwell Hall, Tipperary B 2
Sorrel Hill, Wicklow C 2
Sorrel Ho., Clare E 3
Sorrelhill Ho., Tipperary C 2
Sorrento Pt., Dublin G 5
South Hill, West Meath F 2
South Lodge, Tipperary E 4
Southfield Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Southpark Ho., Roscommon C 3
Sovereign Is., Cork F 4
Sow R., Wexford C 3
Spa Cott., Down D 3
Spa Hill, Limerick B 2
Spancelhill, Clare G 2
Spanish Pt., Clare D 2
Spear Vale, Cavan G 3
Spences Mt. and R., Down D 5
Sperrin Mts., Londonderry C 4
Spiddle, Galway D 3
Spike I., Cork G 3
Spinans Cross Rds. and Bri., Wicklow B 3
Spink, King's Co. E 3
Spittle, Limerick G 3
Sporthouse Cross Rds., Waterford F 2
Spring Farm, Armagh C 2
Spring Garden Ho., King's Co. D 1
Spring Ho., Tipperary B 4
Spring L., Monaghan D 4
Spring Lodge, Kildare B 4
Spring Mount, Limerick D 3
Spring Mount, Monaghan C 1
Spring Park, Longford D 2
Spring Vale, Cork F 2
Spring Valley, Meath D 4
Spring Villa, Longford D 2
Springfield, Cavan F 3
Springfield, Fermanagh D 2
Springfield, Kildare D 1
Springfield, Queen's Co. C 2
Springfield, Wicklow B 4
Springfield Cas., Limerick D 3
Springfield, East, Sligo F 2
Springfield Ho.,. Kilkenny D 5
Springfield Ho., King's Co. G 2
Springford Ho., Carlow B 2
Springhill, Londonderry F 4
Springhill, Tyrone D 4
Springhill Ho., Louth A 2
Springhill Ho., Queen's Co. B 3 & F 4
Springlawn, Galway F 2
Springmount, Antrim D 3
Springmount, Tipperary B 2
Springmount Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Springtown, Fermanagh E 3
Springvale Ho., Down G 2
Spunkane, Kerry B 3
Square, Down C 4
Squires Hill, Antrim E 5
Sragh Bridge, Carlow C 2
Srah, King's Co. D 2
Srah, Mayo C 2
Srahan Cas., Queen's Co. B 2
Srahduff Ho., Tipperary B 1
Srahduffy R., Leitrim C 1
Sraid, Longford C 2
Sralea Ho., Roscommon D 6
Srahnalong, Galway C 2
Sriff Cott., Leitrim B 2
Sruh Bridge, Waterford B 3
Sruh Croppa R., Fermanagh C 3
Sruhraungloragh Br., Carlow B 3
Stabannan, Louth B 2
Stackallan, Meath E 2
Stacks Mts., Kerry D 2
Stacumny, Kildare E 1
Stadalt, Meath G 3
Stafford Lodge, Waterford E 2
Staffords Bri., Meath D 1
Staffordstown Ho., Meath E 3
Staffordstown Sta., Antrim C 4
Stagdale, Limerick H 3
Stags of Broad Haven, Mayo B 1
Stahohnog, Meath D 2
Stamullin, Meath G 3
Stand Ho., Kildare B 2
Staplestown and Ho., Kildare C 2
Stapletown Lo., Carlow B 2
Starinagh, Meath F 2
Steamstown Ho., Sligo D 3
Steeple, The, Tipperary B 4
Stepaside, Dublin E 5
Stephenstown Bri. and Ho., Louth B 2
Stephenstown Ho., Meath D 2
Stewart Lodge, Carlow B 2
Stewarts Town, Cavan G 2
Stewartstown, Tyrone H 3
Stickillin Ho., Louth A 2
Stifyans Cross, Louth B 3
Stillorgan, Cas., and Sta., Dublin E 5
Stokestown Ho. and Cas., Wexford A 3
Stone Bridge, Monaghan A 2
Stone Ho., Louth B 3
Stone Park, Fermanagh F 3
Stonebrook and Cott., Kildare D 3
Stonefield Ho., Meath B 2
Stonehall, Limerick D 2
Stonehall, West Meath D 2
Stonestown R., West Meath F 2
Stoneville Ho., Limerick D 2
Stony R., Leitrim D 3
Stonybatter, Wicklow C 4
Stonyford, Antrim E 5
Stonyford, Kilkenny C 3
Stonyford R., Meath C 3
Stormont Cas., Down E 2
Stormount, Armagh D 2
Stormount Ho., Wicklow B 2
Storren L., Sligo C 2
Strabane, Tyrone D 2
Strabane, Lower Barony, Tyrone D 2
Strabane, Upper Barony, Tyrone F 2
Stracum R., Antrim C 2
Stradarran, Londonderry C 3
Stradbally, Galway E 3
Stradbally, Kerry B 2
Stradbally, Waterford E 3
Stradbally Barony, Queen's Co. D 2
Strade, Mayo D 2
Stradone, Cavan F 3
Straffan and Ho., Kildare D 2
Straghan's L., Armagh B 3
Stragra R., Donegal B 3
Straid, Antrim F 4
Straid Donegal E 2
Straid Hill, Londonderry C 3
Straid R., Donegal F 2
Straidkilly, Antrim E 3
Stranagalwilly, Tyrone F 1
Strantally Cas. and Ho., Waterford B 3
Strand Bridge, Wicklow C 3
Strand I., Galway C 2
Strandfield, Louth B 1
Strangford and Lough, Down F 3
Stranmore, Down A 3
Stranocum, Antrim C 2
Stranorlar, Donegal D 3
Stratford and Lo., Wicklow A 3
Straw Hall, Carlow B 1
Strawberryhill Ho., King's Co. C 2
Streamhill Ho., Cork F 2
Streamstown Ho., Kildare C 3
Streamstown Ho., King's Co. D 3
Streamstown Ho., Louth A 2
Streamstown, Ho., and Sta., West Meath C 3
Streamstown Ho., West Meath E 2
Streedagh Pt. and Ho., Sligo E 1
Street, West Meath C 1
Streeve Ho., Londonderry D 2
Streeve Mt., Londonderry D 3
Strogue, Tipperary C 2
Strokestown and Ho., Roscommon E 3
Stroove, Donegal G 2
Struell, Down E 4
Strule R., Tyrone E 2
Struwaddacon Bay, Mayo B 1
Stuake, Cork E 3
Stuart Hall, Tyrone I 3
Sturrakeen, Tipperary B 4
Sturrall, Donegal A 3
Sturrin, Tyrone A 3
Suck R., Roscommon D 5
Suffolk, Antrim E 5
Sugar Hill, Limerick B 3
Sugar Loaf, Gt. and Lit., Wicklow E 2
Sugarloaf Mt., Cork C 3
Suir Cas., Tipperary C 4
Suir Mount, Waterford C 2
Suir R., Tipperary C 4 & Waterford F 2
Sullane R., Cork D 3
Summer Grove, Queen's Co. C 2
Summer Island, Armagh C 2
Summer Ville, Cork E 2
Summerhill, Fermanagh G 3
Summerhill, Kilkenny D 2
Summerhill, Meath D 1 & D 4
Summerhill, Meath D 4
Summerhill Ho., Armagh B 2
Summerhill Ho., Clare I 3
Summerhill Ho., Kilkenny D 3
Summerhill Ho., King's Co. D 4
Summerhill Ho., Mayo D 1 & D 2
Summerhill Ho., Meath D 4
Summerhill Ho., Roscommon F 5
Summerhill Ho., Tipperary C 2
Summerseat, Meath F 4
Summerstown Ho., Meath D 3
Summerville, Cavan E 4
Summerville, Waterford G 3
Sun Ville, Limerick F 3 & G 2
Suncroft, Kildare B 3
Sunderlin L., West Meath B 2
Sunlawn Ho., Waterford C 3
Sunnyhill Cott., Kildare C 3
Sutherland, Meath F 3
Sutton and Ho., Dublin F 4
Suttons Bridge, Wicklow E 3
Swallow L., West Meath D 3
Swan, Queen's Co. E 3
Swan L., Cavan D 3
Swanlibar and R., Cavan C 1
Swanlibar or Cladagh R., Fermanagh D 3
Swatragh, Londonderry F 3
Sweep, The, Kilkenny C 4
Sweep, The, Waterford F 2
Sweetbank, Wicklow E 2
Sweetmount, Wexford A 3
Swilly Burn and R., Donegal E 3
Swilly Lough, Donegal E 2
Swineford, Mayo E 2
Swinehill, Tipperary A 2
Swine's Head, Waterford G 3
Swords, Dublin E 3
Sybil Hd. and Pt., Kerry A 2
Sydenham, Down D 2
Sylvanpark Ho., Meath C 2
Syngfield, King's Co. C 3
Syonan Cas., West Meath C 3

T

Tacker L., Cavan H 2
Tacumshin L., Wexford D 4
Taghadoe, Kildare D 1
Taghboy, Roscommon D 5
Taghmon, Wexford C 4
Taghmon Ch., West Meath E 2
Taghmores, Londonderry E 2
Taghshinny, Longford C 3
Tagoat, Wexford D 4
Tahilla, Kerry C 3
Talbot Hall, Wexford A 3
Talbotstown Ho., Wicklow C 1
Talbotstown, Lower Bar., Wicklow B 2
Talbotstown, Upper Bar., Wicklow B 3
Tall R., Armagh C 2
Tallaghoughtt, Kilkenny B 4
Tallaght, Dublin C 5
Tallanstown, Louth A 2
Tallow, Waterford B 3
Tallowbridge, Waterford B 3
Tallyho, Wicklow C 4
Talt L. and R., Sligo C 3
Tamaghore, Antrim D 4
Tamlaght, Fermanagh E 3
Tamlaght, Londonderry F 3
Tamlaght Ch., Londonderry F 5
Tamlaght Finlagan, Londonderry D 2
Tamnagh Lo., Londonderry C 3
Tamur Lo., Donegal C 3
Tanderagee and Sta., Armagh D 2
Taney Lo., Dublin E 5
Tang R., West Meath B 2
Tankard Ville, Dublin E 1
Tankardstown, Carlow C 2
Tankardstown Ho., Meath E 2
Tankersley Ho., Wicklow C 3
Tanrego Ho., Sligo E 2
Tap L., Roscommon F 2
Tappaghan Mt., Tyrone C 3
Tar R., Tipperary C 4
Tara, Down G 3
Tara and Hall, Meath E 3
Tara Cott., Cavan E 4
Tara Hill, Wexford E 1
Tarbert, Kerry D 1
Tassagh, Armagh B 3
Taughblane, Down C 3
Taur, Cork D 2
Tawin L., Galway D 3
Tawlaght Sta., Roscommon E 2
Tawnagh, Roscommon E 3 & E 5
Tawnrush Ho., Kildare B 3
Tawny and Bay, Donegal B 4 & D 2
Tawnyard L., Mayo B 3
Tawnybrack Ho., Antrim D 4
Tawnyinah, Mayo E 2
Tawnylea, Leitrim C 2
Tay Lodge, Waterford D 2
Tay R., Waterford E 3
Taylor Cas., Galway E 3
Taylorstown, Down A 4
Tearaght, Kerry A 2
Tedavnet, Monaghan C 2
Téelin Bay, Donegal A 4
Teerelton Cross Road , Cork E 3
Teiges Mountain. Fermanagh F 3
Teltown Ho., Meath D 2
Temora Ho., King's Co. D 2
Temple, Louth B 3
Temple Ho., Sligo E 3
Temple Mills, Kildare D 2
Temple Molasha, Carlow B 3
Templeboy Ch., Carlow C 1
Templecarrig, Upper and Lower, Wicklow E 2
Templegowran Ho., Down B 4
Templehouse Lake, Sligo E 3
Templekieran Abbey, King's Co. E 2
Templeluk Ho., Wicklow D 3
Templelyon Ho., Wicklow E 3
Templemary Ho., Cork E 2
Templemichael Ho., Waterford B 4
Templemoneen Ch., Carlow C 2
Templemore and Sta., Tipperary C 2
Templemoyle Agricultural Seminary, Londonderry B 2
Templeogue Ho., Dublin C 5
Templeoran, West Meath D 3
Templeorum, Kilkenny C 4
Templepatrick Sta., Antrim E 4
Templeport L., Cavan D 2
Templerany Ho., Wicklow E 4
Templetouhy, Tipperary D 2
Templetown, Louth D 2
Tempo R. and Ho., Fermanagh F 2
Templevanny, Sligo F 3
Tents L., Cavan B 1
Tercheen, Wexford D 5
Terenure and Ho., Dublin D 5
Termalin, Londonderry D 3
Termon, Mayo A 1
Termon Cott., Clare F 1
Termon R., Donegal D 4
Termonamongan, Tyrone C 2
Termonbarry, Roscommon F 3
Termoncarragh, Mayo A 1
Termoneeny Ch., Londonderry E 4
Termonfeckin, Louth C 3
Terpointchurch Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Terryglass, Tipperary B 1
Tervoe Ho., Limerick E 2
Thistle Lodge, Louth B 1
Thistletown, Wexford A 4
Thomas Street Roscommon D 5
Thomastown, Kildare B 1
Thomastown, Mayo D 2
Thomastown, Meath F 3
Thomastown, West Meath F 3
Thomastown and Sta., Kilkenny D 3
Thomastown Cas., Louth A 2
Thomastown Cas., Tipperary B 4
Thomastown Ho., King's Co. D 3
Thomastown Ho., Roscommon E 5
Thomastown Ho., Wicklow D 4
Thomondtown Ho., Dublin E 2
Thonoge R., Tipperary C 4
Thorn Hill, Tyrone D 1
Thorn Vale, King's Co. C 4
Thornberry, Kildare D 2
Thornberry Ho., Queen's Co. D 3
Thornfield Ho., Limerick G 1
Thornford, Monaghan D 3
Thornhill, Galway E 2
Thornhill, Sligo E 3
Thornhill Ho., Carlow C 2
Thornhill Ho., Monaghan B 2
Thornogs, Louth C 3
Thornton, Kildare C 3
Thorntown Lodge, Dublin C 3
Thornville Ho., Carlow B 1
Three Castle Hd., Cork B 4
Three Lakes, Wicklow C 2
Three Mile Water, Wicklow E 3
Three Rock Mt., Dublin E 6
Three Tops, Donegal D 3
Three Wells, Wicklow D 3
Threecastles Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Thurles and Sta., Tipperary C 3
Tiaguin Ho. and Barony, Galway F 2
Tibradden Mt., Dublin D 6
Tildarg, Antrim E 4
Tiltinbane, Cavan B 1
Timahoe, Queen's Co. D 3
Timahoe and Ho., Kildare C 1
Timahoe Bridge, Kildare B 1
Timoleague, Cork E 4
Timolin, Kildare C 4
Timoney Park, Tipperary D 2
Tinacarra, Roscommon C 2
Tinahely and Sta., Wicklow C 4
Tinakelly, Upper, Wicklow E 3
Tinarana Ho., Clare K 2
Tincoora, Cork E 2
Tinhalla Ho.. Waterford E 2

Tinkerslane, Meath B 3
Tinnacross Ho., Wexford D 2
Tinnaglogh, Wexford A 4
Tinnahinch, Carlow B 3
Tinnahinch Barony, Queen's Co. C 2
Tinnakelly Ho., Tipperary C 1
Tinnakill, Queen's Co. B 2
Tinnakill Ho., Queen's Co. C 3
Tinnapark Ho., Carlow B 2
Tinnapark Ho., Wicklow E 2
Tinnaranny, Kilkenny E 4
Tinnasaggart, Waterford D 2
Tinnaslutty Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Tinnehinch, Wicklow E 1
Tinnock Bridge, Wexford E 1
Tinny Park, Roscommon C 3
Tinnypark Ho., Kilkenny C 3
Tinriland Ho., Carlow B 2
Tintern Abbey, Wexford A 4
Tintine, Kilkenny E 4
Tinure Cross, Louth B 3
Tinvaun, Kilkenny C 3
Tipper Ho., Kildare D 2
Tipperary, Tipperary B 4
Tiranny Barony, Armagh A 3
Tirawley Barony, Mayo C 1
Tircahan Lo., Cavan C 1
Tireragh Barony, Sligo C 2
Tirerrill Barony, Sligo F 3
Tirhugh Barony, Donegal C 4
Tirkeeran Barony, Londonderry B 3
Tirkennedy Barony, Fermanagh E 2
Tirnaneill, Monaghan C 2
Tirnaskea Ho., Tyrone G 3
Tithewer, Wicklow D 2
Tivoli Ho., Cork F 3
Tober, Cavan A 1
Tober Ho., Wicklow A 2
Tober Patrick, Fermanagh B 2
Toberanierin Bri., Wexford D 2
Toberaviller, Wicklow E 3
Tobercurry, Sligo D 3
Toberdan, Roscommon E 4
Toberlady Hp., King's Co. G 2
Tobermore, Londonderry E 4
Tobernaskeha, Roscommon E 3
Toberogan, Kildare C 3
Toberpatrick Ho., Wicklow C 4
Toberreendoney, Galway E 3
Toberroe, Galway F 2
Toberscanavan, Sligo F 2
Tobertynan Ho., Meath C 4
Tobinstown Cross Roads, Carlow C 1
Toe Head and Bay, Cork D 4
Togher, Cork F 3
Togher, Louth C 2
Togher, Meath C 4
Togher, Wicklow B 2
Togher, The, Queen's Co. D 2
Tolka R., Dublin D 4
Tollymere Park, Down D 4
Tomacork Barrack, Wicklow C 4
Tombeola Br., Galway B 2
Tombrack, Wexford C 2
Tombreen Ho., Wicklow B 4
Tomduff Ho., Wexford E 2
Tomgar Ho., Wexford D 2
Tomgraney, Clare I 2
Tomhaggard, Wexford D 4
Tomies Mt., Kerry D 2
Tonduff, Donegal E 2
Tonduff, South, Wicklow D 2
Tonet R., Queen's Co. B 2
Tonlegee Ho., Kildare A 4
Tonnagh Ho., Monaghan B 3
Toolestown, Kildare D 1
Toom R., Cork D 3
Toomaline Ho., Limerick H 2
Tooman Ho., Wicklow E 2
Toome and Toome Bridge Sta., Antrim C 4
Toome, Lower Barony, Antrim C 3
Toome, Upper Barony, Antrim C 4
Toomona Ho., Roscommon D 3
Toomore Bay and Cottage, Cork C 4
Toomour, Mayo E 1
Toomyvara, Tipperary B 2
Toonagh Ho., Clare F 2
Toor, Wicklow B 2
Toor Ho., West Meath D 3
Tooraneena Waterford C 2
Tooreen, Mayo D 2
Tooreendonnell, Limerick B 3
Toormore Bay, Cork C 4
Toornfulla, Roscommon E 5
Topped Mountain, Fermanagh E 2
Toppin, Antrim F 4
Toprass L., Louth A 1
Torc Mt., Kerry D 3
Torndarragh Ho., Wicklow D 2
Tornoge, Tyrone E 1
Torpan Beg, Roscommon D 5
Torr and Hd., Antrim E 1
Torrent R., Tyrone H 3
Torsaghaunmore R., Mayo B 1
Tory Hill, Limerick E 2
Tory Island, Donegal C 2
Tourig R., Waterford B 4
Tourin, Waterford B 3
Tourmakeady L., Mayo C 3
Tournore Ho., Waterford D 3
Tower Hill, Limerick G 2
Tower Village, Cork F 3
Towlerton Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Town View, Wicklow C 3
Townley Hall, Louth B 4
Tracarta, Cork D 4
Tracton, Cork F 3
Trafalgar Lodge, Mayo C 2
Traheen Br., Galway B 2
Traholgan, Cork G 3
Tralee and Bay, Kerry C 2
Trallie Lodge, Dublin D 2
Tramore and Bay, Waterford G 3
Tranagh, Tipperary D 3
Tranarossan Bay, Donegal D 2
Tranish, Fermanagh F 3
Traverston Ho., Tipperary B 2
Trawbrega Bay, Donegal E 2
Trawenagh Bay, Donegal B 3
Trawmore Bay, Mayo B 1
Trean, Galway C 2
Treanlaw, Longford C 2
Treanlewis Ho., Limerick F 3
Treantagh, Donegal D 2
Tremblestown R., Meath C 3
Tremone Bay, Donegal F 2
Triangle, The, Mayo C 2
Triermore Ho., Meath B 3
Trillick, Tyrone D 4
Trillickacurry, Longford C 2
Trim, Meath D 3
Trinamadan, Tyrone E 2
Triogue R., Queen's Co. D 2
Tristernagh Ho., West Meath C 2
Tromaun, Roscommon E 4
Troopers Lane Sta., Antrim F 4
Trooperstown Hill, Wicklow D 3
Trory Ch., Fermanagh E 2
Trostan, Antrim E 2
Trough and Cas. Clare I 3
Trough Barony, Monaghan B 1
Trubley Cas., Meath D 3
Trudder Ho., Wicklow E 2
Truemoy and Sta., Tyrone H 4
Trughanacmy Barony, Kerry D 2
Trusk L., Donegal D 3
Trusklieve, Clare B 4
Truskmore, Leitrim A 1
Truskmore Mt., Sligo F 1
Trustia, Fermanagh C 2
Tuam, Galway E 2
Tubbrid Cas., Kilkenny B 2
Tubridd, Fermanagh D 1
Tuck, Carlow C 2
Tulestown, West Meath D 2
Tulla, Clare H 2
Tulla Ho., Tipperary A 2
Tulla, Lower Barony, Clare I 3
Tulla, Upper Barony, Clare H 2
Tullagh Pt., Donegal E 2
Tullaghan, Leitrim A 1
Tullaghan, West Meath D 2
Tullaghan Bay, Mayo B 1
Tullagher and Ho., Kilkenny D 4
Tullaghgarley, Antrim D 3
Tullaghmedan Ho., Meath D 4
Tullaghoge, Tyrone H 3
Tullaghought, Kilkenny B 4
Tullaher L., Clare C 3
Tullamain Cas., Tipperary C 4
Tullamore, Tipperary A 2
Tullamore and Riv., King's Co. F 2
Tullaroan, Kilkenny B 3
Tullaun Bri., Kilkenny D 4
Tullig, Kerry C 2
Tullig and Pt., Clare B 4
Tullighan B., Mayo B 1
Tullira Cas., Galway E 3
Tullokyne, Galway D 2
Tullomoy Ho., Queen's Co. E 3
Tullow and Cott., Carlow C 2
Tullowclay Ho., Wicklow B 4
Tully, Armagh C 3
Tully, Galway A 2
Tully Cas. and Bay, Fermanagh D 2
Tully Ho., Antrim D 5
Tully Ho., Kildare B 3
Tully Ho., Roscommon E 6
Tully Ho., Sligo F 2
Tully L., Galway B 2
Tully, South L., Longford C 1
Tullyallen, Louth B 3
Tullyallen, Tyrone G 4
Tullyard, Louth C 3
Tullyard, Meath D 3
Tullyboy, Roscommon D 2
Tullycanna, Wexford C 4
Tullydonnell Ho., Louth B 2
Tullydowey Ho., Tyrone H 4
Tullyeenta, Fermanagh C 2
Tullyelmer Ho., Armagh B 2
Tullygarran Ho., Kerry D 2
Tullygarvan, Down D 3
Tullygarvey Baro y, Cavan F 2
Tullyhaw Barony, Cavan C 1
Tullyhunco Barony, Cavan D 3
Tullyleague, Limerick A 2
Tullylease, Cork E 2
Tullylish, Down A 3
Tullylost, Kildare B 2
Tullymagawly, West Meath B 3
Tullymore Ho., Armagh B 2
Tullymore Lodge, Antrim D 3
Tullymurry Sta., Down E 4
Tullynakill Ch., Down E 2
Tullynawood L., Armagh B 3
Tullyneill, Armagh C 3
Tullyniskan, Tyrone H 3
Tullynure, Sligo G 3
Tullyree, Down C 4
Tullyroan Corner, Armagh C 2
Tullystown, Louth A 2
Tullyveery Ho., Down E 3
Tullyvellia Loughs, Sligo D 3
Tullyvin and Ho., Cavan G 2
Tullywill, Armagh C 3
Tulsk, Roscommon D 3
Tunny, Antrim D 5
Turbot I., Galway A 2
Turbotstown Ho., West Meath D 1
Ture Lodge, Cavan D 2
Turf Lodge, Kildare B 3
Turkenagh Mt., Clare I 2
Turkstown, Kilkenny C 5
Turlesbeg Bri., Tipperary C 3
Turlough, Clare F 1
Turlough, Mayo D 2
Turlough More and Beg, Sligo D 3
Turloughs Hill, Down D 5
Turners Rock and Tunnel, Kerry D 3
Turnings Ho., Kildare D 2
Turnings Lower, Kildare D 2
Turtulla Ho., Tipperary C 3
Turvey Ho., Dublin E 3
Twelve Pins, The, Galway B 2
Two Mile Riv. Bri., Louth C 1
Twomile Bri., Queen's Co. C 2
Twomileborris, Tipperary D 3
Twomileditch, Galway E 3
Two Rock Mountain, Dublin E 6
Twy L., West Meath A 3
Twyford Ho., West Meath B 3
Tynagh, Galway F 3
Tynan and Riv., Armagh B 3
Tynan Abbey, Armagh A 3
Tynte Park, Wicklow A 2
Tyredagh Cas., Clare H 2
Tyrella, Down E 4
Tyrellspass, West Meath D 3
Tyrellstown Ho., West Meath D 3
Tyrrelstown Ho., Dublin C 3

U

Ullard Church, Kilkenny E 3
Ullid, Kilkenny C 5
Ulster Canal, Monaghan A 3
Ultan L., Donegal D 4
Umbra, The, Londonderry D 2
Umfin I., Donegal B 2
Umma Ho., West Meath B 3
Ummeracam R., Armagh C 4
Ummeras Bridge, Kildare A 2
Umrygar Ho., Wicklow C 4
Unionhall, Cork D 4
Unna L., Donegal B 3
Unshin L., Donegal C 4
Unshin R., Sligo F 3
Unshinagh, Leitrim B 1
Upper Antrim Barony, Antrim E 4
Upper Ards Barony, Down G 3
Upper Belfast Barony, Antrim E 5
Upper Castlereagh Barony, Down D 3
Upper Court, Kilkenny B 2
Upper Deece Barony, Meath D 4
Upper Duleek Barony, Meath F 3
Upper Dundalk Barony, Louth B 1
Upper Dungannon Barony, Tyrone H 3
Upper Dunluce Barony, Antrim C 2
Upper Fews Barony, Armagh C 3
Upper Glenarm Barony, Antrim F 3
Upper Iveagh Barony, Down C 4
Upper Kells Barony, Meath C 2
Upper Lecale Barony, Down E 4
Upper L., Kerry D 3
Upper Lough Erne, Fermanagh E 3
Upper Loughtee Barony, Cavan E 3
Upper Massereene Barony, Antrim D 5
Upper Moyenfenrath Bar., Meath B 4
Upper Navan Barony, Meath D 3
Upper Orior Barony, Armagh D 4
Upper Ormond Barony, Tipperary B 2
Upper Philipstown Bar., King's Co. G 2
Upper St Mullins Barony, Carlow D 2
Upper Slane Barony, Meath E 2
Upper Strabane Barony, Tyrone F 2
Upper Talbotstown Bar., Wicklow B 3
Upper Third Barony, Waterford E 2
Upper Toome Barony, Antrim C 4
Upper Woods Barony, Queen's Co. B 2
Upperchurch, Tipperary B 3
Uppercross Barony, Dublin C 5
Upton Cas., Antrim E 4
Upton Ho., Carlow B 2
Upton Ho., Wexford E 2
Uregare Ho., Limerick F 3
Urelands Ho., Wicklow B 4
Urlaur L., Mayo E 2
Urlingford, Kilkenny A 2
Urrin R., Wexford B 2
Usna, Roscommon D 2

V

Valclusa, Wicklow D 2
Vale of Glendalough, Wicklow C 2
Vale of Glendasan, Wicklow C 2
Valencia I. and Harb., Kerry A 3
Vartry R., Wicklow D 2
Vearty L., Fermanagh B 1
Velvetstown Ho., Cork F 2
Ventry and Harb., Kerry A 2 & B 2
Vermont, Limerick E 2
Verner's Bri. Sta., Armagh C 2
Verona Bri. and Ho., Wexford C 3
Vesingstown Ho., Meath E 4
Vicars Carn, Armagh C 3
Vicarstown Bri., Queen's Co. E 2
Victoria Bri. Sta., Tyrone D 2
View Mount, Carlow B 1
View Mount, Kilkenny D 2
Viewmount, Kildare C 2
Villierstown, Waterford B 3
Violet Hill, Kilkenny A 2
Violetstown Ho., West Meath E 3
Virginia, Cavan G 3
Virginia Rd. Sta., Meath B 2

W

Wallaces Hill Hd., Down B 4
Wallaces Row, Louth B 3
Wallers I., Limerick D 1
Walshestown, Louth C 3
Walshpark Ho., Tipperary B 1
Walshtown, Cork G 3
Walterstown, Meath E 3
Walworth Ho., Londonderry C 2
War Hill, Wicklow D 2
Ward Ho., Dublin C 3
Ward R., Dublin D 3
Wardenstown Ho., West Meath F 2
Waringsford, Down C 3
Waringstown, Down B 3
Warren, Donegal G 2
Warrenpoint, Down B 5
Warrenstown Barony, King's Co. G 1
Warrenstown Ho., Meath E 3
Washel L., Donegal B 3
Washing Bay, Tyrone I 3
Washington, Kildare B 2
Washpin Bri., Tipperary C 2
Watch House, Wexford C 1
Watch House Cross Rds., Kildare D 2
Water Cas., Queen's Co. C 3
Water Foot, Fermanagh C 1
Waterfall Ho., Cork F 3
Waterfoot R., Donegal D 4
Waterford, Waterford G 2
Waterford Harb., Waterford H 2
Watergrasshill, Cork F 2
Waterloo, Cavan G 3
Waterloo, Cork E 2
Waterloo Lodge, Meath C 3
Waters Br., Wicklow D 2
Waterside, Londonderry B 3
Waterstown Ho. & Lo., W. Meath A 3
Waterville, Kerry B 3
Waterville, Limerick C 2
Watsons L., Fermanagh E 2
Weatherstown, Kilkenny D 4
Weavers Hall, Louth C 3
Webbsborough Ho., Kilkenny C 2
Wee Collin, Antrim F 4
Wellbank Ho., Kildare D 3
Wellbrook, Tyrone H 2
Wellbrook Ho., Kilkenny B 2
Wellesley Farm, Limerick B 3
Wellfield Ho., Kildare D 3
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A. M. SULLIVAN.

MASS ON THE MOUNTAIN - IN PENAL DAYS.

(CHRISTMAS MORNING.)

STORY OF IRELAND.

BY

A. M. SULLIVAN.

BEING A COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF IRELAND FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO 1867.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little book is written for young people. It does not pretend to the serious character of a History of Ireland. It does not claim to be more than a compilation from the many admirable works which have been published by painstaking and faithful historians. It is an effort to interest the young in the subject of Irish history, and attract them to its study.

I say so much in deprecation of the stern judgment of learned critics. I say it furthermore and chiefly by way of owning my obligations to those authors the fruits of whose researches have been availed of so freely by me. To two of these in particular, Mr. M'Gee and Mr. Haverty, I am deeply indebted. In several instances, even where I have not expressly referred to my authority, I have followed almost literally the text supplied by them. If I succeed in my design of interesting my young fellow-countrymen in the subject of Irish history, I recommend them strongly to follow it up by reading the works of the two historians whom I have mentioned. They possess this immeasurable advantage over every other previously published history of Ireland that in them the authors were able to avail themselves of the rich stores of material brought to light by the lamented O'Curry and O'Donovan, by Todd, Greaves, Wilde, Meehan, Gilbert, and others. These revelations of authentic history, inaccessible or unknown to previous history writers, not only throw a flood of light upon many periods of our history, heretofore darkened and obscured, but may be said to have given to many of the most important events in our annals an aspect totally new, and in some instances the reverse of that commonly assigned to them. Mr. Haverty's book is Irish history clearly and faithfully traced, and carefully corrected by recent invaluable archæological discoveries; Mr. M'Gee's is the only work of the kind accessible to our people which is yet more than a painstaking and reliable record of events. It rises above mere chronicling, and presents to the reader the philosophy of history, assisting him to view great movements and changes in their comprehensive totality, and to understand the principles which underlay, promoted, guided, or controlled them.

In all these, however, the learned and gifted authors have aimed high. They have written for adult readers. Mine is an humble, but I trust it may prove to be a no less useful, aim. I desire to get hold of the young people, and not to offer them a learned and serious "history," which might perhaps be associated in their minds with school tasks and painful efforts to remember; but to have a pleasant talk with them about Ireland; to tell them its story, after the manner of simple storytellers; not confusing their minds with a mournful series of feuds, raids, and slaughters, merely for the sake of noting them; or with essays upon the state of agriculture or commerce, religion or science, at particular periods—all of which they will find instructive when they grow to an age to comprehend and be interested in more advanced works. I desire to do for our young people that which has been well done for the youth of England by numerous writers. I desire to interest them in their country; to convince them that its history is no wild, dreary, and uninviting monotony of internecine slaughter, but an entertaining and instructive narrative of stirring events, abounding in episodes, thrilling, glorious, and beautiful.

I do not take upon myself the credit of being the first to remember that "the Child is father of the Man." The Rev. John O'Hanlon's admirable "Catechism of Irish History" has already well appreciated that fact. I hope there will follow many beside myself to cater for the amusement and instruction of the young people. They deserve more attention than has hitherto been paid them by our Irish book-writers. In childhood or boyhood to-day, there rapidly approaches for them a to-morrow, bringing manhood, with its cares, duties, responsibilities. When we who have preceded them shall have passed away forever, they will be the men on whom Ireland must depend. They will make her future. They will guide her destinies. They will guard her honor. They will defend her life. To the service of this "Irish Nation of the future" I devote the following pages, confident my young friends will not fail to read aright the lesson taught by "The Story of Ireland."

Dublin, August 15, 1867.

INTRODUCTORY.

How We Learn the Facts of Early History.

It may occur to my young friends, that, before I begin my narration, I ought to explain how far or by what means any one now living can correctly ascertain and narrate the facts of very remote history. The reply is, that what we know of history anterior to the keeping of written records is derived from the traditions handed down "by word of mouth" from generation to generation. We may safely assume that the commemoration of important events by this means was, at first, unguarded or unregulated by any public authority, and accordingly led to much confusion, exaggeration, and corruption; but we have positive and certain information that at length steps were taken to regulate these oral communications, and guard them as far as possible from corruption. The method most generally adopted for perpetuating them was to compose them into historical chants or verse-histories, which were easily committed to memory, and were recited on all public or festive occasions. When written records began to be used, the events thus commemorated were set down in the regular chronicles. Several of these latter, in one shape or another, are still in existence. From these we chiefly derive our knowledge, such as it is, of the ancient history of Erinn.

It is, however, necessary to remember that all history of very early or remote times, unless what is derived from the narratives of Holy Writ, is clouded, to a greater or lesser degree, with doubt and obscurity, and is, to a greater or lesser degree, a hazy mixture of probable fact and manifest fable. When writing was unknown, and before measures were taken to keep the oral traditions with exactitude and for a public purpose, and while yet events were loosely handed down by unregulated "hearsay" which no one was charged to guard from exaggeration and corruption, some of the facts thus commemorated became gradually distorted, until, after great lapse of time, whatever was described as marvelously *wonderful* in the past was set down as at least partly *supernatural* and the long dead heroes whose prowess had become fabulously exaggerated came to be regarded as demi-gods. It is thus as regards the early history of ancient Rome and Greece. It is thus with the early history of Ireland, and indeed of all other European countries.

It would, however, be a great blunder for any one to conclude that because some of those old mists of early tradition contain such gross absurdities, they contain no truths at all. Investigation is every day more and more clearly establishing the fact that, shrouded in some of the most absurd of those fables of antiquity there are most indisputable and valuable truths of history.

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THE STORY OF IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE MILESIANS SOUGHT AND FOUND "THE PROMISED ISLE" AND CONQUERED IT.

THE earliest settlement or colonization of Ireland, of which there is tolerably precise and satisfactory information, was that by the sons of Miledh or Milesius, from whom the Irish are occasionally styled Milesians. There are abundant evidences that at least two or three "waves" of colonization had long previously reached the island; but it is not very clear whence they came. Those first settlers are severally known in history as the Partholanians, the Nemedians, the Firbolgs, and the Tuatha de Danaans. These latter, the Tuatha de Danaans, who immediately preceded the Milesians, possessed a civilization and a knowledge of "arts and sciences" which, limited as we may be sure it was, greatly amazed the earlier settlers (whom they had subjected) by the results it produced. To the Firbolgs (the more early settlers) the wonderful things done by the conquering newcomers, and the wonderful knowledge they displayed, could only be the results of supernatural power. Accordingly they set down the Tuatha de Danaans as "magicians," an idea which the Milesians, as we shall presently see, also adopted.

The Firbolgs seem to have been a pastoral race; the Tuatha de Danaans were more of a manufacturing and commercial people. The soldier Milesian came, and he ruled over all.

The Milesian colony reached Ireland from Spain,* but they were not Spaniards. They were an eastern people who had tarried in that country on their way westward, seeking, they said, an island promised to the posterity of their ancestor, Gadelius. Moved by this mysterious purpose to fulfill their destiny, they had passed from land to land, from the shores of Asia across the wide expanse of southern Europe, bearing aloft through all their wanderings the Sacred Banner, which symbolized to them at once their origin and their mission, the blessing and the promise given to their race. This celebrated standard, the "Sacred Banner of the Milesians," was a flag on which was represented a dead serpent and the rod of Moses; a device to commemorate forever among the posterity of Gadelius the miracle by which his life had been saved. The story of this event, treasured with singular pertinacity by the Milesians, is told as follows in their traditions, which so far I have been following:

While Gadelius, being yet a child, was sleeping one day, he was bitten by a poisonous serpent. His father—Niul, a younger son of the king of Scythia—carried the child to the camp of the Israelites, then close by, where the distracted parent with tears and prayers implored the aid of Moses. The inspired leader was profoundly touched by the anguish of Niul. He laid the child down, and prayed over him; then he touched with his rod the wound, and the boy arose healed. Then, say the Milesians, the man of God promised or prophesied for the posterity of the young prince, that they should inhabit a country in which no venomous reptile could live, an island which they should seek and find in the track of the setting sun.

It was not, however, until the third generation subsequently that the descendants and people of Gadelius are found setting forth on their prophesied wanderings; and of this migration itself —of the adventures and fortunes of the Gadelian colony in its journeyings—the history would make a volume. At length we find them tarrying in Spain, where they built a city, Brigantia, and occupied and ruled a certain extent of territory. It is said that Ith (pronounced "Eeh"), uncle of Milesius, an adventurous explorer, had, in his cruising northward of the Brigantian coast, sighted the Promised Isle, and landing to explore it, was attacked by the inhabitants (Tuatha de Danaans), and mortally wounded ere

*The settled Irish account; but this is also disputed by theorists who contend that all the waves of colonization reached Ireland from the continent across Britain.

he could regain his ship. He died at sea on the way homeward. His body was reverentially preserved and brought back to Spain by his son, Lui (spelled Lugaid),* who had accompanied him, and who now summoned the entire Milesian host to the last stage of their destined wanderings—to avenge the death of Ith, and occupy the Promised Isle. The old patriarch himself, Miledh, had died before Lui arrived; but his sons all responded quickly to the summons; and the widowed queen, their mother, Scota, placed herself at the head of the expedition, which soon sailed in thirty galleys for "the isle they had seen in dreams." The names of the sons of Milesius who thus sailed for Ireland were, Heber the Fair, Amergin, Heber the Brown, Colpa, Ir, and Heremon; and the date of this event is generally supposed to have been about fourteen hundred years before the birth of our Lord.

At that time Ireland, known as Innis Ealga (the Noble Isle) was ruled over by three brothers, Tuatha de Danaan princes, after whose wives (who were three sisters) the island was alternately called, Eire, Banba (or Banva), and Fiola (spelled Fodhla), by which names Ireland is still frequently styled in national poems. Whatever difficulties or obstacles beset the Milesians in landing they at once attributed to the "necromancy" of the Tuatha de Danaans, and the old traditions narrate amusing stories of the contest between the resources of magic and the power of valor. When the Milesians could not discover land where they thought to sight it, they simply agreed that the Tuatha de Danaans had by their black arts rendered it invisible. At length they descried the island, its tall blue hills touched by the last beams of the setting sun, and from the galleys there arose a shout of joy; Innisfail, the Isle of Destiny, was found!* But lo, next morning the land was submerged, until only a low ridge appeared above the ocean. A device of the magicians, say the Milesians. Nevertheless they reached the shore and made good their landing. The "magician" inhabitants, however, stated that this was not a fair conquest by the rules of war; that they had no standing army to oppose the Milesians; but if the newcomers would again take to their galleys, they should, if able once more to effect a landing, be recognized as masters of the isle by the laws of war.

The Milesians did not quite like the proposition. They feared much the "necromancy" of the Tuatha de Danaans. It had cost them trouble enough already to get their feet upon the soil, and they did not greatly relish the idea of having to begin it all over again. They debated the point, and it was resolved to submit the case to the decision of Amergin, who was the Ollav (the Learned Man, Lawgiver, or Seer) of the expedition. Amergin, strange to say, decided on the merits against his own brothers and kinsmen, and in favor of the Tuatha de Danaans. Accordingly, with scrupulous obedience to his decision, the Milesians relinquished all they had

* Here let me at the outset state, once for all, that I have decided, after mature consideration, to spell most of the Irish names occurring in our annals according to their correct pronunciation or sound, and not according to their strictly correct orthography in the Irish language and typography. I am aware of all that may fairly be said against this course, yet consider the weight of advantage to be on its side. *Some* of our Irish names are *irretrievably* Anglicized in the worst form—uncouth and absurd. Choosing therefore between difficulties and objections, I have decided to rescue the correct *pronunciation* in this manner; giving, besides, with sufficient frequency, the correct orthography.

* In Moore's "Melodies" the event here related is made the subject of the following verses:

"They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
'Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destin'd home or grave?'
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

"And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
''Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!'
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

"Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod."

so far won. They re-embarked in their galleys, and, as demanded, withdrew "nine waves off from the shore." Immediately a hurricane, raised, say their versions, by the spells of the magicians on shore, burst over the fleet, dispersing it in all directions. Several of the princes and chiefs and their wives and retainers were drowned. The Milesians paid dearly for their chivalrous acquiescence in the rather singular proposition of the inhabitants indorsed by the decision of Amergin. When they did land next time, it was not in one combined force, but in detachments widely separated; some at the mouth of the Boyne; others on the Kerry coast. A short but fiercely contested campaign decided the fate of the kingdom. In the first great pitched battle, which was fought in a glen a few miles south of Tralee,* the Milesians were victorious. But they lost the aged Queen-Mother, Scota, who fell amidst the slain, and was buried beneath a royal cairn in Glen Scohene, close by. Indeed the queens of ancient Ireland figure very prominently in our history, as we shall learn as we proceed. In the final engagement, which was fought at Tailtan in Meath, between the sons of Milesius and the three Tuatha de Danaan kings, the latter were utterly and finally defeated, and were themselves slain. And with their husbands, the three brothers, there fell upon that dreadful day, when crown and country, home and husband, all were lost to them, the three sisters, Queens Eire, Banva, and Fiola!

CHAPTER II.

HOW IRELAND FARED UNDER THE MILESIAN DYNASTY.

It is unnecessary to follow through their details the proceedings of the Milesian princes in the period immediately subsequent to the landing. It will suffice to state that in a comparatively brief time they subdued the country, entering, however, into regular pacts, treaties, or alliances with the conquered but not powerless Firbolgs and Tuatha de Danaans. According to the constitution under which Ireland was governed for more than a thousand years, the population of the island were distinguished in two classes—the Free Clans, and the Unfree Clans; the former being the descendants of the Milesian legions, the latter the descendants of the subjected Tuatha de Danaans and Firbolgs. The latter were allowed certain rights and privileges, and to a great extent regulated their own internal affairs; but they could not vote in the selection of a sovereign, nor exercise any other of the attributes of full citizenship without special leave. Indeed, those subject populations occasioned the conquerors serious trouble by their hostility from time to time for centuries afterward.

The sovereignty of the island was jointly vested in, or assumed by, Heremon and Heber, the Romulus and Remus of ancient Ireland. Like these twin brothers, who, seven hundred years later on, founded Rome, Heber and Heremon quarreled in the sovereignty. In a pitched battle fought between them Heber was slain, and Heremon remained sole ruler of the island. For more than a thousand years the dynasty thus established reigned in Ireland, the scepter never passing out of the family of Milesius in the direct line of descent, unless upon one occasion (to which I shall more fully advert at the proper time) for the brief period of less than twenty years. The Milesian sovereigns appear to have exhibited considerable energy in organizing the country and establishing what we may call "institutions," some of which have been adopted or copied with improvements and adaptations by the most civilized governments of the present day; and the island advanced in renown for valor, for wealth, for manufactures, and for commerce.

By this, however, my young readers are not to suppose that anything like the civilization of our times, or even faintly approaching that to which ancient Greece and Rome afterward attained, prevailed at this period in Ireland. Not so. But, compared with the civilization of its own period in northern and Western Europe, and

* All that I have been here relating is a condensation of traditions, very old, and until recently little valued or credited by historical theorists. Yet singular corroborations have been turning up daily, establishing the truth of *the main facts* thus handed down. Accidental excavations a few years since in the glen which tradition has handed down as the scene of this battle more than *three thousand years ago*, brought to light full corroboration of this fact, at least, that a battle of great slaughter was fought upon the exact spot some thousands of years ago.

recollecting how isolated and how far removed Ireland was from the great center and source of colonization and civilization in the East, the civilization of pagan Ireland must be admitted to have been proudly eminent. In the works remaining to us of the earliest writers of ancient Rome, we find references to Ireland that attest the high position it then held in the estimation of the most civilized and learned nations of antiquity. From our own historians we know that more than fifteen hundred years before the birth of our Lord, gold mining and smelting, and artistic working in the precious metals, were carried on to a great extent in Ireland. Numerous facts might be adduced to prove that a high order of political, social, industrial, and intellectual intelligence prevailed in the country. Even in an age which was rudely barbaric elsewhere all over the world, the superiority of intellect over force, of the scholar over the soldier, was not only recognized but decreed by leglislation in Ireland! We find in the Irish chronicles that in the reign of Eochy the First (more than a thousand years before Christ) society was classified into seven grades, each marked by the number of colors in its dress, and that in this classification men of learning, *i.e.*, eminent scholars, or savants as they would now be called, were by law ranked next to royalty.

But the most signal proof of all, attesting the existence in Ireland at that period of a civilization marvelous for its time, was the celebrated institution of the Feis Tara, or Triennial Parliament of Tara, one of the first formal parliaments or legislative assemblies of which we have record.* This great national legislative assembly was instituted by an Irish monarch, whose name survives as a synonym of wisdom and justice, Ollav Fiola, who reigned as Ard-Ri of Erinn about one thousand years before the birth of Christ. To this assembly were regularly summoned:

Firstly—All the subordinate royal princes or chieftains;

Secondly—Ollavs and bards, judges, scholars, and historians; and

Thirdly—Military commanders.

* The Amphictyonic Council did not by any means partake to a like extent of the nature and character of a parliament.

We have in the old records the most precise accounts of the formalities observed at the opening and during the sitting of the assembly, from which we learn that its proceedings were regulated with admirable order and conducted with the greatest solemnity.

Nor was the institution of "triennial parliaments" the only instance in which this illustrious Irish monarch, two thousand eight hundred years ago, anticipated to a certain extent the forms of constitutional government of which the nineteenth century is so proud. In the civil administration of the kingdom the same enlightened wisdom was displayed. He organized the country into regular prefectures. "Over every cantred," says the historian, "he appointed a chieftain, and over every townland a kind of prefect or secondary chief, all being the officials of the king of Ireland." After a reign of more than forty years, this "true Irish king" died at an advanced age, having lived to witness long the prosperity, happiness, and peace which his noble efforts had diffused all over the realm. His real name was Eochy the Fourth, but he is more familiarly known in history by the title or soubriquet of "Ollav Fiola," that is, the "Ollav," or lawgiver, pre-eminently of Ireland, or "Fiola."

Though the comparative civilization of Ireland at this remote time was so high, the annals of the period disclose the usual recurrence of wars for the throne between rival members of the same dynasty, which early and mediæval European history in general exhibits. Reading over the history of ancient Ireland, as of ancient Greece, Rome, Assyria, Gaul, Britain, or Spain, one is struck by the number of sovereigns who fell by violent deaths, and the fewness of those who ended their reigns otherwise. But those were the days when between kings and princes, chiefs and warriors, the sword was the ready arbiter that decided all causes, executed all judgments, avenged all wrongs, and accomplished all ambitions. Moreover, it is essential to bear in mind that the kings of those times commanded and led their own armies, not merely in theory or by "legal fiction," but in reality and fact; and that personal participation in the battle and prowess in the field were expected and were requisite on the part of the royal commander. Under such circumstances one can easily perceive

how it came to pass, naturally and inevitably, that the battlefield became ordinarily the death-bed of the king. In those early times the kings who did not fall by the sword, in fair battle or unfair assault, were the exceptions everywhere. Yet it is a remarkable fact, that we find the average duration of the reigns of Irish monarchs, for fifteen hundred or two thousand years after the Milesian dynasty ascended the throne, was as long as that of most European reigns in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Several of the Milesian sovereigns enjoyed reigns extending to over thirty years; some to fifty years. Many of them were highly accomplished and learned men, liberal patrons of arts, science, and commerce; and as one of them, fourteen hundred years before the Christian era, instituted regularly convened parliaments, so we find others of them instituting orders of knighthood and Companionships of Chivalry long before we hear of their establishment elsewhere.

The Irish kings of this period, as well as during the first ten centuries of the Christian age, in frequent instances intermarried with the royal families of other countries—Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Alba; and the commerce and manufactures of Ireland were, as the early Latin writers acquaint us, famed in all the marts and ports of Europe.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE UNFREE CLANS TRIED A REVOLUTION; AND WHAT CAME OF IT. HOW THE ROMANS THOUGHT IT VAIN TO ATTEMPT A CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

During those fifteen hundred years preceding the Christian era, the other great nations of Europe, the Romans and the Greeks, were passing, by violent changes and bloody convulsions, through nearly every conceivable form of government—republics, confederations, empires, kingdoms, limited monarchies, despotisms, consulates, etc. During the like period (fifteen centuries) the one form of government, a limited monarchy, and the one dynasty, the Milesian, ruled in Ireland. The monarchy was elective, but elective out of the eligible members of the established or legitimate dynasty.

Indeed the principle of "legitimacy," as it is sometimes called in our times—the hereditary right of a ruling family or dynasty—seems from the earliest ages to have been devotedly, I might almost say superstitiously, held by the Irish. Wars for the crown, and violent changes of rulers, were always frequent enough; but the wars and the changes were always between members of the ruling family or "blood royal;" and the two or three instances to the contrary that occur are so singularly strong in their illustration of the fact to which I have adverted, that I will cite one of them here.

The Milesians and the earlier settlers never completely fused. Fifteen hundred years after the Milesian landing, the Firbolgs, the Tuatha de Danaans, and the Milesians were still substantially distinct races or classes, the first being agriculturists or tillers of the soil, the second manufacturers and merchants, the third soldiers and rulers. The exactions and oppressions of the ruling classes at one time became so grievous that in the reign succeeding that of Creivan the Second, who was the ninety-ninth Milesian monarch of Ireland, a widespread conspiracy was organized for the overthrow and extirpation of the Milesian princes and aristocracy. After three years of secret preparation, everything being ready, the royal and noble Milesian families, one and all, were invited to a "monster meeting" for games, exhibitions, feastings, etc., on the plain of Knock Ma, in the county of Galway. The great spectacle had lasted nine days, when suddenly the Milesians were set upon by the Attacotti (as the Latin chroniclers called the conspirators), and massacred to a man. Of the royal line there escaped, however, three princes, children yet unborn. Their mothers, wives of Irish princes, were the daughters respectively of the kings of Scotland, Saxony, and Brittany. They succeeded in escaping into Albion, where the three young princes were born and educated. The successful conspirators raised to the throne Carbry the First, who reigned five years, during which time, say the chronicles, the country was a prey to every misfortune; the earth refused to yield, the cattle gave no milk, the trees bore no fruit, the waters had no fish, and "the oak *had

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* Such was the deep faith the Irish had in the principle of legitimacy in a dynasty! This characteristic of nearly

but one acorn." Carbry was succeeded by his son, Moran, whose name deservedly lives in Irish history as "Moran the Just." He refused to wear the crown, which belonged, he said, to the royal line that had been so miraculously preserved; and he urged that the rightful princes, who by this time had grown to man's estate, should be recalled. Moran's powerful pleading commended itself readily to the popular conscience, already disquieted by the misfortunes and evil omens which, as the people read them, had fallen upon the land since the legitimate line had been so dreadfully cut down. The young princes were recalled from exile, and one of them, Faradah the Righteous, was, amid great rejoicing, elected king of Ireland. Moran was appointed chief judge of Erinn, and under his administration of justice the land long presented a scene of peace, happiness, and contentment. To the gold chain of office which Moran wore on the judgment seat, the Irish for centuries subsequently attached supernatural powers. It was said that it would tighten around the neck of the judge if he was unjustly judging a cause!

The dawn of Christianity found the Romans masters of nearly the whole of the known world. Britain, after a short struggle, succumbed, and eventually learned to love the yoke. Gaul, after a gallant effort, was also overpowered and held as a conquered province. But upon Irish soil the Roman eagles were never planted. Of Ireland, or Ierne, as they called it, of its great wealth and amazing beauty of scenery and richness of soil, the all-conquering Romans heard much. But they had heard also that the fruitful and beautiful island was peopled by a soldier race, and, judging them by the few who occasionally crossed to Alba to help their British neighbors, and whose prowess and skill the imperial legions had betimes to prove, the conquest of Ierne was wisely judged by the Romans to be a work better not attempted.

The early centuries of the Christian era may be considered the period pre-eminently of pagan bardic or legendary fame in Ireland. In this, which we may call the "Ossianic" period, lived Cuhal or Cumhal, father of the celebrated Fin Mac Cumhal, and commander of the great Irish legion called the Fiana Erion, or Irish militia. The Ossianic poems* recount the most marvelous stories of Fin and Fiana Erion, which stories are compounds of undoubted facts and manifest fictions, the prowess of the heroes being in the course of time magnified into the supernatural, and the figures and poetic allegories of the earlier bards gradually coming to be read as realities. Some of these poems are gross, extravagant, and absurd. Others of them are of rare beauty, and are, moreover, valuable for the insight they give, though obliquely, into the manners and customs, thoughts, feelings, guiding principles, and moving passions of the ancient Irish.

CHAPTER IV.

BARDIC TALES OF ANCIENT ERINN—"THE SORROWFUL FATE OF THE CHILDREN OF USNA."

One of the oldest, and perhaps the most famous, of all the great national history-poems or bardic tales of the ancient Irish, is called "The Fate of the Children of Usna," the incidents of which belong to the period preceding by half a century the Christian era, or *anno mundi* 3960. Indeed it was always classified by the bards as one of "The Three Sorrowful Tales of Erinn." Singularly enough, the story contains much less poetic fiction, and keeps much closer to the simple facts of history, than do several of the poems of Ossian's time, written much later on. From the highly dramatic and tragic nature of the events related, one can well conceive that, clad in the beautiful idiom of the Irish tongue and told in the fanciful language of poetry, "The Story of the Children of Usnach" was calculated to win a prominent place among the bardic recitals of the pagan Irish. A semi-fanciful version of it has been given in English at great length by Dr.

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all the Celtic nations survives in all its force in the Jacobite Relics of Ireland, the outbursts of Irish national feeling *seventeen hundred years subsequently. Ex. gr.* Compare the above taken from an old chronicle of the period, with the well-known Jacobite song translated from the Irish by Callanan:

> "No more the cuckoo hails the spring;
> No more the woods with stanch hounds ring;
> *The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,*
> *Since the rightful prince is far away.*"

* So called from their author, Oisin, or Ossian, the warrior poet, son of Fin, and grandson of Cuhal.

Ferguson in the "Hibernian Nights' Entertainment;" but the story is variously related by other narrators. As it may, perhaps, be interesting to my young readers, I summarize the various versions here as the only specimen I mean to give of the semi-imaginative literature of the pagan Irish:

When Conor Mac Nessa was reigning king of Ulidia, and Eochy the Tenth was Ard-Ri of Erinn, it happened one day that Conor had deigned to be present at a feast which was given at the house of Felemi, son of the laureate of Ulster. While the festivities were going on, it came to pass that the wife of the host gave birth to a daughter; and the infant being brought into the presence of the king and the other assembled guests, all saw that a beauty more than natural had been given to the child. In the midst of remark and marvel on all hands at the circumstance, Kavaiee, the chief Druid of the Ulidians, cried out with a loud voice and prophesied that through the infant before them there would come dark woe and misfortune to Ulster, such as the land had not known for years. When the warriors heard this, they all demanded that the child should instantly be put to death. But Conor interposed and forbade the deed. "I," said the king, "will myself take charge of this beautiful child of destiny. I shall have her reared where no evil can befall through her or to her, and in time she may become a wife for me." Then the chief Druid, Kavaiee, named the child Deirdri, which means alarm or danger. Conor placed the infant under the charge of a nurse or attendant, and subsequently a female tutor, in a residence situated in a district which no foot of man was allowed to tread; so that Deirdri had grown to the age of woman before she saw a human form other than those of her female attendants. And the maiden was beautiful beyond aught that the eye of man had ever beheld.

Meanwhile, at the court of the Ulidian king was a young noble named Naeisi, son of Usna, whose manly beauty, vigor, activity, and bravery were the theme of every tongue. One day, accompanied only by a faithful deerhound, Naeisi had hunted the deer from the rising of the sun, until, toward evening, he found the chase had led him into a district quite strange to his eye. He paused to think how best he might retrace his way homeward, when suddenly the terrible idea flashed across his mind that he was within the forbidden ground which it was death to enter—the watchfully-guarded retreat of the king's mysterious *protégée*, Deirdri. While pondering on his fatal position, he came suddenly upon Deirdri and her nurse, who were strolling in the sunset by a running stream. Deirdri cried out with joy to her attendant, and asked what sort of a being it was who stood beyond; for she had never seen any such before. The consternation and embarrassment of the aged attendant were extreme, and she in vain sought to baffle Deirdri's queries, and to induce her to hasten homeward. Naeisi too, riveted by the beauty of Deirdri, even though he knew the awful consequences of his unexpected presence there, stirred not from the scene. He felt that even on the penalty of death he would not lose the enchanting vision. He and Deirdri spoke to each other; and eventually the nurse, perplexed at first, seems to have become a *confidante* to the attachment which on the spot sprung up between the young people.

It was vain for them, however, to hide from themselves the fate awaiting them on the king's discovery of their affection, and accordingly Naeisi and Deirdri arranged that they would fly into Alba, where they might find a home. Now Naeisi was greatly loved by all the nobles of Ulster; but most of all was he loved by his two brothers, Anli and Ardan, and his affection for them caused him to feel poignantly the idea of leaving them forever. So he confided to them the dread secret of his love for Deirdri and of the flight he and she had planned. Then Anli and Ardan said that wherever Naeisi would fly, thither also would they go, and with their good swords guard their brother and the wife for whom he was sacrificing home and heritage. So, privately selecting a trusty band of one hundred and fifty warriors, Naeisi, Anli, and Ardan, taking Deirdri with them, succeeded in making their escape out of Ireland and into Alba, where the king of that country, aware of their noble lineage and high valor, assigned them ample "maintenance and quarterage," as the bards express it. There they lived peacefully and happily for a time, until the fame of Deirdri's unequalled beauty made the Albanian king restless and envious, reflecting that he might, as sovereign, him-

self claim her as wife, which demand at length he made. Naeisi and his brothers were filled with indignation at this; but their difficulty was extreme, for whither now could they fly? Ireland was closed against them forever; and now they were no longer safe in Alba! The full distress of their position was soon realized: for the king of Alba came with force of arms to take Deirdri. After many desperate encounters and adventures, however, any one of which would supply ample material for a poem-story, the exiled brothers and their retainers made good their retreat into a small island off the Scottish coast.

When it was heard in Ulidia that the sons of Usna were in such sore strait, great murmurs went round among the nobles of Ulster, for Naeisi and his brothers were greatly beloved of them all. So the nobles of the province eventually spoke up to the king, and said it was hard and a sad thing that these three young nobles, the foremost warriors of Ulster, should be lost to their native land and should suffer such difficulty "on account of one woman." Conor saw what discontent and disaffection would prevail throughout the province if the popular favorites were not at once pardoned and recalled. He consented to the entreaties of the nobles, and a royal courier was dispatched with the glad tidings to the sons of Usna.

When the news came, joy beamed on every face but on that of Deirdri. She felt an unaccountable sense of fear and sorrow, "as if of coming ill." Yet, with all Naeisi's unbounded love for her, she feared to put it to the strain of calling on him to choose between exile with her or a return to Ireland without her. For it was clear that both he and Anli and Ardan longed in their hearts for one glimpse of the hills of Erinn. However, she could not conceal the terrible dread that oppressed her, and Naeisi, though his soul yearned for home, was so moved by Deirdri's forebodings, that he replied to the royal messenger by expressing doubts of the safety promised to him if he returned.

When this answer reached Ulster, it only inflamed the discontent against the king, and the nobles agreed that it was but right that the most solemn guarantees and ample sureties should be given to the sons of Usna on the part of the king. To this also Conor assented; and he gave Fergus Mac Roi, Duthach del Ulad, and Cormac Colingas as guarantees or hostages that he would himself act toward the sons of Usna in good faith.

The royal messenger set out once more, accompanied by Fiachy, a young noble of Ulster, son of Fergus Mac Roi, one of the three hostages; and now there remained no excuse for Naeisi delaying to return. Deirdri still felt oppressed by the mysterious sense of dread and hidden danger; but (so she reflected) as Naeisi and his devoted brothers had hiterto uncomplainingly sacrificed everything for her, she would now sacrifice her feelings for their sakes. She assented, therefore (though with secret sorrow and foreboding), to their homeward voyage.

Soon the galleys laden with the returning exiles reached the Irish shore. On landing, they found a Dalariadan legion waiting to escort them to Emania, the palace of the king; and of this legion the young Fiachy was the commander. Before completing the first day's march some misgivings seem occasionally to have flitted across the minds of the brothers, but they were allayed by the frank and fearless, brave and honorable Fiachy, who told them to have no fear, and to be of good heart. But every spear's length they drew near to Emania, Deirdri's feelings became more and more insupportable, and so overpowered was she with the forebodings of evil, that again the cavalcade halted, and again the brothers would have turned back but for the persuasions of their escort. Next day, toward evening, they sighted Emania. "O Naeisi," cried Deirdri, "view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman Green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." But Naeisi tried to cheer her with assurances of safety and pictures of the happy days that were yet before them.

Next day came Durthacht, chieftain of Fermae (now Farney), saying that he came from the king, by whose orders the charge of the escort should now be given to him. But Fiachy, who perhaps at this stage began to have misgivings as to what was in meditation, answered that to no one would he surrender the honorable trust confided to him on the stake of his father's life and honor, which with his own life and honor he would defend.

And here, interrupting the summarized text

of the story, I may state that it is a matter of doubt whether the king was really a party to the treachery which ensued, or whether Durthacht and others themselves moved in the bloody business without his orders, using his name and calculating that what they proposed to do would secretly please him, would be readily forgiven or approved, and would recommend them to Conor's favor. Conor's character as it stands on the page of authentic history, would forbid the idea of such murderous perfidy on his part; but all the versions of the tale allege the king's guilt to be deep and plain.

Fiachy escorted his charge to a palace which had been assigned for them in the neighborhood; and, much to the disconcerting of Durthacht of Fermae, quartered his legion of Dalariadans as guards upon the building. That night neither the chivalrous Fiachy nor the children of Usna disguised the now irresistible and mournful conviction that foul play was to be apprehended; but Naeisi and his brothers had seen enough of their brave young custodian to convince them that, even though his own father should come at the palace gate to bid him connive at the surrender of his charge, Fiachy would defend them while life remained.

Next morning the effort was renewed to induce Fiachy to hand over the charge of the returned exiles. He was immovable. "What interest is it of yours to obstruct the king's orders?" said Durthacht of Fermae; "can you not turn over your responsibility to us, and in peace and safety go your way?"—"It is of the last interest to me," replied Fiachy, "to see that the sons of Usna have not trusted in vain on the word of the king, on the hostage of my father, or on the honor of my father's son." Then all chance of prevailing on Fiachy being over, Durthacht gave the signal for assault, and the palace was stormed on all sides.

Then spoke Naeisi, touched to the heart by the devotion and fidelity of Fiachy: "Why should you perish defending us? We have seen all. Your honor is safe, noblest of youths. We will not have you sacrifice vainly resisting the fate that for us now is clearly inevitable. We will meet death calmly, we will surrender ourselves, and spare needless slaughter." But Fiachy would not have it so, and all the entreaties of the sons of Usna could not prevail upon him to assent. "I am here," said he, "the representative of my father's hostage, of the honor of Ulster, and the word of the king. To these and on me you trusted. While you were safe you would have turned back, but for me. Now, they who would harm you must pass over the lifeless corpse of Fiachy."

Then they asked that they might at least go forth on the ramparts and take part in the defense of the palace; but Fiachy pointed out that by the etiquette of knightly honor in Ulidia, this would be infringing on his sacred charge. He was the pledge for their safety, and he alone should look to it. They must, under no circumstances, run even the slightest peril of a spear-wound, unless he should first fall, when by the laws of honor, his trust would have been acquitted, but not otherwise. So ran the code of chivalry among the warriors of Dalariada.

Then Naeisi and his brothers and Deirdri withdrew into the palace, and no more, even by a glance, gave sign of any interest or thought whatsoever about their fate; whether it was near or far, brightening or darkening; "but Naeisi and Deirdri sat down at a chessboard and played at the game."

Meanwhile, not all the thunders of the heavens could equal the resounding din of the clanging of shields, the clash of swords and spears, the cries of the wounded, and the shouts of the combatants outside. The assailants were twenty to one; but the faithful Fiachy and his Dalariadans performed prodigies of valor, and at noon they still held the outer ramparts of all. By the assailants nothing had yet been won.

An attendant rushed with word to Naeisi. He raised not his eyes from the board, but continued the game.

But now the attacking party, having secured reinforcements, returned to the charge with increased desperation. For an hour there was no pause in the frightful fury of the struggle.

At length the first rampart was won.

A wounded guard rushed in with the dark news to Naeisi, who "moved a piece on the board, but never raised his eyes."

The story in this way goes on to describe how, as each fosse surrounding the palace was lost and won, and as the din and carnage of the strife

drew nearer and nearer to the doomed guests inside, each report from the scene of slaughter, whether of good or evil report failed alike to elicit the slightest motion of concern or interest one way or another from the brothers or from Deirdri. In all the relics we possess of the old poems or bardic stories of those pagan times, there is nothing finer than the climax of the tragedy which the semi-imaginative story I have been epitomizing here proceeds to reach. The deafening clangor and bloody strife outside, drawing nearer and nearer, the supreme equanimity of the noble victims inside, too proud to evince the slightest emotion, is most powerfully and dramatically antithesized; the story culminating in the final act of the tragedy, when the faithful Fiachy and the last of his guards having been slain, "the Sons of Usna" met their fate with a dignity that befitted three such noble champions of Ulster.

When Fergus and Duthach heard of the foul murder of the sons of Usna, in violation of the pledge for which they themselves were sureties, they marched upon Emania, and, in a desperate encounter with Conor's forces in which the king's son was slain and his palace burned to the ground, they inaugurated a desolating war that lasted in Ulster for many a year, and amply fulfilled the dark prophecy of Kavaiee the Druid in the hour of Deirdri's birth.

Deirdri, we are told, "never smiled" from the day of the slaughter of her husband on Eman Green.

In vain the king lavished kindness and favors upon her. In vain he exhausted every resource in the endeavor to cheer, amuse, or interest her.

One day, after more than a year had been passed by Deirdri in this settled but placid despair and melancholy, Conor took her in his own chariot to drive into the country. He attempted to jest her sarcastically about her continued grieving for Naeisi, when suddenly she sprang out of the chariot, then flying at the full speed of the steeds, and falling headforemost against a sharp rock on the roadside, was killed upon the spot.

Well known to most Irish readers, young and old, is Moore's beautiful and passionate "Lament for the Children of Usna:"

"Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed!—
For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade!

"By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

"We swear to revenge them!—
No joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

"Yes, monarch, tho' sweet are our home recollections;
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!"

CHAPTER V.

THE DEATH OF KING CONOR MAC NESSA.

I HAVE alluded to doubts suggested in my mind by the facts of authentic history, as to whether King Conor Mac Nessa was likely to have played the foul part attributed to him in this celebrated bardic story, and for which, certainly, the "sureties" Fergus, Duthach, and Cormac, held him to a terrible account. All that can be said is, that no other incident recorded of him would warrant such an estimate of his character; and it is certain he was a man of many brave and noble parts. He met his death under truly singular circumstances. The ancient bardic version of the event is almost literally given in the following poem, by Mr. T. D. Sullivan:

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THOMAS MOORE.

MURPHY & McCARTHY.

DEATH OF KING CONOR MAC NESSA.

I.

'Twas a day full of sorrow for Ulster when Conor
Mac Nessa went forth
To punish the clansmen of Connaught who dared
to take spoil from the North;
For his men brought him back from the battle
scarce better than one that was dead,
With the brain-ball of Mesgedra* buried two-
thirds of its depth in his head.
His royal physician bent o'er him, great Fingen,
who often before
Stanched the war-battered bodies of heroes, and
built them for battle once more,
And he looked on the wound of the monarch, and
heark'd to his low-breathed sighs,
And he said, "In the day when that missile is
loosed from his forehead, he dies.

II.

"Yet long midst the people who love him King
Conor Mac Nessa may reign,
If always the high pulse of passion be kept from
his heart and his brain;
And for this I lay down his restrictions:—no
more from this day shall his place
Be with armies, in battles, or hostings, or lead-
ing the van of the chase;
At night when the banquet is flashing, his
measure of wine must be small,
And take heed that the bright eyes of woman be
kept from his sight above all;
For if heart-thrilling joyance or anger awhile
o'er his being have power,
The ball will start forth from his forehead, and
surely he dies in that hour."

III.

Oh! woe for the valiant King Conor, struck down
from the summit of life,
While glory unclouded shone round him, and
regal enjoyment was rife—
Shut out from his toils and his duties, condemned
to ignoble repose,
No longer to friends a true helper, no longer a
scourge to his foes!
He, the strong-handed smiter of champions, the
piercer of armor and shields,
The foremost in earth-shaking onsets, the last
out of blood-sodden fields—
The mildest, the kindest, the gayest, when revels
ran high in his hall—
Oh, well might his true-hearted people feel
gloomy and sad for his fall!

IV.

The princes, the chieftains, the nobles, who met
to consult at his board,
Whispered low when their talk was of combats,
and wielding the spear and the sword:
The bards from their harps feared to waken the
full-pealing sweetness of song,
To give homage to valor or beauty, or praise to
the wise and the strong;
The flash of no joy-giving story made cheers or
gay laughter resound,
Amid silence constrained and unwonted the
seldom-filled wine-cup went round;
And, sadder to all who remembered the glories
and joys that had been,
The heart-swaying presence of woman not once
shed its light on the scene.

V.

He knew it, he felt it, and sorrow sunk daily
more deep in his heart;
He wearied of doleful inaction, from all his
loved labors apart.
He sat at his door in the sunlight, sore grieving
and weeping to see
The life and the motion around him, and nothing
so stricken as he.
Above him the eagle went wheeling, before him
the deer galloped by,
And the quick-legged rabbits went skipping from
green glades and burrows a-nigh,
The song-birds sang out from the copses, the
bees passed on musical wing,
And all things were happy and busy, save Conor
Mac Nessa the king!

* The pagan Irish warriors sometimes took the brains out of champions whom they had slain in single combat, mixed them up with lime, and rolled them into balls, which hardened with time, and which they preserved as trophies. It was with one of these balls, which had been abstracted from his armory, that Conor Mac Nessa was wounded, as described in the text.

VI.

So years had passed over, when, sitting mid silence like that of the tomb,
A terror crept through him as sudden the noonlight was blackened with gloom.
One red flare of lighting blazed brightly, illuming the landscape around,
One thunder-peal roared through the mountains, and rumbled and crashed under ground;
He heard the rocks bursting asunder, the trees tearing up by the roots,
And loud through the horrid confusion the howling of terrified brutes.
From the halls of his tottering palace came screamings of terror and pain,
And he saw crowding thickly around him the ghosts of the foes he had slain!

VII.

And as soon as the sudden commotion that shuddered through nature had ceased,
The king sent for Barach, his Druid, and said: "Tell me truly, O priest,
What magical arts have created this scene of wild horror and dread?
What has blotted the blue sky above us, and shaken the earth that we tread?
Are the gods that we worship offended? what crime or what wrong has been done?
Has the fault been committed in Erin, and how may their favor be won?
What rites may avail to appease them? what gifts on their altars should smoke?
Only say, and the offering demanded we lay by your consecrate oak."

VIII.

"O king," said the white-bearded Druid, "the truth unto me has been shown,
There lives but *one* God, the Eternal; far up in high Heaven is His throne.
He looked upon men with compassion, and sent from His kingdom of light
His Son, in the shape of a mortal, to teach them and guide them aright.
Near the time of your birth, O King Conor, the Savior of mankind was born,
And since then in the kingdoms far eastward He taught, toiled, and prayed, till this morn,
When wicked men seized Him, fast bound Him with nails to a cross, lanced His side,
And that moment of gloom and confusion was earth's cry of dread when He died.

IX.

"O king, He was gracious and gentle, His heart was all pity and love,
And for men He was ever beseeching the grace of His Father above;
He helped them, He healed them, He blessed them, He labored that all might attain
To the true God's high kingdom of glory, where never comes sorrow or pain;
But they rose in their pride and their folly, their hearts filled with merciless rage,
That only the sight of His life-blood fast poured from His heart could assuage:
Yet while on the cross-beams uplifted, His body racked, tortured, and riven,
He prayed—not for justice or vengeance, but asked that His foes be forgiven."

X.

With a bound from his seat rose King Conor, the red flush of rage on his face,
Fast he ran through the hall for his weapons, and snatching his sword from its place,
He rushed to the woods, striking wildly at boughs that dropped down with each blow,
And he cried: "Were I midst the vile rabble, I'd cleave them to earth even so!
With the strokes of a high king of Erinn, the whirls of my keen-tempered sword,
I would save from their horrible fury that mild and that merciful Lord."
His frame shook and heaved with emotion; the brain-ball leaped forth from his head,
And commending his soul to that Savior, King Conor Mac Nessa fell dead.

CHAPTER VI.

THE "GOLDEN AGE" OF PRE-CHRISTIAN ERINN.

As early as the reign of Ard-Ri Cormac the First—the first years of the third century—the Christian faith had penetrated into Ireland. Probably in the commercial intercourse between

the Irish and continental ports, some Christian converts had been made among the Irish navigators or merchants. Some historians think the monarch himself, Cormac, toward the close of his life adored the true God, and attempted to put down druidism. "His reign," says Mr. Haverty the historian, "is generally looked upon as the brightest epoch in the entire history of pagan Ireland. He established three colleges; one for War, one for History, and the third for Jurisprudence. He collected and remodeled the laws, and published the code which remained in force until the English invasion (a period extending beyond nine hundred years), and outside the English Pale for many centuries after! He assembled the bards and chroniclers at Tara, and directed them to collect the annals of Ireland, and to write out the records of the country from year to year, making them synchronize with the history of other countries, by collating events with the reigns of contemporary foreign potentates; Cormac himself having been the inventor of this kind of chronology. These annals formed what is called the 'Psalter of Tara,' which also contained full details of the boundaries of provinces, districts, and small divisions of land throughout Ireland; but unfortunately this great record has been lost, no vestige of it being now, it is believed, in existence. The magnificence of Cormac's palace at Tara was commensurate with the greatness of his power and the brilliancy of his actions; and he fitted out a fleet which he sent to harass the shores of Alba or Scotland, until that country also was compelled to acknowledge him as sovereign. He wrote a book or tract called Teaguscna-Ri, or the 'Institutions of a Prince,' which is still in existence, and which contains admirable maxims on manners, morals, and government." This illustrious sovereign died A.D. 266, at Cleitach, on the Boyne, a salmon bone, it is said, having fastened in his throat while dining, and defied all efforts at extrication. He was buried at Ross-na-ri, the first of the pagan monarchs for many generations who was not interred at Brugh, the famous burial place of the pre-Christian kings. A vivid tradition relating the circumstances of his burial has been very beautifully versified by Dr. Ferguson in his poem, "The Burial of King Cormac:"

" 'Crom Cruach and his sub-gods twelve,'
Said Cormac, 'are but craven treene;
The ax that made them, haft or helve,
Had worthier of our worship been:

" 'But He who made the tree to grow,
And hid in earth the iron-stone,
And made the man with mind to know
The ax's use, is God alone.' "

The Druids hear of this fearful speech, and are horrified:

"Anon to priests of Crom was brought
(Where girded in their service dread
They ministered on red Moy Slaught)
Word of the words King Cormac said.

"They loosed their curse against the king,
They cursed him in his flesh and bones
And daily in their mystic ring
They turned the maledictive stones."

At length one day comes the news to them that the king is dead, "choked upon the food he ate," and they exultantly sound "the praise of their avenging god." Cormac, before he dies, however, leaves as his last behest, a direction that he shall not be interred in the old pagan cemetery of the kings at Brugh, but at Ross-na-ri:

"But ere the voice was wholly spent
That priest and prince should still obey,
To awed attendants o'er him bent
Great Cormac gathered breath to say:

" 'Spread not the beds of Brugh for me,
When restless death-bed's use is done;
But bury me at Ross-nar-ee,
And face me to the rising sun.

" 'For all the kings who lie in Brugh
Put trust in gods of wood and stone;
And 'twas at Ross that first I knew
One Unseen, who is God alone.

" 'His glory lightens from the east,
His message soon shall reach our shore,
And idol-god and cursing priest
Shall plague us from Moy Slaught no more.' "

King Cormac dies, and his people one and all are shocked at the idea of burying him anywhere save in the ancient pagan cemetery where all his great forefathers repose. They agree that he must have been raving when he desired otherwise; and they decide to bury him in Brugh, where his grandsire, Conn of the hundred Battles, lies armor-clad, upright, hound at foot and spear in hand:

"Dead Cormac on his bier they laid:
'He reigned a king for forty years;
And shame it were,' his captains said,
'He lay not with his royal peers:

"'His grandsire, Hundred Battles, sleeps
Serene in Brugh, and all around
Dead kings, in stone sepulchral keeps,
Protect the sacred burial ground.

"'What though a dying man should rave
Of changes o'er the eastern sea,
In Brugh of Boyne shall be his grave,
And not in noteless Ross-na-ree.'

"Then northward forth they bore the bier,
And down from Sleithac's side they drew
With horseman and with charioteer,
To cross the fords of Boyne to Brugh."

Suddenly "a breath of finer air" touches the river "with rustling wings."

"And as the burial train came down
With dirge, and savage dolorous shows,
Across their pathway broad and brown,
The deep full-hearted river rose.

"From bank to bank through all his fords,
Neath blackening squalls he swelled and boiled,
And thrice the wond'ring gentile lords
Essay'd to cross, and thrice recoil'd.

"Then forth stepped gray-haired warriors four;
They said: 'Through angrier floods than these,
On link'd shield once our King we bore
From Dread-spear and the hosts of Deece;

"'And long as loyal will holds good,
And limbs respond with helpful thews,
Nor flood nor fiend within the flood
Shall bar him of his burial dues.'"

So they lift the bier, and step into the boiling surge.

"And now they slide and now they swim,
And now amid the blackening squall,
Gray locks afloat with clutchings grim,
They plunge around the floating pall.

"While as a youth with practiced spear
Through justling crowds bears off the ring—
Boyne from their shoulders caught the bier,
And proudly bare away the King!"

The foaming torrent sweeps the coffin away; next day it is found far down the river, stranded on the bank under Ross-na-ri; the last behest of Cormac is fulfilled after all!

"At morning on the grassy marge
Of Ross-na-ree the corpse was found,
And shepherds at their early charge,
Entombed it in the peaceful ground.

. . . . . .

"And life and time rejoicing run
From age to age their wonted way;
But still he waits the risen Sun,
For still it is only dawning Day."

In the two centuries succeeding, there flourished among other sovereigns of Ireland less known to fame, the celebrated Nial, of the Nine Hostages, and King Dahi. During these two hundred years the flag of Ireland waved through continental Europe over victorious legions and fleets; the Irish monarchs leading powerful armies across the plains of Gaul, and up to the very confines of "the Cæsar's domains" in Italy. It was the day of Ireland's military power in Europe; a day which subsequently waned so disastrously, and, later on, set in utter gloom. Neighboring Britain, whose yoke a thousand years subsequently Ireland was to wear, then lay helpless and abject at the mercy of the Irish hosts; the Britons, as history relates, absolutely weeping and wailing at the departure of the enslaving Roman legions, because now there would be naught to stay the visits of the Scoti, or Irish, and the Picts! The courts of the Irish princes and homes of the Irish nobility were filled with white slave attendants, brought from abroad,

* This was a sobriquet. His real name was Feredach the Second.

some from Gaul, but the most from Anglia. It was in this way the youthful Patricius, or Patrick, was brought a slave into Ireland from Gaul. As the power of Imperial Rome began to pale, and the outlying legions were being every year drawn in nearer and nearer to the great city itself, the Irish sunburst blazed over the scene, and the retreating Romans found the cohorts of Erinn pushing dauntlessly and vengefully on their track. Although the Irish chronicles of the period themselves say little of the deeds of the armies abroad, the continental records of the time give us pretty full insight into the part they played on the European stage in that day.* Nial of the Nine Hostages met his death in Gaul, on the banks of the Loire, while leading his armies in one of those campaigns. The death of King Dahi, who was killed by lightning at the foot of the Alps while marching at the head of his legions, one of our national poets, Davis, has immortalized in a poem, from which I quote here:

"Darkly their glibs o'erhang,
Sharp is their wolf-dog's fang,
Bronze spear and falchion clang—
Brave men might shun them!
Heavy the spoil they bear—
Jewels and gold are there—
Hostage and maiden fair—
How have they won them?

"From the soft sons of Gaul,
Roman, and Frank, and thrall,
Borough, and hut, and hall—
These have been torn.
Over Britannia wide,
Over fair Gaul they hied,
Often in battle tried—
Enemies mourn!

. . . . . .

"Upon the glacier's snow,
Down on the vales below,
Monarch and clansmen go—
Bright is the morning.
Never their march they slack,
Jura is at their back,
When falls the evening black,
Hideous, and warning.

"Eagles scream loud on high;
Far off the chamois fly;
Hoarse comes the torrent's cry,
On the rocks whitening.
Strong are the storm's wings;
Down the tall pine it flings;
Hailstone and sleet it brings—
Thunder and lightning.

"Little these veterans mind
Thundering, hail, or wind;
Closer their ranks they bind—
Matching the storm.
While, a spear-cast or more,
On, the first ranks before,
Dathi the sunburst bore—
Haughty his form.

"Forth from the thunder-cloud
Leaps out a foe as proud—
Sudden the monarch bowed—
On rush the vanguard;
Wildly the king they raise—
Struck by the lightning's blaze—
Ghastly his dying gaze,
Clutching his standard!

. . . . . .

"Mild is the morning beam,
Gently the rivers stream,
Happy the valleys seem;
But the lone islanders—
Mark how they guard their king!
Hark, to the wail they sing!
Dark is their counselling—
Helvetia's highlanders.

"Gather like ravens, near—
Shall Dathi's soldiers fear?
Soon their home-path they clear—
Rapid and daring;

* Haverty the historian says: "It is in the verses of the Latin poet Claudian that we read of the sending of troops by Stilichio, the general of Theodosius the Great, to repel the Scottish hosts led by the brave and adventurous Nial. One of the passages of Claudian thus referred to is that in which the poet says:

"'Totam cum Scotus Iernem
Movit, et infesto spumavit remige Tethys.'

That is, as translated in Gibson's "Camden:"

"'When Scots came thundering from the Irish shores
The ocean trembled, struck with hostile oars.'"

On through the pass and plain,
Until the shore they gain,
And, with their spoil, again
Landed in Eirinn.

"Little does Eire care
For gold or maiden fair—
'Where is King Dathi?—where,
Where is my bravest?'
On the rich deck he lies.
O'er him his sunburst flies.
Solemn the obsequies,
Eire! thou gavest.

"See ye that countless train
Crossing Ros-Comain's plain,
Crying, like hurricane,
Uile liú ai?
Broad is his cairn's base—
Nigh the 'King's burial place,'
Last of the Pagan race,
Lieth King Dathi!"

CHAPTER VII.

HOW IRELAND RECEIVED THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

To these foreign expeditions Ireland was destined to be indebted for her own conquest by the spirit of Christianity. As I have already mentioned, in one of the military excursions of King Nial the First into Gaul, he captured and brought to Ireland among other white slaves, Patricius, a Romano-Gallic youth of good quality, and his sisters Darerca and Lupita. The story of St. Patrick's bondage in Ireland, of his miraculous escape, his entry into holy orders, his vision of Ireland—in which he thought he heard the cries of a multitude of people, entreating him to come to them in Erinn—his long studies under St. Germain, and eventually his determination to undertake in an especial manner the conversion of the Irish,* will all be found in any Irish Church History or Life of St. Patrick. Having received the sanction and benediction of the holy pontiff Pope Celestine, and having been consecrated bishop, St. Patrick, accompanied by a few chosen priests, reached Ireland in 432. Christianity had been preached in Ireland long before St. Patrick's time. In 431 St. Palladius, Archdeacon of Rome, was sent by Pope Celestine as a bishop to the Christians in Ireland. These, however, were evidently but few in number, and worshiped only in fear or secrecy. The attempt to preach the faith openly to the people was violently suppressed, and St. Palladius sailed from Ireland. St. Patrick and his missioners landed on the spot where now stands the fashionable watering place called Bray, near Dublin. The hostility of the Lagenian prince and people compelled him to re-embark. He sailed northward, touching at Innis-Patrick near Skerries, county Dublin, and eventually landed at Magh Innis, in Strangford Lough.

Druidism would appear to have been the form of paganism then prevailing in Ireland, though even then some traces remained of a still more ancient idol-worship, probably dating from the time of the Tuatha de Danaans, two thousand years before. St. Patrick, however, found the Irish mind much better prepared, by its comparative civilization and refinement, to receive the truths of Christianity, than that of any other nation in Europe outside imperial Rome. The Irish were always—then as they are now—preeminently a reverential people, and thus were peculiarly susceptible of religious truth. St. Patrick's progress through the island was marked by success from the outset. Tradition states that, expounding the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, he used a little sprig of trefoil, or three-leaved grass, whence the Shamrock comes to be the National Emblem, as St. Patrick is the National Saint or Patron of Ireland.

Ard-Ri Laori * was holding a druidical festival in Tara, at which the kindling of a great fire formed a chief feature of the proceedings, and it was a crime punishable with death for any one to light a fire in the surrounding country on the evening of that festival until the sacred flame on Tara Hill blazed forth. To his amazement,

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* My young readers will find this glorious chapter in our religious annals, related with great simplicity, beauty, and truth, in a little publication called, "St. Patrick's; how it was restored," by the Rev. James Gaffney, of the diocese of Dublin, whose admirable volume on "The Ancient Irish Church," as well as the Rev. S. Malone's "Church History of Ireland," will be found invaluable to students.

* Son of Niul the First.

however, the monarch beheld on the Hill of Slane, visible from Tara, a bright fire kindled early in the evening. This was the Paschal fire which St. Patrick and his missionaries had lighted, for it was Holy Saturday. The king sent for the chief Druid, and pointed out to him on the distant horizon the flickering beam that so audaciously violated the sacred laws. The archpriest gazed long and wistfully at the spot, and eventually answered: "O king, there is indeed a flame lighted on yonder hill, which, if it be not put out to-night will never be quenched in Erinn." Much disquieted by this oracular answer, Laori directed that the offenders, whoever they might be, should be instantly brought before him for punishment. St. Patrick, on being arrested, arrayed himself in his vestments, and, crozier in hand, marched boldly at the head of his captors, reciting aloud, as he went along, a litany which is still extant, in which he invoked, "on that momentous day for Erinn," the Holy Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, ever Blessed Mary the Mother of God, and the saints around the throne of heaven. Having arrived before the king and his assembled courtiers and druidical high priests, St. Patrick, undismayed, proclaimed to them that he had come to quench the fires of pagan sacrifice in Ireland, and light the flame of Christian faith. The king listened amazed and angered, yet no penalty fell on Patrick. On the contrary, he made several converts on the spot, and the sermon and controversy in the king's presence proved an auspicious beginning for the glorious mission upon which he had just entered.

It would fill a large volume to chronicle the progress of the saint through the island. Before his death, though only a few of the reigning princes had embraced the faith (for many years subsequently pagan kings ruled the country), the good seeds had been sown far and wide, and were thriving apace, and the cross had been raised throughout Ireland, "from the center to the sea." Ours was the only country in Europe, it is said, bloodlessly converted to the faith. Strictly speaking, only one martyr suffered death for the evangelization of Ireland, and death in this instance had been devised for the saint himself. While St. Patrick was returning from Munster a pagan chieftain formed a design to murder him. The plan came to the knowledge of Odran, the faithful charioteer of Patrick, who, saying nought of it to him, managed to change seats with the saint, and thus received himself the fatal blow intended for his master.

Another authentic anecdote may be mentioned here. At the baptism of Aengus, King of Mononia or Munster, St. Patrick accidentally pierced through the sandal-covered foot of the king with his pastoral staff,* which terminated in an iron spike, and which it was the saint's custom to strike into the ground by his side, supporting himself more or less thereby, while preaching or baptizing. The king bore the wound without wincing until the ceremony was over, when St. Patrick with surprise and pain beheld the ground covered with blood, and observed the cause. Being questioned by the saint as to why he did not cry out, Aengus replied that he thought it was part of the ceremony to represent, though faintly, the wounds our Lord had borne for man's redemption.

In the year of our Lord 493, on the 17th of March—which day is celebrated as his feast by the Catholic Church and by the Irish nation at home and in exile—St. Patrick departed this life in his favorite retreat of Saul, in the county of Down, where his body was interred. "His obsequies," say the old annalists, "continued for twelve days, during which the light of innumerable tapers seemed to turn night into day; and the bishops and priests of Ireland congregated on the occasion."

Several of the saint's compositions, chiefly prayers and litanies, are extant. They are full of the most powerful invocations of the saints, and in all other particulars are exactly such prayers and express such doctrines as are taught in our own day in the unchanged and unchangeable Catholic Church.

* "The staff of Jesus" is the name by which the crozier of St. Patrick is always mentioned in the earliest of our annals; a well-preserved tradition asserting it to have been a rood or staff which our Lord had carried. It was brought by St. Patrick from Rome when setting forth by the authority of Pope Celestine to evangelize Ireland. This staff was treasured as one of the most precious relics on Irish soil for *more than one thousand years*, and was an object of special veneration. It was sacrilegiously destroyed in the reign of Henry the Eighth by one of Henry's "reforming" bishops, who writes to the king boasting of the deed!

CHAPTER VIII.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT PAGAN IRELAND.

We have now, my dear young friends, arrived at a memorable point in Irish history; we are about to pass from pagan Ireland to Christian Ireland. Before doing so, it may be well that I should tell you something about matters which require a few words apart from the brief narrative of events which I have been relating for you. Let us pause, and take a glance at the country and the people, at the manners and customs, laws and institutions, of our pagan ancestors.

The geographical subdivisions of the country varied in successive centuries. The chief subdivision, the designations of which are most frequently used by the ancient chroniclers, was effected by a line drawn from the hill or ridge on the south bank of the Liffey, on the eastern end of which the castle of Dublin is built, running due west to the peninsula of Marey, at the head of Galway Bay. The portion of Ireland south of this line was called Leah Moha ("Moh Nua's half"); the portion to the north of it Leah Cuinn ("Conn's half."). As these names suggest, this division of the island was first made between two princes, Conn of the Hundred Battles, and Moh Nua, or Eoghan Mor, otherwise Eugene the Great, the former being the head or chief representative of the Milesian families descended from Ir, the latter the head of those descended from Heber. Though the primary object of this partition was achieved but for a short time, the names thus given to the two territories are found in use to designate the northern and southern halves of Ireland for a thousand years subsequently.

Within these there were smaller subdivisions. The ancient names of the four provinces into which Ireland is still divided were Mononia (Munster), Dalariada, or Ulidia (Ulster), Lagenia (Leinster), and Conacia, or Conact Connaught. Again, Mononia was subdivided into Thomond and Desmond, *i.e.*, north and south Munster. Beside these names, the territory or district possessed by every sept or clan had a designation of its own.

The chief palaces of the Irish kings, whose splendors are celebrated in Irish history, were: the palace of Emania, in Ulster, founded or built by Macha, queen of Cinbaeth the First (pronounced Kimbahe), about the year B.C. 700; Tara, in Meath; Cruachan, in Conact, built by Queen Maeve, the beautiful, albeit Amazonian, Queen of the West, about the year B.C. 100; Aileach, in Donegal, built on the site of an ancient Sun-temple, or Tuatha de Danaan fort-palace.

Kincora had not at this period an existence, nor had it for some centuries subsequently. It was never more than the local residence, a palatial castle, of Brian Boruma. It stood on the spot where now stands the town of Killaloe.

Emania, next to Tara the most celebrated of all the royal palaces of Ancient Erinn, stood on the spot now marked by a large rath called the Navan Fort, two miles to the west of Armagh. It was the residence of the Ulster kings for a period of 855 years.

The mound or Grianan of Aileach, upon which even for hundreds of years after the destruction of the palace, the O'Donnells were elected, installed, or "inaugurated," is still an object of wonder and curiosity. It stands on the crown of a low hill by the shores of Lough Swilly, about five miles from Londonderry.

Royal Tara has been crowned with an imperishable fame in song and story. The entire crest and slopes of Tara Hill were covered with buildings at one time; for it was not alone a royal palace, the residence of the Ard-Ri (or High King) of Erinn, but, moreover, the legislative chambers, the military buildings, the law courts, and royal universities that stood thereupon. Of all these, naught now remains but the moated mounds or raths that mark where stood the halls within which bard and warrior, ruler and lawgiver, once assembled in glorious pageant.

Of the orders of knighthood, or companionships of valor and chivalry, mentioned in pagan Irish history, the two principal were: the Knights of the (Craev Rua, or) Red Branch of Emania, and the Clanna Morna, or Damnonian Knights of Iorras. The former were a Dalariadan, the latter a Conacian body; and, test the records how we may, it is incontrovertible that no chivalric institutions of modern times eclipsed in knightly valor and romantic daring those warrior companionships of ancient Erinn.

Besides these orders of knighthood, several military legions figure familiarly and prominently in Irish history; but the most celebrated of them all, the Dalcassians—one of the most brave and "glory-crowned" bodies of which there is record in ancient or modern times—did not figure in Irish history until long after the commencement of the Christian era.

The Fianna Eirion or National Militia of Erinn, I have already mentioned. This celebrated enrollment had the advantage of claiming within its own ranks a warrior-poet, Ossian (son of the commander Fin), whose poems, taking for their theme invariably the achievements and adventures of the Fenian host, or of its chiefs, have given to it a lasting fame. According to Ossian, there never existed upon the earth another such force of heroes as the Fianna Eirion; and the feats he attributes to them were of course unparalleled. He would have us believe there were no taller, straighter, stronger, braver, bolder, men in all Erinn than his Fenian comrades; and with the recital of their deeds he mixes up the wildest romance and fable. What is strictly true of them is, that at one period undoubtedly they were a splendid national force; but ultimately they became a danger rather than a protection to the kingdom, and had to be put down by the regular army in the reign of King Carbry the Second, who encountered and destroyed them finally on the bloody battlefield of Gavra, about the year A.D. 280.

Ben Eder, now called the Hill of Howth, near Dublin, was the camp or exercise ground of the Fianna Eirion when called out annually for training.

The laws of pagan Ireland, which were collected and codified in the reign of Cormac the First, and which prevailed throughout the kingdom as long subsequently as a vestige of native Irish regal authority remained—a space of nearly fifteen hundred years—are, even in this present age, exciting considerable attention among legislators and savants. A royal commission—the "Brehon Laws Commission"—appointed by the British government in the year 1856 (chiefly owing to the energetic exertions of Rev. Dr. Graves and Rev. Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, Dublin), has been laboring at their translation, parliament voting an annual sum to defray the expenses. Of course only portions of the original manuscripts are now in existence, but even these portions attest the marvelous wisdom and the profound justness of the ancient Milesian Code, and give us a high opinion of Irish jurisprudence two thousand years ago!

The Brehon Laws Commission published their first volume, the "Seanchus Mor," in 1865, and a most interesting publication it is. Immediately on the establishment of Christianity in Ireland a royal commission of that day was appointed to revise the statute laws of Erinn, so that they might be purged of everything applicable only to a pagan nation and inconsistent with the pure doctrines of Christianity. On this commission, we are told, there were appointed by the Irish monarch three chief Brehons or judges, three Christian bishops, and three territorial chiefs or viceroys. The result of their labors was presented to the Irish parliament of Tara, and being duly confirmed, the code thenceforth became known as the Seanchus Mor.

From the earliest age the Irish appear to have been extremely fond of games, athletic sports, and displays of prowess or agility. Among the royal and noble families chess was the chief domestic game. There are indubitable proofs that it was played among the princes of Erinn two thousand years ago; and the oldest bardic chants and verse-histories mention the gold and jewel inlaid chessboards of the kings.

Of the passionate attachment of the Irish to music little need be said, as this is one of the national characteristics which has been at all times the most strongly marked, and is now most widely appreciated; the harp being universally emblazoned as a national emblem of Ireland. Even in the pre-Christian period we are here reviewing, music was an "institution" and a power in Erinn.

CHAPTER IX.

CHRISTIAN IRELAND.—THE STORY OF COLUMBIA, THE "DOVE OF THE CELL."

The five hundred years, one-half of which preceded the birth of our Lord, may be considered the period of Ireland's greatest power and military glory as a nation. The five hundred years

which succeeded St. Patrick's mission may be regarded as the period of Ireland's Christian and scholastic fame. In the former she sent her warriors, in the latter her missionaries, all over Europe. Where her fierce hero-kings carried the sword, her saints now bore the cross of faith. It was in this latter period, between the sixth and the eighth centuries particularly, that Ireland became known all over Europe as the Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum—"the Island of Saints and Scholars."

Churches, cathedrals, monasteries, convents, universities, covered the island. From even the most distant parts of Europe, kings and their subjects came to study in the Irish schools. King Alfred of Northumberland was educated in one of the Irish universities. A glorious roll of Irish saints and scholars belong to this period: St. Columba or Columcille, St. Columbanus, St. Gall, who evangelized Helvetia, St. Frigidian, who was bishop of Lucca in Italy, St. Livinus, who was martyred in Flanders, St. Argobast, who became bishop of Strasburg, St. Killian, the apostle of Franconia, and quite a host of illustrious Irish missionaries, who carried the blessings of faith and education all over Europe. The record of their myriad adventurous enterprises, their glorious labors, their evangelizing conquests, cannot be traced within the scope of this book. There is one, however, the foremost of that sainted band, with whom exception must be made—the first and the greatest of Irish missionary saints, the abbot of Iona's isle, whose name and fame filled the world, and the story of whose life is a Christian romance—Columba, the "Dove of the Cell."*

The personal character of Columba and the romantic incidents of his life, as well as his preeminence among the missionary conquerers of the British Isles, seem to have had a powerful attraction for the illustrious Montalembert, who, in his great work, "The Monks of the West," traces the eventful career of the saint in language of exquisite beauty, eloquence, and feeling. Moreover, there is this to be said further of that Christian romance, as I have called it, the life of St. Columba, that happily the accounts thereof which we possess are complete, authentic, and documentary; most of the incidents related we have on the authority of well-known writers, who lived in Columba's time and held personal communication with him or with his companions.

The picture presented to us in these life-portraitures of Iona's saint is assuredly one to move the hearts of Irishmen, young and old. In Columba two great features stand out in bold prominence; and never perhaps were those two characteristics more powerfully developed in one man—devotion to God and passionate love of country. He was a great saint, but he was as great a "politician," entering deeply and warmly into everything affecting the weal of Clan Nial, or the honor of Erinn. His love for Ireland was something beyond description. As he often declared in his after-life exile, the very breezes that blew on the fair hills of holy Ireland were to him like the zephyrs of paradise. Our story were incomplete indeed, without a sketch, however brief, of the "Dove of the Cell."

Columba* was a prince of the royal race of Nial, his father being the third in descent from the founder of that illustrious house, Nial of the Nine Hostages. He was born at Gartan, in Donegal, on Dec. 7, 521. "The Irish legends," says Montalembert, "which are always distinguished, even amid the wildest vagaries of fancy, by a high and pure morality, linger lovingly upon the childhood and youth of the predestined saint." Before his birth (according to one of these traditions) the mother of Columba had a dream, "which posterity has accepted as a graceful and poetical symbol of her son's career. An angel appeared to her, bringing her a veil covered with flowers of wonderful beauty, and the sweetest variety of colors; immediately after she saw the veil carried away by the wind, and rolling out as it fled over the plains, woods, and mountains. Then the angel said to her, 'Thou art about to become the mother of a son who shall blossom for Heaven, who shall be reckoned among the prophets of God, and who shall lead numberless souls to the heavenly country.'"

But indeed, according to the legends of the Hy-Nial, the coming of their great saint was foretold still more remotely. St. Patrick, they tell us, having come northward to bless the territory

* Columbkille; in English, "Dove of the Cell."

* His name was pronounced Creivan or Creivhan."

and people, was stopped at the Daol—the modern Deel or Burndale river—by the breaking of his chariot wheels. The chariot was repaired, but again broke down; a third time it was refitted, and a third time it failed at the ford. Then Patrick, addressing those around him, said: "Wonder no more; behold, the land from this stream northward needs no blessing from me; for a son shall be born there who shall be called the Dove of the Churches; and he shall bless that land; in honor of whom God has this day prevented my doing so." The name Ath-an-Charpaid (ford of the chariot) marks to this day the spot memorized by this tradition. Count Montalembert cites many of these stories of the "childhood and youth of the predestined saint." He was, while yet a child, confided to the care of the priest who had baptized him, and from him he received the first rudiments of education. "His guardian angel often appeared to him; and the child asked if all the angels in Heaven were so young and shining as he. A little later, Columba was invited by the same angel to choose among all the virtues that which he would like best to possess. 'I choose,' said the youth, 'chastity and wisdom;' and immediately three young girls of wonderful beauty but foreign air, appeared to him, and threw themselves on his neck to embrace him. The pious youth frowned, and repulsed them with indignation. 'What,' they said, 'then thou dost not know us?'—'No, not the least in the world.'—'We are three sisters, whom our Father gives to thee to be thy brides.'—'Who, then, is your Father?'—'Our Father is God, He is Jesus Christ, the Lord and Savior of the world.'—'Ah, you have indeed an illustrious Father. But what are your names?'—'Our names are Virginity, Wisdom, and Prophecy; and we come to leave thee no more, to love thee with an incorruptible love.'"

From the house of this early tutor Columba "passed into the great monastic schools, which were not only a nursery for the clergy of the Irish church, but where also young laymen of all conditions were educated."

"While Columba studied at Clonard, being still only a deacon," says his biographer, "an incident took place which has been proved by authentic testimony, and which fixed general attention upon him by giving a first evidence of his supernatural and prophetic intuition. An old Christian bard (the bards were not all Christians) named Germain had come to live near the Abbot Finian, asking from him, in exchange for his poetry the secret of fertilizing the soil. Columba, who continued all his life a passionate admirer of the traditionary poetry of his nation, determined to join the school of the bard, and to share his labors and studies. The two were reading together out of doors, at a little distance from each other, when a young girl appeared in the distance pursued by a robber At the sight of the old man the fugitive made for him with all her remaining strength, hoping, no doubt, to find safety in the authority exercised throughout Ireland by the national poets. Germain, in great trouble, called his pupil to his aid to defend the unfortunate child, who was trying to hide herself under their long robes, when her pursuer reached the spot. Without taking any notice of her defenders, he struck her in the neck with his lance, and was making off, leaving her dead at their feet. The horrified old man turned to Columba. 'How long,' he said, 'will God leave unpunished this crime which dishonors us?' 'For this moment only,' said Columba, 'not longer; at this very hour, when the soul of this innocent creature ascends to heaven, the soul of the murderer shall go down to hell.' At the instant, like Ananias at the words of Peter, the assassin fell dead. The news of this sudden punishment, the story goes, went over Ireland, and spread the fame of young Columba far and wide."

At the comparatively early age of twenty-five, Columba had attained to a prominent position in the ecclesiastical world, and had presided over the creation of a crowd of monasteries. As many as thirty-seven in Ireland alone recognized him as their founder. "It is easy," says Montalembert, "to perceive, by the importance of the monastic establishments which he had brought into being, even before he had attained to manhood, that his influence must have been as precocious as it was considerable. Apart from the virtues of which his after life afforded so many examples, it may be supposed that his royal birth gave him an irresistible ascendency in a country where, since the introduction of Christianity, all the early saints, like the princi-

pal abbots, belonged to reigning families, and where the influence of blood and the worship of genealogy still continue, even to this day, to a degree unknown in other lands. Springing, as has been said, from the same race as the monarch of all Ireland, and consequently himself eligible for the same high office, which was more frequently obtained by election or usurpation than inheritance—nephew or near cousin of the seven monarchs who successive wielded the supreme authority during his life—he was also related by ties of blood to almost all the provincial kings. Thus we see him during his whole career treated on a footing of perfect intimacy and equality by all the princes of Ireland and of Caledonia, and exercising a sort of spiritual sway equal or superior to the authority of secular sovereigns."

His attachment to poetry and literature has been already glanced at. He was, in fact, an enthusiast on the subject; he was himself a poet and writer of a high order of genius, and to an advanced period of his life remained an ardent devotee of the muse, ever powerfully moved by whatever affected the weal of the ministrel fraternity. His passion for books (all manuscript, of course, in those days, and of great rarity and value) was destined to lead him into that great offense of his life, which he was afterward to expiate by a penance so grievous. "He went everywhere in search of volumes which he could borrow or copy; often experiencing refusals which he resented bitterly." In this way occurred what Montalembert calls "the decisive event which changed the destiny of Columba, and transformed him from a wandering poet and ardent bookworm, into a missionary and apostle." While visiting one of his former tutors, Finian, he found means to copy clandestinely the abbot's Psalter by shutting himself up at nights in the church where the book was deposited. "Indignant at what he considered as almost a theft, Finian claimed the copy when it was finished by Columba, on the ground that a copy made without permission ought to belong to the master of the original, seeing that the transcription is the son of the original book. Columba refused to give up his work, and the question was referred to the king in his palace of Tara." What immediately follows, I relate in the words of Count Montalembert, summarizing or citing almost literally the ancients authors already referred to:

"King Diarmid, or Dermott, supreme monarch of Ireland, was, like Columba, descended from the great King Nial, but by another son than he whose great-grandson Columba was. He lived, like all the princes of his country, in a close union with the Church, which was represented in Ireland, more completely than anywhere else, by the monastic order. Exiled and persecuted in his youth, he had found refuge in an island situated in one of those lakes which interrupt the course of the Shannon, the chief river of Ireland, and had there formed a friendship with a holy monk called Kieran, a zealous comrade of Columba at the monastic school of Clonard, and since that time his generous rival in knowledge and in austerity. Upon the still solitary bank of the river the two friends had planned the foundation of a monastery, which, owing to the marshy nature of the soil, had to be built upon piles. 'Plant with me the first stake,' the monk said to the exiled prince, 'putting your hand under mine, and soon that hand shall be over all the men of Erinn;' and it happened that Diarmid was very shortly after called to the throne. He immediately used his new power to endow richly the monastery which was rendered doubly dear to him by the recollection of his exile and of his friend. This sanctuary became, under the name of Clonmacnoise, one of the greatest monasteries and most frequented schools of Ireland and even of Western Europe.

"This king might accordingly be regarded as a competent judge in a contest at once monastic and literary; he might even have been suspected of partiality for Columba, his kinsman—and yet he pronounced judgment against him. His judgment was given in a rustic phrase which has passed into a proverb in Ireland—To every cow her calf, and, consequently, to every book its copy. Columba protested loudly. 'It is an unjust sentence,' he said, 'and I will revenge myself.' After this incident a young prince, son of the provincial king of Connaught, who was pursued for having committed an involuntary murder, took refuge with Columba, but was seized and put to death by the king. The irritation of the poet-monk knew no bounds. The ecclesiastical immunity which he enjoyed in his quality

of superior and founder of several monasteries, ought to have, in his opinion, created a sort of sanctuary around his person, and this immunity had been scandalously violated by the execution of a youth whom he protected. He threatened the king with prompt vengeance. 'I will denounce,' he said, 'to my brethren and my kindred thy wicked judgment, and the violation in my person of the immunity of the Church; they will listen to my complaint, and punish thee sword in hand. Bad king, thou shalt no more see my face in thy province until God, the just judge, has subdued thy pride. As thou hast humbled me to-day before thy lords and thy friends, God will humble thee on the battle-day before thine enemies.' Diarmid attempted to retain him by force in the neighborhood; but, evading the vigilance of his guards, he escaped by night from the court of Tara, and directed his steps to his native province of Tyrconnell.

"Columba arrived safely in his province, and immediately set to work to excite against King Diarmid the numerous and powerful clans of his relatives and friends, who belonged to a branch of the house of Nial, distinct from and hostile to that of the reigning monarch. His efforts were crowned with success. The Hy-Nials of the north armed eagerly against the Hy-Nials of the south, of whom Diarmid was the special chief.

"Diarmid marched to meet them, and they met in battle at Cool-Drewny, or Cul-Dreimhne, upon the borders of Ultonia and Connacia. He was completely beaten, and was obliged to take refuge at Tara. The victory was due, according to the annalist Tighernach, to the prayers and songs of Columba, who had fasted and prayed with all his might to obtain from heaven the punishment of the royal insolence, and who, besides, was present at the battle, and took upon himself before all men the responsibility of the bloodshed.

"As for the manuscript which had been the object of this strange conflict of copyright elevated into a civil war, it was afterward venerated as a kind of national, military, and religious palladium. Under the name of Cathach or Fightu, the Latin Psalter transcribed by Columba, enshrined in a sort of portable altar, became the national relic of the O'Donnell clan. For more than a thousand years it was carried with them to battle as a pledge of victory, on the condition of being supported on the breast of a clerk free from all mortal sin. It has escaped as by miracle from the ravages of which Ireland has been the victim, and exists still, to the great joy of all learned Irish patriots."*

But soon a terrible punishment was to fall upon Columba for this dread violence. He, an anointed priest of the Most High, a minister of the Prince of Peace, had made himself the cause of the inciter of a civil war, which had bathed the land in blood—the blood of Christian men—the blood of kindred! Clearly enough, the violence of political passions, of which this war was the most lamentable fruit, had, in many other ways, attracted upon the youthful monk the severe opinions of the ecclesiastical authorities. "His excitable and vindictive character," we are told, "and above all his passionate attachment to his relatives, and the violent part which he took in their domestic disputes and their continually recurring rivalries, had engaged him in other struggles, the date of which is perhaps later than that of his first departure from Ireland, but the responsibility of which is formally imputed to him by various authorities, and which also ended in bloody battles." At all events, immediately after the battle of Cool-Drewny, "he was accused by a synod, convoked in the center of the royal domain at Tailte, of having occasioned the shedding of Christian blood." The synod seems to have acted with very uncanonical precipitancy; for it judged the cause without waiting for the defense—though, in sooth, the facts, beyond the power of any defense to remove, were ample and notorious. However, the decision was announced—

* "The Annals of the Four Masters report that in a battle waged in 1497, between the O'Donnells and M'Dermotts, the sacred book fell into the hands of the latter, who, however, restored it in 1499. It was preserved for thirteen hundred years in the O'Donnell family, and at present belongs to a baronet of that name, who has permitted it to be exhibited in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, where it can be seen by all. It is composed of fifty-eight leaves of parchment, bound in silver The learned O'Curry (p. 322) has given a facsimile of a fragment of this MS., which he does not hesitate to believe is in the handwriting of our saint, as well as that of the fine copy of the Gospels called the Book of Kells, of which he has also given a facsimile. See Reeves' notes upon Adamnan, p. 250, and the pamphlet upon Marianus Scotus, p. 12."—*Count Montalembert's note.*

sentence of excommunication was pronounced against him!

"Columba was not a man to draw back before his accusers and judges. He presented himself before the synod which had struck without hearing him. He found a defender in the famous Abbot Brendan, the founder of the monastery of Birr. When Columba made his appearance, this abbot rose, went up to him, and embraced him. 'How can you give the kiss of peace to an excommunicated man?' said some of the other members of the synod. 'You would do as I have done,' he answered, 'and you never would have excommunicated him, had you seen what I see—a pillar of fire which goes before him, and the angels that accompany him. I dare not disdain a man predestined by God to be the guide of an entire people to eternal life.' Thanks to the intervention of Brendan, or to some other motive not mentioned, the sentence of excommunication was withdrawn, but Columba was changed to win to Christ, by his preaching, as many pagan souls as the number of Christians who had fallen in the battle of Cool-Drewny."

Troubled in soul, but still struggling with a stubborn self-will, Columba found his life miserable, unhappy, and full of unrest; yet remorse had even now "planted in his soul the germs at once of a startling conversion and of his future apostolic mission." "Various legends reveal him to us at this crisis of his life, wandering long from solitude to solitude, and from monastery to monastery, seeking out holy monks, masters of penitence and Christian virtue, and asking them anxiously what he should do to obtain the pardon of God for the murder of so many victims."

At length, after many wanderings in contrition and mortification, "he found the light which he sought from a holy monk, St. Molaise, famed for his studies of Holy Scripture, and who had already been his confessor.

"This severe hermit confirmed the decision of the synod; but to the obligation of converting to the Christian faith an equal number of pagans as there were of Christians killed in the civil war, he added a new condition which bore cruelly upon a soul so passionately attached to country and kindred. The confessor condemned his penitent to perpetual exile from Ireland!"

Exile from Ireland! Did Columba hear the words aright? Exile from Ireland! What! See no more that land which he loved with such a wild and passionate love! Part from the brothers and kinsmen all, for whom he felt perhaps too strong and too deep an affection! Quit for ay the stirring scenes in which so great a part of his sympathies were engaged! Leave Ireland!

Oh! it was more hard than to bare his breast to the piercing sword; less welcome than to walk in constant punishment of suffering, so that his feet pressed the soil of his worshiped Erinn!

But it was even so. Thus ran the sentence of Molaise: "perpetual exile from Ireland!"

Staggered, stunned, struck to the heart, Columba could not speak for a moment. But God gave him in that great crisis of his life the supreme grace of bearing the blow and embracing the cross presented to him. At last he spoke, and in a voice agitated with emotion he answered: "Be it so; what you have commanded shall be done."

From that instant forth his life was one prolonged act of penitential sacrifice. For thirty years—his heart bursting within his breast the while—yearning for one sight of Ireland—he lived and labored in distant Iona. The fame of his sanctity filled the world; religious houses subject to his rule arose in many a glen and isle of rugged Caledonia; the gifts of prophecy and miracle momentously attested him as one of God's most favored apostles; yet all the while his heart was breaking; all the while in his silent cell Columba's tears flowed freely for the one grief that never left him—the wound that only deepened with lengthening time—he was away from Ireland! Into all his thoughts this sorrow entered. In all his songs—and several of his compositions still remain to us—this one sad strain is introduced. Witness the following, which, even in its merely literal translation into the English, retains much of the poetic beauty and exquisite tenderness of the original by Columba in the Gaelic tongue:

What joy to fly upon the white-crested sea; and
watch the waves break upon the Irish shore!

. . . . . .

My foot is in my little boat; but my sad heart
ever bleeds!

There is a gray eye which ever turns to Erinn; but never in this life shall it see Erinn, nor her sons, nor her daughters!

From the high prow I look over the sea; and great tears are in my eyes when I turn to Erinn—

To Erinn, where the songs of the birds are so sweet, and where the clerks sing like the birds:

Where the young are so gentle, and the old are so wise; where the great men are so noble to look at, and the women so fair to wed!

Young traveler! carry my sorrows with you; carry them to Comgall of eternal life!

Noble youth, take my prayer with thee, and my blessing: one part for Ireland—seven times may she be blest—and the other for Albyn.

Carry my blessing across the sea; carry it to the West. My heart is broken in my breast!

If death comes suddenly to me, it will be because of the great love I bear to the Gael!*

It was to the rugged and desolate Hebrides that Columba turned his face when he accepted the terrible penance of Molaise. He bade farewell to his relatives, and, with a few monks who insisted on accompany him whithersoever he might go, launched his frail currochs from the northern shore. They landed first, or rather were carried by wind and stream, upon the little isle of Oronsay, close by Islay; and here for a moment they thought their future abode was to be. But when Columba, with the early morning, ascending the highest ground on the island, to take what he thought would be a harmless look toward the land of his heart, lo! on the dim horizon a faint blue ridge—the distant hills of Antrim! He averts his head and flies downward to the strand! Here they cannot stay, if his vow is to be kept. They betake them once more to the currochs, and steering further northward, eventually land upon Iona, thenceforth, till time shall be no more, to be famed as the sacred isle of Columba! Here landing, he ascended the loftiest of the hills upon the isle, and "gazing into the distance, found no longer any trace of Ireland upon the horizon." In Iona accordingly he resolved to make his home. The spot from whence St. Columba made this sorrowful survey is still called by the islesmen in the Gaelic tongue, Carn-cul-ri-Erinn, or the Cairn of Farewell—literally, The back turned on Ireland.

Writers without number have traced the glories of Iona.* Here rose, as if by miracle, a city of churches; the isle became one vast monastery, and soon much too small for the crowds that still pressed thither. Then from the parent isle there went forth to the surrounding shores, and all over the mainland, off-shoot establishments and missionary colonies (all under the authority of Columba), until in time the Gospel light was ablaze on the hills of Albyn; and the names of St. Columba and Iona were on every tongue from Rome to the utmost limits of Europe!

"This man, whom we have seen so passionate, so irritable, so warlike and vindictive, became little by little the most gentle, the humblest, the most tender of friends and fathers. It was he, the great head of the Caledonian Church, who, kneeling before the strangers who came to Iona, or before the monks returning from their work, took off their shoes, washed their feet, and after having washed them, respectfully kissed them. But charity was still stronger than humility in that transfigured soul. No necessity, spiritual or temporal, found him indifferent. He devoted himself to the solace of all infirmities, all misery and pain, wepeing often over those who did not weep for themselves.

"The work of transcription remained until his last day the occupation of his old age, as it had been the passion of his youth; it had such an attraction for him, and seemed to him so essential to a knowledge of the truth that, as we have already said, three hundred copies of the Holy Gospels, copied by his own hand, have been attributed to him."

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* This poem appears to have been presented as a farewell gift by St. Columba to some of the Irish visitors at Iona, when returning home to Ireland It is deservedly classed among the most beautiful of his poetic compositions.

* "We are now," said Dr. Johnson, "treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions; whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion....Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."—BOSWELL'S "Tour to the Hebrides."

But still Columba carried with him in his heart the great grief that made life for him a lengthened penance. "Far from having any prevision of the glory of Iona, his soul," says Montalembert, "was still swayed by a sentiment which never abandoned him—regret for his lost country. All his life he retained for Ireland the passionate tenderness of an exile, a love which displayed itself in the songs which have been preserved to us, and which date perhaps from the first moment of his exile. . . . 'Death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end in Albyn.' After this cry of despair follow strains more plaintive and submissive."

"But it was not only in these elegies, repeated and perhaps retouched by Irish bards and monks, but at each instant of his life, in season and out of season, that this love and passionate longing for his native country burst forth in words and musings; the narratives of his most trustworthy biographers are full of it. The most severe penance which he could have imagined for the guiltiest sinners who came to confess to him, was to impose upon them the same fate which he had voluntarily inflicted on himself—never to set foot again upon Irish soil! But when, instead of forbidding to sinners all access to that beloved isle, he had to smother his envy of those who had the right and happiness to go there at their pleasure, he dared scarcely trust himself to name its name; and when speaking to his guests, or to the monks who were to return to Ireland, he would only say to them, 'you will return to the country that you love.'"

At length there arrived an event for Columba full of excruciating trial—it became necessary for him to revisit Ireland! His presence was found to be imperatively required at the general assembly or convocation of the princes and prelates of the Irish nation, convened A.D. 573 by Hugh the Second.* At this memorable assembly, known in history as the great Convention of Drumceat, the first meeting of the States of Ireland held since the abandonment of Tara, there were to be discussed, among other important subjects, two which were of deep and powerful interest to Columba: firstly, the relations between Ireland and the Argyle or Caledonian colony; and secondly, the proposed decree for the abolition of the bards.

The country now known as Scotland was, about the time of the Christian era, inhabited by a barbarous and warlike race called Picts. About the middle of the second century, when Ireland was known to the Romans as Scotia, an Irish chieftain, Carbry Riadá (from whom were descended the Dalariads of Antrim), crossed over to the western shores of Albæ or Albyn, and founded there a Dalariadan or Milesian colony. The colonists had a hard time of it with their savage Pictish neighbors; yet they managed to hold their ground, though receiving very little aid or attention from the parent country, to which nevertheless they regularly paid tribute. At length, in the year 503, the neglected colony was utterly overwhelmed by the Picts, whereupon a powerful force of the Irish Dalariads, under the leadership of Leorn, Aengus, and Fergus, crossed over, invaded Albany, and gradually subjugating the Picts, re-established the colony on a basis which was the foundation eventually of the Scottish monarchy of all subsequent history. To the re-established colony was given the name by which it was known long after, Scotia Minor; Ireland being called Scotia Major.

In the time of St. Columba, the colony, which so far had continuously been assessed by, and had duly paid its tribute to, the mother country, began to feel its competency to claim independence. Already it had selected and installed a king (whom St. Columba had formally consecrated), and now it sent to Ireland a demand to exempted from further tribute. The Irish monarch resisted the demand, which, however, it was decided first to submit to a national assembly, at which the Scottish colony should be represented, and where it might plead its case as best it could.

Many and obvious considerations pointed to St. Columba as the man of men to plead the cause of the young nationality on this momentous occasion. He was peculiarly qualified to act as umpire in this threatening quarrel between the old country, to which he felt bound by such sacred ties, and the new one, which by adoption was now his home. He consented to attend at the assembly. He did so the more readily, perhaps, because of his strong feelings

* Aedh (pronounced Aeh), son of Anmire the First.

in reference to the other proposition named, viz., the proscription of the bards.

It may seem strange that in Ireland, where, from an early date, music and song held so high a place in national estimation such a proposition should be made. But by this time the numerous and absurd immunities claimed by the bardic profession had become intolerable; and by gross abuses of the bardic privileges, the bards themselves had indubitably become a pest to society. King Hugh had therefore, a strong public opinion at his back in his design of utterly abolishing the bardic corporation.

St. Columba, however, not only was allied to them by a fraternity of feeling, but he discerned clearly that by purifying and conserving, rather than by destroying, the national minstrelsy, it would become a potential influence for good, and would entwine itself gratefully around the shrine within which at such a crisis it found shelter. In fine, he felt, and felt deeply, as an Irishman and as an ecclesiastic, that the proposition of King Hugh would annihilate one of the most treasured institutions of the nation—one of the most powerful aids to patriotism and religion.

So, to plead the cause of liberty for a young nationality, and the cause of patriotism, religion, literature, music, and poetry, in defending the minstrel race, St. Columba to Ireland would go!

To Ireland! But then his vow! His penance sentence, that he should never more see Ireland! How his heart surged! O great allurement! O stern resolve! O triumph of sacrifice!

Yes; he would keep his vow, yet attend the convocation amid those hills of Ireland which he was never more to see! With a vast array of attendant monks and lay princes, he embarked for the unforgotten land; but when the galleys came within some leagues of the Irish coast, and before it could yet be sighted, St. Columba caused his eyes to be bandaged with a white scarf, and thus blindfolded was he led on shore! It is said that when he stepped upon the beach, and for the first time during so many years felt that he trod the soil of Ireland, he trembled from head to foot with emotion.

When the great saint was led blindfold into the convention, the whole assemblage—kings, princes, prelates, and chieftains—rose and uncovered as reverentially as if Patrick himself had once more appeared among them.* It was, we may well believe, an impressive scene; and we can well understand the stillness of anxious attention with which all waited to hear once more the tones of that voice which many traditions class among the miraculous gifts of Columba. More than one contemporary writer has described his personal appearance at this time; and Montalembert says: "All testimonies agree in celebrating his manly beauty, his remarkable height, his sweet and sonorous voice, the cordiality of his manner, the gracious dignity of his deportment and person."

Not in vain did he plead the causes he had come to advocate. Long and ably was the question of the Scottish colony debated. Some versions allege that it was amicably left to the decision of Columba, and that his award of several independence, but fraternal alliance, was cheerfully acquiesced in. Other accounts state that King Hugh, finding argument prevailing against his views, angrily drawing his sword, declared he would compel the colony to submission by force of arms; whereupon Columba, rising from his seat, in a voice full of solemnity and authority, exclaimed: "In the presence of this threat of tyrannic force, I declare the cause ended, and proclaim the Scottish colony free forever from the yoke!" By whichever way, however, the result was arrived at, the independence of the young Caledonian nation was recognized and voted by the convention through the exertions of St. Columba.

His views in behalf of the bards likewise prevailed. He admitted the disorders, irregularities, and abuses alleged against the body; but he pleaded, and pleaded successfully, for reform instead of abolition. Time has vindicated the far sighted policy of the statesman saint. The national music and poetry of Ireland, thus purified and consecrated to the service of religion and country, have ever since, through ages of persecution, been true to the holy mission assigned them on that day by Columba.

The Dove of the Cell made a comparatively

* Some versions allege that, although the saint himself was received with reverence, almost with awe, a hostile demonstration was designed, if not attempted, by the king's party against the Scottic delegation who accompanied St. Columba.

long stay in Ireland, visiting with scarf-bound brow the numerous monastic establishments subject to his rule. At length he returned to Iona, where far into the evening of life he waited for his summons to the beatific vision. The miracles he wrought, attested by evidence of weight to move the most callous sceptic, the myriad wondrous signs of God's favor that marked his daily acts, filled all the nations with awe. The hour and the manner of his death had long been revealed to him. The precise time he concealed from those about him until close upon the last day of his life; but the manner of his death he long foretold to his attendants. "I shall die," said he, "without sickness or hurt; suddenly, but happily, and without accident." At length one day, while in his usual health, he disclosed to Diarmid, his "minister," or regular attendant monk, that the hour of his summons was nigh. A week before he had gone around the island, taking leave of the monks and laborers; and when all wept, he strove anxiously to console them. Then he blessed the island and the inhabitants. "And now," said he to Diarmid, "here is a secret; but you must keep it till I am gone. This is Saturday, the day called Sabbath, or day of rest: and that it will be to me, for it shall be the last of my laborious life." In the evening he retired to his cell, and began to work for the last time, being then occupied in transcribing the Psalter. When he had come to the thirty-third Psalm, and the verse, "*Inquirentes autem Dominum non deficient omni bono,*" he stopped short. "I cease here," said he; "Baithin must do the rest."

Montalembert thus describes for us the "last scene of all:" "As soon as the midnight bell had rung for the matins of the Sunday festival, he rose and hastened before the other monks to the church, where he knelt down before the altar. Diarmid followed him; but, as the church was not yet lighted, he could only find him by groping and crying in a plaintive voice, 'Where art thou, my father?' He found Columba lying before the altar, and, placing himself at his side, raised the old abbot's venerable head upon his knees. The whole community soon arrived with lights, and wept as one man at the sight of their dying father. Columba opened his eyes once more, and turned them to his children at either side with a look full of serene and radiant joy. Then, with the aid of Diarmid, he raised as best he might his right hand to bless them all. His hand dropped, the last sigh came from his lips, and his face remained calm and sweet, like that of a man who in his sleep had seen a vision of heaven."

Like the illustrious French publicist whom I have so largely followed in this sketch, I may say that I have "lingered perhaps too long on the grand form of this monk rising up before us from the midst of the Hebridean sea." But I have, from the missionary saint-army of Ireland, selected this one—this typical apostle—to illustrate the characters that illumine one of the most glorious pages of our history. Many, indeed, were the "Columbs" that went forth from Ireland, as from an ark of faith, bearing blessed olive branches to the mountain tops of Europe, then slowly emerging from the flood of paganism. Well might we dwell upon this period of Irish history! It was a bright and a glorious chapter. It was soon, alas! to be followed by one of gloom. Five hundred years of military fame and five hundred years of Christian glory were to be followed by five hundred years of disorganizing dissensions, leading to centuries of painful bondage.

CHAPTER X.

THE DANES IN IRELAND.

THE first dark cloud came from Scandinavia. Toward the close of the eighth century the Danes made their appearance in Ireland. They came at first as transitory coast marauders, landing, and sacking a neighboring town, church, or monastery. For this species of warfare the Irish seem to have been as little prepared as any of the other European countries subjected to the like scourge, that is to say, none of them but the Danes possessed at this period of history a powerful fleet. So when the pirates had wreaked their will upon the city or monastery, in order to plunder which they had landed, they simply re-embarked and sailed away comparatively safe from molestation.

At length it seems to have occurred to the professional pirates that in place of making period-

ical dashes on the Irish coast, they might secure a permanent footing thereupon, and so prepare the way for eventually subjugating the entire kingdom. Accordingly, they came in force and possessed themselves of several spots favorably placed for such purposes as theirs—sites for fortified maritime cities on estuaries affording good shelter for their fleets, viz.: Dublin, Drogheda, Waterford, Limerick, Wexford, etc.

In the fourth year of Nial the Third (about the year A.D. 840), there arrived a monster fleet of these fierce and ruthless savages, under the command of Turgesius. They poured into the country and carried all before them. For nearly seven years, Turgesius exercised over a considerable district kingly authority, and the Irish groaned under the horrors of oppression the most heartless and brutal. Turgesius converted the cathedral at Clonmacnoise into a palace for his own use, and from the high altar, used as a throne, the fierce idolater gave forth his tyrannical commands. Meantime the Christian faith was proscribed, the Christian shrines were plundered, the gold and jewels were kept by the spoilers, but the holy relics were sacrilegiously given to destruction. The schools were dispersed, the books and chronicles burned, and finally the "successor of Patrick," the Archbishop of Armagh, was seized, the cathedral sacked, and the holy prelate brought a captive into the Danish stronghold.

But a day of retribution was at hand. The divided and disorganized tribes were being bitterly taught the necessity of union. These latest outrages were too much for Christian Irish flesh and blood to bear. Concerting their measures, the people simultaneously rose on their oppressors. Turgesius was seized and put to death by Malachy, Prince of Westmeath, while the Irish Ard-Ri, Nial the Third, at length able to rally a powerful army against the invaders, swooped down upon them from the north, and drove them panic-stricken to their maritime fortresses, their track marked with slaughter. Nial seems to have been a really noble character, and the circumstances under which he met his death, sudden and calamitous, in the very midst of his victorious career, afford ample illustration of the fact. His army had halted on the banks of the Callan River, at the moment swollen by heavy rains. One of the royal domestics or attendants, a common *Giolla*, in endeavoring to ford the river for some purpose, was swept from his feet and carried off by the flood. The monarch, who happened to be looking on, cried aloud to his guards to succour the drowning man, but quicker than any other he himself plunged into the torrent. He never rose again. The brave Nial, who had a hundred times faced death in the midst of reddened spears, perished in his effort to save the life of one of the humblest of his followers!

The power of the Danes was broken, but they still clung to the seaports, where either they were able to defy efforts at expulsion, or else obtained permission to remain by paying heavy tribute to the Irish sovereign. It is clear enough that the presence of the Danes came, in course of time, to be regarded as useful and profitable by the Irish, so long as they did not refuse tribute to the native power. The history of the succeeding centuries accordingly—the period of the Danish struggle—exhibits a singular spectacle. The Danes made themselves fully at home in the great maritime cities, which they may be said to have founded, and which their commerce certainly raised to importance. The Irish princes made alliances betimes with them, and Danes frequently fought on opposite sides in the internecine conflicts of the Irish princes. Occasionally seizing a favorable opportunity (when the Irish were particularly weakened by internal feud, and when a powerful reinforcement for themselves arrived from Scandinavia) they would make a fierce endeavor to extend their dominion on Irish soil. These efforts were mostly successful for a time, owing to the absence of a strong centralized authority among the Irish; but eventually the Irish, by putting forth their native valor, and even partially combining for the time, were always able to crush them.

Yet it is evident that during the three hundred years over which this Danish struggle spreads, the Irish nation was undergoing disintegration and demoralization. Toward the middle of the period, the Danes became converted to Christianity; but their coarse and fierce barbarism remained long after, and it is evident that contact with such elements, and increasing political disruption among themselves, had a fatal effect on

the Irsh. They absolutely retrograded in learning and civilization during this time, and contracted some of the worst vices that could pave the way for the fate that a few centuries more were to bring upon them.

National pride may vainly seek to ignore or hide the great truth here displayed. During the three hundred years that preceded the Anglo-Norman invasion, the Irish princes appeared to be given over to a madness marking them for destruction! At a time when consolidation of national authority was becoming the rule all over Europe, and was becoming so necessary for them, they were going into the other extreme. As the general rule, each one sought only his personal or family ambition or aggrandizement, and strove for it lawlessly and violently. Frequently when the Ard-Ri of Erinn was nobly grappling with the Danish foe, and was on the point of finally expelling the foreigner, a subordinate prince would seize what seemed to him the golden opportunity for throwing off the authority of the chief king, or for treacherously endeavoring to grasp it himself! During the whole time—three centuries—there was scarcely a single reign in which the Ard-Ri did not find occupation for his arms as constantly in compelling the submission of the subordinate native princes, as in combating the Scandinavian foe.

Religion itself suffered in this national declension. In these centuries we find professedly Christian Irish kings themselves as ruthless destroyers of churches and schools as the pagan Danes of a few years previous. The titles of the Irish episcopacy were sometimes seized by lay princes for the sake of the revenues attached to them; the spiritual functions of the offices, however, being performed by ecclesiastics meanwhile. In fine, the Irish national character in those centuries is to be censured, not admired. It would seem as if by adding sacrilege and war upon religion and on learning to political suicide and a fatal frenzy of factiousness, the Irish princes of that period were doing their best and their worst to shame the glories of their nation in the preceding thousand years, and to draw down upon their country the terrible chastisement that eventually befel it, a chastisement which never could have befallen it but for the state of things I am here pointing out.

Yet was this gloomy period lit up by some brilliant flashes of glory, the brightest, if not the last, being that which surrounds the name of Clontarf, where the power of the Danes in Ireland was crushed totally and forever.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW "BRIAN OF THE TRIBUTE" BECAME A HIGH KING OF ERINN.

Few historical names are more widely known among Irishmen than that of Brian the First—"Brian Boru, or Borumha;"* and the story of his life is a necessary and an interesting introduction to an account of the battle of Clontarf.

About the middle of the tenth century the crown of Munster was worn by Mahon, son of Ceineidi (pr. Kennedy,) a prince of the Dalcassian family. Mahon had a young brother, Brian, and by all testimony the affection which existed between the brothers was something touching. Mahon, who was a noble character—"as a prince and captain in every way worthy of his inheritance"—was accompanied in all his expeditions, and from an early age, by Brian, to whom he acted not only as a brother and prince, but as a military preceptor. After a brilliant career, Mahon fell by a deed of deadly treachery. A rival prince of South Munster—"Molloy, son of Bran, Lord of Desmond"—whom he had vanquished, proposed to meet him in friendly conference at the house of Donovan, an Eugenian chief. The safety of each person was guaranteed by the Bishop of Cork, who acted as mediator between them. Mahon, chivalrous and unsuspecting, went unattended and unarmed to the conference. He was seized by an armed band of Donovan's men, who handed him over to a party of Molloy's retainers, by whom he was put to death. He had with him, as the sacred and (as it ought to have been) inviolable "safe-conduct" on the faith of which he had trusted himself into the power of his foes, a copy of the Gospels written by the hand of St. Barre. As the assassins drew their swords upon him, Mahon snatched up the sacred scroll, and held it on his breast, as if he could not credit that a murderous hand would

* That is, "Brian of the Tribute."

dare to wound him through such a shield! But the murderers plunged their swords into his heart, piercing right through the vellum, which became all stained and matted with his blood. Two priests had, horror-stricken, witnessed the outrage. They caught up the blood-stained Gospels and fled to the bishop, spreading through the country as they went the dreadful news which they bore. The venerable successor of St. Fin Bar, we are told, wept bitterly and uttered a prophecy concerning the fate of the murderers, which was soon and remarkably fulfilled.

"When the news of his noble-hearted brother's death was brought to Brian at Kincora, he was seized with the most violent grief. His favorite harp was taken down, and he sang the death-song of Mahon, recounting all the glorious actions of his life. His anger flashed out through his tears as he wildly chanted—

" 'My heart shall burst within my breast,
Unless I avenge this great king.
They shall forfeit life for this foul deed,
Or I must perish by a violent death.'

"But the climax of his grief was, that Mahon 'had not fallen behind the shelter of his shield, rather than trust the treacherous word of Donovan.'"*

A "Bard of Thomond" in our own day—one not unworthy of his proud pseudonym—Mr. M. Hogan of Limerick, has supplied the following very beautiful version of "Brian's Lament for King Mahon:"

"Lament, O Dalcassians! the Eagle of Cashel is dead!
The grandeur, the glory, the joy of her palace is fled;
Your strength in the battle—your bulwark of valor is low,
But the fire of your vengeance will fall on the murderous foe!

"His country was mighty—his people were blest in his reign,
But the ray of his glory shall never shine on them again;
Like the beauty of summer his presence gave joy to our souls,
When bards sung his deeds at the banquet of bright golden bowls.

"Ye maids of Temora, whose rich garments sweep the green plain!
Ye chiefs of the Sunburst, the terror and scourge of the Dane!
Ye gray-haired *Ard-Fileas!* whose songs fire the blood of the brave!
Oh! weep, for your Sun-star is quenched in the night of the grave.

"He clad you with honors—he filled your high hearts with delight,
In the midst of your councils he beamed in his wisdom and might;
Gold, silver, and jewels were only as dust in his hand,
But his sword like a lightning-flash blasted the foes of his land.

"Oh! Mahon, my brother! we've conquer'd and marched side by side,
And thou wert to the love of my soul as a beautiful bride;
In the battle, the banquet, the council, the chase and the throne,
Our beings were blended—our spirits were filled with one tone.

"Oh! Mahon, my brother! thou'st died like the hind of the wood,
The hands of assassins were red with thy pure noble blood;
And I was not near, my beloved, when thou wast o'er power'd,
To steep in their hearts' blood the steel of my blue-beaming sword.

"I stood by the dark misty river at eve dim and gray,
And I heard the death-cry of the spirit of gloomy Craghlea;
She repeated thy name in her *caoine* of desolate woe,
Then I knew that the Beauty and Joy of Clan Tail was laid low.

"All day and all night one dark vigil of sorrow I keep,
My spirit is bleeding with wounds that are many and deep;
My banquet is anguish, tears, groaning, and wringing of hands,
In madness lamenting my prince of the gold-hilted brands.

*M'Gee.

"O God! give me patience to bear the affliction I feel,
But for every hot tear a red blood-drop shall blush on my steel;
For every deep pang which my grief-stricken spirit has known,
A thousand death-wounds in the day of revenge shall atone."

And he smote the murderers of his brother with a swift and terrible vengeance. Mustering his Dalcassian legions, which so often with Mahon he had led to victory, he set forth upon the task of retribution. His first effort, the old records tell us, was directed against the Danes of Limerick, who were Donovan's allies, and he slew Ivor, their king, and his two sons. Foreseeing their fate, they had fled before him, and had taken refuge in "Scattery's Holy Isle." But Brian slew them even "between the horns of the altar." Next came the turn of Donovan, who had meantime hastily gathered to his aid the Danes of South Munster. But "Brian," say the Annals of Innisfallen, "gave them battle, and Auliffe and his Danes, and Donovan and his allies, were all cut off." Of all guilty in the murder of the brother whom he so loved, there now remained but one—the principal, Molloy, son of Brian. After the fashion in those times, Brian sent Molloy a formal summons or citation to meet him in battle until the terrible issue between them should be settled. To this Molloy responded by confederating all the Irish and Danes of South Munster whom he could rally, for yet another encounter with the avenging Dalcassian. But the curse of the Comharba of St. Barre was upon the murderers of Mahon, and the might of a passionate vengeance was in Brian's arm. Again he was victorious. The confederated Danes and Irish were overthrown with great slaughter; Brian's son, Morrogh, then a mere lad, "killing the murderer of his uncle Mahon with his own hand." "Molloy was buried on the north side of the mountain where Mahon had been murdered and interred: on Mahon the sun shone full and fair; but on the grave of his assassin the black shadow of the northern sky rested always. Such was the tradition which all Munster piously believed. After this victory Brian was universally acknowledged king of Munster, and until Ard-Ri Malachy won the battle of Tara, was justly considered the first Irish captain of his age."*

This was the opening chapter of Brian's career. Thenceforth his military reputation and his political influence are found extending far beyond the confines of Munster.

The supreme crown of Ireland at this time was worn by a brave and enlightened sovereign, Malachy the Second, or Malachy Mor. He exhibited rare qualities of statesmanship, patriotism, and valor, in his vigorous efforts against the Danes. On the occasion of one of his most signal victories over them, he himself engaged in combat two Danish princes, overcame and slew both of them, taking from off the neck of one a massive collar of gold, and from the grasp of the other a jewel-hilted sword, which he himself thenceforward wore as trophies. To this monarch, and to the incident here mentioned, Moore alludes in his well-known lines:

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from her proud invader."

Whether it was that Ard-Ri Malachy began to fear the increasing and almost overshadowing power and influence of his southern tributary, or that Brian had in his pride of strength refused to own his tributary position, it seems impossible to tell; but unfortunately for Ireland the brave and wise Ard-Ri Malachy, and the not less brave and wise tributary Brian, became embroiled in a bitter war, the remote but indubitable consequences of which most powerfully and calamitously affected the future destinies of Ireland. For nearly twenty years the struggle between them continued. Any adversary less able than Malachy would have been quickly compelled to succumb to ability such as Brian's; and it may on the other hand be said that it was only a man of Brian's marvelous powers whom Malachy could not effectively crush in as many months. Two such men united could accomplish anything with Ireland; and when they eventually did unite, they absolutely swept the Danes into their walled and fortified cities, from whence

* M'Gee.

they had begun once more to overrun the country during the distractions of the struggle between Malachy and Brian. During the short peace or truce between himself and the Ard-Ri, Brian—who was a sagacious diplomatist as well as great general—seems to have attached to his interest nearly all the tributary kings, and subsequently even the Danish princes; so that it was easy to see that already his eye began to glance at the supreme crown. Malachy saw it all, and when the decisive moment at last arrived, and Brian, playing Cæsar, "crossed the Rubicon," the now only titular Ard-Ri made a gallant but brief defence against the ambitious usurper—for such Brian was on the occasion. After this short effort Malachy yielded with dignity and calmness to the inevitable, and gave up the monarchy of Erinn to Brian. The abdicated sovereign thenceforward served under his victorious rival as a subordinate, with a readiness and fidelity which showed him to be Brian's superior at least in unselfish patriotism and in readiness to sacrifice personal pride and personal rights to the public interests of his country.

Brian, now no longer king of Munster, but Ard-Ri of Erin, found his ambition fully crowned. The power and authority to which he had thus attained, he wielded with a wisdom, a sagacity, a firmness, and a success that made his reign as Ard-Ri, while it lasted, one of almost unsurpassed glory, prosperity, and happiness for Ireland. Yet the student of Irish history finds no fact more indelibly marked on his mind by the thoughtful study of the great page before him than this, namely, that, glorious as was Brian's reign—brave, generous, noble, pious, learned, accomplished, politic, and wise, as he is confessed on all hands to have been—his seizure of the supreme national crown was a calamity for Ireland. Or rather, perhaps, it would be more correct and more just to say, that having reference not singly to his ambitious seizure of the national crown, but also to the loss in one day of his own life and the lives of his next heirs (both son and grandson), the event resulted calamitously for Ireland. For "it threw open the sovereignty to every great family as a prize to be won by policy or force, and no longer an inheritance to be determined by law and usage. The consequences were what might have been expected. After his death the O'Connors of the West competed with both O'Neills and O'Brien's for supremacy, and *a chronic civil war prepared the way for Strongbow and the Normans.* The term 'kings with opposition' is applied to nearly all who reigned between King Brian's time and that of Roderick O'Connor" (the Norman invasion), "meaning thereby kings who were unable to secure general obedience to their administration of affairs."*

Brian, however, in all probability, as the historian I have quoted pleads on his behalf, might have been moved by the great and statesmanlike scheme of consolidating and fusing Ireland into one kingdom; gradually repressing individuality in the subordinate principalities, and laying the firm foundation of an enduring and compact monarchial state, of which his own posterity would be the sovereigns. For Morrogh, his first-born, and for Morrogh's descendants he hoped to found an hereditary kingship after the type universally copied throughout Christendom. He was not ignorant of what Alfred had done for England, Harold for Norway, Charlemagne for France, and Otho for Germany." If any such design really inspired Brian's course, it was a grandly useful one, comprehensive, and truly national. Its realization was just what Ireland wanted at that period of her history. But its existence in Brian's mind is a most fanciful theory. He was himself, while a tributary king, no wondrous friend or helper of centralized authority. He pushed from the throne a wise and worthy monarch. He grasped at the scepter not in a reign of anarchy, but in a period of comparative order, authority, and tranquility.

Be that as it may, certain it is that Brian was "every inch a king." Neither on the Irish throne, nor on that of any other kingdom, did sovereign ever sit more splendidly qualified to rule; and Ireland had not for some centuries known such a glorious and prosperous, peaceful, and happy time as the five years preceding Brian's death. He caused his authority to be not only unquestioned, but obeyed and respected, in every corner of the land. So justly were the laws administered in his name, and so loyally obeyed throughout the kingdom, that the bards

* M'Gee.

relate a rather fanciful story of a young and exquisitely beautiful lady, making, without the slightest apprehension of violence or insult, and in perfect safety, a tour of the island on foot, alone and unprotected, though bearing about her the most costly jewels and ornaments of gold! A national minstrel of our own times has celebrated this illustration of the tranquility of Brian's reign in the well-known poem, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW A DARK THUNDER-CLOUD GATHERED OVER IRELAND.

About this time the Danish power all over Europe had made considerable advances. In France it had fastened itself upon Normandy, and in England it had once more become victorious, the Danish prince, Sweyne, having been proclaimed king of England in 1013, though it was not until the time of his successor, Canute, that the Danish line were undisputed monarchs of England. All these triumphs made them turn their attention the more earnestly to Ireland, which they so often and so desperately yet so vainly, sought to win. At length the Danes of this country—holding several of the large seaport cities, but yielding tribute to the Irish monarch—seem to have been roused to the design of rallying all the might of the Scanian race for one gigantic and supreme effort to conquer the kingdom: for it was a reflection hard for northmen to endure, that they who had conquered England almost as often as they tried, who had now placed a Danish sovereign on the English throne, and had established a Danish dukedom of Normandy in France, had never yet been able to bring this dearly coveted western isle into subjection, and had never once given a monarch to its line of kings. Coincidently with the victories of Sweyne in England, several Danish expeditions appeared upon the Irish coast: now at Cork in the south, now at Lough Foyle in the north; but these were promptly met and repelled by the vigor of the Ard-Ri, or of the local princes. These forays, however, though serious and dangerous enough, were but the prelude to the forthcoming grand assault, or as it has been aptly styled, "the last field-day of Christianity and Paganism on Irish soil."

"A taunt thrown out over a game of chess at Kincora is said to have hastened this memorable day. Maelmurra, prince of Leinster, playing or advising on the game, made or recommended a false move, upon which Morrogh, son of Brian, observed it was no wonder his friends the Danes (to whom he owed his elevation) were beaten at Glenmana, if he gave them advice like that. Maelmurra, highly incensed by the allusion—all the more severe for its bitter truth—arose, ordered his horse, and rode away in haste. Brian, when he heard it, dispatched a messenger after the indignant guest, begging him to return; but Maelmurra was not to be pacified, and refused. We next hear of him as concerting with certain Danish agents, always open to such negotiations, those measures which led to the great invasion of the year 1014, in which the whole Scanian race, from Anglesea and Man, north to Norway, bore an active share.

"These agents passing over to England and Man, among the Scottish isles, and even to the Baltic, followed up the design of an invasion on a gigantic scale. Suibne, earl of Man, entered warmly into this conspiracy, and sent 'the war-arrow' through all those 'out-islands' which obeyed him as lord. A yet more formidable potentate, Sigurd, of the Orkneys, next joined the league. He was the fourteenth earl of Orkney, of Norse origin, and his power was at this period a balance to that of his nearest neighbor, the king of Scots. He had ruled since the year 996, not only over the Orkneys, Shetland, and Northern Hebrides, but the coasts of Caithness and Sutherland, and even Ross and Moray rendered him homage and tribute. Eight years before the battle of Clontarf, Malcom the Second of Scotland had been fain to purchase his alliance by giving him his daughter in marriage, and the kings of Denmark and Norway treated with him on equal terms. The hundred inhabited isles which lie between Yell and Man—isles which after their conversion contained 'three hundred churches and chapels'—sent in their contingents, to swell the following of the renowned Earl Sigurd. As his fleet bore southward from Kirkwall, it swept the subject coast of Scotland, and gathered from every lough its galleys and its fighting-men. The rendezvous was the Isle of Man, where Suibne had placed his

own forces, under the command of Brodar, or Broderick, a famous leader against the Britons of Wales and Cornwall. In conjunction with Sigurd, the Manxmen sailed over to Ireland, where they were joined, in the Liffey, by Earl Canuteson, prince of Denmark, at the head of fourteen hundred champions clad in armor. Sitric of Dublin stood, or affected to stand, neutral in these preparations, but Malemurra of Leinster had mustered all the forces he could command for such an expedition."*

Here was a mighty thunder-storm gathering over and around Ireland! Never before was an effort of such magnitude made for the conquest of the island. Never before had the Danish power so palpably put forth its utmost strength, and never hitherto had it put forth such strength in vain. This was the supreme moment for Ireland to show what she could do when united in self-defence against a foreign invader. Here were the unconquered Northmen, the scourge and terror of Europe, the conquerors of Britain, Normandy, Anglesea, Orkney, and Man, now concentrating the might of their whole race, from fiord and haven, from the Orkneys to the Scilly Isles, to burst in an overwhelming billow upon Ireland! If before a far less formidable assault England went down, dare Ireland hope now to meet and withstand this tremendous shock? In truth, it seemed a hard chance. It was a trial-hour for the men of Erin. And gloriously did they meet it! Never for an instant were they daunted by the tidings of the extensive and mighty preparations going forward; for the news filled Europe, and a hundred harbors in Norway, Denmark, France, England, and the Channel Isles resounded day and night with the bustle preparatory for the coming war. Brian was fully equal to the emergency. He resolved to meet force by force, combination by combination, preparation by preparation; to defy the foe, and let them see "what Irishmen could do." His efforts were nobly seconded by the zeal of all the tributary princes (with barely a few exceptions), but most nobly of all by the deposed Malachy, whose conduct upon this occasion alone would entitle him to a proud place in the annals of Ireland. In one of the preliminary expeditions of the Danes a few years previously, he detected more quickly that Brian the seriousness of the work going forward; he sent word hurriedly to Kincora that the Danes, who had landed near Dublin, were marching inward, and entreated of Brian to hasten to check them promptly. The Ard-Ri, however, was at that time absolutely incredulous that anything more serious than a paltry foray was designed; and he refused, it is said, to lend any assistance to the local prince. But Malachy had a truer conception of the gravity of the case. He himself marched to meet the invaders, and in a battle which ensued, routed them, losing, however, in the hour of victory, his son Flann. This engagement awakened Brian to a sense of the danger at hand. He quickly dispatched an auxiliary force, under his son Morrogh to Malachy's aid; but the Danes, driven into their walled city of Dublin by Malachy, did not venture out; and so the Dalcassian force returned southward, devastating the territory of the traitor, Maelmurra, of Leinster, whose perfidy was now openly proclaimed.

* M'Gee.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GLORIOUS DAY OF CLONTARF.

Brian soon became fully aware of the scheme at which the Danes all over Europe were laboring, and of the terrible trial approaching for Ireland. Through all the autumn of that year 1013, and the spring months of the year following, the two powers, Danish and Irish, were working hard at preparations for the great event, each straining every energy and summoning every resource for the crisis. Toward the close of March, Brian's arrangements being completed, he gave the order for a simultaneous march to Kilmainham,* usually the camping ground and now the appointed rendezvous of the national forces. By the second week in April there had rallied to the national standard a force which, if numerically unequal to that assembled by the invaders, was, as the result showed, able to compensate by superior valor for whatever it lacked in numbers.

* The district north and south of the Liffey at this point —the Phœnix Park, Kilmainham, Inchicore, and Chapel-Izod—was the rendezvous.

The lords of all the southern half of the kingdom —the lord of Decies, Inchiquin, Fermoy, Corca-Baiskin, Kinalmeaky, and Kerry—and the lords of Hy-Manie and Hy-Fiachra in Connaught, we are told, hastened to Brian's standard. O'More and O'Nolan of Leinster, and Donald, Steward of Mar, in Scotland, continues the historian, "were the other chieftains who joined him before Clontarf, besides those of his own kindred," or the forces proper of Thomond.* Just one faint shadow catches the eye as we survey the picture presented by Ireland in the hour of this great national rally. The northern chieftains, the lords of Ulster, alone held back. Sullen and silent, they stirred not. "They had submitted to Brian; but they never cordially supported him."

The great Danish flotilla, under Brodar, the admiral-in-chief, entered Dublin Bay on Palm Sunday, the 18th of April, 1014. The galleys anchored, some of them at Sutton, near Howth, others were moored in the mouth of the river Liffey, and the rest were beached or anchored in a vast line stretching along the Clontarf shore, which sweeps between the two points indicated. Brian immediately swung his army round upon Glassnevin, crossed the Tolka at the point where the Botanical Gardens now stand, and faced his line of battle southward toward where the enemy were encamped upon the shore. Meantime, becoming aware that Maelmurra, prince of Leinster, was so eager to help the invader that he had entered the Danish camp with every man of his following, Brian secretly dispatched a body of Dalcassians, under his son Donagh, to dash into the traitor's territory and waste it with fire and sword. The secret march southward of the Dalcassians was communicated to Maelmurra by a spy in Brian's camp, and, inasmuch as the Dalcassians were famed as the "invincible legion" of the Irish army, the traitor urged vehemently upon his English allies that this was the moment to give battle—while Brian's best troops were away. Accordingly, on Holy Thursday, the Danes announced their resolution to give battle next day. Brian had the utmost reluctance to fight upon that day, which would be Good Friday, thinking it almost a profanation to engage in combat upon the day on which our Lord died for man's redemption. He begged that the engagement might be postponed even one day; but the Danes were all the more resolute to engage on the next morning, for, says an old legend of the battle, Brodar, having consulted one of the Danish pagan oracles, was told that if he gave battle upon the Friday Brian would fall.

With early dawn next day, Good Friday, 23d of April, 1014, all was bustle in both camps.* The Danish army, facing inland, northward or northeast, stretched along the shore of Dublin Bay; its left flank touching and protected by the city of Dublin, its center being about the spot where Clontarf castle now stands, and its right wing resting on Dollymount. The Irish army, facing southward, had its right on Drumcondra, its center on Fairview, and its extreme left on Clontarf. The Danish forces were disposed of in three divisions, of which the first, or left, was composed of the Danes of Dublin, under their king, Sitric, and the princes Dolat and Conmael, with the thousand Norwegians already mentioned as clothed in suits of ringed mail, under the

*"Under the standard of Brian Borumha also fought that day the Maermors, or Great Stewards of Lennox and Mar, with a contingent of the brave Gaels of Alba. It would even appear, from a Danish account, that some of the Northmen who had always been friendly to Brian, fought on his side at Clontarf. A large body of hardy men came from the distant maritime districts of Connemara; many warriors flocked from other territories, and, on the whole, the rallying of the men of Ireland in the cause of their country upon that occasion, as much as the victory which their gallantry achieved, renders the event a proud and cheering one in Irish history."—HAVERTY.

*Haverty says: "The exact site of the battle seems to be tolerably well defined. In some copies of the Annals it is called 'the Battle of the Fishing-weir of Clontarf:' and the weir in question must have been at the mouth of the Tolka, about the place where Ballybough Bridge now stands. It also appears that the principal destruction of the Danes took place when in their flight they endeavored to cross the Tolka, probably at the moment of high water, when great numbers of them were drowned; and it is expressly stated that they were pursued with great slaughter 'from the Tolka to Dublin.'" I, however, venture, though with proper diffidence, to suggest that the 'Fishing-weir' stood a short distance higher up the river, to wit, at Clonliffe, directly below where the College of the Holy Cross now stands. For there is, in my opinion, ample evidence to show that at that time the sea flowed over the flats on the city side, by which Ballybough Bridge is now approached, making a goodly bay, or wide estuary, there; and that only about the point I indicate was a fishing-weir likely to have stood in 1014.

youthful warriors Carlus and Anrud; the second, or central division, was composed chiefly of the Lagenians, commanded by Maelmurra himself, and the princes of Offaly and of the Liffey territory; and the third division, or right wing, was made up of the auxiliaries from the Baltic and the Islands, under Brodar, admiral of the fleet, and the earl of Orkneys, together with some British auxiliaries from Wales and Cornwall. To oppose these the Irish monarch also marshaled his forces in three corps or divisions. The first, or right wing, composed chiefly of the diminished legions of the brave Dalcassians, was under the command of his son Morrogh, who had also with him his four brothers, Tiege, Donald, Conor, and Flann, and his own son (grandson of Brian), the youthful Torlogh, who was but fifteen years of age. In this division also fought Malachy with the Meath contingent. The Irish center division comprised the troops of Desmond, or South Munster, under the commander of Kian, son of Molloy, and Donel, son of Duv Davoren (ancestor of The O'Donoghue), both of the Eugenian line. The Irish left wing was composed mainly of the forces of Connaught, under O'Kelly, prince of Hy-Manie (the great central territory of Connaught); O'Heyne, prince of Hy-Fiachra Ahna; and Echtigern, king of Dalariada. It is supposed that Brian's army numbered about 20,000 men.*

All being ready for the signal of battle, Brian himself, mounted on a richly-caparisoned charger, rode through the Irish lines, as all the records are careful to tell us, "with his sword in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, exhorting the troops to remember the momentous issues that depended upon the fortunes of that day—Religion and Country against Paganism and Bondage. It is said that on this occasion he delivered an address which moved his soldiers, now to tears, and anon to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm and resolution. And we can well imagine the effect, upon an army drawn up as they were for the onset of battle in defence of "Faith and Fatherland," of such a sight and such an appeal—their aged and venerable monarch, "his white hair floating in the wind," riding through their lines, with the sacred symbol of Redemption borne aloft, and adjuring them, as the chronicles tell us to "remember that on this day Christ died for us, on the Mount of Calvary." Moreover, Brian himself had given them an earnest, such perhaps as monarch had never given before, of his resolve, that with the fortunes of his country he and his sons and kinsmen all would stand or fall. He had brought "his sons and nephews there," says the historian, who might have added, and even his grandchildren, "and showed that he was prepared to let the existence of his race depend upon the issue of the day." We may be sure a circumstance so affecting as this was not lost upon Brian's soldiers. It gave force to every word of his address. He recounted, we are told, all the barbarities and the sacrileges perpetrated by the invaders in their lawless ravages on Irish soil, the shrines they had plundered, the holy relics they had profaned, the brutal cruelties they had inflicted on unarmed non-combatants—nay, on "the servants of the Altar." Then, raising the crucifix aloft, he invoked the Omnipotent God to look down upon them that day, and to strengthen their arms in a cause so just and holy.

Mr. William Kenealy (now of Kilkenny) is the author of a truly noble poem which gives with all the native vigor and force of the original, this thrilling "Address of Brian to his Army."

"Stand ye now for Erin's glory! Stand ye now for Erin's cause!
Long ye've groaned beneath the rigor of the Northmen's savage laws.
What though brothers league against us? What, though myriads be the foe?
Victory will be more honored in the myriads' overthrow.

"Proud Connacians! oft we've wrangled in our petty feuds of yore;
Now we fight against the robber Dane upon our native shore;
May our hearts unite in friendship, as our blood in one red tide,
While we crush their mail-clad legions, and annihilate their pride!
"Brave Eugenians! Erin triumphs in the sight she sees to-day—
Desmond's homesteads all deserted for the muster and the fray!

*Abridged from Haverty.

Cluan's vale and Galtees' summit send their bravest and their best—
May such hearts be theirs forever, for the Freedom of the West!

"Chiefs and Kernes of Dalcassia! Brothers of my past career,
Oft we've trodden on the pirate-flag that flaunts before us here;
You remember Inniscattery, how we bounded on the foe,
As the torrent of the mountain bursts upon the plain below!

"They have razed our proudest castles—spoiled the Temples of the Lord—
Burned to dust the sacred relics—put the Peaceful to the sword—
Desecrated all things holy—as they soon may do again,
If their power to-day we smite not—if to-day we be not men!

. . . . . .

"On this day the God-man suffered—look upon the sacred sign—
May we conquer 'neath its shadow, as of old did Constantine!
May the heathen tribe of Odin fade before it like a dream,
And the triumph of this glorious day in our future annuals gleam!

"God of heaven, bless our banner—nerve our sinews for the strife!
Fight we now for all that's holy—for our altars, land and life—
For red vengeance on the spoiler, whom the blazing temples trace—
For the honor of our maidens and the glory of our race!

"Should I fall before the foeman, 'tis the death I seek to-day;
Should ten thousand daggers pierce me, bear my body not away,
Till this day of days be over—till the field is fought and won—
Then the holy mass be chanted, and the funeral rites be done.

. . . . . .

"Men of Erin! men of Erin! grasp the battle-ax and spear!
Chase these Northern wolves before you like a herd of frightened deer!
Burst their ranks, like bolts from heaven! Down on the heathen crew,
For the glory of the Crucified, and Erin's glory too!"

Who can be astonished that, as he ceased, a shout wild, furious, and deafening, burst from the Irish lines? A cry arose from the soldiers, we are told, demanding instantly to be led against the enemy. The aged monarch now placed himself at the head of his guards, to lead the van of battle; but at this point his sons and all the attendant princes and commanders protested against his attempting, at his advanced age, to take part personally in the conflict; and eventually, after much effort, they succeeded in prevailing upon him to retire to his tent, and to let the chief command devolve upon his eldest son Morrogh.

"The battle," says a historian, "then commenced; 'a spirited, fierce, violent, vengeful, and furious battle; the likeness of which was not to be found at that time,' as the old annalists quaintly describe it. It was a conflict of heroes. The chieftains engaged at every point in single combat; and the greater part of them on both sides fell. The impetuosity of the Irish was irresistible, and their battle-axes did fearful execution, every man of the ten hundred mailed warriors of Norway having been made to bite the dust, and it was against them, we are told, that the Dalcassians had been obliged to contend single-handed. The heroic Morrogh performed prodigies of valor throughout the day. Ranks of men fell before him; and, hewing his way to the Danish standard, he cut down two successive bearers of it with his battle-ax. Two Danish leaders, Carolus and Conmael, enraged at this success, rushed on him together, but both fell in rapid succession by his sword. Twice Morrogh and some of his chiefs retired to slake their thirst and cool their hands, swollen from the violent use of the sword; and the Danes observing the vigor with which they returned to the conflict, succeeded, by a desperate effort in cutting off the brook which had refreshed them. Thus

the battle raged from an early hour in the morning—innumerable deeds of valor being performed on both sides, and victory appearing still doubtful, until the third or fourth hour in the afternoon, when a fresh and desperate effort was made by the Irish, and the Danes, now almost destitute of leaders, began to waver and give way at every point. Just at this moment the Norwegian prince, Anrud, encountered Morrogh, who was unable to raise his arms from fatigue, but with the left hand he seized Anrud and hurled him to the earth, and with the other placed the point of his sword on the breast of the prostrate Northman, and leaning on it plunged it through his body. While stooping, however, for this purpose, Anrud contrived to inflict on him a mortal wound with a dagger, and Morrogh fell in the arms of victory. According to other accounts, Morrogh was in the act of stooping to relieve an enemy when he received from him his death wound. This disaster had not the effect of turning the fortune of the day, for the Danes and their allies were in a state of utter disorder, and along their whole line had commenced to fly toward the city or to their ships. They plunged into the Tolka at a time, we may conclude, when the river was swollen with the tide, so that great numbers were drowned. The body of young Turlogh was found after the battle 'at the weir of Clontarf,' with his hands entangled in the hair of a Dane whom he had grappled with in the pursuit.

"But the chief tragedy of the day remains to be related. Brodar, the pirate admiral, who commanded in the point of the Danish lines remotest from the city, seeing the rout general, was making his way through some thickets with only a few attendants, when he came upon the tent of Brian Borumha, left at that moment without his guards. The fierce Norseman rushed in and found the aged monarch at prayer before the crucifix, which he had that morning held up to the view of his troops, and attended only by his page. Yet, Brian had time to seize his arms, and died sword in hand. The Irish accounts say that the king killed Brodar, and was only overcome by numbers; but the Danish version in the Niala Saga is more probable, and in this Brodar is represented as holding up his reeking sword and crying: 'Let it be proclaimed from man to man that Brian has been slain by Brodar.' It is added, on the same authority, that the ferocious pirate was then hemmed in by Brian's returned guards and captured alive, and that he was hung from a tree, and continued to rage like a beast of prey until all his entrails were torn out—the Irish soldiers thus taking savage vengeance for the death of their king, who but for their own neglect would have been safe."*

Such was the victory of Clontarf—one of the most glorious events in the annals of Ireland! It was the final effort of the Danish power to effect the conquest of this country. Never again was that effort renewed. For a century subsequently the Danes continued to hold some maritime cities in Ireland; but never more did they dream of conquest. That design was overthrown forever on the bloody plain of Clontarf.

It was, as the historian called it truly, "a conflict of heroes." There was no flinching on either side, and on each side fell nearly every commander of note who had entered the battle! The list of the dead is a roll of nobility, Danish and Irish; among the dead being the brave Caledonian chiefs, the great Stewards of Mar and Lennox, who had come from distant Alba to fight on the Irish side that day!

But direst disaster of all—most woeful in its ulterior results affecting the fate and fortunes of Ireland—was the slaughter of the reigning family: Brian himself, Morrogh, his eldest son and destined successor, and his grandson, "the youthful Torlogh," eldest child of Morrogh—three generations cut down in the one day upon the same field of battle!

"The fame of the event went out through all nations. The chronicles of Wales, of Scotland, and of Man; the annals of Ademar and Marianus;† the saga of Denmark and the Isles, all record the event. The Norse settlers in Caithness saw terrific visions of Valhalla 'the day after the battle.' "‡ "The annals state that Brian and Morrogh both lived lived to receive the last sacraments of the Church, and that their remains

* Haverty.

† "Brian, king of Hibernia, slain on Good Friday, the 9th of the calends of May (23d April), with his mind and his hands turned toward God."—"Chronicles of Marianus Scotus."

‡ M'Gee.

were conveyed by the monks to Swords (near Dublin), and thence to Armagh by the Archbishop; and that their obsequies were celebrated for twelve days and nights with great splendor by the clergy of Armagh after which the body of Brian was deposited in a stone coffin on the north side of the high altar in the cathedral, the body of his son being interred on the south side of the same church. The remains of Torlogh and of several of the other chieftains were buried in the old churchyard of Kilmainham, where the shaft of an Irish cross still marks the spot."*

CHAPTER XIV.

"AFTER THE BATTLE." THE SCENE "UPON OSSORY'S PLAIN." THE LAST DAYS OF NATIONAL FREEDOM.

THREE days after the battle the decimated but victory-crowned Irish legions broke up camp and marched homeward to their respective provinces, chanting songs of triumph. The Dalcassians (who had suffered terribly in the battle) found their way barred by a hostile prince, Fitzpatrick, lord of Ossory, whose opposing numbers vastly exceeded their effective force, which indeed was barely enough to convey or convoy their wounded homeward to Kincora. In this extremity the wounded soldiers entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stake " they said, "be driven into the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds the historian, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops! Never was such another sight exhibited!"† Keating's quaint narrative of the event is well worthy of quotation. He says: "Donagh then again gave orders that one-third of his host should be placed on guard as a protection for the wounded, and that the other two-thirds should meet the expected battle. But when the wounded men heard of these orders, they sprang up in such haste that their wounds and sores burst open; but they bound them up in moss, and grasping their lances and their swords, they came thus equipped into the midst of their comrades. Here they requested of Donncadh, son of Brian, to send some men to the forest with instructions to bring them a number of strong stakes, which they proposed to have thrust into the ground, 'and to these stakes,' said they, 'let us be bound with our arms in our hands, and let our sons and our kinsmen be stationed by our sides; and let two warriors, who are unwounded, be placed near each one of us wounded, for it is thus that we will help one another with truer zeal, because shame will not allow the sound man to leave his position until his wounded and bound comrade can leave it likewise.' This request was complied with, and the wounded men were stationed after the manner which they had pointed out. And, indeed, that array in which the Dal g-Cais were then drawn, was a thing for the mind to dwell upon in admiration, for it was a great and amazing wonder."

Our national minstrel, Moore, has alluded to this episode of the return of the Dalcassians in one of the melodies:

"Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side:
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirred not, but conquered and died.
The sun that now blesses our arms with his light
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!"

With the victory of Clontarf the day of Ireland's unity and power as a nation may be said to have ended. The sun of her national greatness, that had been waning previously, set suddenly in a brilliant flash of glory. If we except the eight years immediately following Brian's death, Ireland never more knew the blessing of national unity—never more was a kingdom, in the full sense of the word. Malachy Mor—well worthy of his title "the great"— the good, the magnanimous, the patriotic, and brave king, whom Brian had deposed, was unanimously recalled to the throne after Brian's death. The eight years during which Malachy ruled in this the second term of his sovereignty, were marked by every evidence of kingly ability and virtue on

* Haverty. † O'Halloran.

his part. At length, finding death approaching, he retired for greater solititude to an island in Lough Ennel (now called Cormorant Island), whither repaired sorrowfully to his spiritual succor "Amalgaid, Archbishop of Armagh, the abbots of Clonmacnoise and of Durrow, and a good train of clergy;" and where, as the old chronicles relate it, "after intense penance, on the fourth of the nones of September, died Malachy, the pillar of the dignity and nobility of the western world."

He was the last "unquestioned" monarch of Ireland. The interval between his death and the landing of Henry the Second (over one hundred and fifty years) was a period of bloody and ruinous contention that invited—and I had almost said merited—the yoke of a foreign rule. After Malachy's death, Brian's younger son, Donogh, claimed the throne; but his claim was scorned and repudiated by a moiety of the princes, who had, indeed, always regarded Brian himself as little better than an usurper, though a brave and a heroic sovereign. Never afterward was an Ard-Ri fully and lawfully elected or acknowledged. There were frequently two or more claimants assuming the title at the same time, and desolating the country in their contest for sovereignty. Brian had broken the charmed line of regulated succession that had, as I have already detailed, lasted through nearly two thousand years. His act was the final blow at the already loosened and tottering edifice of centralized national authority. While he himself lived, with his own strong hand and powerful mind to keep all things in order, it was well; no evil was likely to come of the act that supplied a new ground for wasting discords and bloody civil strife.

But when the powerful hand and the strong mind had passed away; when the splendid talents that had made even the deposed monarch, Malachy, bow to their supremacy, no longer availed to bind the kingdom into unity and strength, the miseries that ensued were hopeless. The political disintegration of Ireland was aggravated a thousand-fold. The idea of national unity seemed as completely dead, buried, and forgotten, when the Normans came in, as if it never had existence among the faction-split people of Erinn.

'Twas self-abasement paved the way
For villain bonds and despot's sway.

Donogh O'Brien, never acknowledged as Ard-Ri, was driven from even his titular sovereignty by his own nephew, Torlogh. Aged, broken, and weary, he sailed for Rome, where he entered a monastery and ended his life "in penance," as the old chronicles say. It is stated that this Donogh took with him to Rome the crown and the harp of his father, the illustrious Brian, and presented them to the pope.* This donation of his father's diadem to the pope by Donogh has sometimes been referred to as if it implied a bestowal of the Irish sovereignty; a placing of it, as it were, at the disposal of the Father of Christendom, for the best interests of faction-ruined Ireland herself, and for the benefit of the Christian religion. Perhaps the pope was led so to regard it. But the Supreme Pontiff did not know that such a gift was not Donogh's to give! Donogh never owned or possessed the Irish sovereignty; and even if he had been unanimously elected and acknowledged Ard-Ri (and he never was), the Irish sovereignty was a trust to which the Ard-Ri was elected for life, and which he could not donate even to his own son, except by the consent of the Royal Electors and Free Clans of Erinn.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW ENGLAND BECAME A COMPACT KINGDOM, WHILE IRELAND WAS BREAKING INTO FRAGMENTS.

We now approach the period at which, for the first time, the history of Ireland needs to be read with that of England.

A quarter of a century after the rout of the Danes by the Irish at Clontarf, the Anglo-Saxons drove them from the English throne, the Anglo-Saxon line being restored in the person of Edward the Confessor. A quarter of a century subsequently, however, the Anglo-Saxons were again dethroned, and England was again conquered by new invaders—or the old ones with a new name—the Normans. In this last struggle, the Anglo-Saxons were aided by troops from Ireland, for the Normans were kith and kin of the Norse foes

* The harp is still in existence. It is in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

whom Ireland had such reason to hate. An Irish contingent fought side by side with the Saxons in their struggle against William; and when the brave but unfortunate Harold fell at Hastings, it was to Ireland his children were sent for friendly asylum.

The Normans treasured a bitter remembrance of this against Ireland; and there is evidence that from the first they meant to essay the subjugation of that island also, as soon as they should have consolidated their British conquest. These same Normans were a brave race. They possessed every quality requisite for military conquerors. To the rough, fierce vigor of their Norse ancestors they had added the military discipline and scientific skill which the Gauls had learned from their Roman masters. They conquered united England in one year. Yet they were five hundred years unsuccessfully laboring to conquer disunited Ireland!

During the one hundred and fifty years following Brian's death (devoted by the Irish princes to every factious folly and crime that could weaken, disorganize, disunite, and demoralize their country), the Normans in England were solidifying and strengthing their power. England was becoming a compact nation, governed by concentrated national authority, and possessed of a military organization formidable in numbers and in arms, but most of all in scientific mode of warfare and perfection of military discipline; while Ireland, like a noble vessel amid the breakers, was absolutely going to pieces—breaking up into fragments, or "clans," north, south, east, and west. As a natural result of this anarchy or wasting strife of factions, social and religious disorders supervened; and as a historian aptly remarks, the "Island of Saints" became an "Island of Sinners." The state of religion was deplorable. The rules of ecclesiastical discipline were in many places overthrown, as was nearly every other necessary moral and social safeguard; and, inevitably, the most lamentable disorders and scandals resulted. The bishops vainly sought to calm this fearful war of factions that was thus ruining the power of a great nation, and destroying or disgracing its Christian faith. They threatened to appeal to the Supreme Pontiff, and to invoke his interposition in behalf of religion thus outraged, and civil society thus desolated. St. Malachy, the primate of Armagh, the fame of whose sanctity, piety, and learning had reached all Europe, labored heroically amid these terrible afflictions. He proceeded to Rome, and was received with every mark of consideration by the reigning pope, Innocent the Second, who, "descending from his throne, placed his own mitre on the head of the Irish saint, presented him with his own vestments and other religious gifts, and appointed him apostolic legate in the place of Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, then a very old man." St. Malachy petitioned the pope for the necessary recognition of the Irish archiepiscopal sees, by the sending of the palliums to the archbishops; but the pope pointed out that so grave a request should proceed from a synod of the Irish Church. The primate returned to Ireland; and after some time devoted to still more energetic measures to cope with the difficulties created by perpetual civil war, he eventually convened a national synod, which was held at Innis-Patrick, near Skerries, county Dublin. St. Malachy was authorized again to proceed to the Holy Father, and in the name of the Irish Church beseech him to grant the palliums. The aged primate set out on his journey. But while on his way, having reached Clairvaux, he was seized with his death-sickness, and expired there (November 2, 1148), attended by the great St. Bernard, between whom and the Irish primate a personal friendship existed, and a correspondence passed, a portion of which is still extant. Three years afterward the palliums, sent by Pope Eugene the Third, were brought to Ireland by Cardinal Paparo, and were solemnly conferred on the archbishops the year following, at a national synod held at Kells.

But all the efforts of the ministers of religion could not compensate for the want of a stable civil government in the land. Nothing could permanently restrain the fierce violence of the chiefs; and it is clear that at Rome, and throughout Europe, the opinion at this time began to gain ground that Ireland was a hopeless case. And, indeed, so it must have seemed. It is true that the innate virtue and morality of the Irish national character began to assert itself the moment society was allowed to enjoy the least respite: it is beyond question that, during and

after the time of the sainted primate, Malachy, vigorous and comprehensive efforts were afoot, and great strides made, toward reforming the abuses with which chronic civil war had covered the land. But, like many another reformation, it came too late. Before the ruined nation could be reconstituted, the Nemesis of invasion arrived, to teach all peoples, by the story of Ireland's fate, that when national cohesiveness is gone, national power has departed and national suffering is at hand.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW HENRY THE SECOND FEIGNED WONDROUS ANXIETY TO HEAL THE DISORDERS OF IRELAND.

THE grandson of William of Normandy, Conqueror of England, Henry the Second, was not an inattentive observer of the progressing wreck of the Irish Church and Nation. He inherited the Norman design of one day conquering Ireland also, and adding that kingdom to his English crown. He was not ignorant that at Rome Ireland was regarded as derelict. An Englishman, Pope Adrian, now sat in the Chair of Peter; and the English ecclesiastical authorities, who were in constant communication with the Holy See, were transmitting the most alarming accounts of the fearful state of Ireland. It is now known that these accounts were, in many cases, monstrously exaggerated; but it is true that, at best, the state of affairs was very bad.

The cunning and politic Henry saw his opportunity. Though his was the heart of a mere conqueror, sordid and callous, he clothed himself in the garb of the most saintly piety, and wrote to the Holy Father, calling attention to the state of Ireland, which for over a hundred years had been a scandal to Europe. But oh! it was the state of religion there that most afflicted his pious and holy Norman heart! It was all in the interests of social order, morality, religion, and civilization,* that he now approached the Holy Father with a proposition. In those times (when Christendom was an unbroken family, of which the pope was the head), the Supreme Pontiff was, by the voice of the nations themselves, invested with a certain kind of arbitrative civil authority for the general good. And, indeed, even infidel and non-Catholic historians declare to us that, on the whole, and with scarcely a possible exception, the popes exerted the authority thus vested in them with a pure, unselfish, and exalted anxiety for the general public good and the ends of justice, for the advancement of religion, learning, civilization, and civil freedom. But this authority rested merely on the principle by which the Acadian farmers in Longfellow's poem constituted their venerable pastor supreme lawgiver, arbitrator, and regulator in their little community; a practice which, even in our own day, prevails within the realms of fact here in Ireland and in other countries.

Henry's proposition to the pope was that he, the English king, should, with the sanction of the Holy Father, and (of course) purely in the interests of religion, morality, and social order, enter Ireland and restore order in that region of anarchy. He pleaded that the pope was bound to cause some such step to be taken, and altogether urged numerous grounds for persuading the pontiff to credit his professions as to his motives and designs. Pope Adrian is said to have complied by issuing a bull approving of Henry's scheme as presented to him, and with the purposes and on the conditions therein set forth. There is no such bull now to be found in the papal archives, yet it is credited that some such bull was issued; but its contents, terms, and permissions have been absurdly misrepresented and exaggerated in some versions coined by English writers.

The papal bull or letter once issued, Henry had gained his point. He stored away the document until his other plans should be ripe; and, meanwhile, having no longer any need of feigning great piety and love for religion, he flung off the mask and entered upon that course of conduct which, culminating in the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, drew down upon him the excommunication of Rome.

Meantime events were transpiring in Ireland destined to afford him a splendid opportunity for practically availing of his fraudulently obtained papal letter, and making a commencement in his scheme of Irish conquest.

* Even in *that* day—seven hundred years ago—English subjugators had learned the use of these amiable pretexts for invasion and annexation!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TREASON OF DIARMID M'MURROGH.

About the year 1152, in the course of the interminable civil war desolating Ireland, a feud of peculiar bitterness arose between Tiernan O'Ruarc, Prince of Brefni, and Diarmid M'Murrogh, Prince of Leinster. While one of the Ard-Righana favorable to the latter was for the moment uppermost, O'Ruarc had been dispossessed of his territory, its lordship being handed over to M'Murrogh. To this was added a wrong still more dire. Devorgilla, the wife of O'Ruarc, eloped with M'Murrogh, already her husband's most bitter rival and foe! Her father and her husband both appealed to Torlogh O'Connor for justice upon the guilty prince of Leinster. O'Connor, although M'Murrogh had been one of his supporters, at once acceded to this request. M'Murrogh soon found his territory surrounded, and Devorgilla was restored to her husband. She did not, however, return to domestic life. Recent researches among the ancient "Manuscript Materials for Irish History," by O'Curry and O'Donovan, throw much light upon this episode, and considerably alter the long-prevailing popular impressions in reference thereto. Whatever the measure of Devorgilla's fault in eloping with M'Murrogh—and the researches alluded to bring to light many circumstances invoking for her more of commiseration than of angry scorn—her whole life subsequently to this sad event, and she lived for forty years afterward, was one prolonged act of contrition and of penitential reparation for the scandal she had given. As I have already said, she did not return to the home she had abandoned. She entered a religious retreat; and thenceforth, while living a life of practical piety, penance, and mortification, devoted the immense dower which she possessed in her own right to works of charity, relieving the poor, building hospitals, asylums, convents, and churches.

Thirteen years after this event, Roderick O'Connor, son and successor of the king who had forced M'Murrogh to yield up the unhappy Devorgilla, claimed the throne of the kingdom. Roderick was a devoted friend of O'Ruarc, and entertained no very warm feelings toward M'Murrogh. The king claimant marched on his "circuit," claiming "hostages" from the local princes as recognition of sovereignty. M'Murrogh, who hated Roderick with intense violence, burned his city of Ferns, and retired to his Wicklow fastnesses, rather than yield allegiance to him. Roderick could not just then delay on his circuit to follow him up, but passed on southward, took up his hostages there, and then returned to settle accounts with M'Murrogh. But by this time O'Ruarc, apparently only too glad to have such a pretext and opportunity for a stroke at his mortal foe, had assembled a powerful army and marched upon M'Murrogh from the north, while Roderick approached him from the south. Diarmid, thus surrounded, and deserted by most of his own people, outwitted and overmatched on all sides, saw that he was a ruined man. He abandoned the few followers yet remaining to him, fled to the nearest seaport, and, with a heart bursting with the most deadly passions, sailed for England (A.D. 1168), vowing vengeance, black, bitter, and terrible, on all that he left behind!

"A solemn sentence of banishment was publicly pronounced against him by the assembled princes, and Morrogh, his cousin—commonly called 'Morrogh na Gael,' (or 'of the Irish'), to distinguish him from 'Morrogh na Gall' (or 'of the Foreigners')—was inaugurated in his stead."*

Straightway he sought out the English king, who was just then in Aquitaine quelling a revolt of the nobles in that portion of his possessions. M'Murrogh laid before Henry a most piteous recital of his wrongs and grievances, appealed to him for justice and for aid, inviting him to enter Ireland, which he was sure most easily to reduce to his sway, and finally offering to become his most submissive vassal if his majesty would but aid him in recovering the possessions from which he had been expelled. "Henry," as one of our historians justly remarks, "must have been forcibly struck by such an invitation to carry out a project which he had long entertained, and for which he had been making grave preparations long before." He was too busy himself, however, just then to enter upon the project; but he gave M'Murrogh a royal letter or proclamation

* M'Gee.

authorizing such of his subjects as might so desire to aid the views of the Irish fugitive. Diarmid hurried back to England, and had all publicity given to this proclamation in his favor; but though he made the most alluring offers of reward and booty, it was a long time before he found any one to espouse his cause. At length Robert Fitzstephen, a Norman relative of the prince of North Wales, just then held in prison by his Cambrian kinsman, was released or brought out of prison by M'Murrogh, on condition of undertaking his service. Through Fitzstephen there came into the enterprise several other knights, Maurice Fitzgerald, Meyler Fitzhenry, and others—all of them men of supreme daring, but of needy circumstances. Eventually there joined one who was destined to take command of them all—Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, commonly called "Strongbow;" a man of ruined fortune, needy, greedy, unscrupulous, and ready for any desperate adventure; possessing unquestionable military skill and reckless daring, and having a tolerably strong following of like adventurous spirits among the knights of the Welsh marches—in fine, just the man for Diarmid's purpose. The terms were soon settled. Strongbow and his companions undertook to raise a force of adventurers, proceed to Ireland with M'Murrogh, and reinstate him in his principality. M'Murrogh was to bestow on Strongbow (then a widower between fifty and sixty years of age) his daughter Eva in marriage, with succession to the throne of Leinster. Large grants of land also were to be distributed among the adventurers.

Now, Diarmid knew that "succession to the throne" was not a matter which any king in Ireland, whether provincial or national, at any time could bestow, the monarchy being elective out of the members of the reigning family. Even if he was himself at the time in full legal possession of "the throne of Leinster," he could not promise, secure, or bequeath it, as of right, even to his own son.

In the next place, Diarmid knew that his offers of "grants of land" struck directly and utterly at the existing land system, the basis of all society in Ireland. For, according to the Irish constitution and laws for a thousand years, the fee-simple or ownership of the soil was vested in the sept, tribe, or clan; its use or occupancy (by the individual members of the sept or others) being only regulated on behalf of and in the interest of the whole sept, by the elected king for the time being. "Tribe land" could not be alienated unless by the king, with the sanction of the sept. The users and occupiers were, so to speak, a co-operative society of agriculturists, who, as a body or a community, owned the soil they tilled, while individually renting it from that body or community under its administrative official—the king.

While Strongbow and his confederates were completing their arrangements in Chester, M'Murrogh crossed over to his native Wexford privately to prepare the way there for their reception. It would seem that no whisper had reached Ireland of his movements, designs, proclamations, and preparations on the other side of the channel. The wolf assumed the sheep's clothing. M'Murrogh feigned great humility and contrition, and pretended to aspire only to the recovery, by grace and favor, of his immediate patrimony of Hy-Kinsella. Among his own immediate clansmen, no doubt, he found a friendly meeting and a ready following, and, more generally, a feeling somewhat of commiseration for one deemed to be now so fallen, so helpless, so humiliated. This secured him from very close observation, and greatly favored the preparations he was stealthily making to meet the Norman expedition with stout help on the shore.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE NORMAN ADVENTURERS GOT A FOOTHOLD ON IRISH SOIL.

The fatal hour was now at hand. Early in the month of May a small flotilla of strange vessels ran into a little creek on the Wexford coast, near Bannow and disembarked an armed force upon the shore. This was the advanced guard of the Norman invasion; a party of thirty knights, sixty men in armor, and three hundred footmen, under Robert Fitzstephen. Next day at the same point of disembarkation arrived Maurice de Prendergast, a Welsh gentleman who had joined the enterprise, bringing with him an additional force. Camping on the coast, they quickly dis-

patched a courier to M'Murrogh to say that they had come. Diarmid hastened to the spot with all the men he could rally. The joint force at once marched upon and laid siege to Wexford, which town, after a gallant defence, capitulated to them. Elate with this important victory, and strengthened in numbers, Diarmid now marched into Ossory. Here he was confronted by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory, commanding, however, a force quite inferior to M'Murrogh's. A sanguinary engagement ensued. The Ossorians bravely held their own throughout the day, until decoyed from their chosen position into an open ground where the Norman cavalry had full play, "the poise of the beam" was turned against them; they were thrown into confusion, pressed by the enemy, and at length overthrown with great slaughter.

Roderick the Second, titular Ard-Ri, now awakened to the necessity of interposing with the national forces; not as against an invasion; for at this period, and indeed for some time afterward, none of the Irish princes attached such a character or meaning to the circumstance that M'Murrogh had enlisted into his service some men of England. It was to check M'Murrogh, the deposed king of Leinster, in his hostile proceedings, that the Ard-Ri summoned the national forces to meet him at the Hill of Tara. The provincial princes, with their respective forces, assembled at his call; but had scarcely done so, when, owing to some contention, the northern contingent, under Mac Dunlevy, prince of Ulidia, withdrew. With the remainder, however, Roderick marched upon Ferns, the Lagenian capital, where M'Murrogh had intrenched himself. Roderick appears to have exhibited weakness and vacillation in the crisis, when boldness, promptitude, and vigor were so vitally requisite. He began to parley and diplomatize with M'Murrogh, who cunningly feigned willingness to agree to any terms; for all he secretly desired was to gain time till Strongbow and the full force from Wales would be at his side. M'Murrogh, with much show of moderation and humility, agreed to a treaty with the Ard-Ri, by which the sovereignty of Leinster was restored to him; and he, on the other hand, solemnly bound himself by a secret clause, guaranteed by his own son as hostage, that he would bring over no more foreigners to serve in his army.

No suspicion of any such scheme as an invasion seems even for an instant to have crossed the monarch's mind; yet he wisely saw the danger of importing a foreign force into the country. He and the other princes really believed that the only object M'Murrogh had was to regain the sovereignty of Leinster.

The crafty and perfidious Diarmid in this treaty gained the object he sought—time. Scarcely had Roderick and the national forces retired, than the Leinster king, hearing that a further Norman contingent, under Maurice Fitzgerald, had landed at Wexford, marched upon Dublin—then held by the Danes under their prince Hasculf Mac Turkill, tributary to the Irish Ard-Ri—and set up a claim to the monarchy of Ireland. The struggle was now fully inaugurated. Soon after a third Norman force, under Raymond le Gros (or "the Fat"), landed in Waterford estuary, on the Wexford side, and hastily fortified themselves on the rock of Dundonolf, awaiting the main force under Strongbow.

And now we encounter the evil and terrible results of the riven and disorganized state of Ireland, to which I have already sufficiently adverted. The hour at last had come, when the curse was to work, when the punishment was to fall!

It was at such a moment as this—just as Roderick was again preparing to take the field to crush the more fully developed designs of Diarmid—that Donogh O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, chose to throw off allegiance to the Ard-Ri, and precipitate a civil war in the very face of a foreign invasion! Meanwhile, Strongbow was on the point of embarking at Milford Haven with a most formidable force, when King Henry, much mistrusting the adventurous and powerful knight—and having, secretly, his own designs about Ireland, which he feared the ambition of Strongbow, if successful, might thwart—imperatively forbade his sailing. Strongbow disregarded the royal mandate, and set sail with his fleet. He landed at Waterford (August 23, 1171), and joined by the force of Raymond, which had been cooped up in their fort on the rock of Dundonolf, laid siege to the city. Waterford, like Dublin, was a Dano-Irish city, and was governed

and commanded by Reginald, a prince of Danish race. The neighboring Irish under O'Felan, prince of the Deisi, patriotically hurried to the assistance of the Danish citizens; and the city was defended with a heroism equal to that of the three hundred at Thermopylæ. Again and again the assailants were hurled from the walls; but at length the Norman sieging skill prevailed; a breach was effected; the enemy poured into the town, and a scene of butchery shocking to contemplate ensued. Diarmid arrived just in time to congratulate Strongbow on this important victory. He had brought his daughter Eva with him, and amid the smoking and blood-stained ruins of the city the nuptials of the Norman knight and the Irish princess were celebrated.

Strongbow and M'Murrogh now marched for Dublin. The Ard-Ri who had meantime taken the field, made an effort to intercept them, but he was out-maneuvered, and they reached and commenced to siege the city. The citizens sought a parley. The fate of Waterford had struck terror into them. They dispatched to the besiegers' camp, as negotiator or mediator, their archbishop, Laurence, or Lorcan O'Tuahal, the first prelate of Dublin of Irish origin.

"This illustrious man, canonized both by sanctity and patriotism, was then in the thirty-ninth year of his age, and the ninth of his episcopate. His father was lord of Imayle and chief of his clan; his sister had been wife of Dermid and mother of Eva, the prize bride of Earl Richard. He himself had been a hostage with Dermid in his youth, and afterward abbot of Glendalough, the most celebrated monastic city of Leinster. He stood, therefore, to the besieged, being their chief pastor, in the relation of a father; to Dermid, and strangely enough to Strongbow also, as brother-in-law and uncle by marriage. A fitter ambassador could not be found.

"Maurice Regan, the 'Latiner,' or secretary of Dermid, had advanced to the walls and summoned the city to surrender, and deliver up 'thirty pledges' to his master, their lawful prince. Asculph, son of Torcall, was in favor of the surrender, but the citizens could not agree among themselves as to hostages. No one was willing to trust himself to the notoriously untrustworthy Dermid. The archbishop was then sent out on the part of the citizens to arrange the terms in detail. He was received with all reverence in the camp, but while he was deliberating with the commanders without, and the townsmen were anxiously awaiting his return, Milo de Cogan and Raymond the Fat, seizing the opportunity, broke into the city at the head of their companies, and began to put the inhabitants ruthlessly to the sword. They were soon followed by the whole force eager for massacre and pillage. The archbishop hastened back to endeavor to stay the havoc which was being made of his people. He threw himself before the infuriated Irish and Normans, he threatened, he denounced, he bared his own breast to the swords of the assassins. All to little purpose: the blood fury exhausted itself before peace settled over the city. Its Danish chief Asculph, with many of his followers, escaped to their ships, and fled to the Isle of Man and the Hebrides in search of succor and revenge. Roderick, unprepared to besiege the enemy who had thus outmarched and outwitted him, at that season of the year—it could not be earlier than October—broke up his encampment at Clondalkin and retired to Connaught. Earl Richard having appointed De Cogan his governor of Dublin, followed on the rear of the retreating Ard-Ri, at the instigation of M'Murrogh, burning and plundering the churches of Kells, Clonard, and Slane, and carrying off the hostages of East-Meath."*

Roderick, having first vainly notified M'Murrogh to return to his allegiance on forfeit of the life of his hostage, beheaded the son of Diarmid, who had been given as surety for his father's good faith at the treaty of Ferns. Soon after M'Murrogh himself died, and his end, as recorded in the chronicles, was truly horrible. "His death, which took place in less than a year after his sacrilegious church burnings in Meath, is described as being accompanied by fearful evidence of divine displeasure. He died intestate, and without the sacraments of the church. His disease was of some unknown and loathsome kind, and was attended with insufferable pain, which, acting on the naturally savage violence of his temper, rendered him so furious that his ordinary attendants must have been afraid to ap-

* M'Gee.

proach him, and his body became at once a putrid mass, so that its presence aboveground could not be endured. Some historians suggest that this account of his death may have been the invention of enemies, yet it is so consistent with what we know of M'Murrogh's character and career from other sources, as to be noways incredible. He was at his death eighty-one years of age, and is known in Irish history as Diarmaid-na-Gall, or Dermot of the Foreigners."

An incident well calculated to win our admiration presents itself, in the midst of the dismal chapter I have just sketched in outline; an instance of chivalrous honor and good faith on the part of a Norman lord in behalf of an Irish chieftain! Maurice de Prendergast was deputed by Earl "Strongbow" as envoy to Mac Gilla Patrick, prince of Ossory, charged to invite him to a conference in the Norman camp. Prendergast undertook to prevail upon the Ossorian prince to comply, on receiving from Strongbow a solemn pledge that good faith would be observed toward the Irish chief, and that he should be free and safe coming and returning. Relying on this pledge, Prendergast bore the invitation to Mac Gilla Patrick, and prevailed upon him to accompany him to the earl. "Understanding, however, during the conference," says the historian, "that treachery was about to be used toward Mac Gilla Patrick, he rushed into Earl Strongbow's presence, and 'sware by the cross of his sword that no man there that day should dare lay handes on the kyng of Ossery.' " And well kept he his word. Out of the camp, when the conference ended, rode the Irish chief, and by his side, good sword in hand, that glorious type of honor and chivalry, Prendergast, ever since named in Irish tradition and history as "the Faithful Norman"—"faithful among the faithless" we might truly say! Scrupulously did he redeem his word to the Irish prince. He not only conducted him safely back to his own camp, but, encountering on the way a force belonging to Strongbow's ally, O'Brien, returning from a foray into Ossory, he attacked and defeated them. That night "the Faithful Norman" remained, as the old chronicler has it, "in the woods," the guest of the Irish chief, and next day returned to the English lines. This truly pleasing episode—this little oasis of chivalrous honor in the midst of a trackless expanse of treacherous and ruthless warfare, has been made the subject of a short poem by Mr. Aubrey De Vere, in his "Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland:"

THE FAITHFUL NORMAN.

Praise to the valiant and faithful foe!
  Give us noble foes, not the friend who lies!
We dread the drugged cup, not the open blow:
  We dread the old hate in the new disguise.

To Ossory's king they had pledged their word:
  He stood in their camp, and their pledge they broke;
Then Maurice the Norman upraised his sword;
  The cross on its hilt he kiss'd, and spoke:

"So long as this sword or this arm hath might,
  I swear by the cross which is lord of all,
By the faith and honor of noble and knight,
  Who touches you, Prince, by this hand shall fall!"

So side by side through the throng they pass'd;
  And Eire gave praise to the just and true.
Brave foe! the past truth heals at last:
  There is room in the great heart of Eire for you!

It is nigh seven hundred years since "the Faithful Norman" linked the name of Prendergast to honor and chivalry on Irish soil. Those who have read that truly remarkable work, Prendergast's "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland will conclude that the spirit of Maurice is still to be found among some of those who bear his name.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW HENRY RECALLED THE ADVENTURERS—HOW HE CAME OVER HIMSELF TO PUNISH THEM AND BEFRIEND THE IRISH.

STRONGBOW having now assumed the sovereignty of Leinster, King Henry's jealousy burst into a flame. He issued a proclamation ordering Strongbow and every other Englishman in Ireland to return forthwith to England on pain of outlawry! Strongbow hurriedly dispatched ambassador after ambassador to soothe Henry's anger; but all was vain. At length he hastened

to England himself, and found the English sovereign assembling an enormous fleet and army with the intent of himself invading Ireland! The crafty knight humiliated himself to the utmost; yet it was with great difficulty the king was induced even to grant him audience. When he did, Strongbow, partly by his own most abject protestations of submission, and partly by the aid of mediators, received the royal pardon for his contumacy, and was confirmed in his grants of land in Wexford.

Early in October, 1171, Henry sailed with his armada of over four hundred ships, with a powerful army; and on the 18th of that month landed at Crooch, in Waterford harbor. In his train came the flower of the Norman knights, captains, and commanders; and even in the day of Ireland's greatest unity and strength she would have found it difficult to cope with the force which the English king now led into the land.

Coming in such kingly power, and with all the pomp and pageantry with which he was particularly careful to surround himself—studiously polished, politic, plausible, dignified, and courtierlike toward such of the Irish princes as came within his presence—proclaiming himself by word and act, angry with the lawless and ruthless proceedings of Strongbow, Raymond, Fitzstephen, and Fitzgerald—Henry seems to have appeared to the Irish of the neighborhood something like an illustrious deliverer! They had full and public knowledge of his strong proclamation against Strongbow and his companions, calling upon all the Norman auxiliaries of Dermot to return forthwith to England on pain of outlawry. On every occasion subsequent to his landing Henry manifested a like feeling and purpose; so much so that the Irish of Wexford, who had taken Fitzstephen prisoner, sent a deputation to deliver him up to be dealt with by Henry, and the king imprisoned him forthwith in Reginald's tower to wait further sentence! In fine, Henry pretended to come as an angry king to chastise his own contumacious subjects—the Norman auxiliaries of the Leinster prince—and to adjudicate upon the complicated issues which had arisen out of the treaties of that prince with them. This most smooth and plausible hypocrisy, kept up with admirable skill, threw the Irish utterly off their guard, and made them regard his visit as the reverse of hostile or undesirable. As I have already pointed out, the idea of national unity was practically defunct among the Irish at the time. For more than a hundred years it had been very much a game of "every one for himself" (varied with "every man against everybody else") with them. There was no stable or enduring national government or central authority in the land since Brian's time. The nakedly hostile and sanguinary invasion of Strongbow they were all ready enough, in their disintegrated and ill-organized way, to confront and bravely resist to the death; and had Henry on this occasion really appeared to them to come as an invader, they would have instantly encountered him sword in hand; a truth most amply proven by the fact that when subsequently (but *too late*) they found out the real nature of the English designs, not all the power of united, compact, and mighty England was able, for hundreds and hundreds of years, to subdue the broken and weakened, deceived and betrayed, but still heroic Irish nation.

Attracted by the fame of Henry's magnanimity, the splendor of his power, the (supposed) justice and friendliness of his intentions, the local princes one by one arrived at his temporary court; where they were dazzled by the pomp, and caressed by the courtier affabilities, of the great English king. To several of them it seems very quickly to have occurred that, considering the ruinously distracted and demoralized state of the country, and the absence of any strong central governmental authority able to protect any one of them against the capricious lawlessness of his neighbors, the very best thing they could do —*possibly* for the interests of the whole country, *certainly* for their own particular personal or local interests—would be to constitute Henry a friendly arbitrator, regulator, and protector, on a much wider scale than (as *they* imagined) he intended. The wily Englishman only wanted the whisper of such a desirable pretext. It was just what he had been angling for. Yes; he, the mighty and magnanimous, the just and friendly, English sovereign would accept the position. They should all, to this end, recognize him as a nominal liege lord; and then he, on the other hand, would undertake to regulate all their differences, tranquillize the island, and guarantee

to each individual secure possession of his own territory!

Thus, by a smooth and plausible diplomacy, Henry found himself, with the consent or at the request of the southern Irish princes, in a position which he never could have attained, except through seas of blood, if he had allowed them to suspect that he came as a hostile invader, not as a neighbor and powerful friend.

From Waterford he marched to Cashel, and from Cashel to Dublin, receiving on the way visits from the several local princes; and now that the news spread that the magnanimous English king had consented to be their arbitrator, protector, and liege lord, every one of them that once visited Henry went away wheedled into adhesion to the scheme. Among the rest was Donald O'Brien, prince of Thomond, who the more readily gave in his adhesion to the new idea, for that he, as I have already mentioned of him, had thrown off allegiance to Roderick, the titular Ard-Ri, and felt the necessity of protection by some one against the probable consequences of his conduct. Arrived at Dublin, Henry played the king on a still grander scale. A vast palace of wicker-work was erected* for his especial residence; and here, during the winter, he kept up a continued round of feasting, hospitality, pomp and pageantry. Every effort was used to attract the Irish princes to the royal court, and once attracted thither, Henry made them the object of the most flattering attentions. They were made to feel painfully the contrast between the marked superiority in elegance, wealth, civilization—especially in new species of armor and weapons, and in new methods of war and military tactics—presented by the Norman-English, and the backwardness of their own country in each particular; a change wrought, as they well knew, altogether or mainly within the last hundred and fifty years!

Where was the titular Ard-Ri all this time? Away in his western home, sullen and perplexed, scarcely knowing what to think of this singular and unprecented turn of affairs. Henry tried hard to persuade Roderick to visit him; but neither Roderick nor any of the northern princes could be persuaded to an interview with the English king. On the contrary, the Ard-Ri, when he heard that Henry was likely to come westward and visit him, instantly mustered an army and boldly took his stand at Athlone, resolved to defend the integrity and independence of at least his own territory. Henry, however, disclaimed the idea of conflict; and, once again trusting more to smooth diplomacy than to the sword, dispatched two ambassadors to the Irish titular monarch. The result was, according to some English versions of very doubtful and suspicious authority, that Roderick so far came in to the scheme of constituting Henry general suzerain as to agree to offer it no opposition on condition (readily acceded to by the ambassadors) that his own sovereignty, as, at least, next in supremacy to Henry, should be recognized. But there is no reliable proof that Roderick made any such concession, conditional or unconditional; and most Irish historians reject the story.

Having spent the Christmas in Dublin, and devoted the winter season to feasting and entertainment on a right royal scale, Henry now set about exercising his authority as general pacificator and regulator; and his first exercise of it was marked by that profound policy and sagacity which seem to have guided all his acts since he landed. He began, not by openly aggrandizing himself or his followers—that might have excited suspicion—but by evidencing a deep and earnest solicitude for the state of religion in the country. This strengthened the opinion that estimated him as a noble, magnanimous, unselfish and friendly protector, and it won for him the favor of the country. As his first exercise of general authority in the land, he convened a synod at Cashel; and at this synod, the decrees of which are known, measures were devised for the repression and correction of such abuses and irregularities in connection with religion as were known to exist in the country. Yet, strange to say, we find by the statutes and decrees of this synod nothing of a doctrinal nature requiring correction; nothing more serious calling for regulation than what is referred to in the following enactments then made:

1. That the prohibition of marriage within the canonical degrees of consanguinity be enforced.

2. That children should be regularly catechized before the church door in each parish.

* On the spot where now stands the Protestant church of St. Andrew, St. Andrew Street, Dublin.

3. That children should be baptized in the public fonts of the parish churches.

4. That regular tithes should be paid to the clergy rather than irregular donations from time to time.

5. That church lands should be exempt from the exaction of "livery," etc.

6. That the clergy should not be liable to any share of the eric or blood-fine, levied off the kindred of a man guilty of homicide.

7. A decree regulating wills.

Such and no more were the reforms found to be necessary in the Irish Church under Henry's own eye, notwithstanding all the dreadful stories he had been hearing, and which he (not without addition by exaggeration) had been so carefully forwarding to Rome for years before! Truth and candor, however, require the confession that the reason why there was so little, comparatively, needing to be set right just then, was because there had been during and ever since St. Malachy's time vigorous efforts on the part of the Irish prelates, priests, princes, and people themselves, to restore and repair the ruins caused by long years of bloody convulsion.

The synod over, Henry next turned his attention to civil affairs. He held a royal court at Lismore, whereat he made numerous civil appointments and regulations for the government of the territories and cities possessed by the Norman allies of the late prince of Leinster, or those surrendered by Irish princes to himself.

While Henry was thus engaged in adroitly causing his authority to be gradually recognized, respected and obeyed in the execution of peaceful, wise and politic measures for the general tranquillity and welfare of the country—for, from the hour of his landing, he had not spilled one drop of Irish blood, nor harshly treated a native of Ireland—he suddenly found himself summoned to England by gathering troubles there. Papal commissioners had arrived in his realm of Normandy to investigate the murder of St. Thomas à Becket, and threatening to lay England under an interdict if Henry could not clear or purge himself of guilty part in that foul deed. There was nothing for it but to hasten thither with all speed, abandoning for the time his Irish plans and schemes, but taking the best means he could to provide meantime for the retention of his power and authority in the realm of Ireland.

I do not hesitate to express my opinion that, as the Normans had fastened at all upon Ireland, it was unfortunate that Henry was called away at this juncture. No one can for an instant rank side by side the naked and heartless rapacity and bloody ferocity of the Normans who preceded and who succeeded him in Ireland with the moderation, the statesmanship, and the tolerance exhibited by Henry while remaining here. Much of this, doubtless, was policy on his part; but such a policy, though it might result in bringing the kingdom of Ireland under the same crown with England many centuries sooner than it was so brought eventually by other means, would have spared our country centuries of slaughter, persecution, and suffering unexampled in the annals of the world. There are abundant grounds for presuming that Henry's views and designs originally were wise and comprehensive, and certainly the reverse of sanguinary. He meant simply to win the sovereignty of another kingdom; but the spirit in which the Normans who remained and who came after him in Ireland acted was that of mere freebooters—rapacious and merciless plunderers—whose sole redeeming trait was their indomitable pluck and undaunted bravery.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW HENRY MADE A TREATY WITH THE IRISH KING—AND DID NOT KEEP IT.

Soon the Irish began to learn the difference between King Henry's friendly courtesies and mild adjudications and the rough iron-shod rule of his needy, covetous, and lawless lieutenants. On all sides the Normans commenced to encroach upon, outrage, and despoil the Irish, until, before three years had elapsed, Henry found all he had won in Ireland lost, and the English power there apparently at the last extremity. A signal defeat which Strongbow encountered in one of his insolent forays, at the hands of O'Brien, prince of Thomond, was the signal for a general assault upon the Normans. They were routed on all sides; Strongbow himself being chased into and cooped up with a few men in a fortified

tower in Waterford. But this simultaneous outbreak lacked the unity of direction, the reach of purpose, and the perseverance which would cause it to accomplish permanent rather than transitory results. The Irish gave no thought to the necessity of following up their victories; and the Norman power, on the very point of extinction, was allowed slowly to recruit and extend itself again.

Henry was sorely displeased to find affairs in Ireland in this condition; but, of course, the versions which reached him laid all the blame on the Irish, and represented the Norman settlers as meek and peaceful colonists driven to defend themselves against treacherous savages. The English monarch, unable to repair to Ireland himself, bethought him of the papal letters, and resolved to try their influence on the Irish. He accordingly commissioned William Fitzadelm De Burgo and Nicholas, the prior of Wallingford, to proceed with these documents to Ireland, and report to him on the true state of affairs there. These royal commissioners duly reached that country, and we are told that, having assembled the Irish prelates, the papal letters were read. But no chronicle, English or Irish, tells us what was said by the Irish bishops on hearing them read. Very likely there were not wanting prelates to point out that the pope had been utterly misinformed and kept in the dark as to the truth about Ireland; and that so far the bulls were of no valid force as such: that as to the authority necessary to King Henry to effect the excellent designs he professed, it had already been pretty generally yielded to him for such purpose by the Irish princes themselves without these letters at all: that, *for the purposes* and *on the conditions* specified in the papal letters, he was likely to receive every co-operation from the Irish princes; but that it was quite another thing if he expected them to yield themselves up to be plundered and enslaved—that they would resist forever and ever; and if there was to be peace, morality, or religion in the land, it was his own Norman lords and governors he should recall or curb.

Very much to this effect was the report of the royal commissioners when they returned, and as if to confirm the conclusion that these were the views of the Irish prelates and princes at the time, we find the Irish monarch, Roderick, sending special ambassadors to King Henry to negotiate a formal treaty, recording and regulating the relations which were to exist between them. "In September 1175," we are told, "The Irish monarch sent over to England as his plenipotentiaries, Catholicus O'Duffy, the archbishop of Tuam; Concors, abbot of St. Brendan's of Clonfert; and a third, who is called Master Laurence, his chancellor, but who was no other than the holy Archbishop of Dublin, as we know that that illustrious man was one of those who signed the treaty on this occasion. A great council was held at Windsor, within the octave of Michaelmas, and a treaty was agree on, the articles of which were to the effect that Roderick was to be king under Henry, rendering him service as his vassal; that he was to hold his hereditary territory of Connaught in the same way as before the coming of Henry into Ireland; that he was to have jurisdiction and dominion over the rest of the island, including its kings and princes, whom he should oblige to pay tribute, through his hands, to the king of England; that these kings and princes were also to hold possession of their respective territories as long as they remained faithful to the king of England and paid their tribute to him; that if they departed from their fealty to the king of England, Roderick was to judge and depose them, either by his own power, or, if that was not sufficient, by the aid of the Anglo-Norman authorities; but that his jurisdiction should not extend to the territories occupied by the English settlers, which at a later period was called the English Pale, and comprised Meath and Leinster, Dublin with its dependent district, Waterford, and the country thence to Dungarvan.

The treaty between the two sovereigns, Roderick and Henry, clearly shows that the mere recognition of the English king as suzerain was all that appeared to be claimed on the one side or yielded on the other. With this single exception or qualification, the native Irish power, authority, rights and liberties, were fully and formally guaranteed. What Henry himself thought of the relations in which he stood by this treaty toward Ireland, and the sense in which he read its stipulations, is very intelligibly evidenced in the fact that he never styled, signed, or described himself as either king or lord of Ireland in the documents reciting and

referring to his relations with and toward that country.

But neither Henry nor his Norman barons kept the treaty. Like that made with Ireland by another English king, five hundred years later on at Limerick, it was "broken ere the ink wherewith 't was writ was dry."

I am inclined to credit Henry with having at one time intended to keep it. I think there are indications that he was in a certain sense coerced by his Norman lords into the abandonment, or at least the alteration, of his original policy, plans, and intentions as to Ireland, which were quite too peaceful and afforded too little scope for plunder to please those adventurers. In fact the barons revolted against the idea of not being allowed full scope for robbing the Irish; and one of them, De Courcy, resolved to fling the king's restrictions overboard, and set off on a conquering or freebooting expedition on his own account! A historian tells us that the royal commissioner Fitzadelm was quite unpopular with the colony. "His tastes were not military; *he did not afford sufficient scope for spoliation;* and he was openly accused of *being too friendly to the Irish.* De Courcy, one of his aides in the government, became so disgusted with his inactivity that he set out, in open defiance of the viceroy's prohibition, on an expedition to the north. Having selected a small army of twenty-two knights and three hundred soldiers, all picked men, to accompany him, by rapid marches he arrived the fourth day at Downpatrick, the chief city of Ulidia, and the clangor of his bugles ringing through the streets at the break of day was the first intimation which the inhabitants received of this wholly unexpected incursion. In the alarm and confusion which ensued, the people became easy victims, and the English, after indulging their rage and rapacity, intrenched themselves in a corner of the city. Cardinal Vivian, who had come as legate from Pope Alexander the Third to the nations of Scotland and Ireland, and who had only recently arrived from the Isle of Man, happened to be then in Down, and was horrified at this act of aggression. He attempted to negotiate terms of peace, and proposed that De Courcy should withdraw his army on the condition of the Ulidians paying tribute to the English king; but any such terms being sternly rejected by De Courcy, the cardinal encouraged and exhorted Mac Dunlevy, the king of Ulidia and Dalariada, to defend his territories manfully against the invaders. Coming as this advice did from the pope's legate, we may judge in what light the grant of Ireland to King Henry the Second was regarded by the pope himself."

It became clear that whatever policy or principles Henry might originally have thought of acting on in Ireland, he should abandon them and come into the scheme of the barons, which was, that he should give them free and full license for the plunder of the Irish, and they in return would extend his realm. So we find the whole aim and spirit of the royal policy forthwith altered to meet the piratical views of the barons.

One of Roderick's sons, Murrogh, rebelled against and endeavored to depose his father (as the sons of Henry endeavored to dethrone him a few years subsequently), and Milo de Cogan, by the lord deputy's orders, led a Norman force into Connaught to aid the parricidal revolt! The Connacians, however, stood by their aged king, shrank from the rebellious son, and under the command of Roderick in person gave battle to the Normans at the Shannon. De Cogan and his Norman treaty-breakers and plunder-seekers were utterly and disastrously defeated; and Murrogh, the unnatural son, being captured, was tried for his offence by the assembled clans, and suffered the eric decreed by law for his crime.

This was the first deliberate rent in the treaty by the English. The next was by Henry himself, who, in violation of his kingly troth, undertook to dub his son John, yet a mere child, either lord or king of Ireland, and by those plausible deceits and diplomatic arts in which he proved himself a master, he obtained the approbation of the pope for his proceeding. Quickly following upon these violations of the treaty of Windsor, and suddenly and completely changing the whole nature of the relations between the Irish and the Normans as previously laid down, Henry began to grant and assign away after the most wholesale fashion the lands of the Irish, apportioning among his hungry followers whole territories yet unseen by an English eye! Naturalists tell how the paw of a tiger can touch with the softness of velvet or clutch with the force of a vice, according as the deadly fangs are

sheathed or put forth. The Irish princes had been treated with the velvet smoothness; they were now to be torn by the lacerating fangs of that tiger grip to which they had yielded themselves up so easily.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEATH-BED SCENES.

It is a singular fact—one which no historian can avoid particularly noticing—that every one of the principal actors on the English side in this eventful episode of the first Anglo-Norman invasion, ended life violently, or under most painful circumstances. M'Murrogh the traitor died, as we have already seen, of a mysterious disease, by which his body became putrid while yet he lingered between life and death. Strongbow died under somewhat similar circumstances; an ulcer in his foot spread upward, and so eat away his body that it almost fell to pieces. Strongbow's son was slain by the father's hand. The death-bed of King Henry the Second was a scene of horror. He died cursing with the most fearful maledictions his own sons! In vain the bishops and ecclesiastics surrounding his couch, horror-stricken, sought to prevail upon him to revoke these awful imprecations on his own offspring! "Accursed be the day on which I was born; and accursed of God be the sons that I leave after me," were his last words.* Far different is the spectacle presented to us in the death-scene of the hapless Irish monarch Roderick. Misfortunes in every shape had indeed overwhelmed him, and in his last hours sorrows were multiplied to him. "Near the junction of Lough Corrib with Lough Mask, on the boundary line between Mayo and Galway, stand the ruins of the once populous monastery and village of Cong. The first Christian kings of Connaught had founded the monastery, or enabled St. Fechin to do so by their generous donations. The father of Roderick had enriched its shrine by the gift of a particle of the true cross, reverently enshrined in a reliquary, the workmanship of which still excites the admiration of antiquaries. Here Roderick retired in the seventieth year of his age, and for twelve years thereafter—until the 29th day of November, 1198—here he wept and prayed and withered away. Dead to the world, as the world to him, the opening of a new grave in the royal corner at Clonmacnoise was the last incident connected with his name which reminded Connaught that it had lost its once prosperous prince, and Ireland that she had seen her last Ard-Ri, according to the ancient Milesian constitution. Powerful princes of his own and other houses the land was destined to know for many generations, before its sovereignity was merged in that of England, but none fully entitled to claim the high-sounding but often fallacious title of Monarch of all Ireland."

One other deathbed scene, described to us by the same historian, one more picture from the Irish side, and we shall take our leave of this eventful chapter of Irish history, and the actors who moved in it. The last hours of Roderick's ambassador, the illustrious archbishop of Dublin, are thus described: "From Rome he returned with legatine powers which he used with great energy during the year 1180. In the autumn of that year he was intrusted with the delivery to Henry the Second of the son of Roderick O'Connor, as a pledge for the fulfillment of the treaty of Windsor, and with other diplomatic functions. On reaching England he found the king had gone to France, and following him thither, he was seized with illness as he approached the monastery of Eu, and with a prophetic foretaste of death, he exclaimed as he came in sight of the towers of the convent, 'Here shall I make my resting place.' The Abbot Osbert and the monks of the order of St. Victor received him tenderly and watched his couch for the few days he yet lingered. Anxious to fulfill his mission, he dispatched David, tutor of the son of Roderick, with messages to Henry, and waited his return with anxiety. David brought him a satisfactory response from the English king, and the last anxiety only remained. In death, as in life, his thoughts were with his country. 'Ah, foolish and insensible people,' he exclaimed in his latest hours, 'what will become of you? Who will relieve your miseries? Who will heal you?' When recommended to make his last will, he answered with apostolic simplicity: 'God knows out of all my revenues I have not a single coin

* "Mandit soit le jour ou je suis né; et mandits de Dieu soient les fils qui je laisse."

to bequeath.' And thus on the 11th of November, 1180, in the forty-eighth year of his age, under the shelter of a Norman roof, surrounded by Norman mourners, the Gaelic statesman-saint departed out of this life, bequeathing one more canonized memory to Ireland and to Rome."

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THE ANGLO-NORMAN COLONY FARED.

I HAVE, in the foregoing pages, endeavored to narrate fully and minutely all the circumstances leading to, and attendant upon, the Anglo-Norman landing and settlement in this country, A. D. 1169-1172. It transcends in importance all other events in our history, having regard to ulterior and enduring consequences; and a clear and correct understanding of that event will furnish a key to the confused history of the troubled period which immediately succeeded it.

It is not my design to follow the formal histories of Ireland in relating at full length, and in consecutive detail, the events of the four centuries that succeeded the date of King Henry's landing. It was a period of such wild, confused and chaotic struggle that youthful readers would be hopelessly bewildered in the effort to keep its incidents minutely and consecutively remembered. Moreover, the history of those four centuries, fully written out, would make a goodly volume in itself; a volume abounding with stirring incidents and affecting tragedies, and with episodes of valor and heroism, adventurous daring, and chivalrous, patriotic devotion, not to be surpassed in the pages of romance. But the scope of my story forbids my dwelling at any great length upon the events of this period. Such of my readers as may desire to trace them in detail will find them succinctly related in the formal histories of Ireland. What I propose to do here is to make my youthful readers acquainted with the general character, course, and progress of the struggle; the phases, changes, or mutations through which it passed; the aspects it presented, and the issues it contested, as each century rolled on, dwelling only upon events of comparative importance, and incidents illustrating the actions and the actors of the period.

Let us suppose a hundred years to have passed away since King Henry's visit to Ireland—that event which Englishmen who write Irish history affect to regard as an "easy conquest" of our country. Let us see what the Normans have achieved by the end of one hundred years in Ireland. They required but *one year* to conquer England; and, accordingly, judging by all ordinary calculations and probabilities, we ought surely, in one hundred times that duration, to find Ireland as thoroughly subdued and as completely pacified as England had been in the twelvemonth that sufficed for its utter subjugation.

The nature of the struggle waged by the Anglo-Normans against Ireland during this period was rather peculiar. At no time was it an open and avowed effort to conquer Ireland as England had been conquered, though, as a matter of fact, the military force engaged against the Irish throughout the period exceeded that which had sufficed the Normans to conquer England. King Henry, as we have already seen, presented himself and his designs in no such hostile guise to the Irish. He seems to have concluded that, broken and faction-split, disorganized and demoralized, as the Irish princes were, they would probably be rallied into union by the appearance of a nakedly hostile invasion; and he knew well that it would be easier to conquer a dozen Englands than to overcome this soldier race if only united against a common foe. So the crown of England did not, until long after this time, openly profess to pursue a *conquest* of Ireland, any more than it professed to pursue a conquest in India in the time of Clive. An Anglo-Norman colony was planted on the south-eastern corner of the island. This colony, which was well sustained from England, was to push its own fortunes, as it were, in Ireland, and to extend itself as rapidly as it could. To it, as ample excitement, sustainment, and recompense was given, prospectively, the land to be taken from the Irish. The planting of such a colony—composed, as it was, of able, skillful, and desperate military adventurers—and the endowing of it, so to speak, with such rich prospect of plunder, was the establishment of a perpetual and self-acting mechanism for the gradual reduction of Ireland.

Against this colony the Irish warred in their

own desultory way, very much as they warred against each other, neither better nor worse; and in the fierce warring of the Irish princes with each other, the Anglo-Norman colonists sided now with one, now with another; nay, very frequently in such conflicts Anglo-Normans fought on each side! The colony, however, had precisely that which the Irish needed—a supreme authority ever guiding it in the one purpose; and it always felt strong in the consciousness that, at the worst, England was at its back, and that in its front lay, not the Irish nation, but the broken fragments of that once great and glorious power.

The Irish princes, meantime, each one for himself, fought away as usual, either against the Norman colonists or against some neighboring Irish chief. Indeed, they may be described as fighting each other with one hand, and fighting England with the other! Quite as curious is the fact that in all their struggles with the latter, they seem to have been ready enough to admit the honorary lordship or suzerainty of the English king, but resolved to resist to the death the Norman encroachments beyond the cities and lands to the possession of which they had attained by reason of their treaties with, or successes under, Dermot M'Murrogh. The fight was all for the soil. Then, as in our own times, the battle cry was "Land or Life!"

But the English power had two modes of action; and when one failed the other was tried. As long as the rapacious freebooting of the barons was working profitably, not only for themselves but for the king, it was all very well. But when that policy resulted in arousing the Irish to successful resistance, and the freebooters were being routed everywhere, or when they had learned to think too much of their own profit and too little of the king's, then his English majesty could take to the rôle of magnanimous friend, protector, or suzerain of the Irish princes, and angry punisher of the rapacious Norman barons.

We have already seen that when Henry the Second visited Ireland it was (pretendedly at least) in the character of a just-minded king who came to chastise his own subjects, the Norman settlers. When next an English king visited these shores, it was professedly with a like design. In 1210 King John arrived, and during his entire stay in this country he was occupied, not in wars or conflicts with the Irish—quite the contrary—in chastising the most powerful and presumptuous of the great Norman lords! What wonder that the Irish princes were confirmed in the old idea, impressed upon them by King Henry's words and actions, that though in the Norman barons they had to deal with savage and merciless spoliators, in the English king they had a friendly suzerain? As a matter of fact, the Irish princes who had fought most stoutly and victoriously against the Normans up to the date of John's arrival, at once joined their armies to his, and at the head of this combined force the English king proceeded to overthrow the most piratical and powerful of the barons! Says M'Gee: "The visit of King John, which lasted from 20th of June to the 25th of August, was mainly directed to the reduction of those intractable Anglo-Irish princes whom Fitz-Henry and Gray had proved themselves unable to cope with. Of these the De Lacys of Meath were the most obnoxious. They not only assumed an independent state, but had sheltered De Braos, Lord of Brecknock, one of the recusant barons of Wales, and refused to surrender him on the royal summons. To assert his authority and to strike terror into the nobles of other possessions, John crossed the channel with a prodigious fleet—in the Irish annals said to consist of seven hundred sail. He landed at Crook, reached Dublin, and prepared at once to subdue the Lacys. With his own army, and the co-operation of Cathal O'Conor, he drove out Walter de Lacy, Lord of Meath, who fled to his brother, Hugh de Lacy, since De Courcy's disgrace, Earl of Ulster. From Meath into Louth John pursued the brothers, crossing the lough at Carlingford with his ships, which must have coasted in his company. From Carlingford they retreated, and he pursued to Carrickfergus, and that fortress, being unable to resist a royal fleet and navy, they fled into Man or Scotland, and thence escaped in disguise into France. With their guest De Braos, they wrought as gardeners in the grounds of the Abbey of Saint Taurin Evreux, until the abbot, having discovered by their manners the key to their real rank, negotiated successfully with John for their restoration to their estates. Walter agreed to pay a fine of twenty-five hundred

marks for his lordship in Meath, and Hugh four thousand for his possessions in Ulster. Of De Braos we have no particulars; his high-spirited wife and children were thought to have been starved to death by order of the unforgiving tyrant in one of his castles."

In the next succeeding reign (that of Henry the Third), we find a like impression existing and encouraged among the Irish princes; the king of Connaught proceeding to England and complaining to the king of the unjust, oppressive, and rapacious conduct of the barons. And we find King Henry ordering him substantial redress, writing to his lord justice in Ireland, Maurice Fitzgerald, to "pluck up by the root" the powerful De Burgo, who lorded it over all the west. There is still in existence a letter written by the Connacian king to Henry the Third, thanking him for the many favors he had conferred upon him, but particularly for this one.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THE BIER THAT CONQUERED"—THE STORY OF GODFREY OF TYRCONNELL.

I HAVE remarked that the Irish chiefs may be said to have fought each other with one hand, while they fought the English with the other. Illustrating this state of things, I may refer to the story of Godfrey, Prince of Tyrconnell—as glorious a character as ever adorned the page of history. For years the Normans had striven in vain to gain a foothold in Tyrconnell. Elsewhere—in Connaught, in Munster, throughout all Leinster, and in Southern Ulster—they could betimes assert their sway, either by dint of arms or insidious diplomatic strategy. But never could they overreach the wary and martial Cinel-Connal, from whom more than once the Norman armies had suffered overthrow. At length the lord justice, Maurice Fitzgerald, felt that this hitherto invulnerable fortress of native Irish power in the northwest had become a formidable standing peril to the entire English colony; and it was accordingly resolved that the whole strength of the Anglo-Norman force in Ireland should be put forth in one grand expedition against it; and this expedition the lord justice decided that he himself would lead and command in person! At this time Tyrconnell was ruled by a prince who was the soul of chivalric bravery, wise in the council, and daring in the field—Godfrey O'Donnell. The lord justice, while assembling his forces, employed the time, moreover, in skillfully diplomatizing, playing the insidious game which, in every century, most largely helped the Anglo-Norman interest in Ireland—setting up rivalries and inciting hostilities among the Irish princes! Having, as he thought, not only cut off Godfrey from all chance of alliance or support from his fellow-princes of the north and west, but environed him with their active hostility, Fitzgerald marched on Tyrconnell. His army moved with all the pomp and panoply of Norman pride. Lords, earls, knights, and squires, from every Norman castle or settlement in the land, had rallied at the summons of the king's representative. Godfrey, isolated though he found himself, was nothing daunted by the tremendous odds which he knew were against him. He was conscious of his own military superiority to any of the Norman lords yet sent against him—he was in fact one of the most skillful captains of the age—and he relied implicitly on the unconquerable bravery of his clansmen. Both armies met at Credan-Kille in the north of Sligo. A battle which the Normans describe as fiercely and vehemently contested, ensued and raged for hours without palpable advantage to either side. In vain the mail-clad battalions of England rushed upon the saffron kilted Irish clansmen; each time they reeled from the shock and fled in bloody rout! In vain the cavalry squadrons—long the boasted pride of the Normans—headed by earls and knights whose names were rallying cries in Norman England, swept upon the Irish lines! Riderless horses alone returned,

"Their nostrils all red with the sign of despair."

The lord justice in wild dismay saw the proudest army ever rallied by Norman power on Irish soil being routed and hewn piecemeal before his eyes! Godfrey, on the other hand, the very impersonation of valor, was everywhere cheering his men, directing the battle and dealing destruction to the Normans. The gleam of his battle-ax or the flash of his sword was the sure precursor of death to the haughtiest earl or knight that dared to confront him. The lord justice—

than whom no abler general or braver soldier served the king—saw that the day was lost if he could not save it by some desperate effort, and at the worst he had no wish to survive the overthrow of the splendid army he had led into the field. The flower of the Norman nobles had fallen under the sword of Godfrey, and him the Lord Maurice now sought out, dashing into the thickest of the fight. The two leaders met in single combat. Fitzgerald dealt the Tyrconnell chief a deadly wound; but Godfrey, still keeping his seat, with one blow of his battle-ax, clove the lord justice to the earth, and the proud baron was carried senseless off the field by his followers. The English fled in hopeless confusion; and of them the chroniclers tell us there was made a slaughter that night's darkness alone arrested. The Lord Maurice was done with pomp and power after the ruin of that day. He survived his dreadful wound for some time; he retired into a Franciscan monastery which he himself had built and endowed at Youghal, and there taking the habit of a monk, he departed this life tranquilly in the bosom of religion. Godfrey, meanwhile, mortally wounded, was unable to follow up quickly the great victory of Credan-Kille; but stricken as he was, and with life ebbing fast, he did not disband his army till he had demolished the only castle the English had dared to raise on the soil of Tyrconnell. This being done, and the last soldier of England chased beyond the frontier line, he gave the order for dispersion, and himself was borne homeward to die.

This, however, sad to tell, was the moment seized upon by O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, to wrest from the Cinel-Connal submission to his power! Hearing that the lion-hearted Godfrey lay dying, and while yet the Tyrconnellian clans, disbanded and on their homeward roads, were suffering from their recent engagement with the Normans, O'Neill sent envoys to the dying prince demanding hostages in token of submission. The envoys, say all the historians, no sooner delivered this message than they fled for their lives! Dying though Godfrey was, and broken and wounded as were his clansmen by their recent glorious struggle, the messengers of Tyrowen felt but too forcibly the peril of delivering this insolent demand! And characteristically was it answered by Godfrey! His only reply was to order an instantaneous muster of all the fighting men of Tyrconnell. The army of Tyrowen meanwhile pressed forward rapidly to strike the Cinel-Connal, if possible, before their available strength (such as it was), could be rallied. Nevertheless, they found the quickly reassembled victors of Credan-Kille awaiting them. But alas, sorrowful story! On the morning of the battle death had but too plainly set his seal upon the brow of the heroic Godfrey! As the troops were being drawn up in line, ready to march into the field, the physicians announced that his last moments were at hand; he had but a few hours to live! Godfrey himself received the information with sublime composure. Having first received the last sacraments of the church, and given minute instructions as to the order of battle, he directed that he should be laid upon the bier which was to have borne him to the grave; and that thus he should be carried at the head of his army on their march! His orders were obeyed, and then was witnessed a scene for which history has not a parallel! The dying king, laid on his bier, was borne at the head of his troops into the field! After the bier came the standard of Godfrey—on which was emblazoned a cross with the words, *In hoc signo vinces**

*On the banner and shield of Tyrconnell were emblazoned a cross surrounded by the words *In hoc signo vinces.* One readily inclines to the conjecture that this was borrowed from the Roman emperor Constantine. The words may have been; but among the treasured traditions of the Cinel-Connal was one which there is reason for regarding as historically reliable, assigning to an interesting circumstance the adoption by them of the cross as the armorial bearings of the sept. One of the earliest of St. Patrick's converts was Conall Crievan, brother of Ard-Ri Laori and ancestor of the Cinel-Connal. Conall was a prince famed for his courage and bravery, and much attached to military pursuits; but on his conversion he desired to become a priest; preferring his request to this effect to St. Patrick, when either baptizing or confirming him. The saint, however, commanded him to remain a soldier; but to fight henceforth as became a Christian warrior; "and under this sign serve and conquer," said the saint, raising the iron-pointed end of the "Staff of Jesus," and marking on the shield of Conall a cross. The shield thus marked by St. Patrick's crozier was ever after called "Sciath Bachlach," or the "Shield of the Crozier." Mr. Aubrey de Vere very truly calls this the "inauguration of Irish (Christian) chivalry," and has made the incident the subject of the following poem:

—and next came the charger of the dying king, caparisoned as if for battle! But Godfrey's last fight was fought! Never more was that charger to bear him where the sword-blows fell thickest. Never more would his battle-ax gleam in the front of the combat. But as if his presence, living, dead, or dying, was still a potential assurance of triumph to his people, the Cinel-Connal bore down all opposition. Long and fiercely, but vainly, the army of Tyrowen contested the field. Around the bier of Godfrey his faithful clansmen made an adamantine rampart which no foe could penetrate. Wherever it was borne the Tyrconnell phalanx, of which it was the heart and center, swept all before them. At length, when the foe was flying on all sides, they laid the bier upon the ground to tell the king that the day was won. But the face of Godfrey was marble pale, and cold and motionless! All was over! His heroic spirit had departed amid his people's shouts of victory!

Several poems have been written on this tragic yet glorious episode. That from which I take the following passages is generally accounted the best:*

"All worn and wan, and sore with wounds from Credan's bloody fray,
In Donegal for weary months the proud O'Donnell lay;
Around his couch in bitter grief his trusty clansmen wait,
And silent watch, with aching hearts, his faint and feeble state."

The chief asks one evening to be brought into the open air, that he may gaze once more on the landscape's familiar scenes:

" 'And see the stag upon the hills, the white clouds drifting by;
And feel upon my wasted cheek God's sunshine ere I die.' "

Suddenly he starts on his pallet, and exclaims:

" 'A war-steed's tramp is on the heath, and onward cometh fast,
And by the rood! a trumpet sounds! hark! it is the Red Hand's blast!'
And soon a kern all breathless ran, and told a stranger train
Across the heath was spurring fast, and then in sight it came.

" 'Go, bring me, quick, my father's sword,' the noble chieftain said;
'My mantle o'er my shoulders fling, place helmet on my head;
And raise me to my feet, for ne'er shall clansman of my foe
Go boasting tell in far Tyrone he saw O'Donnell low.' "

The envoys of O'Neill arrive in Godfrey's presence, and deliver their message, demanding tribute:

" 'A hundred hawks from out your woods, all trained their prey to get;
A hundred steeds from off your hills, uncrossed by rider yet;
A hundred kine from off your hills, the best your land doth know;
A hundred hounds from out your halls, to hunt the stag and roe.' "

Godfrey, however, is resolved to let his foes, be they Norman or native, know that, though dying, he is not dead yet. He orders a levy of all the fighting men of Tyrconnell:

" 'Go call around Tyrconnell's chief my warriors tried and true;
Send forth a friend to Donal More, a scout to Lisnahue;
Light baal-fires quick on Esker's towers, that all the land may know
O'Donnell needeth help and haste to meet his haughty foe.

ST. PATRICK AND THE KNIGHT.

"Thou shalt not be a priest," he said;
"Christ hath for thee a lowlier task:
Be thou his *soldier!* Wear with dread
His cross upon thy shield and casque!
Put on God's armor, faithful knight!
Mercy with justice, love with law;
Nor e'er, except for truth and right,
This sword, cross-hilted, dare to draw."

He spake, and with his crozier pointed
Graved on the broad shield's brazen boss
(That hour baptized, confirmed, anointed,
Stood Erin's chivalry) the Cross:
And there was heard a whisper low—
(Saint Michael, was that whisper thine?)—
Thou sword, keep pure thy virgin vow,
And trenchant thou shalt be as mine.

*The name of the author is unknown.

"'Oh, could I but my people head, or wield once more a spear,
Saint Augus! but we'd hunt their hosts like herds of fallow deer.
But vain the wish, since I am now a faint and failing man;
Yet, ye shall bear me to the field, in the center of my clan.

"'Right in the midst, and lest, perchance, upon the march I die,
In my coffin ye shall place me, uncovered let me lie;
And swear ye now, my body cold shall never rest in clay,
Until you drive from Donegal O'Niall's host away.'

"Then sad and stern, with hand on skian, that solemn oath they swore,
And in a coffin placed their chief, and on a litter bore.
Tho' ebbing fast his life-throbs came, yet dauntless in his mood,
He marshaled well Tyrconnell's chiefs, like leader wise and good.

. . . . . .

"Lough Swilly's sides are thick with spears, O'Niall's host is there,
And proud and gay their battle sheen, their banners float the air;
And haughtily a challege bold their trumpets bloweth free,
When winding down the heath-clad hills, O'Donnell's band they see!

"No answer back those warriors gave, but sternly on they stept,
And in their center, curtained black, a litter close is kept;
And all their host it guideth fair, as did in Galilee
Proud Judah's tribes the Ark of God, when crossing Egypt's sea.

"Then rose the roar of battle loud, as clan met clan in fight;
The ax and skian grew red with blood, a sad and woeful sight;
Yet in the midst o'er all, unmoved, that litter black is seen,
Like some dark rock that lifts its head o'er ocean's war serene.

"Yet once, when blenching back fierce Bryan's charge before,
Tyrconnell wavered in its ranks, and all was nearly o'er,
Aside those curtains wide were flung, and plainly to the view
Each host beheld O'Donnell there, all pale and wan in hue.

"And to his tribes he stretch'd his hands—then pointed to the foe,
When with a shout they rally round, and on Clan Hugh they go;
And back they beat their horsemen fierce, and in a column deep,
With O'Donnell in their foremost rank, in one fierce charge they sweep.

. . . . . .

"Lough Swilly's banks are thick with spears!—O'Niall's host is there,
But rent and tost like tempest clouds—Clan Donnell in the rere!
Lough Swilly's waves are red with blood, as madly in its tide
O'Niall's horsemen wildly plunge, to reach the other side.

"And broken is Tyrowen's pride, and vanquished Clannaboy,
And there is wailing thro' the land, from Bann to Aughnacloy;
The Red Hand's crest is bent in grief, upon its shield a stain,
For its stoutest clans are broken, its stoutest chiefs are slain.

"And proud and high Tyrconnell shouts; but blending on the gale,
Upon the ear ascendeth a sad and sullen wail;
For on that field, as back they bore, from chasing of the foe,
The spirit of O'Donnell fled!—oh, woe for Ulster, woe!

"Yet died he there all gloriously—a victor in the fight;
A chieftain at his people's head, a warrior in his might;

They dug him there a fitting grave upon that field of pride,
And a lofty cairn they raised above, by fair Lough Swilly's side."

In this story of Godfrey of Tyrconnell we have a perfect illustration of the state of affairs in Ireland at the time. Studying it, no one can marvel that the English power eventually prevailed; but many may wonder that the struggle lasted so many centuries. What Irishman can contemplate without sorrow the spectacle of those brave soldiers of Tyrconnell and their heroic prince, after contending with, and defeating, the concentrated power of the Anglo-Norman settlement, called upon to hurriedly re-unite their broken and wounded ranks that they might fight yet another battle against fresh foes—those foes their own countrymen! Only among a people given over to the madness that precedes destruction, could conduct like that of O'Neill be exhibited. At a moment when Godfrey and his battle-wounded clansmen had routed the common foe—at a moment when they were known to be weakened after such a desperate combat—at a moment when they should have been hailed with acclaim, and greeted with aid and succour by every chief and clan in Ireland—they are foully taken at disadvantage, and called upon to fight anew by their own fellow-countrymen and neighbors of Tyrowen!

The conduct of O'Neill on this occasion was a fair sample of the prevailing practice among the Irish princes. Faction-split to the last degree, each one sought merely his own personal advantage or ambition. Nationality and patriotism were sentiments no longer understood. Bravery in battle, dauntless courage, heroic endurance, marvelous skill, we find them displaying to the last; but the higher political virtues so essential to the existence of a nation—unity of purpose and of action against a common foe—recognition of and obedience to a central national authority—were utterly absent. Let us own in sorrow that a people among whom such conduct as that of O'Neill toward Godfrey of Tyrconnell was not only possible but of frequent occurrence, deserved subjection—invited it—rendered it inevitable. Nations, like individuals, must expect the penalty of disregarding the first essentials to existence. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Factionism like that of the Irish princes found its sure punishment in subjugation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW THE IRISH NATION AWOKE FROM ITS TRANCE, AND FLUNG OFF ITS CHAINS. THE CAREER OF KING EDWARD BRUCE.

Early in the second century of the Norman settlement we find the Irish for the first time apparently realizing their true position in relation to England. They begin to appreciate the fact that it is England and not the Anglo-Norman colony they have to combat, and that recognition of the English power means loss of liberty, loss of honor, loss of property, alienation of the soil! Had the Irish awakened sooner to these facts, it is just possible they might have exerted themselves and combined in a national struggle against the fate thus presaged. But they awoke to them too late:

The fatal chain was o'er them cast,
And they were men no more!

As if to quicken within them the strings of self-reproach, they saw their Gaelic kinsmen of Caledonia bravely battling in compact national array against this same English power that had for a time conquered them also. When King Edward marched northward to measure swords with the Scottish "rebel" Robert Bruce, he summoned his Norman lieges and all other true and royal subjects in Ireland to send him aid. The Anglo-Norman lords of Ireland did accordingly equip considerable bodies, and with them joined the king in Scotland. The native Irish, on the other hand, sent aid to Bruce; and on the field of Bannockburn old foes on Irish soil met once more in deadly combat on new ground—the Norman lords and the Irish chieftains. "Twenty-one clans, Highlanders and Islesmen, and many Ulstermen fought on the side of Bruce on the field of Bannockburn. The grant of 'Kincardine-O'Neill,' made by the victor-king to his Irish followers, remains a striking evidence of their fidelity to his person and their sacrifices in his cause. The result of that glorious day was, by the testimony of all historians, English as well

as Scottish, received with enthusiasm on the Irish side of the channel."*

Fired by the glorious example of their Scottish kinsmen, the native Irish princes for the first time took up the design of a really national and united effort to expel the English invaders root and branch. Utterly unused to union or combination as they had been for hundreds of years, it is really wonderful how readily and successfully they carried out their design. The northern Irish princes with few exceptions entered into it; and it was agreed that as well to secure the prestige of Bruce's name and the alliance of Scotland, as also to avoid native Irish jealousies in submitting to a national leader or king, Edward Bruce, the brother of King Robert, should be invited to land in Ireland with an auxiliary liberating army, and should be recognized as king. The Ulster princes, with Donald O'Neill at their head, sent off a memorial to the pope (John the Twelfth), a document which is still extant, and is, as may be supposed, of singular interest and importance. In this memorable letter the Irish princes acquaint his holiness with their national design; and having reference to the bulls or letters of popes Adrian and Alexander, they proceed to justify their resolution of destroying the hated English power in their country, and point out the fraud and false pretense upon which those documents were obtained by King Henry from the pontiffs named. The sovereign pontiff appears to have been profoundly moved by the recital of facts in this remonstrance or memorial. Not long after he addressed to the English king (Edward the Third) a letter forcibly reproaching the English sovereigns who had obtained those bulls from popes Adrian and Alexander, with the crimes of deceit and violation of their specific conditions and covenants. To the objects of those bulls, his holiness says, "neither King Henry nor his successors paid any regard; but, passing the bounds that had been prescribed for them, they had heaped upon the Irish the most unheard-of miseries and persecutions, and had, during a long period, imposed on them a yoke of slavery which could not be borne."

The Irish themselves were now, however, about to make a brave effort to break that unbearable yoke, to terminate those miseries and persecutions, and to establish a national throne once more in the land. On May 25, 1315, Edward Bruce, the invited deliverer, landed near Glenarm in Antrim with a force of six thousand men. He was instantly joined by Donald O'Neill, prince of Ulster, and throughout all the northern half of the island the most intense excitement spread. The native Irish flocked to Bruce's standard; the Anglo-Normans, in dismay, hurried from all parts to encounter this truly formidable danger, and succeeded in compelling, or inducing, the Connacian prince, O'Connor, to join them. Meanwhile the Scotto-Irish army marched southward, defeating every attempt of the local English garrisons to obstruct its victorious progress. The lord justice, coming from Dublin with all the forces he could bring from the south, and Richard de Burgo, Anglo-Norman titular Earl of Ulster, hurrying from Athlone with a powerful contingent raised in the west, came up with the national army at Ardee, too late however, to save that town, which the Irish had just captured and destroyed. This Earl Richard is known in Anglo-Irish history as "the Red Earl." He was the most prominent character, and in every sense the greatest—the ablest and most powerful and influential—man of that century among the Anglo-Norman rulers or nobles. As a matter of fact, his influence and power overtopped and overshadowed that of the lord justice; and, singular to relate, the king's letters and writs, coming to Ireland, were invariably, as a matter of form, addressed to him in the first instance, that is, his name came first, and that of the lord justice for the time being next. He was, in truth, king of the Anglo-Normans in Ireland. He raised armies, levied war, made treaties, conferred titles, and bestowed lands, without the least reference to the formal royal deputy—the lord justice in Dublin—whom he looked down upon with disdain. Accordingly, when these two magnates met on this occasion, the Red Earl contemptuously desired the lord justice to get him back to his castle of Dublin as quickly as he pleased, for that he himself, Earl Richard, as befitted his rank of Earl of Ulster, would take in hands the work of clearing the province of the Scottish-Irish army, and would

* M'Gee.

guarantee to deliver Edward Bruce, living or dead, into the justice's hands ere many days. Notwithstanding this haughty speech, the lord justice and his forces remained, and the combined army now confronted Bruce, outnumbering him hopelessly; whereupon he commenced to retreat slowly, his object being to effect, either by military strategy or diplomacy, a separation of the enemy's forces. This object was soon accomplished. When the Connacian king, Felim O'Connor, joined the Red Earl and marched against Bruce in his own principality, his act was revolted against as parricidal treason. Ruari, son of Cathal Roe O'Conor, head of the Clanna-Murtough, unfurled the national flag, declared for the national cause, and soon struck for it boldly and decisively. Hurriedly dispatching envoys to Bruce, tendering adhesion, and requesting to be commissioned or recognized as Prince of Connaught in place of Felim, who had forfeited by fighting against his country at such a crisis, he meanwhile swept through all the west, tearing down the Norman rule and erecting in its stead the national authority, declaring the penalty of high treason against all who favored or sided with the Norman enemy or refused to aid the national cause. Felim heard of these proceedings before Ruari's envoys reached Bruce, and quickly saw that his only chance of safety—and in truth the course most in consonance with his secret feelings—was, himself, to make overtures to Bruce, which he did; so that about the time Ruari's envoys arrived, Felim's offers were also before the Scotto-Irish commander. Valuable as were Ruari's services in the west, the greater and more urgent consideration was to detach Felim from the Norman army, which thus might be fought, but which otherwise could not be withstood. Accordingly, Bruce came to terms with Felim, and answered to Ruari that he was in no way to molest the possessions of Felim, who was now on the right side, but to take all he could from the common enemy the English. Felim, in pursuance of his agreement with Bruce, now withdrew from the English camp and faced homeward, whereupon Bruce and O'Neill, no longer afraid to encounter the enemy, though still superior to them in numbers, gave battle to the lord justice. A desperate engagement ensued at Connoyr, on the banks of the river Bann, near Ballymena. The great Norman army was defeated; the haughty Earl Richard was obliged to seek personal safety in flight; his brother, William, with quite a number of other Norman knights and nobles, being taken prisoners by that same soldier-chief whom he had arrogantly undertaken to capture and present, dead or alive, within a few days, at Dublin Castle gate! The shattered forces of the lord justice retreated southward as best they could. The Red Earl fled into Connaught, where, for a year, he was fain to seek safety in comparative obscurity, shorn of all power, pomp, and possessions. Of these, what he had not lost on the battlefield at Connoyr, he found wrested from him by the Prince of Tyrconnell, who, by way of giving the Red Earl something to do near home, had burst down upon the Anglo-Norman possessions in the west, and levelled every castle that flew the red flag of England! The Irish army now marched southward once more, capturing all the great towns and Norman castles on the way. At Loughsweedy, in West-Meath, Bruce and O'Neill went into winter quarters, and spent their Christmas "in the midst of the most considerable chiefs of Ulster, Meath, and Connaught."

Thus closed the first campaign in this, the first really national war undertaken against the English power in Ireland. "The termination of his first campaign on Irish soil," says a historian, "might be considered highly favorable to Bruce. More than half the clans had risen, and others were certain to follow their example; the clergy were almost wholly with him, and his heroic brother had promised to lead an army to his aid in the ensuing spring."

In the early spring of the succeeding year (1316) he opened the next campaign by a march southward. The Anglo-Norman armies made several ineffectual efforts to bar his progress. At Kells, in King's County of the present day, Sir Roger Mortimer at the head of fifteen thousand men made the most determined stand. A great battle ensued, the Irish utterly routing this the last army of any proportions now opposed to them. Soon after this decisive victory, Bruce and O'Neill returned northward in proud exultation. Already it seemed that the liberation of Ireland was complete. Having arrived at Dundalk, the national army halted, and prepara-

tions were commenced for the great ceremonial that was to consummate and commemorate the national deliverance. At a solemn council of the native princes and chiefs, Edward Bruce was elected king of Ireland; Donald O'Neill, the heart and head of the entire movement, formally resigning by letters patent in favor of Bruce such rights as belonged to him as son of the last acknowledged native sovereign. After the election, the ceremonial of inauguaration was carried out in the native Irish forms, with a pomp and splendor such as had not been witnessed since the reign of Brian the First. This imposing ceremony took place on the hill of Knocknemelan, within a mile of Dundalk; and the formal election and inauguaration being over, the king and the assembled princes and chiefs marched in procession into the town, where the solemn consecration took place in one of the churches. King Edward now established his court in the castle of Northburg, possessing and exercising all the prerogatives, powers, and privileges of royalty, holding courts of justice, and enforcing such regulations as were necessary for the welfare and good order of the country.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW THIS BRIGHT DAY OF INDEPENDENCE WAS TURNED TO GLOOM. HOW THE SEASONS FOUGHT AGAINST IRELAND, AND FAMINE FOR ENGLAND.

The Anglo Irish power was almost extinct. It would probably never more have been heard of, and the newly-revived nationality would have lasted long and prospered, had there not been behind that broken and ruined colony all the resources of a great and powerful nation. The English monarch summoned to a conference with himself in London several of the Anglo-Irish barons, and it was agreed by all that nothing but a compact union among themselves, strong reinforcements from England, and the equipment of an army of great magnitude for a new campaign in Ireland, could avert the complete and final extinction of the English power in that country. Preparations were accordingly made for placing in the field such an army as had never before been assembled by the Anglo-Irish colony. King Edward of Ireland, on the other hand, was fully conscious that the next campaign would be the supreme trial, and both parties, English and Irish, prepared to put forth their utmost strength. True to his promise, King Robert of Scotland arrived to the aid of his brother, bringing with him a small contingent. The royal brothers soon opened the campaign. Marching southward at the head of thirty-six thousand men, they crossed the Boyne at Slane, and soon were beneath the walls of Castleknock, a powerful Anglo-Norman fortress, barely three miles form the gate of Dublin. Castleknock was assaulted and taken, the governor, Hugh Tyrell, being made prisoner. The Irish and Scotch kings took up their quarters in the castle, and the Anglo-Normans of Dublin, gazing from the city walls, could see between them and the setting sun the royal standards of Ireland and Scotland floating proudly side by side! In this extremity the citizens of Dublin exhibited a spirit of indomitable courage and determination. To their action in this emergency—designated by some as the desperation of wild panic, but by others, in my opinion more justly, intrepidity and heroic public spirit—they saved the chief seat of Anglo-Norman authority and power, the loss of which at that moment would have altered the whole fate and fortunes of the ensuing campaign. Led on by the mayor, they exhibited a frantic spirit of resistance, burning down the suburbs of their city, and freely devoting to demolition even their churches and priories outside the walls, lest these should afford shelter or advantage to a besieging army. The Irish army had no sieging materials, and could not just then pause for the tedious operations of reducing a walled and fortified city like Dublin, especially when such a spirit of vehement determination was evinced not merely by the garrison but by the citizens themselves. In fact, the city could not be invested without the co-operation of a powerful fleet to cut off supplies by sea from England. The Irish army, therefore, was compelled to turn away from Dublin, and leave that formidable position intact in their rear. They marched southward as in the previous campaigns, this time reaching as far as Limerick. Again, as before, victory followed their banners. Their course was literally a succession of splen-

did achievements. The Normans never offered battle that they were not utterly defeated.

The full strength of the English, however, had not yet been available, and a foe more deadly and more formidable than all the power of England was about to fall upon the Irish army.

By one of those calamitous concurrences which are often to be noted in history, there fell upon Ireland in this year (1317) a famine of dreadful severity. The crops had entirely failed the previous autumn, and now throughout the land the dread consequences were spreading desolation. The brothers Bruce each day found it more and more difficult to provision the army, and soon it became apparent that hunger and privation were destroying and demoralizing the national force. This evil in itself was bad enough, but a worse followed upon it. As privation and hunger loosed the bonds of military discipline, the soldiers spread themselves over the country seeking food, and soon there sprung up between the Scottish contingent and the Irish troops and inhabitants bitter ill feeling and contention. The Scots—who from the very outset appear to have discriminated nought in plundering castles and churches when the opportunity came fairly in their way—now, throwing off all restraint, broke into churches, and broke open and rifled shrines and tombs. The Irish, whose reverence for religion was always so intense and solemn, were horrified at these acts of sacrilege and desecration, and there gradually spread through the country a vague but all-powerful popular belief that the dreadful scourge of famine was a "visitation of heaven" called down upon the country by the presence of the irreverent Scots!

Meanwhile the English were mustering a tremendous force in the rear of the wasted Irish army. The Bruces, on learning the fact, quickly ordered a night retreat, and pushed northward by forced marches. An Anglo-Irish army of thirty thousand men, well appointed and provisioned, lay across their path; yet such was the terror inspired by vivid recollection of the recent victories of the Irish and the prestige of Bruce's name, that this vast force, as the historian tells us, hung around the camp of the half-starved and diminished Scotto-Irish army, without ever once daring to attack them in a pitched battle! On the 1st May, after a march full of unexampled suffering, the remnant of the Irish army safely reached Ulster.

The famine now raged with such intensity all over Ireland that it brought about a suspension of hostilities. Neither party could provision an army in the field. King Robert of Scotland, utterly disheartened, sailed homeward. His own country was not free from suffering, and in any event, the terrible privations of the past few months had filled the Scottish contingent with discontent. King Edward, however, nothing daunted, resolved to stand by the Irish kingdom to the last, and it was arranged that whenever a resumption of hostilities became feasible, Robert should send him another Scottish contingent.

The harvest of the following year 1318 was no sooner gathered in and found to be of comparative abundance, than both parties sprang to arms. The English commander-in-chief, John de Birmingham, was quickly across the Boyne at the head of twelve thousand men, intent on striking King Edward before his hourly expected Scottish contingent could arrive. The Irish levies were but slowly coming in, and Edward at this time had barely two or three thousand men at hand. Nevertheless he resolved to meet the English and give them battle. Donald O'Neill and the other native princes saw the madness of this course, and vainly endeavored to dissuade the king from it. They pointed out that the true strategy to be adopted under the circumstances was to gain time, to retire slowly on their northern base, disputing each inch of ground, but risking no pitched battle until the national levies would have come in, and the Scottish contingent arrived, by which time, moreover, they would have drawn Birmingham away from his base, and would have him in a hostile country. There can be no second opinion about the merits of this scheme. It was the only one for Edward to pursue just then. It was identical with that which had enabled him to overthrow the Red Earl three years before and had won the battle of Connoyr. But the king was immovable. At all times headstrong, self-willed, and impetuous, he now seemed to have been rendered extravagantly over-confident by the singular fact (for fact it was), that never yet had he met the English in battle on Irish soil that he did not defeat them. It is said that

some of the Irish princes, fully persuaded of the madness of the course resolved upon, and incensed by the despotic obstinacy of the king, withdrew from the camp. "There remained with the iron-headed king," says the historian, "the lords Mowbray de Soulis and Stewart, with the three brothers of the latter, Mac Roy, Lord of the Isles, and Mac Donald, chief of his clan. The neighborhood of Dundalk, the scene of his triumphs and coronation, was to be the scene of the last act of Bruce's chivalrous and stormy career." From the same authority (M'Gee) I quote the following account of that scene:

"On the 14th of October, 1318, at the Hill of Faughard, within a couple of miles of Dundalk, the advance guard of the hostile armies came into the presence of each other, and made ready for battle. Roland de Jorse, the foreign Archbishop of Armagh, who had not been able to take possession of his see, though appointed to it seven years before, accompanied the Anglo-Irish, and moving through their ranks, gave his benediction to their banners. But the impetuosity of Bruce gave little time for preparation. At the head of the vanguard, without waiting for the whole of his company to come up, he charged the enemy with impetuosity. The action became general, and the skill of De Birmingham as a leader was again demonstrated. An incident common to the warfare of that age was, however, the immediate cause of the victory. Master John de Maupas, a burgher of Dundalk, believing that the death of the Scottish leader would be the signal for the retreat of his followers, disguised as a jester or a fool, sought him throughout the field. One of the royal esquires named Gilbert Harper, wearing the surcoat of his master, was mistaken for him and slain; but the true leader was at length found by De Maupas, and struck down by the blow of a leaden plummet or slung-shot. After the battle, when the field was searched for his body, it was found under that of De Maupas, who had bravely yielded up life for life. The Hiberno-Scottish forces dispersed in dismay, and when King Robert of Scotland landed, a day or two afterward, he was met by the fugitive men of Carrick, under their leader Thompson, who informed him of his brother's fate. He returned at once into his own country, carrying off the few Scottish survivors. The head of the impetuous Edward was sent to London, but the body was interred in the churchyard of Faughard, where, within living memory, a tall pillar stone was pointed out by every peasant in the neigborhood as marking the grave of King Bruce."

Thus ended the first grand effort of Ireland as an independent nation to expel the Anglo-Norman power. Never was so great an effort so brilliantly successful, yet eventually defeated by means outside and beyond human skill to avert, or human bravery to withstand. The seasons fought against Ireland in this great crisis of her fate. A dreadful scourge struck down the country in the very moment of national triumph. The arm that was victorious in battle fell lifeless at the breath of this dread destroyer. To the singular and calamitous coincidence of a famine so terrible at such a critical moment for Ireland, and to this alone was the ruin of the national cause attributable. The Irish under the king of their choice had, in three heavy campaigns, shown themselves able to meet and overcome the utmost force that could be brought against them. England had put forth her best energies and had been defeated. Prestige was rapidly multiplying the forces and increasing the moral and material resources of the Irish; and but for the circumstances which compelled the retreat northward from Limerick, reducing and disorganizing the national army, and leading in a long train of still greater evils, as far as human ken could see, the independent nationality of Ireland was triumphantly consolidated and her freedom securely established.

The battle of Faughard—or rather the fall of Edward under such circumstances—was a decisive termination of the whole struggle. The expected Scottish contingent arrived soon after; but all was over, and it returned home. The English king, some years subsequently, took measures to guard against the recurrence of such a formidable danger as that which had so nearly wrested Ireland from his grasp—a Scotto-Irish alliance. On March 17, 1328, a treaty between England and Scotland was signed at Edinburg, by which it was stipulated that, in the event of a rebellion against Scotland in Skye, Man, or the Islands, *or against England in Ireland*, the respective kings would not assist

each other's "rebel subjects." Ireland had played for a great stake, and lost the game. The nation that had reappeared for a moment again disappeared, and once more the struggle against the English power was waged merely by isolated chiefs and princes, each one acting for himself alone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW THE ANGLO-IRISH LORDS LEARNED TO PREFER IRISH MANNERS, LAWS, AND LANGUAGE, AND WERE BECOMING "MORE IRISH THAN THE IRISH THEMSELVES." HOW THE KING IN LONDON TOOK MEASURES TO ARREST THAT DREADED EVIL.

But a new danger arose to the English power. It was not alone fresh armies and a constant stream of subsidies that England found it necessary to be pouring into Ireland, to insure the retention of the Anglo-Norman Colony. Something more became requisite now. It was found that a constant stream of fresh colonization from England, a frequent change of governors, nay, further, the most severe repressive laws, could alone keep the colony English in spirit, in interest, in language, laws, manners, and customs. The descendants of the early Anglo-Norman settlers—gentle and simple, lord and burgher—were becoming thoroughly Hibernicized. Notwithstanding the ceaseless warfare waged between the Norman lords and the Irish chiefs, it was found that the former were becoming absorbed into or fused with the native element. The middle of the fourteenth century found the Irish language and Brehon law, native Irish manners, habits and customs, almost universally prevalent among the Anglo-Normans in Ireland; while marriage and "fosterage"—that most sacred domestic tie in Gaelic estimation—were becoming quite frequent between the noble families of each race. In fact the great lords and nobles of the Colony became chieftains, and their families and following, Septs. Like the Irish chiefs, whom they imitated in most things, they fought against each other or against some native chief, or sided with either of them, if choice so determined. Each earl or baron among them kept his bard and his brehon, like any native prince; and, in several instances, they began to drop their Anglo-Norman names and take Irish ones instead.

It needed little penetration on the part of the king and his council in London to discern in this state of things a peril far and away more formidable than any the English power had yet encountered in Ireland. True, the Anglo-Irish lords had always as yet professed allegiance to the English sovereign, and had, on the whole, so far helped forward the English designs. But it was easy to foresee that it would require but a few more years of this process of fusion with the native Irish race to make the Anglo-Irish element Irish in every sense. To avert this dreaded and now imminent evil, the London government resolved to adopt the most stringent measures. Among the first of these was a royal ordinance issued in 1341, declaring that whereas it had appeared to the King (Edward the Third) and his council that they would be better and more usefully served in Ireland by Englishmen whose revenues were derived from England than by Irish or English who possessed estates only in Ireland, or were married there, the king's justiciary should therefore, after diligent inquiries, remove all such officers as were married or held estates in Ireland, and replace them by fit Englishmen, having no personal interest whatever in Ireland. This ordinance set the Anglo-Irish colony in a flame. Edward's lord-deputy, Sir John Morris, alarmed at its effect on the proud and powerful barons, summoned them to a parliament to meet in Dublin to reason over the matter. But they would have no reasoning with him. They contemptuously derided his summons, and called a parliament of their own, which, accordingly, met at Kilkenny in November, 1342, whereat they adopted a strong remonstrance, and forwarded it to the king, complaining of the royal ordinance, and recriminating by alleging, that to the ignorance and incapacity of the English officials sent over from time to time to conduct the government of the colony, was owing the fact that the native Irish had possessed themselves of nearly all the land that had ever hitherto been wrested from them by the "gallant services of themselves (the remonstrancers) or their ancestors." Edward was obliged to temporize. He answered this remonstrance graciously, and "played" the dangerous barons.

But the policy of the ordinance was not relinquished. It was to be pushed on as opportunity offered. Eight years subsequent to the above proceedings—in 1360—Lionel, son of King Edward, was sent over as lord-lieutenant. He brought with him a considerable army, and was to inaugurate the new system with great *eclat*. He had personal claims to assert as well as a state policy to carry out. By his wife, Elizabeth de Burgh, he succeeded to the empty titles of Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught, and the possessions supposed to follow them; but these were just then held by their rightful Irish owners, and one of Lionel's objects was to obtain them by force of arms for himself. Soon after landing he marched against "the Irish enemy," and, confident in the strength of newly-landed legions, he issued a proclamation "forbidding any of Irish birth to come near his army." This arrogance was soon humbled. His vaunted English army was a failure. The Irish cut it to pieces; and Prince Lionel was obliged to abandon the campaign, and retreated to Dublin a prey to mortification and humiliation. His courtiers plied him with flatteries in order to cheer him. By a process not very intelligible, they argued that he conquered Clare, though, O'Brien had utterly defeated him there, and compelled him to fly to Dublin; and they manufactured for him out of this piece of adulatory invention the title of "*Clarence.*" But he only half accepted these pleasant fictions, the falseness of which he knew too well. He recalled his arrogant and offensive proclamation, and besought the aid of the Anglo-Irish. To gain their favor he conferred additional titles and privileges on some of them, and knighted several of the most powerful commoners. After an administration of seven years it was deemed high time for Lionel to bring the new policy into greater prominence. In 1367 he convened a parliament at Kilkenny, whereat he succeeded in having passed that memorable statute known ever since in history as "The Statute of Kilkenny"—the first formal enactment in that "penal code of race" which was so elaborately developed by all subsequent English legislation for hundreds of years. The act sets out by reciting that "Whereas, at the conquest of the land of Ireland, and for a long time after, the English of the said land used the English language, mode of riding, and apparel, and were governed and ruled, both they and their subjects, called Betaghese (villeins) according to English law, etc.; but now many English of the said land, forsaking the English language, manners, mode of riding, laws, and usages, live and govern themselves according to the manners, fashion and language of the Irish enemies, and also have made divers marriages and alliances between themselves and the Irish enemies aforesaid: it is therefore enacted (among other provisions), that all intermarriages, fosterings, gossipred, and buying or selling with the enemy shall be accounted treason; that English names, fashions, and manners shall be resumed under penalty of the confiscation of the delinquent's lands; that March laws and Brehon laws are illegal, and that there shall be no law but English law; that the Irish shall not pasture their cattle on English lands, that the English shall not entertain Irish rhymers, minstrels, or news men; and, moreover, that no 'mere Irishman' shall be admitted to any ecclesiastical benefice or religious house situated within the English district."

The Anglo-Irish barons must have been strangely overawed or overreached when they were brought to pass this statute; several of themselves being at that moment answerable to all its penalties! Its immediate result, however, wellnigh completed the ruin of the power it was meant to restore and strengthen. It roused the native Irish to a full conception of the English policy, and simultaneously, though without the least concert, they fell upon the colony on all sides, drove in the outposts, destroyed the castles, hunted the barons, and reoccupied the country very nearly up to the walls of Dublin. "O'Connor of Connaught and O'Brien of Thomond," says Hardiman, "laid aside for the moment their private feuds, and united against the common foe. The Earl of Desmond, lord justice, marched against them with a considerable army, but was defeated and slain (captured) in a sanguinary engagement, fought A.D. 1369 in the county of Limerick. O'Farrell, the chieftain of Annaly, committed great slaughter in Meath. The O'Mores, Cavanaghs, O'Byrnes, and O'Tooles, pressed upon Leinster, and the O'Neills raised the red arm in the north. The

English of the Pale were seized with consternation and dismay, and terror and confusion reigned in their councils, while the natives continued to gain ground upon them in every direction. At this crisis an opportunity offered such as had never before occurred, of terminating the dominion of the English in Ireland; but if the natives had ever conceived such a project, they were never sufficiently united to achieve it. The opportunity passed away, and the disunion of the Irish saved the colony."

As for the obnoxious statute, it was found impossible to enforce it further. Cunning policy did not risk permanent defeat by pressing it at such a moment. It was allowed to remain "a dead letter" for a while; not dead, however, but only slumbering.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW THE VAINGLORIOUS RICHARD OF ENGLAND AND HIS OVERWHELMING ARMY FAILED TO "DAZZLE" OR CONQUER THE PRINCE OF LEINSTER. CAREER OF THE HEROIC ART M'MURROGH.

THE close of the century which witnessed the events I have been mentioning, brought about another "royal visit" to Ireland. The weak, vain, and pomp-loving Richard the Second visited this country twice in the course of his ill-fated career—for the first time 1394. I would not deem either worth more than a passing word (for both of them were barren of results), were it not that they interweave with the story of the chivalrous Art M'Murrogh "Kavanagh," Prince of Leinster, whose heroic figure stands out in glorious prominence on this page of Irish history.

If the M'Murroghs of Leinster in 1170 contributed to our national annals one character of evil fame, they were destined to give, two centuries later on, another, illustrious in all that ennobles or adorns the patriot, the soldier, or the statesman. Eva M'Murrogh, daughter of Diarmid the Traitor, who married Strongbow the Freebooter, claimed to be only child of her father born in lawful wedlock. That there were sons of her father then living, was not questioned; but she, or her husband on her behalf, setting up a claim of inheritance to Diarmid's possessions, impugned their legitimacy. However this may have been, the sept proceeded according to law and usage under the Irish constitution, to elect from the reigning family a successor to Diarmid, and they raised to the chieftaincy his son Donal. Thenceforth the name of M'Murrogh is heard of in Irish history only in connection with the bravest and boldest efforts of patriotism. Whenever a blow was to be struck for Ireland, the M'Murroghs were the readiest in the field—the "first in front and last in rear." They became a formidable barrier to the English encroachments, and in importance were not second to any native power in Ireland. In 1350 the sept was ruled by Art, or Arthur the First, father of our hero. "To carry on a war against him," we are told, "the whole English interest was assessed with a special tax. Louth contributed twenty pounds, Meath and Waterford two shillings, on every carucate (one hundred and forty acres) of tilled land; Kilkenny the same sum, with the addition of 6d. in the pound on chattels. This Art captured the strong castles of Kilbelle, Galbarstown, Rathville; and although his career was not one of invariable success, he bequeathed to his son, also called Art, in 1375, an inheritance extending over a large portion—perhaps one-half—of the territory ruled by his ancestors before the invasion."

From the same historian* I take the subjoined sketch of the early career of that son, Art the Second. "Art M'Murrogh, or Art Kavanagh, as he is commonly called, was born in the year 1357, and from the age of sixteen and upward was distinguished by his hospitality, knowledge, and feats of arms. Like the great Brian, he was a younger son, but the fortune of war removed one by one those who would otherwise have preceded him in the captaincy of his clan and connections. About the year 1375—while he was still under age—he was elected successor to his father, according to the annalists, who record his death in 1417, 'after being forty-two years in the government of Leinster.' Fortunately he attained command at a period favorable to his genius and enterprise. His own and the adjoining tribes were aroused by tidings of success from other provinces, and the partial victories of their immediate predecessors, to entertain bolder

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* M'Gee.

schemes, and they only waited for a chief of distinguished ability to concentrate their efforts. This chief they found, where they naturally looked for him, among the old ruling family of the province. Nor were the English settlers ignorant of his promise. In the parliament held at Castledermot in 1377 they granted to him the customary annual tribute paid to his house. . . . . Art M'Murrogh the younger not only extended the bounds of his inheritance and imposed tribute on the English settlers in adjoining districts during the first years of his rule, but having married a noble lady of the 'Pale,' Elizabeth, heiress to the barony of Norragh, in Kildare, which included Naas and its neighborhood, he claimed her inheritance in full, though forfeited under 'the statute of Kilkenny,' according to English notions. So necessary did it seem to the deputy and council of the day to conciliate their formidable neighbor, that they addressed a special representation to King Richard, setting forth the facts of the case, and adding that M'Murrogh threatened, until this lady's estates were restored and the arrears of tribute due to him fully discharged, he should never cease from war, 'but would join with the Earl of Desmond against the Earl of Ormond, and afterward return with a great force out of Munster to ravage the Country.' . . . By this time the banner of Art M'Murrogh floated over all the castles and raths on the slope of the Ridge of Leinster, or the steps of the Blackstair hills; while the forests along the Barrow and the Upper Slaney, as well as in the plain of Carlow and in the southwestern angle of Wicklow (now the barony of Shillelagh), served still better his purposes of defensive warfare.

"So entirely was the range of country thus vaguely defined under native sway that John Griffin, the English bishop of Leighlin and chancellor of the exchequer, obtained a grant in 1389 of the town of Gulroestown, in the county of Dublin, 'near the marches of O'Toole, seeing he could not live within his own see for the rebels.' In 1390, Peter Creagh, Bishop of Limerick, on his way to attend an Anglo-Irish parliament, was taken prisoner in that region, and in consequence the usual fine was remitted in his favor. In 1392, James, the third earl of Ormond, gave M'Murrogh a severe check at Tiscoffin, near Shankill, where six hundred of his clansmen were left dead among the hills.

"This defeat, however, was thrown into the shade by the capture of New Ross, on the very eve of Richard's arrival at Waterford. In a previous chapter we have described the fortifications erected round this important seaport toward the end of the thirteenth century. Since that period its progress had been steadily onward. In the reign of Edward the Third the controversy which had long subsisted between the merchants of New Ross and those of Waterford, concerning the trade monopolies claimed by the latter, had been decided in favor of Ross. At this period it could muster in its own defense 363 cross-bowmen, 1,200 long bowmen, 1,200 pikemen, and 104 horsemen—a force which would seem to place it second to Dublin in point of military strength. The capture of so important a place by M'Murrogh was a cheering omen to his followers. He razed the walls and towers, and carried off gold, silver, and hostages."

From the first sentence in the concluding passage of the foregoing extract it will be gathered, that it was at this juncture the vainglorious Richard made his first visit to Ireland. He had just recently been a candidate for the imperial throne of the Germanic empire, and had been rejected in a manner most wounding to his pride. So he formed the project of visiting Ireland with a display of pomp, power, and royal splendor, such as had not been seen in Europe for a long time, and would, he was firmly persuaded, enable him to accomplish the complete subjugation of the Irish kingdom after the manner of that Roman general who came and saw and conquered. Early in October he landed at Waterford with a force of 30,000 bowmen and 4,000 men-at-arms; a force in those days deemed ample to overrun and conquer the strongest kingdom, and far exceeding many that sufficed to change the fate of empires previously and subsequently in Europe. This vast army was transported across the channel in a fleet of some three hundred ships or galleys. Great pains were taken to provide the expedition with all the appliances and features of impressive pageantry; and in the king's train, as usual, came the chief nobles of England—his uncle, the duke of Gloster, the young earl of March (heir apparent), and

of earls and lords a goodly attendance, besides several prelates, abbots, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. But with this vast expedition King Richard accomplished in Ireland just as much as that king in the ballad, who "marched up the hill, and then marched down again." He rehearsed King Henry and King John on Irish soil. The Irish princes were invited to visit their "friend" the mighty and puissant king of England. They did visit him, and were subjected, as of old, to the "dazzling" process. They were patronizingly fondled; made to understand that their magnanimous suzerain was a most powerful, and most grand, and most gorgeous potentate, own brother of the Sun and Moon. They accepted his flattering attentions; but they did not altogether so clearly understand or accept a proposition he made them as to surrendering their lands and chieftaincies to him, and receiving, instead, royal pensions and English titles from his most gracious hand. Many of the Irish princes yielded, from one motive or another, to this insidious proposition. But foremost among those who could not be persuaded to see the excellence of this arrangement was the young prince of Leinster, whose fame had already filled the land, and whose victories had made the English king feel ill at ease. Art would not come to "court" to reason over the matter with the bland and puissant king. He was obdurate. He resisted all "dazzling." He mocked at the royal pageants, and snapped his fingers at the brother of the Sun and Moon. All this was keenly mortifying to the vainglorious Richard. There was nothing for it but to send a royal commissioner to treat with Art. He accordingly dispatched the earl marshal (Mowbray) to meet and treat with the prince of Leinster. On the plain of Balligory, near Carlow, the conference took place, Art being accompanied by his uncle Malachi. The earl marshal soon found that he had in Art a statesman as well as a soldier to treat with. Art proudly refused to treat with an inferior. If he was to treat at all, it should be with the king himself! Mowbray had to bend to this humiliating rebuff and try to palaver the stern M'Murrogh. In vain! Art's final answer was, that "so far from yielding his own lands, his wife's patrimony in Kildare should instantly be restored to him; or—" Of course this broke up the conference. The earl marshal returned with the unwelcome news to the king, who flew into rage! What! He, the great, the courtly, the puissant, and gorgeous King Richard of England, thus haughtily treated by a mere Irish prince! By the toenails of William the Conqueror, this astounding conduct should meet a dreadful chastisement! He would wipe out this haughty prince! The defiant M'Murrogh should be made to feel the might of England's royal arm! So, putting himself at the head of his grand army, King Richard set out wrathfully to annihilate Art.

But the Legenian chief soon taught him a bitter lesson. Art's superior military genius, the valor of his troops, and the patriotism of the population, soon caused the vastness of the invading English host to be a weakness, not a strength. Richard found his march tedious and tardy. It was impossible to make in that strange and hostile country commissariat arrangements for such an enormous army. Impenetrable forests and impassable bogs were varied only by mountain defiles defended with true Spartan heroism by the fearless M'Murrogh clansmen. Then the weather broke into severity awful to endure. Fodder for the horses, food for the men, now became the sole objects of each day's labor on the part of King Richard's grand army; "but," says the historian, "M'Murrogh swept off everything of the nature of food—took advantage of his knowledge of the country to burst upon the enemy by night, to entrap them into ambuscades, to separate the cavalry from the foot, and by many other stratagems to thin their ranks and harass the stragglers." In fine, King Richard's splendid army, stuck fast in the Wicklow mountains, was a wreck: while the vengeful and victorious Lagenians hovered around, daily growing more daring in their disastrous assaults. Richard found there was nothing for it but to supplicate Art, and obtain peace at any price. A deputation of "the English and Irish of Leinster" was dispatched to him by the king, making humble apologies and inviting him to a conference with his majesty in Dublin, where, if he would thus honor the king, he should be the royal guest, and learn how highly his valor and wisdom were esteemed by the English sovereign. Art acceded, and permitted Richard to make his

way in peace northward to Dublin, crestfallen and defeated, with the relics of his grand army and the tattered rags of the gilt silk banners, the crimson canopies and other regal "properties" that were to have "dazzled" the sept of M'Murrogh.

Art, a few months afterward followed, according to invitation; but he had not been long in Dublin—where Richard had by great exertions once more established a royal court with all its splendors—when he found himself in the hands of treacherous and faithless foes. He was seized and imprisoned on a charge of "conspiring" against the king. Nevertheless, Richard found that he dared not carry out the base plot of which this was meant to be the beginning. He had already got a taste of what he might expect if he relied on fighting to conquer Ireland; and, on reflection, he seems to have decided that the overreaching arts of diplomacy, and the seductions of court life were pleasanter modes of extending his nominal sway than conducting campaigns like that in which he had already lost a splendid army and tarnished the tinsel of his vain prestige. So Art was eventually set at liberty, but three of his neighboring fellow-chieftains were retained as "hostages" for him; and it is even said that before he was released some form or promise of submission was extorted from him by the treacherous "hosts" who had so basely violated the sanctity of hospitality to which he had frankly trusted. Not long after, an attempt was made to entrap and murder him in one of the Norman border castles, the owner of which had invited him to a friendly feast. As M'Murrogh was sitting down to the banquet, it happened that the quick eye of his bard detected in the courtyard outside certain movements of troops that told him at once what was afoot. He knew that if he or his master openly and suddenly manifested their discovery of the danger, they were lost; their perfidious hosts would slay them at the board. Striking his harp to an old Irish air, the minstrel commenced to sing to the music; but the words in the Gaelic tongue soon caught the ear of M'Murrogh. They warned him to be calm, circumspect, yet ready and resolute, for that he was in the toils of the foe. The prince divined all in an instant. He maintained a calm demeanor until, seizing a favorable pretext for reaching the yard, he sprang to horse, dashed through his foes, and, sword in hand, hewed his way to freedom. This second instance of perfidy completely persuaded M'Murrogh that he was dealing with faithless foes, whom no bond of honor could bind, and with whom no truce was safe; so, unfurling once more the Lagenian standard, he declared war *à la mort* against the English settlement.

It was no light struggle he thus inaugurated. Alone, unaided, he challenged and fought for twenty years the full power of England; in many a dearly-bought victory proving himself truly worthy of his reputation as a master of military science. The ablest generals of England were one by one sent to cope with him; but Art outmatched them in strategy and outstripped them in valor. In the second year's campaign the strongly-fortified frontier town and castle of Carlow fell before him; and in the next year (July 20, 1398) was fought the memorable battle of Kenlis. "Here," says a historian, "fell the heir presumptive to the English crown, whose premature removal was one of the causes which contributed to the revolution in England a year or two later."* We can well credit the next succeeding observation of the historian just quoted, that "the tidings of this event filled the Pale with consternation, and thoroughly aroused the vindictive temper of Richard. He at once dispatched to Dublin his half-brother, the Earl of Kent, to whom he made a gift of Carlow castle and town, to be held (if taken) by knight's service. He then, as much perhaps to give occupation to the minds of his people as to prosecute his old project of subduing Ireland, began to make preparations for his second expedition thither."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW THE VAINGLORIOUS ENGLISH KING TRIED ANOTHER CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE INVINCIBLE IRISH PRINCE, AND WAS UTTERLY DEFEATED AS BEFORE.

Of this second expedition of King Richard there is extant an account written by a Frenchman who was in his train. In all its main features expedition number two was a singular repetition of expedition number one; vast prepa-

* M'Gee.

rations and levies of men and materials, ships and armaments, as if for the invasion and subjugation of one of the most powerful empires of the world; gorgeous trappings, courtly attendants, and all the necessaries for renewed experiments with the royal "dazzling" policy. Landing at Waterford, Richard, at the head of his panoplied host, marched against M'Murrogh, who, to a lofty and magniloquent invitation to seek the king's gracious clemency, had rudely replied, "that he would neither submit to nor obey him in any way; and that he would never cease from war and the defense of his country until his death." To the overawing force of the English king, Art had, as the French narrator informs us, just "three thousand hardy men, who did not appear to be much afraid of the English." M'Murrogh's tactics were those which had stood in such good stead on the previous occasion. He removed all the cattle and corn, food and fodder of every kind, as well as the women, children, aged, and helpless of his people, into the interior, while he himself, at the head of his Spartan band, "few, but undismayed," took up a position at Idrone awaiting the invaders. Once more Richard found his huge army entangled in impenetrable forests, hemmed in by bogs, morass, and mountain—M'Murrogh fighting and retiring with deadly craft to draw him deeper and deeper into difficulty, "harassing him dreadfully, carrying off everything fit for food for man or beast, surprising and slaying his foragers, and filling his camp nightly with alarm and blood." A crumb of consolation greatly regarded by the mortified and humiliated English king was the appearance one day in his camp of Art's uncle giving in submission, supplicating for himself "pardon and favor." This Richard only too joyfully granted; and, allowing the incident to persuade him that Art himself might also be wavering, a royal message was sent to the Leinster prince assuring him of free pardon, and "castles and lands in abundance elsewhere," if only he would submit. The Frenchman records M'Murrogh's reply: "MacMor told the king's people that for all the gold in the world he would not submit himself, but would continue to war and endamage the king in all that he could." This ruined Richard's last hope of anything like a fair pretext for abandoning his enterprise. He now relinquished all idea of assailing M'Murrogh, and marched as best he could toward Dublin, his army meanwhile suffering fearfully from famine. After some days of dreadful privation they reached the seashore at Arklow, where ships with provisions from Dublin awaited them. The soldiers rushed into the sea to reach at the food, fought for it ravenously, and drank all the wine they could seize. Soon after this timely relief, a still more welcome gleam of fortune fell upon the English host. A messenger arrived from Art expressing his willingness to meet some accredited ambassador from the king and discuss the matters at issue between them. Whereupon, says the chronicler, there was great joy in the English camp. The Earl of Gloster was at once dispatched to treat with Art. The French knight was among the earl's escort, and witnessed the meeting, of which he has left a quaint description. He describes Art as a "fine large man, wondrously active. To look at him he seemed very stern and savage and a very able man." The horse which Art rode especially transfixed the Frenchman's gaze. He declares, that a steed more exquisitely beautiful, more marvelously fleet, he had never beheld. "In coming down it galloped so hard, that, in my opinion, I never saw hare, deer, sheep, or any other animal, I declare to you for a certainty, run with such speed as it did." This horse Art rode "without housing or saddle," yet sat like a king, and guided with utmost ease in the most astounding feats of horsemanship. "He and the earl," the Frenchman tells, "exchanged much discourse, but did not come to agreement. They took short leave and hastily parted. Each took his way apart, and the earl returned to King Richard." The announcement brought by his ambassador was a sore disappointment to the king. Art would only agree to "peace without reserve;" "otherwise he will never come to agreement." "This speech," continues the Frenchman, "was not agreeable to the king. It appeared to me that his face grew pale with anger. He swore in great wrath by St. Bernard that no, never would he depart from Ireland till, alive or dead, he had him in his power."

Rash oath—soon broken. Little thought Richard when he so hotly swore against Art in such impotent anger that he would have to quit

Ireland, leaving Art free, unconquered, and defiant, while he returned to England only to find himself a crownless monarch, deposed and friendless, in a few brief days subsequently to meet a treacherous cruel death in Pontefract castle!

All this, however, though near at hand, was as yet in the unforeseen future; and Richard, on reaching Dublin, devoted himself once more to "dazzling" revels there. But while he feasted he forgot not his hatred of the indomitable M'Murrogh. "A hundred marks in pure gold" were publicly proclaimed by the king to any one who should bring to him in Dublin, alive or dead, the defiant prince of Leinster; against whom, moreover, the army, divided into three divisions, were dispatched upon a new campaign. Soon the revels and marchings were abruptly interrupted by sinister news from England. A formidable rebellion had broken out there, headed by the banished Lancaster. Richard marched southward with all speed to take shipping at Waterford, collecting on the way the several divisions of his army. He embarked for England, but arrived too late. His campaign against Art M'Murrogh had cost him his crown, eventually his life; had changed the dynasty in England, and seated the house of Lancaster upon the throne.

For eighteen years subsequently the invincible Art reigned over his inviolate territory; his career to the last being a record of brilliant victories over every expedition sent against it. As we wade through the crowded annals of those years, his name is ever found in connection with some gallant achievement.

Wherever else the fight is found going against Ireland, whatever hand falters or falls in the unbroken struggle, in the mountains of Wicklow there is one stout arm, one bold heart, one glorious intellect, ever nobly daring and bravely conquering in the cause of native land. Art, "whose activity defied the chilling effects of age, poured his cohorts through Sculloge Gap on the garrisons of Wexford, taking in rapid succession in one campaign (1406) the castles of Camolins, Ferns, and Enniscorthy. A few years subsequently his last great battle, probably the most serious engagement of his life, was fought by him against the whole force of the Pale under the walls of Dublin. The duke of Lancaster, son of the king and lord lieutenant of Ireland, issued orders for the concentration of a powerful army for an expedition southward against M'Murrogh's allies. But M'Murrogh and the mountaineers of Wicklow now felt themselves strong enough to take the iniative. They crossed the plain which lies to the north of Dublin and encamped at Kilmainham, where Roderick, when he besieged the city, and Brian before the battle of Clontarf, had pitched their tents of old. The English and Anglo-Irish forces, under the eye of their prince, marched out to dislodge them in four divisions. The first was led by the duke in person; the second by the veteran knight, Jenicho d'Artois; the third by Sir Edward Perrers, an English knight; and the fourth by Sir Thomas Butler, prior of the order of St. John, afterward created by Henry the Fifth, for his distinguished service, earl of Kilmain. With M'Murrogh were O'Byrne, O'Nolan, and other chiefs, beside his sons, nephews, and relatives. The numbers on each side could hardly fall short of ten thousand men, and the action may be fairly considered one of the most decisive of those times. The duke was carried back wounded into Dublin; the slopes of Inchicore and the valley of the Liffey were strewn with the dying and the dead; the river at that point obtained from the Leinster Irish the name of Athcroe, or the ford of slaughter; the widowed city was filled with lamentation and dismay."

This was the last endeavor of the English power against Art. "While he lived no further attacks were made upon his kindred or country." He was not, alas! destined to enjoy long the peace he had thus conquered from his powerful foes by a forty-four years' war! On January 12, 1417, he died at Ross in the sixtieth year of his age, many of the chroniclers attributing his death to poison administered in a drink. Whether the enemies whom he had so often vanquished in the battlefield resorted to such foul means of accomplishing his removal, is, however, only a matter of suspicion, resting mainly on the fact that his chief brehon, O'Doran, who with him had partaken of a drink given them by a woman on the wayside as they passed, also died on the same day, and was attacked with like symptoms. Leeches' skill was vain to save the heroic chief. His grief-stricken people fol-

lowed him to the grave, well knowing and keenly feeling that in him they had lost their invincible tower of defense. He had been called to the chieftaincy of Leinster at the early age of sixteen years; and on the very threshold of his career had to draw the sword to defend the integrity of his principality. From that hour to the last of his battles, more than forty years subsequent, he proved himself one of the most consummate military tacticians of his time. Again and again he met and defeated the proudest armies of England, led by the ablest generals of the age. "He was," say the Four Masters, "a man distinguished for his hospitality, knowledge, and feats of arms; a man full of prosperity and royalty; a founder of churches and monasteries by his bounties and contributions." In fine, our history enumerates no braver soldier, no nobler character, than Art M'Murrogh "Kavanagh," prince of Leinster.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW THE CIVIL WARS IN ENGLAND LEFT THE ANGLO-IRISH COLONY TO RUIN. HOW THE IRISH DID NOT GRASP THE OPPORTUNITY OF EASY LIBERATION.

WITHIN the hundred years next succeeding the events we have just traced—the period embraced between 1420 and 1520—England was convulsed by the great civil war of the White and Red Roses, the houses of York and Lancaster. Irish history during the same period being chiefly a record of the contest for mastery between the two principal families of the Pale—the Butlers and the Geraldines. During this protracted civil struggle, which bathed England in blood, the colony in Ireland had, of course, to be left very much to its own resources; and, as a natural consequence, its dimensions gradually contracted, or rather it ceased to have any defined boundary at all, and the merest exertion on the part of the Irish must have sufficed to sweep it away completely. Here was, in fine, the opportunity of opportunities for the native population, had they but been in a position to avail of it, or had they been capable of profiting by any opportunity, to accomplish with scarcely an effort the complete deliverance of their country. England was powerless for aggression, torn, distracted, wasted, paralyzed, by a protracted civil war. The lords of the Pale were equally disunited and comparatively helpless. One-hundredth part of the exertion put forth so bravely, yet so vainly, by the native princes in the time of Donald O'Neill and Robert Bruce would have more than sufficed them now to sweep from the land every vestige of foreign rule. The chain hung so loosely that they had but to arise and shake it from their limbs. They literally needed but to will it, and they were free!

Yet not an effort, not a movement, not a motion, during all this time—while this supreme opportunity was passing away forever—was made by the native Irish to grasp the prize thus almost thrust into their hand—the prize of national freedom! They had boldly and bravely striven for it before, when no such opportunity invited them; they were subsequently to strive for it yet again with valor and daring as great, when every advantage would be arrayed against them. But now, at the moment when they had but to reach out their hand and grasp the object of all their endeavors, they seemed dead to all conceptions of duty or policy. The individual chiefs, north, south, east, and west, lived on in the usual way. They fought each other or the neighboring Anglo-Norman lord just as usual, or else they enjoyed as a pleasant diversification a spell of tranquility, peace, and friendship. In the relations between the Pale and the Irish ground there was, for the time, no regular government "policy" of any kind on either hand. Each Anglo-Norman lord, and each Irish chieftain, did very much as he himself pleased; made peace or war with his neighbors, or took any side he listed in the current conflicts of the period. Some of the Irish princes do certainly appear to have turned this time of respite to a good account, if not for national interests, for other not less sacred interests. Many of them employed their lives during this century in rehabilitating religion and learning in all their pristine power and grandeur. Science and literature once more began to flourish; and the shrines of Rome and Compostello were thronged with pilgrim chiefs and princes, paying their vows of faith, from the Western Isle. Within this period lived Margaret of Offaly, the beautiful and accomplished queen of O'Carroll, king of Ely. She and her husband were munificent patrons of literature,

art, and science. On Queen Margaret's special invitation the literati of Ireland and Scotland, to the number of nearly three thousand, held a "session" for the furtherance of literary and scientific interests, at her palace, near Killeagh, in Offaly, the entire assemblage being the guests of the king and queen during their stay. "The nave of the great church of Da Sinchell was converted for the occasion into a banqueting hall, where Margaret herself inaugurated the proceeding by placing two massive chalices of gold, as offerings, on the high altar, and committing two orpban children to the charge of nurses to be fostered at her charge. Robed in cloth of gold, this illustrious lady, who was as distinguished for her beauty as for her generosity, sat in queenly state in one of the galleries of the church, surrounded by the clergy, the brehons, and her private friends, shedding a luster on the scene which was passing below, while her husband, who had often encountered England's greatest generals in battle, remained mounted on a charger outside the church to bid the guests welcome, and see that order was preserved. The invitations were issued, and the guests arranged, according to a list prepared by O'Connor's chief brehon; and the second entertainment, which took place at Rathangan, was a supplemented one, to embrace such men of learning as had not been brought together at the former feast."

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW THE NEW ELEMENT OF ANTAGONISM CAME INTO THE STRUGGLE—HOW THE ENGLISH KING AND NATION ADOPTED A NEW RELIGION, AND HOW THE IRISH HELD FAST BY THE OLD.

The time was now at hand when, to the existing elements of strife and hatred between the Irish and the English nations, there was to be added one more fierce than all the rest; one bitterly intensifying the issues of battle already knit with such deadly vehemence between the Celt and the Saxon. Christendom was being rent in twain by a terrible convulsion. A new religion had flung aloft the standard of revolt and revolution against the successors of St. Peter; and the Christian world was being divided into two hostile camps—of the old faith and the new. This was not the mere agitation of new theories of subverting tendencies, pushed and preached with vehemence to the overturning of the old; but the crash of a politico-religious revolution, bursting like the eruption of a volcano, and as suddenly spreading confusion and change far and wide. The political policy and the personal aims and interests of kings and princes gave to the new doctrines at their very birth a range of dominion greater than original Christianity itself had been able to attain in a century. Almost instantaneously, princes and magnates grasped at the new theories according as personal or state policy dictated. To each and all of them those theories offered one most tempting and invaluable advantage— *supremacy*, spiritual and temporal, unshadowed, unrestrained, unaccountable, and irresponsible on earth. No more of vexing conflicts with the obstinate Roman Pontiffs. No more of supplications to the Holy See "with whispering breath and bated humbleness," if a divorce was needed or a new wife sighted while yet the old one was alive. No more humiliating submissions to the penances or conditions imposed by that antique tribunal in the Eternal City; but each one a king, spiritual as well as temporal, in his own dominions. Who would not hail such a system? There was perhaps not one among the kings of Europe who had not, at one time or another, been made to feel unpleasantly the restraint put on him by the pope, acting either as spiritual pontiff or in his capacity of chief arbiter in the disputes of the Christian family. Sometimes, though rarely, this latter function—entirely of human origin and authority—seemed to sink into mere state policy, and like all human schemes, had its varying characteristics of good and ill. But that which most frequently brought the Popes into conflict with the civil rulers of the world was the striving of the Holy See to mitigate the evils of villeinage or serfdom appertaining to the feudal system; to restrain by the spiritual authority the lawless violence and passion of feudal lords and kings; and, above all, to maintain the sanctity and invioliability of the marriage tie, whether in the cottage of the bondman or in the palace of the king. To many of the European sovereigns, therefore, the newly propounded system (which I am viewing solely as it

affected the public policy of individual princes, prescinding entirely from its doctrinal aspect) held forth powerful attractions; yet among the Teutonic principalities by the Rhine alone was it readily embraced at first.

So far, identity of faith had prevailed between England and Ireland; albeit English churchmen —archbishops, bishops, priests, and monks— waged the national war in their own way against the Irish hierarchy, clergy, and people, as hotly as the most implacable of the military chiefs. With the cessation of the civil war in England, and the restoration of English national power during the reign of the seventh Henry, the state policy of strengthening and extending the English colony in Ireland was vigorously resumed; and the period which witnessed the outbreak of the religious revolution in Germany found the sensual and brutal Henry the Eighth engaged in a savage war upon the Irish nation. Henry early entered the lists against the new doctrines. He wrote a controversial pamphlet in refutation of Luther's dogmas, and was rewarded therefor by an encomiastic letter from the pope conferring on him the title of "Defender of the Faith." Indeed, ever since the time of Adrian, the popes had always been wondrously friendly toward the English kings; much too ready to give them "aid and comfort" in their schemes of Irish subjugation, and much too little regardful of the heroic people that were battling so persistently in defence of their nationality. A terrible lesson was now to awaken Rome to remorse and sorrow. The power she had aided and sanctioned in those schemes was to turn from her with unblushing apostasy, and become the most deadly and malignant of her foes; while that crushed and broken nation whom she had uninquiringly given up to be the prey of merciless invaders, was to shame this ingratitude and perfidy by a fidelity and devotedness not to be surpassed in the history of the world.

Henry—a creature of mere animal passions—tired of his lawful wife, and desired another. He applied to Rome for a divorce. He was, of course, refused. He pressed his application again in terms that but too plainly foreshadowed to the supreme pontiff what the result of a refusal might be. It was, no doubt, a serious contingency for the Holy See to contemplate—the defection to the new religion of a king and a nation so powerful as the English. In fact, it would give to the new creed a status and a power it otherwise would not possess. To avert this disaster to Catholicity, it was merely required to wrong one woman; merely to permit a lustful king to have his way, and sacrifice to his brute passions his helpless wife. With full consciousness, however, of all that the refusal implied, the Holy See refused to permit to a king that which could not be permitted to the humblest of his subjects—refused to allow a wife's rights to be sacrificed, even to save to the side of Catholicity for three centuries the great and powerful English nation.

Henry had an easy way out of the difficulty. According to the new system, he would have no need to incur such mortifying refusals from this intractable, antiquated, and unprogressive tribunal at Rome, but could grant to himself divorces and dispensations *ad libitum*. So he threw off the pope's authority, embraced the new religion, and helped himself to a new wife as often as he pleased; merely cutting off the head of the discarded one after he had granted himself a divorce from her.

In a country where feudal institutions and ideas prevailed, a king who could appease the lords carried the nation. In England, at this period, the masses of the people, though for some time past by the letter of the law freed from villeinage, were still, practically, the creatures of the lords and barons, and depended upon, looked up to, and followed them with the olden stolid docility. Henry, of course, though he might himself have changed as he listed, could never have carried the nation over with him into the new creed, had he not devised a means for giving the lords and barons also a material interest in the change. This he effected by sharing with them the rich plunder of the church. Few among the English nobility were proof against the great temptations of kingly favor and princely estates, and the great perils of kingly anger and confiscations. For, in good truth, even at a very early stage of the business, to hesitate was to lose life as well as possessions, inasmuch as Henry unceremoniously chopped off the heads of those who wavered or refused to join him in the new movement. The feudal system carried

England bodily over with the king. Once he was able to get to his side (by proposing liberal bribes out of the plundered abbey lands) a sufficient number of the nobles, the game was all in his hands. The people counted for nothing in such a system. They went with their lords, like the cattle stock on the estates. The English bishops, mostly scions of the noble houses, were not greatly behind in the corrupt and cowardly acceptance of the king's scheme; but there were in the episcopacy noble and glorious exceptions to this spectacle of baseness. The body of the clergy, too, made a brave struggle for a time; but the king and the nobles made light of what they could do. A brisk application of the ax and the block—a rattling code of penalties for premunire and so forth—and soon the troublesome priests were all either killed off or banished.

But now, thought Henry, what of Ireland! How is the revolution likely to be received by the English colony there? In truth, it was quite a ticklish consideration; and Henry appears to have apprehended very nearly that which actually resulted—namely, that in proportion as the Anglo-Irish lords had become hibernicized, they would resist that revolution, and stand by the old faith; while those of them least imbued with Irish sentiment would proportionately be on his side.

Among the former, and of all others most coveted now and feared for their vast influence and power, were the Geraldines. Scions of that great house had been among the earliest to drop their distinctive character as Anglo-Norman lords, and become Anglo-Irish chiefs—adopting the institutions, laws, language, manners, and customs of the native Irish. For years the head of the family had been kept on the side of the English power, simply by confiding to him its supreme control in Ireland; but of the Irish sympathies of Clan Gerald, Henry had misgivings sore, and ruefully suspected now that it would lead the van in a powerful struggle in Ireland against his politico-religious revolution. In fact, at the very moment in which he was plunging into his revolt against the pope, a rebellion, led by a Geraldine chief, was shaking to its foundations the English power in Ireland—the rebellion of "Silken Thomas."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"THOSE GERALDINES! THOSE GERALDINES!"

THE history of the Geraldine family is a perfect romance, and in many respects outrivals the creations of fiction. From the earliest period of their settlement in Ireland they attained to a position of almost kingly power, and for full five hundred years were the foremost figures in Anglo-Irish history. Yet with what changing fortunes! Now vice-kings reigning in Dublin, their vast estates stretching from Maynooth to Lixnaw, their strong castles sentineling the land from sea to sea! Anon captive victims of attainder, stripped of every earthly honor and possession; to-day in the dungeon, to-morrow led to the scaffold! Now a numerous and powerful family—a fruitful, strong, and wide-spreading tree.

Anon hewn down to earth, or plucked up seemingly root and branch, beyond the possibility of further existence; yet mysteriously preserved and budding forth from some single seedling to new and greater power! Often the Geraldine stock seemed extinct; frequently its jealous enemies—the English king or his favorites—made safe and sure (as they thought) that the dangerous line was extirpated. Yet as frequently did they find it miraculously resurgent, grasping all its ancient power and renewing all its ancient glory.

At a very early period the Geraldine line was very nearly cut off forever, but was preserved in the person of one infant child, under circumstances worthy of narration. In the year 1261 a pitched battle was fought between the justiciary, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, and the MacCarthy More, at a glen a few miles east of Kenmare in Kerry. It was a formidable engagement, in which each side put forth all its resources of military generalship and strength of levies. The Irish commander completely outgeneraled the Normans. At the close of a protracted and sanguinary battle they were routed with fearful slaughter, Lord Thomas being mortally wounded, and his son, beside numerous barons and knights, left dead upon the field. "Alas!" continues the narrative of O'Daly (who wrote in the year 1655), "the whole family of the Geraldines had well-nigh perished; at one blow they

were cut off—father and son; and now there remained but an infant one year old, to wit, the son of John Fitz-Thomas, recently slain. The nurse, who had heard the dismal tidings at Tralee, ran about here and there distraught with grief, and left the cradle of the young Geraldine without a watcher; thereupon an ape which was kept for amusement's sake came and raised the infant out of the cradle and carried him to the top of the castle. There, to the astonishment of those who passed by, the ape took off the babe's swaddling clothes, licked him all over, clothed him again, and brought him back to his cradle safe and sound. Then coming to the nurse, as it were in reproof for her neglect, he dealt her a blow. Ever after was that babe called Thomas *a n' Appa;* that is, 'of the Ape;' and when he grew to man's estate he was ennobled by many virtues. Bravely did he avenge his father's and grandfather's murder, and re-erect the fortunes of his house.* He left a son, Maurice Fitz-Thomas, who was the first earl of Desmond."

Of Lord Thomas, the sixth earl, is related a romantic, yet authentic story, known to many Irish readers. While on a hunting expedition in some of the lonely and picturesque glens in North Kerry, he was benighted on his homeward way. Weary and thirsting, he urged his steed forward through the tangled wood. At length, through the gloom he discerned close by an humble cottage, which proved to be the dwelling of one of his own retainers or clansmen, named MacCormick. Lord Thomas rode to the door, halted, and asked for a drink. His summons was attended to and his request supplied by Catherine, the daughter of the cottager, a young girl whose simple grace and exquisite beauty struck the young earl with astonishment—and with warmer feelings too. He dismounted and rested awhile in the cottage, and became quite charmed with the daughter of its humble host. He bade her farewell, resolving to seek that cottage soon again. Often subsequently his horse bore him thither; for Lord Thomas loved Catherine MacCormick, and loved her purely and honorably. Not perhaps without certain misgivings as to the results did he resolve to make her his wife; yet never did he waver in that resolve. In due time he led the beautiful cottage girl to the altar, and brought her home his wife.

His worst fears were quickly realized. His kindred and clansmen all rose against him for this *mésalliance*, which, according to their code, forfeited for him lands and title. In vain he pleaded. An ambitious uncle, James, eventually seventh earl, led the movement against him, and claiming for himself the title and estates thus "forfeited," was clamorous and uncompassionate. Lord Thomas at the last nobly declared that even on the penalty thus inexorably decreed against him, he in nowise repented him of his marriage, and that he would give up lands and titles rather than part with his peasant wife. Relinquishing everything, he bade an eternal adieu to Ireland, and sailed with his young wife for France, where he died at Rouen in 1420. This romantic episode of authentic history furnished our national melodist with the subject of the following verses:

"By the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whispered o'er me,
As the threshold I cross'd,
There was ruin before me;
If I lov'd, I was lost.

"Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure
If poured out by thee!

"You, who call it dishonor
To bow to love's flame,
If you've eyes look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

* To this incident is attributed the circumstance that the armorial ensigns of the Geraldine family exhibit two apes as supporters.

"No: man for his glory
To ancestry flies;
But woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the graces,
Ranks next to divine!"

In the reign of the eighth Henry, as well as for a long time previous thereto, the Geraldine family comprised two great branches, of which the earl of Desmond and the earl of Kildare were respectively the heads; the latter being paramount. Early in Henry's reign Gerald, earl of Kildare, or "The Great Earl," as he is called in the Irish annals, died after a long life, illustrious as a soldier, statesman and ruler. He was succeeded by his son, Garret Oge, or Gerald the younger, who was soon appointed by the crown to the high office and authority of lord deputy as vested in his father. Gerald Oge found his enemies at court active and restless in plotting his overthrow. He had more than once to proceed to England to make his defence against fatal charges, but invariably succeeded in vindicating himself with the king. With Henry, indeed, he was apparently rather a favorite; while, on the other hand, Cardinal Wolsey viewed him with marked suspicion. Kildare, though at the head of the English power in Ireland was, like many of the Geraldines, nearly as much of an Irish chief as an English noble. Not only was he, to the sore uneasiness of the court at London, in friendly alliance with many of the native princes, but he was allied by the closest ties of kindred and alliance with the royal houses of Ulster. So proud was he of this relationship, that, upon one occasion, when he was being reinstated as lord deputy, to the expulsion of Ormond, his accusing enemy, we are told that at Kildare's request "*his kinsman, Con O'Neill,* carried the sword of state before him to St. Thomas's Abbey, where he entertained the king's commissioners and others at a sumptuous banquet."

But soon Gerald's enemies were destined to witness the accomplishment of all their designs against his house. James, earl of Desmond, "a man of lofty and ambitious views," entered into a correspondence with Charles the Fifth, king of Spain, and Francis the First of France, for the purpose, some hold, of inducing one or other of those sovereigns to invade Ireland. What follows I quote textually from O'Daly's quaint narrative, as translated by the Rev. C. P. Meehan:

"Many messages passed between them, of all which Henry the Eighth was a long time ignorant. It is commonly thought that Charles the Fifth at this time meditated an invasion of Ireland; and when at length the intelligence of these facts reached the king of England, Cardinal Wolsey (a man of immoderate ambition, most inimical to the Geraldines, and then ruling England as it were by his nod) caused the earl to be summoned to London; but Desmond did not choose to place himself in the hands of the cardinal, and declined the invitation. Thereupon the king dispatched a messenger to the earl of Kildare, then viceroy in Ireland, ordering him to arrest Desmond and send him to England forthwith. On receipt of the order, Kildare collected troops and marched into Munster to seize Desmond; but after some time, whether through inability or reluctance to injure his kinsman, the business failed and Kildare returned. Then did the cardinal poison the mind of the king against Kildare, asseverating that by his connivance Desmond had escaped — (this, indeed, was not the fact, for Kildare, however so anxious, could not have arrested Desmond). Kildare was then arraigned before the privy council, as Henry gave willing ear to the cardinal's assertions; but before the viceroy sailed for England, he committed the state and adminstration of Ireland to Thomas, his son and heir, and then presented himself before the council. The cardinal accused him of high treason to his liege sovereign, and endeavored to brand him and all his family with the ignominious mark of disloyalty. Kildare, who was a man of bold spirit, and despised the base origin of Wolsey, replied in polished, yet vehement language; and though the cardinal and court were hostile to him, nevertheless he so well managed the matter that he was only committed to the Tower of London. But the cardinal, determining to carry out his designs of vengeance without knowledge of the king, sent private instructions to the constable of the tower ordering him to behead the earl without delay. When the constable received his orders, although he

knew how dangerous it was to contravene the cardinal's mandate, commiserating the earl, he made him aware of his instructions. Calmly, yet firmly, did Kildare listen to the person who read his death-warrant; and then launching into a violent invective against the cardinal, he caused the constable to proceed to the king to learn if such order had emanated from him, for he suspected that it was the act of the cardinal unauthorized. The constable, regardless of the risk he ran, hastened to the king, and, about ten o'clock at night, reported to his majesty the order of the cardinal for destroying Kildare. Thereon the king was bitterly incensed against Wolsey, whom he cursed, and forbade the constable to execute any order not sanctioned by his own sign-manual; stating, at the same time, that he would cause the cardinal to repent of his usurped authority and unjust dislike to Kildare. The constable returned, and informed the earl of his message; but Kildare was nevertheless detained a prisoner in the tower to the end of his days."

"There is," says O'Daly's translator, "a chapter in Galt's 'Life of Wolsey' full of errors and gross misrepresentations of Ireland and the Irish. It is only fair, however, to give him credit for the spirited sketch he has given of the dialogue between Wolsey and Kildare. 'My Lord,' said Wolsey, 'you will remember how the Earl of Desmond, your kinsman, sent letters to Francis, the French king, what messages have been sent to you to arrest him (Desmond), and it is not yet done . . . but, in performing your duty in this affair, merciful God! how dilatory have you been! . . . what! the earl of Kildare dare not venture! nay, the King of Kildare; for you reign more than you govern the land.' 'My lord chancellor,' replied the Earl, 'if you proceed in this way, I will forget half my defense. I have no school tricks nor art of recollection; unless you hear me while I remember, your second charge will hammer the first out of my head. As to my kingdom, I know not what you mean. . . . I would you and I, my lord, exchanged kingdoms for one month; I would in that time undertake to gather more crumbs than twice the revenues of my poor earldom. While you sleep in your bed of down, I lie in a poor hovel; while you are served under a canopy, I serve under the cope of heaven; while you drink wine from golden cups, I must be content with water from a shell; my charger is trained for the field, your jennet is taught to amble.' O'Daly's assertion that Wolsey issued the earl's death-warrant does not appear to rest on any solid foundation; and the contrary appears likely, when such usurpation of royalty was not objected in the impeachment of the cardinal."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE REBELLION OF SILKEN THOMAS.

When Kildare was summoned to London—as it proved to be for the last time—he was called upon to nominate some one who should act for him in his absence, and for whom he himself would be responsible. Unfortunately he nominated his own son Thomas,* a hot, impetuous, brave, daring, and chivalrous youth, scarce twenty-one years of age. For some time the earl lay in London Tower, his fate as yet uncertain; the enemies of his house meanwhile striving steadily to insure his ruin.

It was at this juncture that the events detailed in bygone pages—Henry's quarrel with the pope, and the consequent politico-religious revolution in England—flung all the English realm into consternation and dismay. Amid the tidings of startling changes and bloody executions in London brought by each mail to Ireland, came many disquieting rumors of the fate of the Geraldine earl. The effect of these stories on the young Lord Thomas seems to have suggested to the anti-Geraldine faction a foul plot to accomplish his ruin. Forged letters were circulated giving out with much circumstantiality how the earl his father had been beheaded in the Tower of London, notwithstanding the king's promise to the contrary. The effect of this news on the Geraldine party, but most of all on the young Lord Thomas, may be imagined. Stunned for an instant by this cruel blow, his resolution was taken in a burst of passionate grief and anger. Vengeance! vengeance on the trebly perjured and blood-guilty king, whose crimes of

*Known in history as "Silken Thomas." He was so called, we are told, from the silken banners carried by his standard-bearers—others say because of the richness of his personal attire.

lust, murder, and sacrilege called aloud for punishment, and forfeited for him allegiance, throne and life! The youthful deputy hastily assembling his guards and retainers, and surrounded by a crowd of his grief-stricken and vengeful kinsmen, marched to Mary's Abbey, where the privy council was already sitting, waiting for him to preside over its deliberations. The scene at the council chamber is picturesquely sketched by Mr. Ferguson, in his "Hibernian Nights' Entertainment,"*

"Presently the crowd collected round the gates began to break up and line the causeways at either side, and a gallant cavalcade was seen through the open arch advancing from Thomas' Court toward the drawbridge. 'Way for the lord deputy,' cried two truncheon-bearers, dashing through the gate, and a shout arose on all sides that Lord Thomas was coming. Trumpeters and pursuivants at arms rode first, then came the mace-bearer with his symbol of office, and after him the sword of state, in a rich scabbard of velvet, carried by its proper officer. Lord Thomas himself, in his robes of state, and surrounded by a dazzling array of nobles and gentlemen, spurred after. The arched gateway was choked for a moment with tossing plumes and banners, flashing arms and gleaming faces, as the magnificent troop burst in like a flood of fire upon the dark and narrow precincts of the city. But behind the splendid cortege which headed their march, came a dense column of mailed men-at-arms, that continued to defile through the close pass long after the gay mantles and waving pennons of their leaders were indistinct in the distance.

"The gate of Mary's Abbey soon received the leaders of the revolt; and ere the last of their followers had ceased to pour into the echoing courtyard, Lord Thomas and his friends were at the door of the council-chamber. The assembled lords rose at his entrance, and way was made for him to the chair of state.

" 'Keep your seats, my lords,' said he, stopping midway between the entrance and council-table, while his friends gathered in a body at his back. 'I have not come to preside over this council, my lords; I come to tell you of a bloody tragedy that has been enacted in London, and to give you to know what steps I have thought fit to take in consequence.'

" 'What tragedy, my lord?' said Alan, the archbishop of Dublin; 'your lordship's looks and words alarm me: what means this multitude of men, now in the house of God? My lord, my lord, I fear this step is rashly taken; this looks like something, my lord, that I would be loth to name in the presence of loyal men.'

" 'My lord archbishop,' replied Thomas, 'when you pretend an ignorance of my noble father's murder——'

" 'Murder!' cried the lord chancellor, Cromer, starting from his seat, and all at the council-table uttered exclamations of astonishment in horror, save only Alan and the lord high treasurer.

" 'Yes, my lord,' the young Geraldine continued, with a stern voice, still addressing the archbishop, 'when you pretend ignorance of that foul and cruel murder, which was done by the instigation and traitorous procuring of yourself and others, your accomplices, and yet taunt me with the step which I have taken, rashly, as it may be, but not, I trust, unworthily of my noble father's son, in consequence you betray at once your treachery and your hypocrisy.' By this time the tumult among the soldiery without, who had not till now heard of the death of the earl, was as if a thousand men had been storming the abbey. They were all native Irish, and to a man devoted to Kildare. Curses, lamentations, and cries of rage and vengeance sounded from every quarter of the courtyard; and some who rushed into the council-hall with drawn swords, to be revenged on the authors of their calamity, were with difficulty restrained by the knights and gentlemen around the door from rushing on the archbishop and slaying him, as they heard him denounced by their chief, on the spot. When the clamor was somewhat abated, Alan, who had stood up to speak at its commencement, addressed the chancellor.

" 'My lord, this unhappy young man says he knows not what. If his noble father, which God forbid, should have come under his majesty's displeasure—if he should, indeed, have suffered

* The book here alluded to, it may be right to remind young readers, does not purport to be more than a fanciful story founded on facts; but the author so closely adheres to the outlines of authentic history, that we may credit his sketches and descriptions as well justified approximations to the literal truth.

—although I know not that he hath—the penalty of his numerous treasons——'

"'Bold priest, thou liest!' cried Sir Oliver Fitzgerald; 'my murdered brother was a truer servant of the crown than ever stood in thy satin shoes!'

"Alan and the lord chancellor, Cromer, also an archbishop and primate of Armagh, rose together; the one complaining loudly of the wrong and insult done his order; the other beseeching that all present would remember they were Christians and subjects of the crown of England; but, in the midst of this confusion, Lord Thomas, taking the sword of state out of the hands of its bearer, advanced up the hall to the council-table with a lofty determination in his bearing that at once arrested all eyes. It was plain he was about to announce his final purpose, and all within the hall awaited what he would say in sullen silence. His friends and followers now formed a dense semicircle at the foot of the hall; the lords of the council had involuntarily drawn round the throne and lord chancellor's chair; Thomas stood alone on the floor opposite the table, with the sword in his hands. Anxiety and pity were marked on the venerable features of Cromer as he bent forward to hear what he would say; but Alan and the treasurer, Lord James Butler, exchanged looks of malignant satisfaction.

"'My lord,' said Thomas, 'I come to tell you that my father has been basely put to death, for I know not what alleged treason, and that we have taken up arms to avenge his murder. Yet, although we be thus driven by the tyranny and cruelty of the king into open hostility, we would not have it said hereafter that we have conspired like villains and churls, but boldly declared our purpose as becomes warriors and gentlemen. This sword of state, my lords, is yours, not mine. I received it with an oath that I would use it for your benefit; I should stain my honor if I turned it to your hurt. My lords, I have now need of my own weapon, which I can trust; but as for the common sword, it has flattered me not—a painted scabbard, while its edge was yet red in the best blood of my house—ay, and is even now whetted anew for further destruction of the Geraldines. Therefore, my lords, save yourselves from us as from open enemies. I am no longer Henry Tudor's deputy—I am his foe. I have more mind to conquer than to govern—to meet him in the field than to serve him in office. And now, my lords, if all the hearts in England and Ireland, that have cause thereto, do but join in this quarrel, as I look that they will, then shall the world shortly be made sensible of the tyranny, cruelty, falsehood, and heresy, for which the age to come may well count this base king among the ancient traitors of most abominable and hateful memory.

"'Croom aboo!' cried Neale Roe O'Kennedy, Lord Thomas' bard, who had pressed into the body of the hall at the head of the Irish soldiery. He was conspicuous over all by his height and the splendor of his native costume. His legs and arms were bare; the sleeves of his yellow cothone, parting above the elbow, fell in voluminous folds almost to the ground, while its skirts, girded at the loins, covered him to the knee. Over this he wore a short jacket of crimson, the sleeves just covering the shoulders, richly wrought and embroidered, and drawn round the waist by a broad belt set with precious stones and fastened with a massive golden buckle. His laced and fringed mantle was thrown back, but kept from falling by a silver brooch, as broad as a man's palm, which glittered on his breast. He stretched out his hand, the gold bracelets rattling as they slid back on the thickness of his arm, and exclaimed in Irish:

"'Who is the young lion of the plains of Liffey that affrights the men of counsel, and the ruler of the Saxon, with his noble voice?

"'Who is the quickened ember of Kildare, that would consume the enemies of his people, and the false churls of the cruel race of clan-London?

"'It is the son of Gerald—the top branch of the oak of Offaly!

"'It is Thomas of the silken mantle—Ard-Righ Eireann!'

"'Righ Tomas go bragh!' shouted the soldiery; and many of the young lord's Anglo-Irish friends responded—'Long live King Thomas!' but the chancellor, Archbishop Cromer, who had listened to his insane avowal with undisguised distress, and who had already been seen to wring his hand, and even to shed tears as the misguided nobleman and his friends thus madly invoked

their own destruction, came down from his seat, and earnestly grasping the young lord by the hand, addressed him:

"'Good my lord,' he cried, while his venerable figure and known attachment to the house Kildare, attested as it was by such visible evidences of concern, commanded for a time the attention of all present. 'Good my lord, suffer me to use the privilege of an old man's speech with you before you finally give up this ensign of your authority and pledge of your allegiance.'

"The archbishop reasoned and pleaded at much length and with deep emotion; but he urged and prayed in vain.

"'My Lord Chancellor,' replied Thomas, 'I came not here to take advice, but to give you to understand what I purpose to do. As loyalty would have me know my prince, so duty compels me to reverence my father. I thank you heartily for your counsel; but it is now too late. As to my fortune, I will take it as God sends it, and rather choose to die with valor and liberty than live under King Henry in bondage and villainy. Therefore, my lord, I thank you again for the concern you take in my welfare, and since you will not receive this sword out of my hand, I can but cast it from me, even as here I cast off and renounce all duty and allegiance to your master.'

"So saying, he flung the sword of state upon the council-table. The blade started a hand's-breadth out of its sheath from the violence with which it was dashed out of his hands. He, then, in the midst of a tumult of acclamation from his followers, and cries of horror and pity from the lords and prelates around, tore off his robes of office and cast them at his feet. Stripped thus of his ensigns of dignity, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald stood up, amid the wreck of his fair fortune, an armed and avowed rebel, equipped in complete mail, before the representatives of England and Ireland. The cheering from his adherents was loud and enthusiastic, and those without replied with cries of fierce exultation."

The gallant but hapless Geraldine was now fully launched on his wild and desperate enterprise. There is no doubt that, had it partaken less of a hasty burst of passionate impetuosity, had it been more deliberately planned and organized, the revolt of Silken Thomas might have wrested the Anglo-Irish colony from Henry's authority. As it was, it shook the Anglo-Irish power to its base, and at one time seemed irresistible in its progress to success. But, however the ties of blood, kindred, and clanship might draw men to the side of Lord Thomas, most persons outside the Geraldine party soon saw the fate that surely awaited such a desperate venture, and saw too that it had all been the result of a subtle plot of the Ormond faction to ruin their powerful rivals. Moreover, in due time the truth leaked out that the old earl had not been beheaded at all, but was alive a prisoner in London. Lord Thomas now saw the gulf of ruin into which he had been precipitated, and knew now that his acts would only seal the doom or else break the heart of that father, the news of whose murder had driven him into this desperate course. But it was all too late to turn back. He would see the hopeless struggle through to the bitter end.

One of his first acts was to besiege Dublin city while another wing of his army devastated the possessions and reduced the castles of Ormond. Alan, the Archbishop of Dublin, a prominent enemy of the Geraldines, fled from the city by ship. The vessel, however, was driven ashore on Clontarf, and the archbishop sought refuge in the village of Artane. News of this fact was quickly carried into the Geraldine camp at Dublin; and before day's-dawn Lord Thomas and his uncles, John and Oliver, with an armed party, reached Artane, and dragged the archbishop from his bed. The unhappy prelate pleaded hard for his life; but the elder Geraldines, who were men of savage passion, barbarously murdered him as he knelt at their feet. This foul deed ruined any prospect of success which their cause might have had. It excited universal horror, and drew down upon its perpetrators, and all who should aid or shelter them, the terrible sentence of excommunication. This sentence was exhibited to the hapless Earl of Kildare in his dungeon in London Tower, and, it is said, so affected him that he never rallied more. He sank under the great load of his afflictions, and died of a broken heart.

Meanwhile, Lord Thomas was pushing the rebellion with all his energies, and for a time with wondrous success. He dispatched ambassadors to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and to the

pope, demanding aid in this war against Henry as the foe of God and man. But it is clear that neither the pope nor the emperor augured well of Silken Thomas' ill-devised endeavors. No succors reached him. His fortunes eventually began to pale. Powerful levies were brought against him; and, finally, he sought a parley with the English commander-in-chief, Lord Leonard Gray, who granted him terms of life for himself and uncles. Henry was wroth that any terms should have been promised to such daring foes; but as terms had been pledged, there was nothing for it, according to Henry's code of morality, but to break the promise. Accordingly, the five uncles of Silken Thomas, and the unfortunate young nobleman himself, were treacherously seized—the uncles at a banquet to which they were invited, and which was, indeed, given in their honor, by the lord deputy Grey—and brought to London, where, in violation of plighted troth, they were all six beheaded at Tyburn, January 3, 1537.

This terrible blow was designed to cut off the Geraldine family forever, and to all appearance it seemed, and Henry fondly believed, that this wholesale execution had accomplished that design, and left neither root nor seed behind. Yet once again that mysterious protection which had so often preserved the Geraldine line in like terrible times saved it from the decreed destruction. "The imprisoned earl (Lord Thomas' father) having died in the Tower on December 12, 1534, the sole survivor of this historic house was now a child of twelve years of age, whose life was sought with an avidity equal to Herod's, but who was protected with a fidelity which defeated every attempt to capture him. Alternately the guest of his aunts, married to the chiefs of Offaly and Donegal, the sympathy everywhere felt for him led to a confederacy between the northern and southern chiefs, which had long been wanting. A loose league was formed, including the O'Neills of both branches, O'Donnell, O'Brien, the Earl of Desmond, and the chiefs of Moylurg and Breffni. The lad, the object of so much natural and chivalrous affection, was harbored for a time in Munster, thence transported through Connaught into Donegal, and finally, after four years, in which he engaged more of the minds of statesmen than any other individual under the rank of royalty, was safely landed in France."

The Geraldine line was preserved once more! From this child Gerald it was to branch out as of yore, in stately strength and princely power.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW THE "REFORMATION" WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN ENGLAND, AND HOW IT WAS RESISTED IN IRELAND.

I HAVE SO far called the event, usually termed the Reformation, a politico-religious revolution, and treated of it only as such. With phases of religious belief or the propagandism of new religious doctrines, unless in so far as they affected political events or effected marked national changes, I do not purpose dealing in this story. As a matter of fact, however, the Reformation was during the reign of Henry much less of a religious than a political revolution. The only points Henry was particular about were the matters of supremacy and church property. For a long period the idea of adopting the new form of faith in all its doctrinal sequence seemed quite foreign to his mind. The doctrine, firstly, that he, Henry, was supreme king, spiritual as well as temporal, within his own realms; the doctrine, secondly, that he could, in virtue of such spiritual supremacy, give full rein to his beastly lusts, and call concubinage marriage; and lastly, that whatever property the church possessed, bequeathed for pious uses, he might rob and keep for himself, or divide as bribes between his abetting nobles, legislators, and statesmen—these were the "reforms," so-called, upon which the king set most value. Other matters he allowed for a time to have their way; at least it was so wherever difficulty was anticipated in pulling down the old and setting up new forms of worship. Thus we find the king at the same time sending a "reforming" archbishop to Dublin while sanctioning prelates of the old faith in other dioceses, barely on condition of taking the oath of allegiance to him. Doctrine or theology had scarcely any concern for him or his statesmen, and it is clear and plain to any student of history that if the Catholic Church would only sanction to him his polygamy; and to them the rich plunder they had clutched, they would never

have gone further, and would still be wondrous zealous "defenders of the faith." But the Catholic Church, which could have avoided the whole disaster at the outset by merely suffering one lawful wife to be unlawfully put away, was not going to compromise, with him or with them, an iota of sacred truth or public morality, much less to sacrifice both wholesale after this fashion. So, in time, the king and his party saw that having gone so far, they must needs go the whole way. Like the panther that has tasted blood, their thirst for plunder was but whetted by their taste of church spoil. They should go further or they might lose all. They knew right well that of these spoils they never could rest sure as long as the owner, the Catholic Church, was allowed to live; so to kill the church outright became to them as much of a necessity as the sure "dispatching" of a half-murdered victim is to a burglar or an assassin. Had it not been for this question of church property—had there been no plunder to divide—in all human probability there would have been no "reformation" consummated in these countries. But by the spoils of the sanctuary Henry was able to bribe the nobles to his side, and to give them such an interest in the utter abolition of catholicity and the perpetuation of the new system, that no king or queen coming after him would be able permanently to restore the old order of things.

Here the reflection at once confronts us—what a mean, sordid, worldly-minded kennel these same "nobles" must have been! Ay, mean and soulless indeed! If there was any pretense of religious convictions having anything to say in the business, no such reflection would arise; no such language would be seemly. But few or none of the parties cared to get up even a semblance of interest in the doctrinal aspect of the passing revolution. One object, and one alone, seemed fixed before their gaze—to get as much as possible of "what was going;" to secure some of the loot, and to keep it. Given this one consideration, all things else might remain or be changed a thousand times over for all they cared. If any one question the correctness of this estimate of the conduct of the English and Anglo-Irish lords of the period before us, I need only point to the page of authentic history. They were a debased and cowardly pack. As long as Henry fed them with bribes from the abbey lands, they made and unmade laws "to order" for him. He asked them to declare his marriage with Catherine of Aragon invalid—they did it; his marriage with Anne Boleyn lawful—they did it; this same marriage unlawful and its fruits illegitimate—they did it; his marriage with Jane Seymour lawful—they did it. In fine they said and unsaid, legitimatized and illegitimatized, just as he desired. Nor was this all. In the reign of his child, Edward, they enacted every law deemed necessary for the more complete overthrow of the ancient faith and the setting up of the new. But no sooner had Mary come to the throne than these same lords, legislators, and statesmen instantaneously wheeled around, beat their breasts, became wondrously pious Catholics, whined out repentantly that they had been frightful criminals; and, like the facile creatures that they were, at the request of Mary, or to please her, undid in a rush all they had been doing during the two preceding reigns—but all on one condition, most significant and most necessary to mark, viz.: that they should not be called upon to give back the stolen property! Again a change on the throne, and again they change! Elizabeth comes to undo all that Mary had restored, and lo! the venal lords and legislators in an instant wheel around once more; they decree false and illegitimate all they had just declared true and lawful; they swallow their own words, they say and unsay, they repeal and re-enact, do and undo, as the whim of the queen, or the necessity of conserving their sacrilegious robberies dictates!

Yes; the history of the world has nothing to parallel the disgusting baseness, the mean, sordid cowardice of the English and Anglo-Irish lords and legislators. Theirs was not a change of religious convictions, right or wrong, but a greedy venality, a facile readiness to change any way or every way for worldly advantage. Their model of policy was Judas Iscariot, who sold our Lord for thirty pieces of silver.

That Ireland also was not carried over into the new system was owing to the circumstance that the English authority had, so far, been able to secure for itself but a partial hold on the Irish nation. It must have been a curious reflection with the supreme pontiffs that Ireland might in

a certain sense be said to have been saved to the Catholic Church by its obstinate disregard of exhortations addressed to it repeatedly, if not by the popes, under cover or ostensible sanction of papal authority, in support of the English crown; for had the Irish yielded all that the English king demanded with papal bull in hand, and become part and parcel of the English realm, Ireland, too, was lost to the old faith. At this point one is tempted to indulge in bitter reflections on the course of the Roman pontiffs toward Ireland. "Hitherto"—so one might put it—"that hapless nation in its fearful struggle against ruthless invaders found Rome on the side of its foes. It was surely a hard and cruel thing for the Irish, so devotedly attached to the Holy See, to behold the rapacious and bloodthirsty Normans, Plantagenets, and Tudors, able to flourish against them papal bulls and rescripts, until now when Henry quarreled with Rome. Now—henceforth—too late—all that is to be altered; henceforth the bulls and the rescripts are all to exhort the broken and ruined Irish nation to fight valiantly against that power to which, for four hundred years, the Roman court had been exhorting or commanding it to submit. Surely Ireland has been the sport of Roman policy, if not its victim!"

These bitter reflections would be not only natural but just, if the facts of the case really supported them. But the facts do not quite support this view, which, it is singular to note, the Irish themselves never entertained. At all times they seem to have most justly and accurately appreciated the real attitude of the Holy See toward them, and fixed the value and force of the bulls and rescripts obtained by the English sovereign at their true figure. The conduct of the popes was not free from reproach in a particular subsequently to be noted; but the one thing they had really urged, rightly or wrongly, on the Irish from the first was the acceptance of the sovereignty of the English king, by no means implying an incorporation with the English nation, or an abandonment of their nationality. In this sense the popes' exhortations were always read by the native Irish; and it will be noted that in this sense from the very beginning the Irish princes very generally were ready to acquiesce in them. The idea, rightly or wrongly, appears to have been that this strong sovereignty would be capable of reducing the chaotic elements in Ireland (given up to such hopeless disorder previously) to compactness and order—a good to Ireland and to Christendom. This was the guise in which the Irish question had always been presented by plausible English envoys, civil or ecclesiastical, at Rome. The Irish themselves did not greatly quarrel with it so far; but there was all the difference in the world between this the theory and the bloody and barbarous fact and practice as revealed in Ireland.

What may be said with truth is, that the popes inquired too little about the fact and practice, and were always too ready to write and exhort upon such a question at the instance of the English. The Irish chiefs were sensible of this wrong done them; but in their every act and word they evidenced a perfect consciousness that the rectitude of the motives animating the popes was not to be questioned. Even when the authority of the Holy See was most painfully misused against them, they received it with reverence and respect. The time had at length arrived, however, when Rome was to mourn over whatever of error or wrong had marked its past policy toward Ireland, and forever after nobly and unchangeably to stand by her side. But alas! too late—all too late now for succeeding! All the harm had been done, and was now beyond repairing. The grasp of England had been too firmly tightened in the past. At the very moment when the pope desired, hoped, urged, and expected Ireland to arise triumphant and glorious, a free Catholic nation, a recompense for lost England, she sank broken, helpless, and despairing under the feet of the sacrilegious Tudor.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW THE IRISH CHIEFS GAVE UP ALL HOPE AND YIELDED TO HENRY; AND HOW THE IRISH CLANS SERVED THE CHIEFS FOR SUCH TREASON.

HENRY THE EIGHTH was the first English sovereign styled King of Ireland, and it must be confessed he had more to show for assuming such a title than his predecessors had for the lesser dignities of the kind which they claimed; inasmuch as the title was "voted" to him in the first formal parliament in which Irish chieftains and

Anglo-Norman lords sat side by side. To be sure the Irish chieftains had no authority from the stepts (from whom alone they derived any authority or power) to give such a vote; and, as we shall learn presently, some of those septs, instantly on becoming aware of it and the consequences it implied, deposed the chiefs thus acting, and promptly elected (in each case from the same family however) others in their stead. But never previously had so many of the native princes in a manner so formal given in their acknowledgment of the English dynasty, and their renunciation of the ancient institutions of their nation. Utterly broken down in spirit, reft of hope, weary of struggle, they seem to have yielded themselves up to inevitable fate. "The arguments," says one of our historians, "by which many of the chiefs might have justified themselves to the clans in 1541-2-3, for submitting to the inevitable laws of necessity, in rendering homage to Henry the Eighth, were neither few nor weak. Abroad there was no hope of an alliance sufficient to counterbalance the immense resources of England; at home, life-wasting private wars, the conflict of laws, of languages, and of titles to property had become unbearable. That fatal family pride which would not permit an O'Brien to obey an O'Neill, nor an O'Connor to follow either, rendered the establishment of a native monarchy (even if there had been no other obstacle) wholly impracticable." Another says: "The chief lords of both English and Irish descent were reduced to a state of deplorable misery and exhaustion. . . . It was high time, therefore, on the one side to think of submission, and prudent on the other to propose concession; and Henry was just then fortunate in selecting a governor for Ireland who knew how to take advantage of the favorable circumstances." This was Saintleger, whose politic course of action resulted in the assembling at Dublin, June 12, 1541, of a parliament at which, beside all the principal Anglo-Norman lords, there attended, Donogh O'Brien, tanist of Thomond, the O'Reilly, O'More, M'William, Fitzpatrick, and Kavanagh.* The speeches in the English language were translated in the Gaelic tongue to the Irish chiefs by the Earl of Ormond. The main business was to consider a bill voting the crown of Ireland to Henry, which was unanimously passed—registered rather; for, as far as the native "legislators" were concerned, the assemblage was that of conquered and subdued chieftains, ready to acknowledge their subjection in any way. O'Neill and O'Donnell refused to attend. They held out sullenly yet awhile in the North. But in the next year they "came in," much to the delight of Henry, who loaded them with flatteries and attentions. The several chiefs yielded up their ancient Irish titles, and consented to receive English instead. O'Brien was created Earl of Thomond; Ulick M'William was created Earl of Clanrickard and Baron Dunkellin; Hugh O'Donnell was made Earl of Tyrconnell; O'Neill was made Earl of Tyrone; Kavanagh was made Baron of Ballyann; and Fitzpatrick, Baron of Ossory. Most of these titles were conferred by Henry in person at Greenwich palace, with extravagant pomp and formality, the Irish chiefs having been specially invited thither for that purpose, and sums of money given them for their equipment and expenses. In many instances, if not in all, they consented to receive from Henry royal patents or title deeds for "their" lands, as the English from their feudal standpoint would regard them; not their lands, however, in point of fact and law, but the "tribe-lands" of their septs. The acceptance of these "patents" of land proprietorship, still more than the acceptance of English titles, was "a complete abrogation of the Gaelic relation of clansman and chief." Some of the new earls were moreover apportioned a share of the plundered church lands. This was yet a further outrage on their people. Little need we wonder, therefore, that while the newly created earls and barons were airing their modern dignities at the English court, feted and flattered by Henry, the clans at home, learning by dark rumor of these treasons, were already stripping the backsliding chiefs of all authority and power, and were taking measures to arrest and consign them to punishment on their return. O'Donnell found most of his clan, headed by his son, up in arms against him; O'Brien, on his return, was confronted by like circumstances; the new "Earl

* Son of M'Murrogh who had just previously "submitted," renouncing the title of M'Murrogh, adopting the name of Kavanagh, and undertaking on the part of his sept, that no one henceforth would assume the renounced title!

of Clanrickard" was incontinently attainted by his people, and a Gaelic "M'William" was duly installed in his stead. O'Neill, "the first of his race who had accepted an English title," found that his clansmen had formally deposed him, and elected as the O'Neill, his son John, surnamed "John the Proud"—the celebrated "Shane" O'Neill, so called in the jargon of English writers. On all sides the septs repudiated and took formal and practical measures to disavow and reverse the acts of their representatives. The hopelessness that had broken the spirit of the chief found no place in the heart of the clan.

This was the beginning of new complications in the already tangled skein of Irish affairs. A new source of division and disorganization was now planted in the country. Hitherto the clans at least were intact, though the nation was shattered. Henceforth the clans themselves were split into fragments. From this period forward we hear of a king's or a queen's O'Reilly and an Irish O'Reilly; a king's O'Neill and an Irish O'Neill; a king's O'Donnell and an Irish O'Donnell. The English government presented a very artful compromise to the septs—offering them a chief of the native family stock, but requiring that he should hold from the crown, not from the clan. The nominee of the government, backed by all the English power and interest, was generally able to make head for a time at least against the legitimate chief duly and legally chosen and elected by the sept. In many instances the English nominee was able to rally to his side a considerable section of the clan, and even without external aid to hold the chosen chief in check. By the internal feuds thus incited, the clans were utterly riven, and were given over to a self-acting process of extinction. Occasionally, indeed, the crown nominee, once he was firmly seated in the chieftaincy, threw off all allegiance to his foreign masters, declared himself an Irish chief, cast away scornfully his English earlship, and assumed proudly the ancient title that named him head of his clan. In this event the government simply declared him "deposed," proceeded to nominate another chief in his place, and sent an army to install the new nominee on the necks of the stubborn clan. This was the artful system—copied in all its craft and cruelty by the British in India centuries afterward—pursued toward the native princes and chiefs of Ireland from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the middle of the seventeenth century.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HENRY'S SUCCESSORS: EDWARD, MARY, AND ELIZABETH—THE CAREER OF "JOHN THE PROUD."

THE changes of English sovereigns little affected English policy in Ireland. Whatever meaning the change from Henry to Edward, from Edward to Mary, and from Mary to Elizabeth, may have had in England, in Ireland it mattered little who filled the throne; the policy of subjugation, plunder, and extirpation went on. In Mary's reign, indeed, incidents more than one occurred to show that, though of course bent on completing the conquest and annexation of Ireland, she was a stranger to the savage and cruel passions that had ruled her father, and that were so fearfully inherited by his other daughter, Elizabeth. The aged chief of Offaly, O'Connor, had long lain in the dungeons of London Tower, all efforts to obtain his release having failed. At length his daughter Margaret, hearing that now a queen—a woman—sat on the throne, bethought her of an appeal in person to Mary for her father's life and freedom. She proceeded to London and succeeded in obtaining an audience of the queen. She pleaded with all a woman's eloquence, and with all the fervor of a daughter petitioning for a father's life. Mary was touched to the heart by this instance of devotedness. She treated young Margaret of Offaly with the greatest tenderness, spoke to her cheeringly, and promised her that what she had so bravely sought should be freely granted. And it was so. O'Connor Faly returned with his daughter to Ireland a free man.

Nor was this the only instance in which Mary exhibited a womanly sympathy for misfortune. The fate of the Geraldines moved her to compassion. The young Gerald—long time a fugitive among the glens of Muskery and Donegal, now an exile sheltered in Rome—was recalled and restored to all his estates, honors, and titles; and with O'Connor Faly and the young Geraldine there were allowed to return to their homes, we are told, the heirs of the houses of Ormond and

Upper Ossory, "to the great delight of the southern half of the kingdom."

To Mary there succeeded on the English throne her Amazonian sister, Elizabeth. The nobles and commoners of England had, indeed, as in Mary's case, at her father's request, declared and decreed as the immortal and unchangeable truth that she was illegitimate; but, according to their code of morality, that was no earthly reason against their now declaring and decreeing as the immortal and unchangeable truth that she was legitimate. For these very noble nobles and most uncommon commoners eat dirt with a hearty zest, and were ready to decree and declare, to swear and unswear, the most contradictory and irreconcilable assertions, according as their venality and servility suggested.

Elizabeth was a woman of marvelous ability. She possessed abundantly the talents that qualify a statesman. She was greatly gifted indeed; but nature, while richly endowing her with so much else beside, forgot or withheld from her one of the commonest gifts of human kind—Elizabeth had no heart. A woman devoid of heart is, after all, a terrible freak of nature. She may be gifted with marvelous powers of intellect, and endowed with great personal beauty, but she is still a monster. Such was Elizabeth; a true Tudor and veritable daughter of King Henry the Eighth; one of the most remarkable women of her age, and in one sense one of the greatest of English sovereigns.

Her reign was memorable in Irish history. It witnessed at its opening the revolt of John the Proud in Ulster; later on the Desmond rebellion; and toward the close the great struggle that to all time will immortalize the name of Hugh O'Neill.

John the Proud, as I have already mentioned, was elected to the chieftaincy of the O'Neills on the deposition of his father by the clan. He scornfully defied all the efforts of the English to dispute his claim, and soon they were fain to recognize him and court his friendship. Of this extraordinary man little more can be said in praise than that he was an indomitable and, up to the great reverse which suddenly closed his career, a successful soldier, who was able to defy and defeat the best armies of England on Irish soil, and more than once to bring the English government very submissively to terms of his dictation. But he lacked the personal virtues that adorned the lives and inspired the efforts of the great and brave men whose struggles we love to trace in the annals of Ireland. His was, indeed, a splendid military career, and his administration of the government of his territory was undoubtedly exemplary in many respects, but he was in private life no better than a mere English noble of the time; his conduct toward the unfortunate Calvach O'Donnell leaving a lasting stain on his name.* The state papers of England reveal an incident in his life which presents us with an authenticated illustration of the means deemed lawful by the English government often enough in those centuries for the removing of an Irish foe. John had reduced all the north to his sway, and cleared out every vestige of English dominion in Ulster. He had encountered the English commander-in-chief and defeated him. He had marched to the very confines of Dublin, spreading terror through the Pale. In this strait Sussex, the lord lieutenant, bethought him of a good plan for the effectual removal of this dangerous enemy to the crown and government. With the full cognizance and sanction of the queen, he hired an assassin to murder O'Neill. The plot, however, miscarried, and we should probably have never heard of it, but that, very awkwardly for the memory of Elizabeth and of her worthy viceroy, some portions of their correspondence on the subject remained undestroyed among the state papers, and are now to be seen in the State Paper Office. The career of John the Proud closed suddenly and miserably. He was utterly defeated (A.D. 1567) in a great pitched battle by the O'Donnells; an overthrow which it is said

* He invaded the O'Donnell's territory, and acting, it is said, on information secretly supplied by the unfaithful wife of the Tyrconnell chief, succeeded in surprising and capturing him. He kept O'Donnell, who was his father-in-law, for years a close prisoner, and lived in open adultery with the perfidious wife of the imprisoned chief, the stepmother of his own lawful wife! "What deepens the horror of this odious domestic tragedy," says M'Gee, "is the fact that the wife of O'Neill, the daughter of O'Donnell, thus supplanted by her shameless stepmother under her own roof, died soon afterward of 'horror, loathing, grief, and deep anguish' at the spectacle afforded by the private life of O'Neill, and the severities inflicted on her wretched father!"

affected his reason. Flying from the field with his guilty mistress, his secretary, and a body-guard of fifty horsemen, he was induced to become the guest of some Scottish adventurers in Antrim, upon whom he had inflicted a severe defeat not long previously. After dinner, when most of those present were under the influence of wine—John, it is said, having been purposely plied with drink—an Englishman who was present designedly got up a brawl, or pretense of a brawl, about O'Neill's recent defeat of his then guests. Daggers were drawn in an instant, and the unfortunate John the Proud, while sitting helplessly at the banqueting board, was surrounded and butchered.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW THE GERALDINES ONCE MORE LEAGUED AGAINST ENGLAND UNDER THE BANNER OF THE CROSS—HOW "THE ROYAL POPE" WAS THE EARLIEST AND THE MOST ACTIVE ALLY OF THE IRISH CAUSE.

The death of John the Proud gave the English power respite in the north; but, respited for a moment in the north, that power was doomed to encounter danger still as menacing in the south. Once more the Geraldines were to put it severely to the proof.

Elizabeth had not witnessed and studied in vain the events of her father's reign. She very sagaciously concluded that if she would safely push her war against the Catholic faith in Ireland, she must first get the dreaded Geraldines out of the way. And she knew, too, from all previous events, how necessary it was to guard that not even a solitary seedling of that dangerous race was allowed to escape. She wrote to Sydney, her lord lieutenant, to lay a right cunning snare for the catching of the Geraldines in one haul. That faithful viceroy of a gracious queen forthwith "issued an invitation for the nobility of Ireland to meet him on a given day in the city of Dublin, to confer with him on some matters of great weight, particularly regarding religion." The bait took. "The dynasts of Ireland, little suspecting the design, hastened to the city, and along with them the Earl of Desmond and his brother John." They had a safe conduct from Sydney, but had scarcely arrived when they were seized and committed to the castle dungeons, whence they were soon shipped off to the Tower of London. This was the plan Elizabeth had laid, but it had only partially succeeded. All the Geraldines had not come into the snare, and she took five years to decide whether it would be worth while murdering these (according to law), while so many other members of the family were yet outside her grasp. The earl and his brother appear not to have been imprisoned, but merely held to residence under surveillance in London. According to the version of the family chronicler, they found means of transmitting a document or message to their kinsmen and retainers, appointing their cousin James, son of Maurice—known as James Fitzmaurice—to be the head and leader of the family in their absence, "for he was well-known for his attachment to the ancient faith, no less than for his valor and chivalry." "Gladly," says the old chronicler, "did the people of Earl Desmond receive these commands, and inviolable was their attachment to him who was now their appointed chieftain."

This was that James Fitzmaurice of Desmond—"James Geraldine of happy memory," as Pope Gregory calls him—who originated, planned, and organized the memorable Geraldine League of 1579, upon the fortunes of which for years the attention of Christendom was fixed. With loftier, nobler, holier aims than the righting of mere family wrongs he conceived the idea of a great league in defense of religion; a holy war, in which he might demand the sustainment and intervention of the Catholic powers. Elizabeth's own conduct at this juncture in stirring up and subsidizing the Huguenots in France supplied Fitzmaurice with another argument in favor of his scheme. First of all he sent an envoy to the pope—Gregory the Thirteenth—demanding the blessing and assistance of the Supreme Pontiff in this struggle of a Catholic nation against a monarch nakedly violating all title to allegiance. The act of an apostate sovereign of a Catholic country drawing the sword to compel his subjects into apostasy on pain of death, was not only a forfeiture of his title to rule, it placed him outside the pale of law, civil and ecclesiastical. This was Henry's position when he died; to this position, as the envoy pointed out, Elizabeth succeeded "with a vengeance;" and so he

prayed of Pope Gregory, "his blessing on the undertaking and the concession of indulgences which the church bestows on those who die in defense of the faith." The holy father flung himself earnestly and actively into the cause. "Then," says the old Geraldine chaplain, "forth flashed the sword of the Geraldine; like chaff did he scatter the host of reformers; fire and devastation did he carry into their strongholds; so that during five years he won many a glorious victory, and carried off innumerable trophies."

This burst of rhapsody, excusable enough on the part of the old Geraldine chronicler, gives, however, no faithful idea of what ensued; many brilliant victories, it is true, James Geraldine achieved in his protracted struggle. But after five years of valiant effort and of varied fortunes, the hour of reverses came. One by one Fitzmaurice's allies were struck down or fell away from him, until at length he himself with a small force stood to bay in the historic Glen of Aherlow, which "had now become to the patriots of the south what the valley of Glenmalure had been for those of Leinster—a fortress dedicated by nature to the defense of freedom." Here he held out for a year; but, eventually, he dispatched envoys to the lord president at Kilmallock to make terms of submission, which were duly granted. Whether from motives of policy, or in compliance with these stipulations, the imprisoned earl and his brother were forthwith released in London; the queen making them an exceedingly smooth and bland speech against the sin of rebellion. The gallant Fitzmaurice betook himself into exile, there to plot and organize with redoubled energy in the cause of faith and country; while the Earl of Desmond, utterly disheartened no doubt by the result of James' revolt, and "only too happy to be tolerated in the possession of his five hundred and seventy thousand acres, was eager enough to testify his allegiance by any sort of service."

Fitzmaurice did not labor in vain. He went from court to court pleading the cause he had so deeply at heart. He was received with honor and respect everywhere; but it was only at Rome that he obtained that which he valued beyond personal honors for himself—aid in men, money, and arms for the struggle in Ireland. A powerful expedition was fitted out at Civita Vecchia by the sovereign pontiff; and from various princes of Europe secret promises of further aid were showered upon the brave Geraldine. He little knew, all this time, while he in exile was toiling night and day—was pleading, urging, beseeching—planning, organizing, and directing—full of ardor and of faithful courageous resolve, that his countrymen at home—even his own kinsmen—were temporizing and compromising with the lord president! He little knew that, instead of finding Ireland ready to welcome him as a deliverer, he was to land in the midst of a prostrate, dispirited, and apathetic population, and was to find some of his own relatives, not only fearing to countenance, but cravenly arrayed against him! It was even so. As the youthful Emmett exclaimed of his own project against the British crown more than two hundred years subsequently, we may say of Fitzmaurice's—"There was failure in every part." By some wild fatality everything miscarried. There was concert nowhere; there was no one engaged in the cause of ability to second James' efforts; and what misfortune marred, incompetency ruined. The pope's expedition, upon which so much depended, was diverted from its destination by its incompetent commander, an English adventurer named Stukely, knave or fool, to whom, in an evil hour, James had unfortunately confided such a trust. Stukely, having arrived at Lisbon on his way to Ireland, and having there learned that the King of Portugal was setting out on an expedition against the Moors, absolutely joined his forces to those of Dom Sebastian, and accompanied him,* leaving James of Desmond to learn as best he might of this inexplicable imbecility, if not cold-blooded treason!

Meanwhile, in Ireland, the air was thick with rumors, vague and furtive, that James was "on the sea," and soon to land with a liberating expedition. The government was, of course, on the alert, fastening its gaze with lynx-eyed vigilance on all men likely to join the "foreign emissaries," as the returning Irish and their friends were styled; and around the southwestern coast of Ireland was instantly drawn a line of British cruisers. The government fain would have

* Stukely, and most of his force, perished on the bloody field of Alcazarquebir, where Dom Sebastian and two Moorish kings likewise fell.

seized upon the Earl of Desmond and his brothers, but it was not certain whether this would aid or retard the apprehended revolt; for, so far, these Geraldines protested their opposition to it, and to them—to the earl in particular—the population of the south looked for leadership. Yet, in sooth, the English might have relieved the earl, who, hoping nothing of the revolt, yet sympathizing secretly with his kinsman, was in a sad plight what to do, anxious to be "neutral," and trying to convince the lord president that he was well affected. The government party, on the other hand, trusting him naught, seemed anxious to goad him into some "overt act" that would put him utterly in their power. While all was excitement about the expected expedition, lo! three suspicious strangers were landed at Dingle from a Spanish ship! They were seized as "foreign emissaries," and were brought first before the Earl of Desmond. Glad of an opportunity for showing the government his zeal, he forthwith sent them prisoners to the lord president at Kilmallock. In vain they protested that they were not conspirators or invaders. And indeed they were not, though they were what was just as bad in the eyes of the law, namely, Catholic ecclesiastics, one of them being Dr. O'Haly, Bishop of Mayo, and another Father Cornelius O'Rorke. To reveal what they really were would serve them little; inasmuch as hanging and beheading as "rebels" was in no way different from hanging and beheading as "popish ecclesiastics." Yet would the authorities insist that they were vile foreign emissaries. They spoke with a Spanish accent; they wore their beards in the Spanish fashion, and their boots were of Spanish cut. So to force a confession of what was not truth out of them, no effort was spared. They were "put to every conceivable torture," says the historian, "in order to extract intelligence of Fitzmaurice's movements. After their thighs had been broken with hammers they were hanged on a tree, and their bodies used as targets by the soldiery.

By this time James, all unconscious of Stukely's defection, had embarked from Spain for Ireland, with a few score Spanish soldiers in three small ships. He brought with him Dr. Saunders, papal legate, the Bishop of Killaloe, and Dr. Allen. The little fleet, after surviving shipwreck on the coast of Gallicia, sailed into Dingle Harbor July 17, 1579. Here James first tasted disheartening disillusion. His great kinsman the earl, so far from marching to welcome him and summoning the country to rise, "sent him neither sign of friendship nor promise of co-operation." This was discouragement indeed; yet Fitzmaurice was not without hope that when in a few days the main expedition under Stukely would arrive, the earl might think more hopefully of the enterprise, and rally to it that power which he alone could assemble in Munster. So, weighing anchor, James steered for a spot which no doubt he had long previously noted and marked as pre-eminently suited by nature for such a purpose as this of his just now—Illan-an-Oir, or Golden Island, in Smerwick Harbor, on the northwest Kerry coast, destined to be famed in story as Fort del Ore. This was a singular rock, a diminutive Gibraltar, jutting into the harbor or bay of Smerwick. Even previously its natural strength as a site for a fort had been noticed, and a rude fortification of some sort crowned the rock. Here James landed his small force, threw up an earthwork across the narrow neck of land connecting the "Isle of Gold" with the mainland, and waited for news of Stukely.

But Stukely never came! There did come, however, unfortunately for James, an English man-of-war, which had little difficulty in capturing his transports within sight of the helpless fort. All hope of the expected expedition soon fled, or mayhap its fate became known, and matters grew desperate on Illan-an-Oir. Still the earl made no sign. His brothers John and James, however, less timid or more true to kinship, had chivalrously hastened to join Fitzmaurice. But it was clear the enterprise was lost. The government forces were mustering throughout Munster, and nowhere was help being organized. In this strait it was decided to quit the fort and endeavor to reach the old fastnesses amid the Galtees. The little band in their eastward march were actually pursued by the Earl of Desmond, not very much in earnest indeed—in downright sham, the English said, yet in truth severely enough to compel them to divide into three fugitive groups, the papal legate and the other dignitaries remaining with Fitzmaurice. Making a desperate push to reach

the Shannon, his horses utterly exhausted, the brave Geraldine was obliged to impress into his service some horses belonging to Sir William Burke, through whose lands he was then passing. Burke, indeed, was a relative of his, and Fitzmaurice thought that revealing his name would silence all objection. On the contrary, however, this miserable Burke assembled a force, pursued the fugitives, and fell upon them, as "few and faint," jaded and outworn, they had halted at the little river Mulkern in Limerick county. Fitzmaurice was wounded mortally early in the fray, yet his ancient prowess flashed out with all its native brilliancy at the last. Dashing into the midst of his dastard foes, at one blow he clove to earth Theobald Burke, and in another instant laid the brother of Theobald mortally wounded at his feet. The assailants, though ten to one, at once turned and fled. But alas! vain was the victory—James Geraldine had received his death wound! Calmly receiving the last rites of the church at the hands of Dr. Allen, and having with his last breath dictated a message to his kinsmen enjoining them to take up the banner fallen in his hand, and to fight to the last in the holy war—naming his cousin John of Desmond as leader to succeed him—the chivalrous Fitzmaurice breathed his last sigh. "Such," says the historian, "was the fate of the glorious hopes of Sir James Fitzmaurice! So ended in a squabble with churls about cattle, on the banks of an insignificant stream, a career which had drawn the attention of Europe, and had inspired with apprehension the lion-hearted English queen!"

Faithful to the dying message of Fitzmaurice, John of Desmond now avowed his resolution to continue the struggle; which he did bravely, and not without brilliant results. But the earl still "stood on the fence." Still would he fain persuade the government that he was quite averse to the mad designs of his unfortunate kinsmen; and still government, fully believing him a sympathizer with the movement, lost no opportunity of scornfully taunting him with insinuations. Eventually they commenced to treat his lands as the possessions of an enemy, wasting and harrying them; and at length the earl, finding too late that in such a struggle there was for him no neutrality, took the field. But this step on his part, which if it had been taken earlier, might have had a powerful effect, was now, as I have said, all too late for any substantial influence upon the lost cause. Yet he showed by a few brilliant victories at the very outset that he was, in a military sense, not all unworthy of his position as First Geraldine. The Spanish king, too, had by this time been moved to the aid of the struggle. The Fort del Ore once more received an expedition from Spain, where this time there landed a force of seven hundred Spaniards and Italians, under the command of Sebastian San Josef, Hercules Pisano, and the Duke of Biscay. They brought, moreover, arms for five thousand men, a large supply of money, and cheering promises of still further aid from over the sea. Lord Grey, the deputy, quickly saw that probably the future existence of British power in Ireland depended upon the swift and sudden crushing of this formidable expedition; accordingly with all vehemence did he strain every energy to concentrate with rapidity around Fort del Ore, by land and sea, an overwhelming force before any aid or co-operation could reach it from the Geraldines. "Among the officers of the besieging force were three especially notable men—Sir Walter Raleigh, the poet Spenser, and Hugh O'Neill—afterward Earl of Tyrone, but at this time commanding a squadron of cavalry for her majesty Queen Elizabeth. San Josef surrendered the place on conditions; that savage outrage ensued, which is known in Irish history as 'the massacre of Smerwick.' Raleigh and Wingfield appear to have directed the operations by which eight hundred prisoners of war were cruelly butchered and flung over the rocks. The sea upon that coast is deep, and the tide swift; but it has not proved deep enough to hide that horrid crime, or to wash the stains of such wanton bloodshed from the memory of its authors!"*

It may be said that the Geraldine cause never rallied after this disaster. "For four years longer," says the historian whom I have just quoted, "the Geraldine League flickered in the south. Proclamations offering pardon to all concerned, except Earl Gerald and a few of his most devoted adherents, had their effect. Deserted at home, and cut off from foreign assistance, the

* McGee.

condition of Desmond grew more and more intolerable. On one occasion he narrowly escaped capture by rushing with his countess into a river, and remaining concealed up to the chin in water. His dangers can hardly be paralleled by those of Bruce after the battle of Falkirk, or by the more familiar adventures of Charles Edward. At length on the night of November 11, 1584, he was surprised with only two followers in a lonesome valley, about five miles distant from Tralee, among the mountains of Kerry. The spot is still remembered, and the name of 'the Earl's Road' transports the fancy of the traveler to that tragical scene. Cowering over the embers of a half-extinct fire in a miserable hovel, the lord of a country which in time of peace had yielded an annual rental of 'forty thousand golden pieces,' was dispatched by the hands of common soldiers, without pity, or time, or hesitation. A few followers watching their creaghts or herds, further up the valley, found his bleeding trunk flung out upon the highway; the head was transported over seas to rot upon the spikes of London Tower."

Such was the end of the great Geraldine League of 1579. Even the youngest of my readers must have noticed in its plan and constitution, one singular omission which proved a fatal defect. It did not raise the issue of national independence at all. It made no appeal to the national aspirations for liberty. It was simply a war to compel Elizabeth to desist from her bloody persecution of the Catholic faith. Furthermore, it left out of calculation altogether the purely Irish elements. It left all the northern half of the kingdom out of sight. It was only a southern movement. The Irish princes and chiefs—those of them most opposed to the English power—never viewed the enterprise with confidence or sympathy. Fitzmaurice devoted much more attention to foreign aid than to native combination. In truth his movement was simply an Anglo-Irish war to obtain freedom of conscience, and never raised issues calculated to call forth the united efforts of the Irish nation in a war against England.

Before passing to the next great event of this era, I may pause to note here a few occurrences worthy of record, but for which I did not deem it advisable to break in upon the consecutive narration of the Geraldine war. My endeavor throughout is to present to my young readers, in clear and distinct outline, a sketch of the chief event of each period more or less complete by itself, so that it may be easily comprehended and remembered. To this end I omit many minor incidents and occurrences, which, if engrafted or brought in upon the main narrative, might have a tendency to confuse and bewilder the facts in one's recollection.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HOW COMMANDER COSBY HELD A "FEAST" AT MULLAGHMAST; AND HOW "RUARI OGE" RECOMPENSED THAT "HOSPITALITY"—A VICEROY'S VISIT TO GLENMALURE, AND HIS RECEPTION THERE.

It was within the period which we have just passed over that the ever-memorable massacre of Mullaghmast occurred. It is not, unhappily, the only tragedy of the kind to be met with in our blood-stained annals; yet it is of all the most vividly perpetuated in popular traditions. In 1577, Sir Francis Cosby, commanding the queen's troops in Leix and Offaly, formed a diabolical plot for the permanent conquest of that district. Peace at the moment prevailed between the government and the inhabitants; but Cosby seemed to think that in extirpation lay the only effectual security for the crown. Feigning, however, great friendship, albeit suspicious of some few "evil disposed" persons said not to be well affected, he invited to a grand feast all the chief families of the territory; attendance thereat being a sort of test of amity. To this summons responded the flower of the Irish nobility in Leix and Offaly, with their kinsmen and friends—the O'Mores, O'Kellys, Lalors, O'Nolans, etc. The "banquet"—alas!—was prepared by Cosby in the great Rath or Fort of Mullach-Maisten, or Mullaghmast, in Kildare county. Into the great rath rode many a pleasant cavalcade that day; but none ever came forth that entered in. A gentleman named Lalor who had halted a little way off, had his suspicions in some way aroused. He noticed, it is said, that while many went into the rath, none were seen to reappear outside. Accordingly he desired his friends to remain behind while he advanced and reconnoitered. He

entered cautiously. Inside, what a horrid spectacle met his sight! At the very entrance the dead bodies of some of his slaughtered kinsmen! In an instant he himself was set upon; but drawing his sword, he hewed his way out of the fort and back to his friends, and they barely escaped with their lives to Dysart! He was the only Irishman out of more than four hundred who entered the fort that day that escaped with life! The invited guests were butchered to a man; one hundred and eighty of the O'Mores alone having thus perished.

The peasantry long earnestly believed and asserted that on the encircled rath of slaughter rain nor dew never fell, and that the ghosts of the slain might be seen, and their groans distinctly heard "on the solemn midnight blast!"

"O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,
On the solemn midnight blast,
What bleeding specters pass'd
With their gashed breasts bare!

"Hast thou heard the fitful wail
That o'erloads the sullen gale
When the waning moon shines pale
O'er the cursed ground there?

"Hark! hollow moans arise
Through the black tempestuous skies,
And curses, strife, and cries,
From the lone rath swell;

"For bloody Sydney there
Nightly fills the lurid air
With the unholy pompous glare
Of the foul, deep hell.

. . . . . .

"False Sydney! knighthood's stain!
The trusting brave—in vain
Thy guests—ride o'er the plain
To thy dark cow'rd snare;

"Flow'r of Offaly and Leix,
They have come thy board to grace—
Fools! to meet a faithless race,
Save with true swords bare.

"While cup and song abound,
The triple lines surround
The closed and guarded mound,
In the night's dark noon.

"Alas! too brave O'Moore,
Ere the revelry was o'er,
They have spill'd thy young heart's gore,
Snatch'd from love too soon!

"At the feast, unarmed all,
Priest, bard, and chieftain fall
In the treacherous Saxon's hall,
O'er the bright wine bowl;

"And now, nightly round the board,
With unsheath'd and reeking sword,
Strides the cruel felon lord
Of the blood-stain'd soul.

"Since that hour the clouds that pass'd
O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,
One tear have never cast
On the gore-dyed sod;

"For the shower of crimson rain
That o'erflowed that fatal plain,
Cries aloud, and not in vain,
To the most high God!"

A sword of vengeance tracked Cosby from that day. In Leix or Offaly after this terrible blow there was no raising a regular force; yet of the family thus murderously cut down, there remained one man who thenceforth lived but to avenge his slaughtered kindred. This was Ruari Oge O'More, the guerrilla chief of Leix and Offaly, long the terror and the scourge of the Pale. While he lived none of Cosby's "undertakers" slept securely in the homes of the plundered race. Swooping down upon their castles and mansions, towns and settlements, Ruari became to them an angel of destruction. When they deemed him farthest away his sword of vengeance was at hand. In the lurid glare of burning roof and blazing granary, they saw like a specter from the rath, the face of an O'More; and, above the roar of the flames, the shrieks of victims, or the crash of falling battlements, they heard in the hoarse voice of an implacable avenger—"*Remember Mullaghmast!*"

And the sword of Ireland still was swift and strong to pursue the author of that bloody deed, and to strike him and his race through two generations. One by one they met their doom:

"In the lost battle
Borne down by the flying;
Where mingles war's rattle
With the groans of the dying."

On the bloody day of Glenmalure, when the red flag of England went down in the battle's hurricane, and Elizabeth's proud viceroy, Lord Grey de Wilton, and all the chivalry of the Pale were scattered and strewn like autumn leaves in the gale, Cosby of Mullaghmast fell in the rout, sent swiftly to eternal judgment with the brand of Cain upon his brow. A like doom, a fatality, tracked his children from generation to generation! They too perished by the sword or the battle-ax—the last of them, son and grandson, on one day, by the stroke of an avenging O'More*—until it may be questioned if there now exists a human being in whose veins runs the blood of the greatly infamous knight commander, Sir Francis Cosby.

The battle of Glenmalure was fought August 25, 1580. That magnificent defile, as I have already remarked, in the words of one of our historians, had long been for the patriots of Leinster "a fortress dedicated by nature to the defense of freedom;" and never had fortress of freedom a nobler soul to command its defense than he who now held Glenmalure for God and Ireland—Feach M'Hugh O'Byrne, of Ballinacor, called by the English "The Firebrand of the Mountains." In his time no sword was drawn for liberty in any corner of the island, near or far, that his own good blade did not leap responsively from its scabbard to aid "the good old cause." Whether the tocsin was sounded in the north or in the south, it ever woke pealing echoes amid the hills of Glenmalure. As in later years, Feach of Ballinacor was the most trusted and faithful of Hugh O'Neill's friends and allies, so was he now in arms stoutly battling for the Geraldine league. His son-in-law, Sir Francis Fitzgerald, and James Eustace, Viscount Baltinglass, had rallied what survived of the clansmen of Idrone, Offaly, and Leix, and had effected a junction with him, taking up strong positions in the passes of Slieveroe and Glenmalure. Lord Grey of Wilton arrived as lord lieutenant from England on August 12th. Eager to signalize his advent to office by some brilliant achievement, he rejoiced greatly that so near at hand—within a day's march of Dublin Castle—an opportunity presented itself. Yes! He would measure swords with this wild chief of Glenmalure who had so often defied the power of England. He would extinguish the "Firebrand of the Mountain," and plant the cross of St. George on the ruins of Ballinacor! So, assembling a right royal host, the haughty viceroy marched upon Glenmalure. The only accounts which we possess of the battle are those contained in letters written to England by Sir William Stanley and others of the lord lieutenant's officials and subordinates; so that we may be sure the truth is very scantily revealed. Lord Grey having arrived at the entrance to the glen, seems to have had no greater anxiety than to "hem in" the Irish. So he constructed a strong earthwork or intrenched camp at the mouth of the valley the more effectually to stop "escape." It never once occurred to the vainglorious English viceroy that it was he himself and his royal army that were to play the part of fugitives in the approaching scene! All being in readiness, Lord Grey gave the order of the advance; he and a group of courtier friends taking their places on a high ground commanding a full view up the valley, so that they might lose nothing of the gratifying spectacle anticipated. An ominous silence prevailed as the English regiments pushed their way into the glen. The courtiers waxed witty; they wondered whether the game had not "stolen away;" they sadly thought there would be "no sport;" or they halloed right merrily to the troops to follow on and "unearth" the "old fox." After awhile the way became more and more tedious. "We were," says Sir William Stanley, "forced to slide sometimes three or four fathoms ere we could stay our feet;" the way being "full of stones, rocks, logs, and wood; in the bottom thereof a river full of loose stones which we were driven to cross divers times." At length it seemed good to Feach M'Hugh O'Byrne to declare that the time had come for action. Then, from the forest-clad mountain sides there burst forth a wild shout, whereat

*"Ouney, son of Ruari Oge O'More, slew Alexander and Francis Cosby, son and grandson of Cosby of Mullaghmast, and routed their troops with great slaughter, at Stradbally Bridge, May 19, 1597."

many of the jesting courtiers turned pale; and a storm of bullets assailed the entangled English legions. As yet the foe was unseen, but his execution was disastrous. The English troops broke into disorder. Lord Grey, furious and distracted, ordered up the reserves; but now Feach passed the word along the Irish lines to charge the foe. Like the torrents of winter pouring down those hills, down swept the Irish force from every side upon the struggling mass below. Vain was all effort to wrestle against such a furious charge. From the very first it became a pursuit. How to escape was now each castle courtier's wild endeavor. Discipline was utterly cast aside in the panic rout! Lord Grey and a few attendants fled early, and by fleet horses saved themselves; but of all the brilliant host the viceroy had led out of Dublin a few days before, there returned but a few shattered companies to tell the tale of disaster, and to surround with new terrors the name of Feach M'Hugh, the "Firebrand of the Mountains."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"HUGH OF DUNGANNON"—HOW QUEEN ELIZABETH BROUGHT UP THE YOUNG IRISH CHIEF AT COURT, WITH CERTAIN CRAFTY DESIGNS OF HER OWN.

THERE now appears upon the scene of Irish history that remarkable man whose name will live in song and story as long as the Irish race survives—leader of one of the greatest struggles ever waged against the Anglo-Norman subjugation—Hugh O'Neill; called in English "patents" Earl of Tyrone.

Ever since the closing years of the eighth Henry's reign—the period at which, as I have already explained, the policy of splitting up the clans by rival chiefs began to be adopted by the English power—the government took care to provide itself, by fair means or by foul, with a supply of material from which crown chiefs might be taken. That is to say, the government took care to have in its hands, and trained to its own purposes, some member or members of each of the ruling families—the O'Neills, O'Reillys, O'Donnells, M'Guires, O'Connors, etc., ready to be set up as the king's or queen's O'Neill, O'Reilly, or O'Donnell, as the case might be, according as policy dictated and opportunity offered. One of these government *protégés* was Hugh O'Neill, who, when yet a boy, was taken to London and brought up in the court of Elizabeth. As he was a scion of the royal house of O'Neill, and, in English plannings, destined one day to play the most important part as yet assigned to a queen's chief in Ireland, viz., the reducing to subserviency of that Ulster which formed the standing menace of English power, the unconquerable citadel of nationality, the boy Hugh—the young Baron of Dungannon, as he was called—was the object of unusual attention. He was an especial favorite with the queen, and as may be supposed the courtiers all, lords and ladies, took care to pay him suitable obeisance. No pains were spared with his education. He had the best tutors to attend upon him, and above all he was assiduously trained into court finesse, how to dissemble, and with smooth and smiling face to veil the true workings of mind and heart. In this way it was hoped to mold the young Irish chief into English shape for English purposes; it never once occurring to his royal trainers that nature some day might burst forth and prove stronger than courtly artificiality, or that the arts they were so assiduously teaching the boy chief for the ruin of his country's independence might be turned against themselves. In due time he was sent into the army to perfect his military studies, and eventually (fully trained, polished, educated, and prepared for the rôle designed for him by his English masters) he took up his residence at his family seat in Dungannon.

Fortunately for the fame of Hugh O'Neill, and for the Irish nation in whose history he played so memorable a part, the life of that illustrious man has been written in our generation by a biographer worthy of the theme. Among the masses of Irishmen, comparatively little would be known of that wondrous career had its history not been popularized by John Mitchel's "Life of Hugh O'Neill." The dust of centuries had been allowed to cover the noble picture drawn from life by the master hand of Don Philip O'Sullivan Beare—a writer but for whom we should now be without any contemporaneous record of the most eventful period of Anglo-Irish history, save the unjust and distorted versions of bitterly

partisan English officials.* Don Philip's history, however, was practically inaccessible to the masses of Irishmen; and to Mr. Mitchel is almost entirely owing the place O'Neill now holds—his rightful prominence—in popular estimation.

Mr. Mitchel pictures the great Ulster chieftain to us a patriot from the beginning; adroitly and dissemblingly biding his time; learning all that was to be learned in the camp of the enemy; looking far ahead into the future, and shaping his course from the start with fixed purpose toward the goal of national independence. This, however, cannot well be considered more than a "view," a "theory," a "reading." O'Neill was, during his earlier career, in purpose and in plan, in mind, manner, and action, quite a different man from the O'Neill of his later years. It is very doubtful that he had any patriotic aspirations after national independence—much less any fixed policy or design tending thereto—until long after he first found himself, by the force of circumstances, in collision with the English power. In him we see the conflicting influences of nature and nature-repressing art. His Irishism was ineradicable, though long dormant. His court tutors strove hard to eliminate it, and to give him instead a "polished" Englishism; but they never more than partially succeeded. They put a court lacquer on the Celtic material, and the superficial wash remained for a few years, not more. The voice of nature was ever crying out to Hugh O'Neill. For some years after leaving court, he lived very much like any other Anglicized or English baron, in his house at Dungannon. But the touch of his native soil, intercourse with neighboring Irish chieftains, and the force of sympathy with his own people, now surrounding him, were gradually telling upon him. His life then became a curious spectacle of inconsistencies, as he found himself pulled and strained in opposite directions by opposite sympathies, claims, commands, or impulses; sometimes in proud disregard of his English masters, behaving like a true Irish O'Neill; at other times swayed by his foreign allegiance into acts of very obedient suit and service to the queen's cause. But the day was gradually nearing when these struggles between two allegiances were to cease, and when Hugh, with all the fervor of a great and noble heart, was to dedicate his life to one unalterable purpose, the overthrow of English rule and the liberation of his native land!

* To Don Philip's great work the "Historiæ Catholicæ Iberniæ," we are indebted for nearly all that we know of this memorable struggle. "He is," says Mr. Mitchel, "the only writer, Irish or foreign, who gives an intelligible account of O'Neill's battles; but he was a soldier as well as a chronicler." Another writer says, "The loss of this history could not be supplied by any work extant." Don Philip was nephew to Donal, last lord of Beare, of whom we shall hear more anon. The "Historiæ Iberniæ" was written in Latin, and published about the year 1621, in Lisbon, the O'Sullivans having settled in Spain after the fall of Dunboy.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW LORD DEPUTY PERROT PLANNED A RIGHT CUNNING EXPEDITION, AND STOLE AWAY THE YOUTHFUL PRINCE OF TYRCONNELL—HOW, IN THE DUNGEONS OF DUBLIN CASTLE, THE BOY CHIEF LEARNED HIS DUTY TOWARD ENGLAND; AND HOW HE AT LENGTH ESCAPED AND COMMENCED DISCHARGING THAT DUTY.

MEANWHILE, years passed by, and another Hugh had begun to rise above the northern horizon, amid signs and perturbations boding no good to the crown and government of the Pale. This was Hugh O'Donnell—"Hugh Roe" or "Red Hugh"—son of the reigning chief of Tyrconnell. Young O'Donnell, who was at this time "a fiery stripling of fifteen, was already known throughout the five provinces of Ireland, not only 'by the report of his beauty, his agility, and his noble deeds,' but as a sworn foe to the Saxons of the Pale;" and the mere thought of the possibility of the two Hughs—Hugh of Tyrone and Hugh of Tyrconnell—ever forming a combination, sufficed to fill Dublin Castle with dismay. For already indeed, Hugh O'Neill's "loyalty" was beginning to be considered rather unsteady. To be sure, as yet no man durst whisper a word against him in the queen's hearing; and he was still ready at call to do the queen's fighting against southern Geraldine, O'Brien, or Mac Caura. But the astute in these matters noted that he was unpleasantly neighborly and friendly with the northern chiefs and tanists; that, so far from maintaining suitable ill-will toward the

reigning O'Neill (whom the queen meant him some day to overthrow), Hugh had actually treated him with respect and obedience. Moreover, "the English knew," says the chronicler of Hugh Roe, "that it was Judith, the daughter of O'Donnell, and sister of the before-mentioned Hugh Roe, that was the spouse and best beloved of the Earl O'Neill." "Those six companies of troops also," says Mr. Mitchel, "that he kept on foot (in the queen's name, but for his own behoof) began to be suspicious in the eyes of the state; for it is much feared that he changes the men so soon as they thoroughly learn the use of arms, replacing them by others, all of his own clansmen, whom he diligently drills and reviews for some unknown service. And the lead he imports—surely the roofing of that house of Dungannon will not need all these shiploads of lead—lead enough to sheet Glenshane, or clothe the sides of Cairnocher. And, indeed, a rumor does reach the deputy in Dublin that there goes on at Dungannon an incredible casting of *bullets*. No wonder that the eyes of the English government began to turn anxiously to the north."

"And if this princely Red Hugh should live to take the leading of his sept—and if the two potent chieftains of the north should forget their ancient feud, and unite for the cause of Ireland," proceeds Mr. Mitchel, "then, indeed, not only this settlement of the Ulster 'counties' must be adjourned, one knows not how long; but the Pale itself or the Castle of Dublin might hardly protect her majesty's officers. These were contingencies which any prudent agent of the queen of England must speedily take order to prevent; and we are now to see Perrot's device for that end.

"Near Rathmullan, on the western shore of Lough Swilly, looking toward the mountains of Innishowen, stood a monastery of Carmelites and a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the most famous place of devotion in Tyrconnell, whither all the Clan-Connell, both chiefs and people, made resort at certain seasons to pay their devotions. Here the young Red Hugh, with Mac Swyne of the battle-axes, O'Gallagher of Ballyshannon, and some other chiefs, were in the summer of 1587 sojourning a short time in that part to pay their vows of religion; but not without staghounds and implements of chase, having views upon the red deer of Fanad and Innishowen. One day, while the prince was here, a swift-sailing merchant ship doubled the promontory of Dunaff, stood up the lough, and cast anchor opposite Rathmullan; a 'bark, black-hatched, deceptive,' bearing the flag of England, and offering for sale, as a peaceful trader, her cargo of Spanish wine. And surely no more courteous merchant than the master of that ship had visited the north for many a year. He invited the people most hospitably on board, solicited them, whether purchasers or not, to partake of his good cheer, entertained them with music and wine, and so gained very speedily the good will of all Fanad. Red Hugh and his companions soon heard of the obliging merchant and his rare wines. They visited the ship, where they were received with all respect, and, indeed, with unfeigned joy; descended into the cabin, and with connoisseur discrimination tried and tasted, and finally drank too deeply; and at last when they would come on deck and return to the shore, they found themselves secured under hatches; their weapons had been removed; night had fallen; they were *prisoners* to those traitor Saxons. Morning dawned, and they looked anxiously toward the shore; but, ah! where is Rathmullan and the Carmelite church? And what wild coast is this? Past Malin and the cliffs of Innishowen; past Benmore, and southward to the shores of Antrim and the mountains of Mourne flew that ill-omened bark, and never dropped anchor till she lay under the towers of Dublin. The treacherous Perrot joyfully received his prize, and 'exulted,' says an historian, 'in the easiness and success with which he had procured hostages for the peaceable submission of O'Donnell.' And the prince of Tyrconnell was thrown into 'a strong stone castle,' and kept in heavy irons three years and three months, 'meditating,' says the chronicle, on the feeble and impotent condition of his friends and relations, of his princes and supreme chiefs, of his nobles and clergy, his poets and professors."*

Three long and weary years—oh! but they seemed three ages!—the young Hugh pined in the grated dungeons of that "Bermingham Tower," which still stands in Dublin Castle

* Mitchel's "Life of Hugh O'Neill."

yard. How the fierce hot spirit of the impetuous northern youth chafed in this cruel captivity. He, accustomed daily to breathe the free air of his native hills in the pastimes of the chase, now gasped for breath in the close and fetid atmosphere of a squalid cell! He, the joy and the pride of an aged father—the strong hope of a thousand faithful clansmen—was now the helpless object of jailers' insolence, neglect, and persecution! "Three years and three months," the old chroniclers tell us—when hark! there is whispering furtively betimes as young Hugh and Art Kavanagh, and other of the captives meet on the stone stairs, or the narrow landing, by the warders' gracious courtesy. Yes; Art had a plan of escape. Escape! Oh! the thought sends the blood rushing hotly through the veins of Red Hugh. Escape! Home! Freedom on the Tyrconnell hills once more! O blessed, thrice blessed words!

It is even so. And now all is arranged, and the daring attempt waits but a night favorably dark and wild—which comes at last; and while the sentries shelter themselves from the pitiless sleet, the young fugitives, at peril of life or limb, are stealthily scaling or descending bastion and battlement, fosse and barbican. With beating hearts they pass the last sentry, and now through the city streets they grope their way southward; for the nearest hand of succor is amid the valleys of Wicklow. Theirs is a slow and toilsome progress; they know not the paths, and they must hide by day and fly as best they can in the night-time through wooded country. At length they cross the Three Rock Mountain, and look down upon Glencree. But alas! Young Hugh sinks down exhausted. Three years in a dungeon have cramped his limbs, and he is no longer the Hugh that bounded like a deer on the slopes of Glenvigh! His feet are torn and bleeding from sharp rock and piercing bramble; his strength is gone; he can no further fly. He exhorts his companions to speed onward and save themselves, while he secretes himself in the copse and awaits succor if they can send it. Reluctantly, and only yielding to his urgent entreaties, they departed. A faithful servant, we are told, who had been in the secret of Hugh's escape, still remained with him, and repaired for succor to the house of Felim O'Tuhal, the beautiful site of whose residence is now called Powers-court. Felim was known to be a friend, though he dared not openly disclose the fact. He was too close to the seat of the English power, and was obliged to keep on terms with the Pale authorities. But now "the flight of the prisoners had created great excitement in Dublin, and numerous bands were dispatched in pursuit of them." It was next to impossible—certainly full of danger—for the friendly O'Tuhal, with the English scouring-parties spread all over hill and vale, to bring in the exhausted and helpless fugitive from his hiding-place, where nevertheless he must perish if not quickly reached. Sorrowfully and reluctantly Felim was forced to conclude that all hope of escape for young Hugh this time must be abandoned, and that the best course was to pretend to discover him in the copse, and to make a merit of giving him up to his pursuers. So, with a heart bursting with mingled rage, grief, and despair, Hugh found himself once more in the gripe of his savage foes. He was brought back to Dublin "loaded with heavy iron fetters," and flung into a narrower and stronger dungeon, to spend another year cursing the day that Norman foot had touched the Irish shore.

There he lay until Christmas Day, December 25, 1592, "when," says the old chronicle, "it seemed to the Son of the Virgin time for him to escape. Henry and Art O'Neill, fellow-prisoners, were on this occasion companions of Hugh's flight. In fact the lord deputy, Fitzwilliam, a needy and corrupt creature, had taken a bribe from Hugh O'Neill to afford opportunity for the escape. Hugh of Dungannon had designs of his own in desiring the freedom of all three; for events to be noted further on had been occurring, and already he was, like a skillful statesman, preparing for future contingencies. He knew that the liberation of Red Hugh would give him an ally worth half Ireland, and he knew that rescuing the two O'Neills would leave the government without a "queen's O'Neill" to set up against him at a future day. Of this escape Haverty gives us the following account:

"They descended by a rope through a sewer which opened into the castle ditch; and leaving there the soiled outer garments, they were conducted by a young man, named Turlough Roe O'Hagan, *the confidential servant or emissary of the*

Earl of Tyrone, who was sent to act as their guide. Passing through the gates of the city, which were still open, three of the party reached the same Slieve Rua which Hugh had visited on the former occasion. The fourth, Henry O'Neill, strayed from his companions in some way—probably before they left the city—but eventually he reached Tyrone, where the earl seized and imprisoned him. Hugh Roe and Art O'Neill, with their faithful guide, proceeded on their way over the Wicklow mountains toward Glenmalure, to Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, a chief famous for his heroism, and who was then in arms against the government. Art O'Neill had grown corpulent in prison, and had beside been hurt in descending from the castle, so that he became quite worn out from fatigue. The party were also exhausted with hunger, and as the snow fell thickly, and their clothing was very scanty, they suffered additionally from intense cold. For awhile Red Hugh and the servant supported Art between them; but this exertion could not long be sustained, and at length Red Hugh and Art lay down exhausted under a lofty rock, and sent the servant to Glenmalure for help. With all possible speed Feagh O'Byrne, on receiving the message, dispatched some of his trusty men to carry the necessary succor; but they arrived almost too late at the precipice under which the two youths lay. 'Their bodies,' say the Four Masters, 'were covered with white-bordered shrouds of hailstones freezing around them, and their light clothes adhered to their skin, so that, covered as they were with the snow, it did not appear to the men who had arrived that they were human beings at all, for they found no life in their members, but just as if they were dead.' On being raised up, Art O'Neill fell back and expired, and was buried on the spot; but Red Hugh was revived with some difficulty, and carried to Glenmalure, where he was secreted in a sequestered cabin and attended by a physician."

Mr. Mitchel describes for us the sequel. "O'Byrne brought them to his house and revived and warmed and clothed them, and instantly sent a messenger to Hugh O'Neill (with whom he was then in close alliance) with the joyful tidings of O'Donnell's escape. O'Neill heard it with delight, and sent a faithful retainer, Tirlough Buidhe O'Hagan, who was well acquainted with the country, to guide the young chief into Ulster. After a few days of rest and refreshment, O'Donnell and his guide set forth, and the Irish chronicler minutely details that perilous journey—how they crossed the Liffey far to the westward of Fitzwilliam's hated towers, and rode cautiously through Fingal and Meath, avoiding the garrisons of the Pale, until they arrived at the Boyne, a short distance west of Inver Colpa (Drogheda), 'where the Danes had built a noble city;' how they sent round their horses through the town, and themselves passed over in a fisherman's boat; how they passed by Mellifont, a great monastery, 'which belonged to a noted young Englishman attached to Hugh O'Neill,' and therefore met with no interruption there; rode right through Dundalk, and entered the friendly Irish country, where they had nothing more to fear. One night they rested at Feadth Mor (the Fews), where O'Neill's brother had a house, and the next day crossed the Blackwater at Moy, and so to Dungannon, where O'Neill received them right joyfully. And here 'the two Hughs' entered into a strict and cordial friendship, and told each other of their wrongs and of their hopes. O'Neill listened, with such feelings as one can imagine, to the story of the youth's base kidnapping and cruel imprisonment in darkness and chains; and the impetuous Hugh Roe heard with scornful rage of the English deputy's atrocity toward Mac Mahon, and attempts to bring his accursed sheriffs and juries among the ancient Irish of Ulster. And they deeply swore to bury forever the unhappy feuds of their families, and to stand by each other with all the powers of the North against their treacherous and relentless foe. The chiefs parted, and O'Donnell, with an escort of the Tyrowen cavalry, passed into Mac Gwire's country. The chief of Fermanagh received him with honor, eagerly joined in the confederacy, and gave him 'a black polished boat,' in which the prince and his attendants rowed through Lough Erne, and glided down that 'pleasant salmon-breeding river' which leads to Ballyshannon and the ancient seats of the Clan-Conal.

"We may conceive with what stormy joy the tribes of Tyrconnell welcomed their prince; with what mingled pity and wrath, thanksgivings and curses, they heard of his chains and wander-

ings and sufferings, and beheld the feet that used to bound so lightly on the hills swollen and crippled by that cruel frost, by the crueller fetters of the Saxon. But little time was now for festal rejoicing or the unprofitable luxury of cursing; for just then, Sir Richard Bingham, the English leader in Connaught, relying on the irresolute nature of old O'Donnell, and not aware of Red Hugh's return, had sent two hundred men by sea to Donegal, where they took by surprise the Franciscan monastery, drove away the monks (making small account of their historic studies and learned annals), and garrisoned the buildings for the queen. The fiery Hugh could ill endure to hear of these outrages, or brook an English garrison upon the soil of Tyrconnell. He collected the people in hot haste, led them instantly into Donegal, and commanded the English by a certain day and hour to betake themselves with all speed back to Connaught, and leave behind them the rich spoils they had taken; all which they thought it prudent without further parley to do. And so the monks of St. Francis returned to their home and their books, gave thanks to God, and prayed, as well they might, for Hugh O'Donnell."

CHAPTER XL.

HOW HUGH OF DUNGANNON WAS MEANTIME DRAWING OFF FROM ENGLAND AND DRAWING NEAR TO IRELAND.

During the four years over which the imprisonment of Red Hugh extended, important events had been transpiring in the outer world; and amid them the character of Hugh of Dungannon was undergoing a rapid transmutation. We had already seen him cultivating friendly relations with the neighboring chiefs, though most of them were in a state of open hostility to the queen. He, by degrees, went much further than this. He busied himself in the disloyal work of healing the feuds of the rival clans, and extending throughout the north feelings of amity—nay, a network of alliances between them. To some of the native princes he lends one or two of his fully-trained companies of foot; to others, some troops of his cavalry. He secretly encourages some of them (say his enemies at court) to stouter resistance to the English. It is even said that he harbors popish priests. "North of Slieve Gullion the venerable brehons still arbitrate undisturbed the causes of the people; the ancient laws, civilization, and religion stand untouched. Nay, it is credibly rumored to the Dublin deputy that this noble earl, forgetful apparently of his coronet and golden chain, and of his high favor with so potent a princess, does about this time get recognized and solemnly inaugurated as chieftain of his sept, by the proscribed name of '*The O'Neill;*' and at the rath of Tulloghoge, on the Stone of Royalty, amid the circling warriors, amid the bards and ollamhs of Tyr-eoghain, 'receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customs of the country inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his tanist; and then hath a wand delivered to him by one whose proper office that is, after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself round thrice forward and thrice backward,' even as the O'Neills had done for a thousand years; altogether in the most un-English manner, and with the strangest ceremonies, which no garter king-at-arms could endure."

While matters were happening thus in Ulster, England was undergoing the excitement of apprehended invasion. The Armada of Philip the Second was on the sea, and the English nation—queen and people—Protestant and Catholic—persecutor and persecuted—with a burst of genuine patriotism, prepared to meet the invaders. The elements, however, averted the threatened doom. A hurricane of unexampled fury scattered Philip's flotilla, so vauntingly styled "invincible;" the ships were strewn, shattered wrecks, all over the coasts of England and Ireland. In the latter country the crews were treated very differently, according as they happened to be cast upon the shores of districts amenable to English authority or influences, or the reverse. In the former instances they were treated barbarously—slain as the queen's enemies, or given up to the queen's forces. In the latter, they were sheltered and succored, treated as friends, and afforded means of safe return to their native Spain. Some of these ships were cast upon the coast of O'Neill's country, and by no one were the Spanish crews more kindly treated, more warmly befriended, than by Hugh, erstwhile the queen's most favored *protégé*, and still professedly her most

true and obedient servant. This hospitality to the shipwrecked Spaniards, however, is too much for English flesh and blood to bear. Hugh is openly murmured against in Dublin and in London.

And soon formal proof of his "treason" is preferred. An envious cousin of his, known as John of the Fetters—a natural son of John the Proud, by the false wife of O'Donnell—animated by a mortal hatred of Hugh, gave information to the lord deputy that he had not only regaled the Spanish officers right royally at Dungannon, but had then and there planned with them an alliance between himself and King Philip, to whom Hugh—so said his accuser—had forwarded letters and presents by the said officers. All of which the said accuser undertook to prove, either upon the body of Hugh in mortal combat, or before a jury well and truly packed or impanneled, as the case might be. Whereupon there was dreadful commotion in Dublin Castle. Hugh's reply was—to arrest the base informer on a charge of treason against the sacred person and prerogatives of his lawful chief; which charge being proved, John of the Fetters was at once executed. Indeed, some accounts say that Hugh himself had to act as executioner; since in all Tyrone no man could be prevailed upon to put to death one of the royal race of Nial—albeit an attainted and condemned traitor. Then Hugh, full of a fine glowing indignation against these accusing murmurers in Dublin, sped straightway to London to complain of them to the queen, and to convince her anew, with that politic hypocrisy taught him (for quite a different use, though) in that same court, that her majesty had no more devoted admirer than himself. And he succeeded. He professed and promised the most ample loyalty. He would undertake to harbor no more popish priests; he would admit sheriffs into Tyrone; he would no more molest chiefs friendly to England, or befriend chiefs hostile to the queen; and as for the title of "The O'Neill," which, it was charged, he gloried in, while feeling quite ashamed of the mean English title, "Earl of Tyrone," he protested by her majesty's most angelic countenance (ah, Hugh!) that he merely adopted it, lest some one else might possess himself thereof; but if it in the least offended a queen so beautiful and so exalted, why he would disown it forever!* Elizabeth was charmed by that dear sweet-spoken young noble—and so handsome too. (Hugh, who was brought up at court, knew Elizabeth's weak points). The Lord of Dungannon returned to Ireland higher than ever in the queen's favor; and his enemies in Dublin Castle were overturned for that time.

The most inveterate of these was Sir Henry Bagnal, commander of the Newry garrison. "The marshal and his English garrison in the castle and abbey of Newry," says Mr. Mitchel, "were a secret thorn in the side of O'Neill. They lay upon one of the main passes to the north, and he had deeply vowed that one day the ancient monastery, *de viridi ligno*, should be swept clear of this foreign soldiery. But in that castle of Newry the Saxon marshal had a fair sister, a woman of rarest beauty, whom O'Neill thought it a sin to leave for a spouse to some churl of an English undertaker. And indeed we next hear of him as a love-suitor at the feet of the English beauty." Haverty tells the story of this romantic love-suit as follows:

"This man—the marshal, Sir Henry Bagnal—hated the Irish with a rancor which bad men are known to feel toward those whom they have mortally injured. He had shed a great deal of their blood, obtained a great deal of their lands, and was the sworn enemy of the whole race. Sir Henry had a sister who was young and exceedingly beautiful. The wife of the Earl of Tyrone, the daughter of Sir Hugh Mac Manus O'Donnell, had died, and the heart of the Irish chieftain was captivated by the beautiful English girl. His love was reciprocated, and he became in due form a suitor for her hand; but all efforts to gain her brother's consent to this marriage were in vain. The story, indeed, is one which might seem to be borrowed from some old romance, if we did not find it circumstantially detailed in the matter-of-fact documents of the State Paper Office. The Irish prince and the English maiden mutually plighted their vows,

*Thus, according to the tenor of English chroniclers, but as a matter of fact, Hugh had not at this time been elected as The O'Neill. This event occurred subsequently; the existing O'Neill having been persuaded or compelled by Hugh Roe of Tyrconnell to abdicate, that the clans might, as they desired to do, elect Hugh of Dungannon in his place.

and O'Neill presented to the lady a gold chain worth one hundred pounds; but the inexorable Sir Henry removed his sister from Newry to the house of Sir Patrick Barnwell, who was married to another of his sisters, and who lived about seven miles from Dublin. Hither the earl followed her. He was courteously received by Sir Patrick, and seems to have had many friends among the English. One of these, a gentleman named William Warren, acted as his confidant, and at a party at Barnwell's house, the earl engaged the rest of the company in conversation while Warren rode off with the lady behind him, accompanied by two servants, and carried her safely to the residence of a friend at Drumcondra, near Dublin. Here O'Neill soon followed, and the Protestant bishop of Meath, Thomas Jones, a Lancashire man, was easily induced to come and unite them in marriage the same evening. This elopement and marriage, which took place on August 3, 1591, were made the subject of violent accusations against O'Neill. Sir Henry Bagnal was furious. He charged the earl with having another wife living; but this point was explained, as O'Neill showed that this lady, who was his first wife, the daughter of Sir Brian Mac Felim O'Neill, had been divorced previous to his marriage with the daughter of O'Donnell. Altogether the government would appear to have viewed the conduct of O'Neill in this matter rather leniently; but Bagnal was henceforth his most implacable foe, and the circumstance was not without its influence on succeeding events."

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW RED HUGH WENT CIRCUIT AGAINST THE ENGLISH IN THE NORTH—HOW THE CRISIS CAME UPON O'NEILL.

By this time young Hugh Roe O'Donnell had, as we have already learned, escaped from his cruel captivity in Dublin, mainly by the help of that astute and skillful organizer, Hugh of Dungannon. In the spring of the year following, "on May 3, 1593, there was a solemn meeting of the warriors, clergy, and bards of Tyrconnell, at the Rock of Doune, at Kilmacrenan, 'the nursing place of Columbcille.' And here the father of Red Hugh renounced the chieftaincy of the sept, and his impetuous son at nineteen years of age was duly inaugurated by Erenach O'Firghil, and made The O'Donnell with the ancient ceremonies of his race."

The young chief did not wear his honors idly. In the Dublin dungeons he had sworn vows, and he was not the man to break them; vows that while his good right hand could draw a sword, the English should have no peace in Ireland. Close by The O'Donnell's territory, in Strabane, old Torlogh Lynagh O'Neill had admitted an English force as "auxiliaries" forsooth. "And it was a heart-break," says the old chronicler, "to Hugh O'Donnell, that the English of Dublin should thus obtain a knowledge of the country." He fiercely attacked Strabane, and chased the obnoxious English "auxiliaries" away, "pardoning old Torlogh only on solemn promise not to repeat his offense. From this forth Red Hugh engaged himself in what we may call a circuit of the north, rooting out English garrisons, sheriffs, seneschals, or functionaries of what sort soever, as zealously and scrupulously as if they were plague-pests. Woe to the English chief that admitted a queen's sheriff within his territories! Hugh was down upon him like a whirlwind! O'Donnell's cordial ally in this crusade was Maguire lord of Fermanagh, a man truly worthy of such a colleague. Hugh of Dungannon saw with dire concern this premature conflict precipatated by Red Hugh's impetuosity. Very probably he was not unwilling that O'Donnell should find the English some occupation yet awhile in the north; but the time had not at all arrived (in his opinion) for the serious and comprehensive undertaking of a stand-up fight for the great stake of national freedom. But it was vain for him to try remonstrance with Hugh Roe, whose nature could ill brook restraint, and who, indeed, could not relish or comprehend at all the subtle and politic slowness of O'Neill. Hugh of Dungannon, however, would not allow himself at any hazard to be pushed or drawn into open action a day or an hour sooner than his own judgment approved. He could hardly keep out of the conflict so close beside him, and so, rather than be precipitated prematurely into the struggle which, no doubt, he now deemed inevitable, and for which, accordingly, he was preparing, he made show of joining the queen's side, and

led some troops against Maguire. It was noted, however, that the species of assistance which he gave the English generally consisted in "moderating" Hugh Roe's punishment of them, and pleading with him merely to sweep them away a little more gently; "interfering," as Moryson informs us, "to save their lives, on condition of their instantly quitting the country!" Now this seemed to the English (small wonder indeed) a very queer kind of "help." It was not what suited them at all; and we need not be surprised that soon Hugh's accusers in Dublin and in London once more, and more vehemently than ever, demanded his destruction.

It was now the statesmen and courtiers of England began to feel that craft may overleap itself. In the moment when first they seriously contemplated Hugh as a foe to the queen, they felt like "the engineer hoist by his own petard." Here was their own pupil, trained under their own hands, versed in their closest secrets, and let into their most subtle arts! Here was the steel they had polished and sharpened to pierce the heart of Ireland, now turned against their own breast! No wonder there was dismay and consternation in London and Dublin—it was so hard to devise any plan against him that Hugh would not divine like one of themselves! Failing any better resort, it was resolved to inveigle him into Dublin by offering him a safe-conduct, and, this document notwithstanding, to seize him at all hazards. Accordingly Hugh was duly notified of charges against his loyalty, and a royal safe-conduct was given to him that he might "come in and appear." To the utter astonishment of the plotters, he came with the greatest alacrity, and daringly confronted them at the council-board in the castle! He would have been seized in the room, but for the nobly honorable conduct of the Earl of Ormond, whose indignant letter to the lord treasurer Burleigh (in reply to the queen's order to seize O'Neill) is recorded by Carte: "My lord, I will never use treachery to any man; for it would both touch her highness' honor and my own credit too much; and whosoever gave the queen advice thus to write, is fitter for such base service than I am. Saving my duty to her majesty, I would I might have revenge by my sword of any man that thus persuaded the queen to write to me." Ormond acquainted O'Neill with the perfidy designed against him, and told him that if he did not fly that night he was lost, as the false deputy was drawing a cordon round Dublin. O'Neill made his escape, and prepared to meet the crisis which now he knew to be at hand. "News soon reached him in the north," as Mr. Mitchel recounts, "that large reinforcements were on their way to the deputy from England, consisting of veteran troops who had fought in Bretagne and Flanders under Sir John Norreys, the most experienced general in Elizabeth's service; and that garrisons were to be forced upon Ballyshannon and Belleek, commanding the passes into Tyrconnell, between Lough Erne and the sea. The strong fortress of Portmore also, on the southern bank of the Blackwater, was to be strengthened and well manned; thus forming, with Newry and Greencastle, a chain of forts across the island, and a basis for future operations against the north."

CHAPTER XLII.

O'NEILL IN ARMS FOR IRELAND—CLONTIBRET AND BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIE.

THERE was no misunderstanding all this. "It was clear that, let King Philip send his promised aid, or send it not, open and vigorous resistance must be made to the further progress of foreign power, or Ulster would soon become an English province." Moreover, in all respects, save the aid from Spain, Hugh was well forward in organization and preparation. A great Northern Confederacy, the creation of his master-mind, now spanned the land from shore to shore, and waited only for him to take his rightful place as leader, and give the signal for such a war as had not tried the strength of England for two hundred years.

"At last," says Mitchel, "the time had come; and Dungannon with stern joy beheld unfurled the royal standard of O'Neill, displaying, as it floated proudly on the breeze, that terrible Red Right Hand upon its snow-white folds, waving defiance to the Saxon queen, dawning like a new Aurora upon the awakened children of Heremon.

"With a strong body of horse and foot, O'Neill suddenly appeared upon the Blackwater, stormed Portmore, and drove away its garrison, 'as care-

fully,' says an historian, 'as he would have driven poison from his heart;' then demolished the fortress, burned down the bridge, and advanced into O'Reilly's country, everywhere driving the English and their adherents before him to the south (but without wanton bloodshed, slaying no man save in battle, for cruelty is nowhere charged against O'Neill); and, finally, with Mac Gwire and Mac Mahon, he laid close siege to Monaghan, which was still held for the queen of England. O'Donnell, on his side, crossed the Saimer at the head of his fierce clan, burst into Connaught, and shutting up Bingham's troops in their strong places at Sligo, Ballymote, Tulsk, and Boyle, traversed the country with avenging fire and sword, putting to death every man who could speak no Irish, ravaging their lands, and sending the spoil to Tyrconnell. Then he crossed the Shannon, entered the Annally's, where O'Ferghal was living under English dominion, and devastated that country so furiously, that 'the whole firmament,' says the chronicle, 'was one black cloud of smoke.' "

This rapidity of action took the English at complete disadvantage. They accordingly (merely to gain time) feigned a great desire to "treat" with the two Hughs. Perhaps those noble gentlemen had been wronged. If so, the queen's tender heart yearned to have them reconciled; and so forth. Hugh, owing to his court training, understood this kind of thing perfectly. It did not impose upon him for a moment; yet he consented to give audience to the royal commissioners, whom he refused to see except at the head of his army, "nor would he enter any walled town as liege man of the Queen of England." "So they met," we are told, "in the open plain, in the presence of both armies." The conditions of peace demanded by Hugh were:

1. Complete cessation of attempts to disturb the Catholic Church in Ireland.

2. No more garrisons—no more sheriffs or English officials of any sort soever to be allowed into the Irish territories, which should be unrestictedly under the jurisdiction of their lawfully elected native chiefs.

3. Payment by Marshal Bagnal to O'Neill of one thousand pounds of silver "as a marriage portion with the lady whom he had raised to the dignity of an O'Neill's bride."

We may imagine how hard the royal commissioners must have found it to even hearken to these propositions, especially this last keen touch at Bagnal. Nevertheless, they were fain to declare them very reasonable indeed; only they suggested—merely recommended for consideration—that as a sort of set-off, the confederates might lay down their arms, beg forgiveness, and "discover" their correspondence with foreign states. Phew! There was a storm about their ears! Beg "pardon" indeed! "The rebels grew insolent," says Moryson. The utmost that could be obtained from O'Neill was a truce of a few days' duration.

Early in June Bagnal took the field with a strong force, and effecting a junction with Norreys, made good his march from Dundalk to Armagh. Not far from Monaghan is Clontibret—Cluain-Tuberaid, the "Lawn of the Spring." What befell there, I will relate in the words of Mr. Mitchel:

"The castle of Monaghan, which had been taken by Con O'Neill, was now once more in the hands of the enemy, and once more besieged by the Irish troops. Norreys, with his whole force, was in full march to relieve it; and O'Neill, who had hitherto avoided pitched battles, and contented himself with harassing the enemy by continual skirmishes in their march through the woods and bogs, now resolved to meet this redoubtable general fairly in the open field. He chose his ground at Clontibret, about five miles from Monaghan, where a small stream runs northward through a valley inclosed by low hills. On the left bank of this stream the Irish, in battle array, awaited the approach of Norreys. We have no account of the numbers on each side, but when the English general came up, he thought himself strong enough to force a passage. Twice the English infantry tried to make good their way over the river, and twice were beaten back, their gallant leader each time charging at their head, and being the last to retire. The general and his brother, Sir Thomas, were both wounded in these conflicts, and the Irish counted the victory won, when a chosen body of English horse, led on by Segrave, a Meathian officer, of giagntic bone and height, spurred fiercely across the river, and charged the cavalry of Tyrowen, commanded by their prince

in person. Segrave singled out O'Neill, and the two leaders laid lance in rest for deadly combat, while the troops on each side lowered their weapons and held their breath, awaiting the shock in silence. The warriors met, and the lance of each was splintered on the others' corslet, but Segrave again dashed his horse against the chief, flung his giant frame against his enemy, and endeavored to unhorse him by the mere weight of his gauntleted hand. O'Neill grasped him in his arms, and the combatants rolled together in that fatal embrace to the ground:

" 'Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own:
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown.'

There was one moment's deadly wrestle and a death groan: the shortened sword of O'Neill was buried in the Englishman's groin beneath his mail. Then from the Irish ranks arose such a wild shout of triumph as those hills had never echoed before—the still thunder-cloud burst into a tempest—those equestrian statues become as winged demons, and with their battle-cry of "Lamh-dearg-aboo!" and their long lances poised in Eastern fashion above their heads, down swept the chivalry of Tyrowen upon the astonished ranks of the Saxon. The banner of St. George wavered and went down before that furious charge. The English turned their bridle-reins and fled headlong over the stream, leaving the field covered with their dead, and, worse than all, leaving with the Irish that proud red-cross banner, the first of its disgraces in those Ulster wars. Norreys hastily retreated southward, and the castle of Monaghan was yielded to the Irish."

This was opening the campaign in a manner truly worthy of a royal O'Neill. The flame thus lighted spread all over the northern land. Success shone on the Irish banners, and as the historian informs us, "at the close of the year 1595, the Irish power predominated in Ulster and Connaught."

The proceedings of the next two years—1596 and 1597—during which the struggle was varied by several efforts at negotiation, occupy too large a portion of history to be traced at length in these pages. The English forces were being steadily though slowly driven in upon the Pale from nearly all sides, and strenuous efforts were made to induce O'Neill to accept terms. He invariably professed the utmost readiness to do so; deplored the stern necessity that had driven him to claim his rights in the field, and debated conditions of peace; but, either mistrusting the designs of the English in treating with him, or because he had hopes far beyond anything they were likely to concede, he managed so that the negotiations somehow fell through at all times. On one occasion royal commissioners actually followed and chased him through the country with a royal "pardon" and treaty, which they were beseeching him to accept, but O'Neill continued to "miss" all appointments with them. More than once the English bitterly felt that their quondam pupil was feathering his keenest arrows against them with plumes plucked from their own wing! But it was not in what they called "diplomacy" alone Hugh showed them to their cost that he had not forgotten his lessons. He could enliven the tedium of a siege—and, indeed, terminate it—by a ruse worthy of an humorist as of a strategist. On the expiration of one of the truces, we are told, he attacked Norrey's encampment with great fury, "and drove the English before him with heavy loss till they found shelter within the walls of Armagh." He sat down before the town and began a regular siege; "but the troops of Ulster were unused to a war of posts, and little skilled in reducing fortified places by mines, blockades, or artillery. They better loved a rushing charge in the open field, or the guerrilla warfare of the woods and mountains, and soon tired of sitting idly before battlements of stone. O'Neill tried a stratagem. General Norreys had sent a quantity of provisions to relieve Armagh under a convoy of three companies of foot and a body of cavalry, and the Irish had surprised these troops by night, captured the stores, and made prisoners of all the convoy. O'Neill caused the English soldiers to be stripped of their uniform, and an equal number of his own men to be dressed in it, whom he ordered to appear by daybreak as if marching to relieve Armagh. Then, having stationed an ambuscade before morning in the walls of a ruined monastery lying on the eastern side of the city, he sent another body of troops to meet the red-coated gallow-glasses, so that when day dawned the defenders of Armagh beheld what they imagined to be a strong body

of their countrymen in full march to relieve them with supplies of provisions, then they saw O'Neill's troops rush to attack these, and a furious conflict seemed to proceed, but apparently the English were overmatched, many of them fell, and the Irish were pressing forward, pouring in their shot and brandishing their battle-axes with all the tumult of a deadly fight. The hungry garrison could not endure this sight. A strong sallying party issued from the city and rushed to support their friends; but when they came to the field of battle all the combatants on both sides turned their weapons against them alone.

"The English saw the snare that had been laid for them, and made for the walls again; but Con O'Neill and his party issued from the monastery and barred their retreat. They defended themselves gallantly, but were all cut to pieces, and the Irish entered Armagh in triumph. Stafford and the remnant of his garrison were allowed to retire to Dundalk, and O'Neill, who wanted no strong places, dismantled the fortifications and then abandoned the town."

Over several of the subsequent engagements in 1596 and 1597 I must pass rapidly, to reach the more important events in which the career of O'Neill culminated and closed. My young readers can trace for themselves on the page of Irish history the episodes of valor and patriotism that memorize "Tyrrell's Pass" and "Portmore." The *ignis fatuus* of "aid from Spain" was still in O'Neill's eyes. He was waiting—but striking betimes, parleying with royal commissioners, and corresponding with King Philip, when he was not engaging Bagnal or Norreys; Red Hugh meanwhile echoing in Connaught every blow struck by O'Neill in Ulster. At length, in the summer of 1598, he seems to have thrown aside all reliance upon foreign aid, and to have organized his countrymen for a still more resolute stand than any they yet had made against the national enemy.

"In the month of July, O'Neill sent messengers to Phelim Mac Hugh, then chief of the O'Byrnes, that he might fall upon the Pale, as they were about to make employment in the north for the troops of Ormond, and at the same time he detached fifteen hundred men and sent them to assist his ally, O'More, who was then besieging Porteloise, a fort of the English in Leix. Then he made a sudden stoop upon the castle of Portmore, which, says Moryson, 'was a great eyesore to him lying upon the chiefe passage into his country,' hoping to carry it by assault.

"Ormond now perceived that a powerful effort must be made by the English to hold their ground in the north, or Ulster might at once be abandoned to the Irish. Strong reinforcements were sent from England, and O'Neill's spies soon brought him intelligence of large masses of troops moving northward, led by Marshal Sir Henry Bagnal, and composed of the choicest forces in the queen's service. Newry was their place of rendezvous, and early in August, Bagnal found himself at the head of the largest and best appointed army of veteran Englishmen that had ever fought in Ireland. He succeeded in relieving Armagh, and dislodging O'Neill from his encampment at Mullaghbane, where the chief himself narrowly escaped being taken, and then prepared to advance with his whole army to the Blackwater, and raise the siege of Portmore. Williams and his men were by this time nearly famished with hunger; they had eaten all their horses, and had come to feeding on the herbs and grass that grew upon the walls of the fortress. And every morning they gazed anxiously over the southern hills, and strained their eyes to see the waving of a red-cross flag, or the glance of English spears in the rising sun.

"O'Neill hastily summoned O'Donnell and Mac William to his aid, and determined to cross the marshal's path, and give him battle before he reached the Blackwater. His entire force on the day of battle, including the Scots and the troops of Connaught and Tyrconnell, consisted of four thousand five hundred foot and six hundred horse, and Bagnal's army amounted to an equal number of infantry and five hundred veteran horsemen, sheathed in corslets and headpieces, together with some field artillery, in which O'Neill was wholly wanting.

"Hugh Roe O'Donnell had snuffed the coming battle from afar, and on the 9th of August joined O'Neill with the clans of Connaught and Tyrconnell. They drew up their main body about a mile from Portmore, on the way to Armagh, where the plain was narrowed to a pass, inclosed on one side by a thick wood, and on the other by

a bog. To arrive at that plain from Armagh the enemy would have to penetrate through wooded hills, divided by winding and marshy hollows, in which flowed a sluggish and discolored stream from the bogs, and hence the pass was called Beal-an-atha-buie, "the mouth of the yellow ford.' Fearfasa O'Clery, a learned poet of O'Donnell's, asked the name of that place, and when he heard it, remembered (and proclaimed aloud to the army) that St. Bercan had foretold a terrible battle to be fought at a yellow ford, and a glorious victory to be won by the ancient Irish.

"Even so, Moran, son of Maoin! and for thee, wisest poet, O'Clery, thou hast this day served thy country well, for, to an Irish army, auguries of good were more needful than a commissariat; and those bards' songs, like the Dorian flute of Greece, breathed a passionate valor that no blare of English trumpets could ever kindle.

"Bagnal's army rested that night in Armagh, and the Irish bivouacked in the woods, each warrior covered by his shaggy cloak, under the stars of a summer night, for to 'an Irish rebel,' says Edmund Spenser, 'the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in.' But O'Neill, we may well believe, slept not that night away; the morrow was to put to proof what valor and discipline was in that Irish army, which he had been so long organizing and training to meet this very hour. Before him lay a splendid army of tried English troops in full march for his ancient seat of Dungannon, and led on by his mortal enemy. And O'Neill would not have had that host weakened by the desertion of a single man, nor commanded—no, not for his white wand of chieftaincy—by any leader but this his dearest foe."

To Mr. Mitchel, whose vivid narrative I have so far been quoting, we are indebted for the following stirring description of O'Neill's greatest battle—ever memorable Beal-an-atha-buie:

"The tenth morning of August rose bright and serene upon the towers of Armagh and the silver waters of Avonmore. Before day dawned the English army left the city in three divisions, and at sunrise they were winding through the hills and woods behind the spot where now stands the little church of Grange.

"The sun was glancing on the corslets and spears of their glittering cavalry, their banners waved proudly, and their bugles rung clear in the morning air, when, suddenly, from the thickets on both sides of their path, a deadly volley of musketry swept through the foremost ranks. O'Neill had stationed here five hundred light-armed troops to guard the defiles, and in the shelter of thick groves of fir trees they had silently waited for the enemy. Now they poured in their shot, volley after volley, and killed great numbers of the English; but the first division, led by Bagnal in person, after some hard fighting, carried the pass, dislodged the marksmen from their position, and drove them backward into the plain. The center division under Cosby and Wingfield and the rearguard led by Cuin and Billing, supported in flank by the cavalry under Brooke, Montacute, and Fleming, now pushed forward, speedily cleared the difficult country, and formed in the open ground in front of the Irish lines. 'It was not quite safe,' says an Irish chronicler (in admiration of Bagnal's disposition of his forces) 'to attack the nest of griffins and den of lions in which were placed the soldiers of London.' Bagnal at the head of his first division, and aided by a body of cavalry, charged the Irish light-armed troops up to the very intrenchments, in front of which O'Neill's foresight had prepared some pits, covered over with wattles and grass, and many of the English cavalry rushing impetuously forward, rolled headlong, both men and horses, into these trenches and perished. Still the marshal's chosen troops, with loud cheers and shouts of 'St. George for merry England!' resolutely attacked the intrenchment that stretched across the pass, battered them with cannon, and in one place succeeded, though with heavy loss, in forcing back their defenders. Then first the main body of O'Neill's troops was brought into action, and with bagpipes sounding a charge, they fell upon the English, shouting their fierce battle-cries, 'Lamh-dearg!' and 'O'Donnell aboo!' O'Neill himself, at the head of a body of horse, pricked forward to seek out Bagnal amid the throng of battle, but they never met: the marshal, who had done his devoir that day like a good soldier, was shot through the brain by some unknown marksman. The division he had led was forced back by the furious onslaught of the Irish, and put to utter rout; and, what added to their confusion,

a cart of gunpowder exploded amid the English ranks and blew many of their men to atoms. And now the cavalry of Tyrconnell and Tyrowen dashed into the plain and bore down the remnant of Brooke's and Fleming's horse; the columns of Wingfield and Cosby reeled before their rushing charge—while in front, to the warcry of 'Bataillah-aboo!' the swords and axes of the heavy armed gallowglasses were raging among the Saxon ranks. By this time the cannon were all taken; the cries of 'St. George!' had failed, or turned into death-shrieks; and once more, England's royal standard sunk before the Red Hand of Tyrowen."

Twelve thousand gold pieces, thirty-four standards, and all the artillery of the vanquished army were taken. Nearly three thousand dead were left by the English on the field. The splendid army of the Pale was, in fact, annihilated.

Beal-an-atha-buie, or, as some of the English chroniclers call it, Blackwater, may be classed as one of the great battles of the Irish nation; perhaps the greatest fought in the course of the war against English invasion. Other victories as brilliant and complete may be found recorded in our annals; many defeats of English armies as utter and disastrous; but most of these were, in a military point of view, not to be ranked for a moment with the "Yellow Ford." Very nearly all of them were defile surprises, conducted on the simplest principles of warfare common to struggles in a mountainous country. But Beal-an-atha-buie was a deliberate engagement, a formidable pitched battle between the largest and the best armies which England and Ireland respectively were able to send forth, and was fought out on principles of military science in which both O'Neill and Bagnal were proficients. It was a fair stand-up fight between the picked troops and chosen generals of the two nations; and it must be told of the vanquished on that day, that, though defeated, they were not dishonored. The Irish annals and chants, one and all, do justice to the daring bravery and unflinching endurance displayed by Bagnal's army on the disastrous battlefield of Beal-an-atha-buie.

As might be supposed, a victory so considerable as this has been sung by a hundred bards. More than one notable poem in the native Gaelic has celebrated its glory; and quite a number of our modern bards have made it the theme of stirring lays. Of these latter, probably the best known is Drennan's ballad, from which I quote the opening and concluding verses:

"By O'Neill close beleaguer'd, the spirits might droop
Of the Saxon three hundred shut up in their coop,
Till Bagnal drew forth his Toledo, and swore
On the sword of a soldier to succor Portmore.

"His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried,
Their features how bronz'd, and how haughty their stride,
Step'd steadily on; it was thrilling to see
That thunder-cloud brooding o'er Beal-an-atha-Buidh!

"The flash of their armor, inlaid with fine gold,
Gleaming matchlocks and cannons that mutteringly roll'd,
With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuirassiers,
Dyed in blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

. . . . . .

"Land of Owen aboo! and the Irish rushed on:
The foe fir'd but one volley—their gunners are gone.
Before the bare bosoms the steel coats have fled,
Or, despite casque or corslet, lie dying or dead.

"And brave Harry Bagnal, he fell while he fought,
With many gay gallants: they slept as men ought,
Their faces to Heaven: there were others, alack!
By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

"And the Irish got clothing, coin, colors, great store,
Arms, forage, and provender—plunder *go leor*.
They munch'd the white manchets, they champ'd the brown chine,
Fuliluah for that day, how the natives did dine!

"The chieftain looked on, when O'Shanagan rose,
And cried: 'Hearken, O'Neill, I've a health to propose—
To our Sassenach hosts,' and all quaffed in huge glee,
With *Cead mile failte go!* Beal-an-atha-Buidh!"

The same subject has been the inspiration of, perhaps, the most beautiful poem in Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland:"

THE WAR-SONG OF TYRCONNELL'S BARD AT THE BATTLE OF BLACKWATER.

Glory to God, and to the Powers that fight
For Freedom and the Right!
We have them then, the invaders! there they stand
Once more on Oriel's land!
They have pass'd the gorge stream cloven,
And the mountain's purple bound;
Now the toils are round them woven,
Now the nets are spread around!
Give them time: their steeds are blown;
Let them stand and round them stare,
Breathing blasts of Irish air:
Our eagles know their own!

Thou rising sun, fair fall
Thy greeting on Armagh's time-honored wall
And on the willows hoar
That fringe thy silver waters, Avonmore!
See! on that hill of drifted sand
The far-famed marshal holds command,
Bagnal, their bravest: to the right,
That recreant, neither chief nor knight,
"The Queen's O'Reilly," he that sold
His country, clan, and church for gold!
"Saint George for England!"—recreant crew,
What are the saints ye spurn to you?
They charge; they pass yon grassy swell;
They reach our pitfalls hidden well:
On!—warriors native to the sod!
Be on them, in the power of God!

. . . . . .

Seest thou yon stream, whose tawny waters glide
Through weeds and yellow marsh lingeringly and slowly?
Blest is that spot and holy!
There, ages past, Saint Bercan stood and cried,
"This spot shall quell one day th' invader's pride!"

He saw in mystic trance
The bloodstain flush yon rill:
On!—hosts of God, advance!
Your country's fate fulfill!
Hark! the thunder of their meeting!
Hand meets hand, and rough the greeting!
Hark! the crash of shield and brand;
They mix, they mingle, band with band,
Like two horn-commingling stags,
Wrestling on the mountain crags,
Intertwined, intertangled,
Mangled forehead meeting mangled!
See! the wavering darkness through
I see the banner of Red Hugh;
Close beside is thine, O'Neill!
Now they stoop and now they reel,
Rise once more and onward sail,
Like two falcons on one gale!
O ye clansmen past me rushing,
Like mountain torents seaward gushing,
Tell the chiefs that from this height
Their chief of bards beholds the fight;
That on theirs he pours his spirit;
Marks their deeds and chants their merit;
While the Priesthood evermore,
Like him that ruled God's host of yore,
With arms outstretched that God implore!

. . . . . .

Glory be to God on high!
That shout rang up into the sky!
The plain lies bare; the smoke drifts by;
Again that cry; they fly! they fly!
O'er them standards thirty-four
Waved at morn: they wave no more.

Glory be to Him alone who holds the nations in His hand,
And to them the heavenly guardians of our church and native land!
Sing, ye priests, your deep Te Deum; bards, make answer loud and long,
In your rapture flinging heavenward censers of triumphant song.
Isle for centuries blind in bondage, lift once more thine ancient boast,
From the cliffs of Innishowen southward on to Carbery's coast!
We have seen the right made perfect, seen the Hand that rules the spheres,
Glance like lightning through the clouds, and backward roll the wrongful years.
Glory fadeth, but this triumph is no barren mundane glory;
Rays of healing it shall scatter on the eyes that read our story:

Upon nations bound and torpid as they waken it shall shine,
As on Peter in his chains the angel shone, with light divine.
From th' unheeding, from th' unholy it may hide, like truth, its ray;
But when Truth and Justice conquer, on their crowns its beams shall play:
O'er the ken of troubled tyrants it shall trail a meteor's glare;
For the blameless it shall glitter as the star of morning fair;
Whensoever Erin triumphs, then its dawn it shall renew;
Then O'Neill shall be remember'd, and Tyrconnell's chief, Red Hugh!

The fame of this great victory filled the land. Not in Ireland alone did it create a sensation. The English historians tell us that for months nothing was talked of at court or elsewhere throughout England but O'Neill and the great battle on the Blackwater, which had resulted so disastrously for "her highness." Moryson himself informs us that "the generall voyce was of Tyrone amongst the English after the defeat of Blackwater, as of Hannibal amongst the Romans after the defeat at Cannæ." The event got noised abroad, too, and in all the courts of Europe Hugh of Tyrone became celebrated as a military commander and as a patriot leader.

CHAPTER LXIII.

HOW HUGH FORMED A GREAT NATIONAL CONFEDERACY AND BUILT UP A NATION ONCE MORE ON IRISH SOIL.

If Ulster was Ireland, Ireland now was free. But all that has been narrated so far has affected only half the island. The south all this time lay in the heavy trance of helplessness, suffering, and despair, that had supervened upon the desolating Desmond war. At best the south was very unlikely to second with equal zeal, energy, and success such an effort as the north had made. Munster was almost exclusively possessed by Anglo-Irish lords, or Irish chiefs in the power of, and submissive to, the English. Ulster was the stronghold of the native cause; and what was possible there might be, and in truth was, very far from feasible in the "colonized" southern province. Nevertheless, so irresistible was the inspiration of Hugh's victories in the north that even the occupied, conquered, broken, divided, and desolated south began to take heart and look upward. Messengers were dispatched to Hugh entreating him to send some duly authorized lieutenants to raise the standard of Church and Country in Munster, and take charge of the cause there. He complied by detaching Richard Tyrrell, of Fertullah, and Owen, son of Ruari O'More, at the head of a chosen band, to unfurl the national flag in the southern provinces. They were enthusiastically received. The Catholic Anglo-Norman lords and the native chiefs entered into the movement, and rose to arms on all sides. The newly-planted "settlers," or "undertakers" as they were styled—English adventurers among whom had been pareled out the lands of several southern Catholic families, lawlessly seized on the ending of the Desmond rebellion—fled pell-mell, abandoning the stolen castles and lands to their rightful owners, and only too happy to escape with life.* The lord president had to draw in every outpost, and abandon all Munster, except the garrison towns of Cork and Kilmallock, within which, cooped up like prisoners, he and his diminished troops were glad to find even momentary shelter. By the beginning of 1599, "no English force was able to keep the field throughout all Ireland." O'Neill's authority was paramount—was loyally recognized and obeyed everywhere outside two or three garrison towns. He exercised the prerogatives of royalty; issued commissions, conferred offices, honors, and titles; removed or deposed lords and chiefs actively or passively disloyal to the national authority, and appointed others in their stead. And all was done so wisely, so impartially, so patriotically—with such scrupulous and fixed regard for the one great object, and no other—namely, the common cause of national independence and freedom—that even

*Among them was Spenser, a gentle poet and rapacious freebooter. His poesy was sweet, and full of charms, quaint, simple, and eloquent. His prose politics were brutal, venal, and cowardly. He wooed the muses very blandly, living in a stolen home, and philosophically counseled the extirpation of the Irish owners of the land, for the greater security of himself and fellow adventurers.

men chronically disposed to suspect family or clan selfishness in every act gave in their full confidence to him as to a leader who had completely sunk the clan chief in the national leader. In fine, since the days of Brian the First, no native sovereign of equal capacity—singularly qualified as a soldier and as a statesman—had been known in Ireland. "He omitted no means of strengthening the league. He renewed his intercourse with Spain; planted permanent bodies of troops on the Foyle, Erne, and Blackwater; engaged the services of some additional Scots from the Western Isles, improved the discipline of his own troops, and on every side made preparations to renew the conflict with his powerful enemy. For he well knew that Elizabeth was not the monarch to quit her deadly gripe of this fair island without a more terrible struggle than had yet been endured."*

That struggle was soon inaugurated. England, at that time one of the strongest nations in Europe, and a match for the best among them by land and sea, ruled over by one of the ablest, the boldest, and most crafty sovereigns that had ever sat upon her throne, and served by statesmen, soldiers, philosophers, and writers whose names are famous in history—was now about to put forth all her power in a combined naval and military armament against the almost reconstituted, but as yet all too fragile Irish nation. Such an effort, under all the circumstances, could scarcely result otherwise than as it eventually did; for there are, after all, odds against which no human effort can avail and for which no human valor can compensate. It was England's good fortune on this occasion, as on others previously and subsequently, that the Irish nation challenged her when she was at peace with all the world—when her hands were free and her resources undivided. Equally fortunate was she at all times, on the other hand, in the complete tranquillity of the Irish when desperate emergencies put her on her own defense, and left her no resources to spare for a campaign in Ireland, had she been challenged then. What we have to contemplate in the closing scenes of O'Neill's glorious career is the heroism of Thermopylæ, not the success of Salamis or Platæa.

Elizabeth's favorite, Essex, was dispatched to Ireland with twenty thousand men at his back; an army not only the largest England had put into the field for centuries, but in equipment, in drill, and in armament, the most complete ever assembled under her standard. Against this the Irish nowhere had ten thousand men concentrated in a regular army or movable corps. In equipment and in armament they were sadly deficient, while of sieging material they were altogether destitute. Nevertheless, we are told "O'Neill and his confederates were not dismayed by the arrival of this great army and its magnificent leader." And had the question between the two nations depended solely upon such issues as armies settle, and superior skill and prowess control, neither O'Neill nor his confederates would have erred in the strong faith, the high hope, the exultant self-reliance, that now animated them. The campaign of 1599—the disastrous failure of the courtly Essex and his magnificent army—must be told in a few lines. O'Neill completely out-generaled and overawed or overreached the haughty deputy. In more than one fatal engagement his splendid force was routed by the Irish, until, notwithstanding a constant stream of reinforcements from England, it had wasted away, and was no longer formidable in O'Neill's eyes. In vain the queen wrote letter after letter endeavoring to sting her quondam favorite into "something notable;" that is, a victory over O'Neill. Nothing could induce Essex to face the famous hero of Clontibret and the Yellow Ford, unless, indeed, in peaceful parley. At length having been taunted into a movement northward, he proceeded thither reluctantly and slowly. "On the high ground north of the Lagan, he found the host of O'Neill encamped, and received a courteous message from their leader, soliciting a personal interview. At an appointed hour the two commanders rode down to the opposite banks of the river, wholly unattended, the advanced guards of each looking curiously on from the uplands."* O'Neill, ever the flower of courtesy, spurred his horse into the stream up to the saddlegirths. "First they had a private conference, in which Lord Essex, won by the chivalrous bearing and kindly address of the chief, became, say the English historians, too confidential with an enemy of his sovereign,

* Mitchel.

*M'Gee.

spoke without reserve of his daring hopes and most private thoughts of ambition, until O'Neill had sufficiently read his secret soul, fathomed his poor capacity, and understood the full meanness of his shallow treason. Then Cormac O'Neill and five other Irish leaders were summoned on the one side, on the other Lord Southampton and an equal number of English officers, and a solemn parley was opened in due form."* O'Neill offered terms: "first, complete liberty of conscience; second, indemnity for his allies in all the four provinces; third, the principal officers of state, the judges, and one-half the army to be henceforth Irish by birth." Essex considered these very far from extravagant demands from a man now virtually master in the island. He declared as much to O'Neill, and concluded a truce pending reply from London. Elizabeth saw in fury how completely O'Neill had dominated her favorite. She wrote him a frantic letter full of scornful taunt and upbraiding. Essex flung up all his duties in Ireland without leave, and hurried to London, to bring into requisition the personal influences he had undoubtedly possessed at one time with the queen. But he found her unapproachable. She stamped and swore at him, and ordered him to the tower, where the unfortunate earl paid, with his head upon the block, the forfeit for not having grappled successfully with the "Red Hand of Ulster."

The year 1600 was employed by O'Neill in a general circuit of the kingdom, for the more complete establishment of the national league and the better organization of the national resources. "He marched through the center of the island at the head of his troops to the south," says his biographer, "a kind of royal progress, which he thought fit to call a pilgrimage to Holy Cross. He held princely state there, concerted measures with the southern lords, and distributed a manifesto announcing himself as the accredited Defender of the Faith."

"In the beginning of March," says another authority, "the Catholic army halted at Inniscarra, upon the river Lee, about five miles west of Cork. Here O'Neill remained three weeks in camp consolidating the Catholic party in South Munster. During that time he was visited by the chiefs of the ancient Eugenian clans—O'Donohoe, O'Donovan, and O'Mahony. Thither also came two of the most remarkable men of the southern province: Florence McCarthy, Lord of Carbery, and Donald O'Sullivan, Lord of Bearhaven. McCarthy, 'like Saul, higher by the head and shoulders than any of his house,' had brain in proportion to his brawn; O'Sullivan, as was afterward shown, was possessed of military virtues of a high order. Florence was inaugurated with O'Neill's sanction as McCarthy More; and although the rival house of Muskerry fiercely resisted his claim to superiority at first, a wiser choice could not have been made had the times tended to confirm it.

"While at Inniscarra, O'Neill lost in single combat one of his most accomplished officers, the chief of Fermanagh. Maguire, accompanied only by a priest and two horsemen, was making observations nearer to the city than the camp, when Sir Warham St. Leger, marshal of Munster, issued out of Cork with a company of soldiers, probably on a similar mission. Both were in advance of their attendants when they came unexpectedly face to face. Both were famous as horsemen and for the use of their weapons, and neither would retrace his steps. The Irish chief, posing his spear, dashed forward against his opponent, but received a pistol shot which proved mortal the same day. He, however, had strength enough left to drive his spear through the neck of St. Leger, and to effect his escape from the English cavalry. St. Leger was carried back to Cork, where he expired. Maguire, on reaching the camp, had barely time left to make his last confession when he breathed his last. This untoward event, the necessity of preventing possible dissensions in Fermanagh, and still more the menacing movements of the new deputy, lately sworn in at Dublin, obliged O'Neill to return home earlier than he intended. Soon after reaching Dungannon he had the gratification of receiving a most gracious letter from Pope Clement the Eighth, together with a crown of phœnix feathers, symbolical of the consideration with which he was regarded by the Sovereign Pontiff."*

* Mitchel.

* M'Gee.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW THE RECONSTRUCTED IRISH NATION WAS OVERBORNE —HOW THE TWO HUGHS "FOUGHT BACK TO BACK" AGAINST THEIR OVERWHELMING FOES—HOW THE "SPANISH AID" RUINED THE IRISH CAUSE—THE DISASTROUS BATTLE OF KINSALE.

THERE now appear before us two remarkable men whose names are prominently identified with this memorable epoch in Irish history—Mountjoy, the new lord deputy; and Carew, the new lord president of Munster. In the hour in which these men were appointed to the conduct of affairs in Ireland, the Irish cause was lost. Immense resources were placed at their disposal, new levies and armaments were ordered; and again all the might of England by land and sea was to be put forth against Ireland. But Mountjoy and Carew alone were worth all the levies. They were men of indomitable energy, masters of subtlety, craft, and cunning, utterly unscrupulous as to the employment of means to an end; cold-blooded, callous, cruel, and brutal. Norreys and Bagnal were soldiers—able generals, illustrious in the field. Essex was a lordly courtier, vain and pomp-loving. Of these men—soldier and courtier—the Irish annals speak as of fair foes. But of Mountjoy and Carew a different memory is kept in Ireland. They did their work by the wile of the serpent, not by the skill of the soldier. Where the brave and manly Norreys tried the sword, they tried snares, treachery, and deceit, gold, flattery, promises, temptation, and seduction in every shape. To split up the confederation of chiefs was an end toward which they steadily labored by means the most subtle and crafty that human ingenuity could devise. Letters, for instance, were forged purporting to have been written secretly to the lord deputy by the Earl of Desmond, offering to betray one of his fellows confederates, O'Connor. These forgeries were "disclosed," as it were, to O'Connor, with an offer that he should "forestal" the earl, by seizing and giving up the latter to the government, for which, moreover, he was to have a thousand pounds in hand, besides other considerations promised. The plot succeeded. O'Connor betrayed the earl and handed him over a prisoner to the lord deputy, and of course going over himself as an ally also. This rent worked the dismemberment of the league in the south. Worse defections followed soon after; defections unaccountable, and, indeed, irretrievable. Art O'Neill and Nial Garv O'Donnell, under the operation of mysterious influences, went over to the English, and in all the subsequent events, were more active and effective than any other commanders on the queen's side! Nial Garv alone was worth a host. He was one of the ablest generals in the Irish camp. His treason fell upon the national leaders like a thunderbolt. This was the sort of "campaigning" on which Mountjoy relied most. Time and money were freely devoted to it, and not in vain. After the national confederation had been sufficiently split up and weakened in this way and when, north and south, the defecting chiefs were able of themselves to afford stiff employment for the national forces, the lord deputy took the field.

In the struggle that now ensued O'Neill and O'Donnell presented one of those spectacles which, according to the language of the heathen classics, move gods and men to sympathy and admiration! Hearts less brave might despair; but they, like Leonidas and the immortal Three Hundred, would fight out the battle of country while life remained. The English now had in any one province a force superior to the entire strength of the national army. The eventful campaign of 1601, we are told, was fought out in almost every part of the kingdom. To hold the coast lines on the north—where Dowcra had landed (at Derry) four thousand foot and four hundred horse—was the task of O'Donnell; while to defend the southern Ulster frontier was the peculiar charge of O'Neill. "They thus," says the historian, "fought as it were back to back against the opposite lines of attack." Through all the spring and summer months that fight went on. From hill to valley, from pass to plain, all over the island, it was one roll of cannon and musketry, one ceaseless and universal engagement; the smoke of battle never lifted off the scene. The two Hughs were all but ubiquitous; confronting and defeating an attack to-day at one point; falling upon the foes next day at another far distant from the scene of the last encounter! Between the two chiefs the most touching confidence and devoted affection subsisted. Let the roar of battle crash how it might

on the northern horizon, O'Neill relied that all was well, for O'Donnell was at his post. No matter what myriads of foes were massing in the south, it was enough for O'Donnell to know that O'Neill was there.

"Back to back," indeed, as many a brave battle against desperate odds has been fought, they maintained the unequal combat, giving blow for blow, and so far holding their ground right nobly. By September, except in Munster, comparatively little had been gained by the English beyond the successful planting of some further garrisons; but the Irish were considerably exhausted, and sorely needed rest and recruitment. At this juncture came the exciting news that—at length—a powerful auxiliary force from Spain had landed at Kinsale. The Anglo-Irish privy council were startled by the news while assembled in deliberation at Kilkenny. Instantly they ordered a concentration of all their available forces in the south, and resolved upon a winter campaign. They acted with a vigor and determination which plainly showed their conviction that on the quick crushing of the Spanish force hung the fate of their cause in Ireland. A powerful fleet was sent round the coast, and soon blockaded Kinsale; while on the land side it was invested by a force of some fifteen thousand men.

This Spanish expedition, meant to aid, effected the ruin of the Irish cause. It consisted of little more than three thousand men, with a good supply of stores, arms, and ammunition. In all his letters to Spain, O'Neill is said to have strongly urged that if a force under five thousand men came, it should land in Ulster, where it would be morally and materially worth ten thousand landed elsewhere; but that if Munster was to be the point of debarkation, anything less than eight or ten thousand men would be useless. The meaning of this is easily discerned. The south was the strong ground of the English, as the north was of the Irish side. A force landed in Munster should be able of itself to cope with the strong opposition which it was sure to encounter. These facts were not altogether lost sight of in Spain. The expedition as fitted out consisted of six thousand men; but various mishaps and disappointments reduced it to half the number by the time it landed at Kinsale. Worse than all, the wrong man commanded it; Don Juan D'Aquilla, a good soldier, but utterly unsuited for an enterprise like this. He was proud, sour-tempered, hasty, and irascible. He had heard nothing of the defections and disasters in the south. The seizure of Desmond and the ensnaring of Florence McCarthy—the latter the most influential and powerful of the southern nobles and chiefs—had paralyzed everything there; and Don Juan, instead of finding himself in the midst of friends in arms, found himself surrounded by foes on land and sea. He gave way to his natural ill-temper in reproaches and complaints; and in letters to O'Neill bitterly demanded whether he and the other confederates meant to hasten to his relief. For O'Neill and O'Donnell, with their exhausted and weakened troops to abandon the north and undertake a winter march southward was plain destruction. At least it staked everything on the single issue of success or defeat before Kinsale; and to prevent defeat and to insure success there, much greater organization for co-operation and concert, and much more careful preparations, were needed than was possible now, hurried southward in this way by D'Aquilla. Nevertheless, there was nothing else for it. O'Neill clearly discerned that the crafty and politic Carew had been insidiously working on the Spanish commander, to disgust him with the enterprise, and induce him to sail homeward on liberal terms. And it was so. Don Juan, it is said, agreed, or intimated that if, within a given time, an Irish army did not appear to his relief, he would treat with Carew for terms. If it was, therefore, probable disaster for O'Neill to proceed to the south, it was certain ruin for him to refuse; so with heavy hearts the northern chieftains set out on their winter march for Munster, at the head of their thinned and wasted troops. "O'Donnell, with his habitual ardor, was first on the way. He was joined by Felim O'Doherty, MacSwiney-na-Tuath, O'Boyle, O'Rorke, the brother of O'Connor Sligo, the O'Connor Roe, Mac Dermott, O'Kelly, and others; mustering in all about two thousand five hundred men." O'Neill, with MacDonnell of Antrim, Mac Gennis of Down, MacMahon of Monaghan, and others of his suffragans, marched southward at the head of between three and four thousand men. Holy Cross was the point where both their forces appointed to effect their junction. O'Donnell was

first at the rendezvous. A desperate effort on the part of Carew to intercept and overwhelm him before O'Neill could come up was defeated only by a sudden night-march of nearly forty miles by Red Hugh. O'Neill reached Belgooley, within sight of Kinsale, on the 21st of December.

In Munster, in the face of all odds—amid the wreck of the national confederacy, and in the presence of an overwhelming army of occupation—a few chiefs there were, undismayed and unfaltering, who rallied faithfully at the call of duty. Foremost among these was Donal O'Sullivan, Lord of Bear, a man in whose fidelity, intrepidity, and military ability, O'Neill appears to have reposed unbounded confidence. In all the south, the historian tells us, "only O'Sullivan Beare, O'Driscoll, and O'Connor Kerry declared openly for the national cause" in this momentous crisis. Some of the missing ships of the Spanish expedition reached Castlehaven in November, just as O'Donnell, who had made a detour westward, reached that place. Some of this Spanish contingent were detailed as garrisons for the forts of Dunboy, Baltimore, and Castlehaven, commanding three of the best havens in Munster. The rest joined O'Donnell's division, and which soon sat down before Kinsale.

When O'Neill came up, his master mind at once scanned the whole position, and quickly discerned the true policy to be pursued. The English force was utterly failing in commissariat arrangements; and disease as well as hunger was committing rapid havoc in the besiegers' camp. O'Neill accordingly resolved to besiege the besiegers; to increase their difficulties in obtaining provisions or provender, and to cut up their lines of communication. These tactics manifestly offered every advantage to the Irish and allied forces, and were certain to work the destruction of Carew's army. But the testy Don Juan could not brook this slow and cautious mode of procedure. "The Spaniards only felt their own inconveniences; they were cut off from escape by sea by a powerful English fleet; and," continues the historian, "Carew was already practicing indirectly on their commander his 'wit and cunning' in the fabrication of rumors and the forging of letters. Don Juan wrote urgent appeals to the northern chiefs to attack the English lines without another day's delay; and a council of war in the Irish camp, on the third day after their arrival at Belgooley, decided that the attack should be made on the morrow." At this council, so strongly and vehemently was O'Neill opposed to the mad and foolish policy of risking an engagement, which, nevertheless, O'Donnell, ever impetuous, as violently supported, that for the first time the two friends were angrily at issue, and some writers even allege that on this occasion question was raised between them as to who should assume command-in-chief on the morrow. However this may have been, it is certain that once the vote of the council was taken, and the decision found to be against him, O'Neill loyally acquiesced in it, and prepared to do his duty.

"On the night of the 2d of January (new style)—24th of December old style, in use among the English—the Irish army left their camp in three divisions; the vanguard led by Tyrrell, the center by O'Neill, and the rear by O'Donnell. The night was stormy and dark, with continuous peals and flashes of thunder and lightning. The guides lost their way, and the march, which even by the most circuitous route ought not to have exceeded four or five miles, was protracted through the whole night. At dawn of day, O'Neill, with whom were O'Sullivan and O'Campo, came in sight of the English lines, and to his infinite surprise found the men under arms, the cavalry in troops posted in advance of their quarters. O'Donnell's division was still to come up, and the veteran earl now found himself in the same dilemma into which Bagnal had fallen at the Yellow Ford. His embarrassment was perceived from the English camp; the cavalry were at once ordered to advance. For an hour O'Neill maintained his ground alone; at the end of that time he was forced to retire. Of O'Campo's three hundred Spaniards, forty survivors were with their gallant leader taken prisoners; O'Donnell at length arrived and drove back a wing of the English cavalry; Tyrrell's horsemen also held their ground tenaciously. But the rout of the center proved irremediable. Fully twelve hundred of the Irish were left dead on the field, and every prisoner taken was instantly executed. On the English side fell Sir Richard Graeme; Captains Danvers and Godolphin, with several others, were wounded; their total loss they stated at two hundred, and the

Anglo-Irish, of whom they seldom made count in their reports, must have lost in proportion. The earls of Thomond and Clanricarde were actively engaged with their followers, and their loss could hardly have been less than that of the English regulars.

"On the night following their defeat, the Irish leaders held council together at Innishannon, on the river Bandon, where it was agreed that O'Donnell should instantly take shipping for Spain to lay the true state of the contest before Philip the Third; that O'Sullivan should endeavor to hold his castle of Dunboy, as commanding a most important harbor; that Rory O'Donnell, second brother of Hugh Roe, should act as chieftain of Tyrconnell, and that O'Neill should return into Ulster to make the best defense in his power. The loss in men was not irreparable; the loss in arms, colors, and reputation was more painful to bear, and far more difficult to retrieve."*

CHAPTER XLV.

"THE LAST LORD OF BEARA"—HOW DONAL OF DUNBOY WAS ASSIGNED A PERILOUS PROMINENCE, AND NOBLY UNDERTOOK ITS DUTIES—HOW DON JUAN'S IMBECILITY OR TREASON RUINED THE IRISH CAUSE.

CONFESSEDLY for none of the defeated chiefs did the day's disaster at Kinsale involve such consequences as it presaged for the three southern leaders—O'Sullivan, O'Driscoll, and O'Connor Kerry. The northern chieftains returning homeward, retired upon and within the strong lines of what we may call the vast intrenched camp of the native cause. But the three southerns—who alone of all their Munster compeers had dared to take the field against the English side in the recent crisis—were left isolated in a distant extremity of the island, the most remote from native support or co-operation, left at the mercy of Carew, now master of Munster, and leader of a powerful army flushed with victory. The northerns might have some chance, standing together and with a considerable district almost entirely in their hands, of holding out, or exacting good terms, as they had done often before. But for the doomed southern chiefs, if aid from Spain came not soon, there was literally no prospect but the swift and immediate crash of Carew's vengeance; no hope save what the strong ramparts of Dunboy and the stout heart of its chieftain might encourage!

O'Neill, as I have already remarked, had a high opinion of O'Sullivan—of his devotedness to the national cause—of his prudence, skill, foresight, and courage. And truly the character of the "last lord of Beara," as writ upon the page of history, as depicted by contemporary writers, as revealed to us in his correspondence, and as displayed in his career and actions from the hour when, at the call of duty, with nothing to gain and all to peril, he committed himself to the national struggle—is one to command respect, sympathy, and admiration. In extent of territorial sway and in "following" he was exceeded by many of the southern chiefs, but his personal character seems to have secured for him by common assent the position among them left vacant by the imprisonment of Florence MacCarthy, *facile princeps* among the Irish of Munster, now fast held in London Tower. In manner, temperament, and disposition, O'Sullivan was singularly unlike most of the impulsive ardent Irish of his time. He was a man of deep, quiet, calm demeanor; grave and thoughtful in his manner, yet notably firm and inflexible in all that touched his personal honor, his duty toward his people,* or his loyalty to religion or country. His family had flung themselves into the struggle of James Geraldine, and suffered the penalties that followed thereupon. Early in Elizabeth's reign, Eoghan, or Eugene, styled by the English Sir Owen O'Sullivan, contrived to possess himself of the chieftaincy and territory of Bear, on the death of his brother Donal, father of the hero of Dunboy. Eugene accepted an English title, sat in Lord Deputy Perrot's parliament of 1585, in

*M'Gee.

* Nothing strikes the reader of Donal's correspondence with King Philip and the Spanish ministers more forcibly than the constant solicitude, the deep feeling, and affectionate attachment he exhibits toward his "poor people," as he always calls them. Amid the wreck of all his hopes, the loss of worldly wealth and possessions, home, country, friends, his chief concern is for his "poor people" abandoned to the persecution of the merciless English foe. In all his letters it is the same. No murmur, no repining for himself; but constant solicitude about Ireland, and constant sorrow for his poor people, left "like sheep without a shepherd when the storm shuts out the sky."

the records of which we find his name duly registered, and took out a "patent" in his own name for the tribe land. His nephew, young Donal—Donal Mac Donal O'Sullivan, as he was called—vehemently disputed the validity of Sir Owen's title to the lands, and after a lengthy lawsuit, a letter of partition was issued under the great seal in January, 1593, according to which Donal was to have the lordship, castles, and dependencies of Bear, while Sir Owen was to possess those eastward and northward of the peninsula. It is highly probable that by this decision the Pale authorities hoped to enthral Donal without losing Sir Owen, to make both branches of the family, as it were, compete in loyalty to the English power, and in any event, by putting enmity between them, cause them to split up and weaken their own influence. In this latter calculation they were not disappointed, as the sequel shows; but their speculations or expectations about Donal were all astray. He was indeed averse to hopeless and prospectless struggles against the power of England, and on attaining to the chieftaincy, directed his attention mainly to the internal regulation of his territory, and the bettering of the condition of his people in every respect, not by forays on neighboring clans, but by the peaceful influences of industry. But Donal, grave and placid of exterior, truly patriotic of heart, watched attentively the rise and progress of O'Neill's great movement in the north. For a time he believed it to be merely a quarrel between the queen's *protégé* and his royal patroness, sure to be eventually adjusted; and accordingly up to a recent period he displayed no sympathy with either side in the conflict. But when that conflict developed itself into a really national struggle, O'Sullivan never wavered for a moment in deciding what his attitude should be; and that attitude, once taken, was never abandoned, never varied, never compromised by act or word or wish, through all that followed of sacrifice and suffering and loss. O'Neill, who was a keen discerner of character, read O'Sullivan correctly when he estimated all the more highly his accession, because it was that of a man who acted not from hot impulse or selfish calculation, but from full deliberation and a pure sense of duty. In fine, it was not lightly the Irish council at Innishannon selected the lord of Dunboy for such honorable but perilous prominence as to name him one of the three men to whom was committed, in the darkest crisis of their country, the future conduct of the national cause.*

We may imagine the memorable scene of the morn succeeding that night of sleepless consultation at Innishannon over "hapless Erinn's fate"—the parting of the chiefs! Wildly they embraced each other, and like clutch of iron was the farewell grasp of hand in hand, as each one turned away on the path of his allotted task! O'Neill marched northward, where we shall trace his movements subsequently. O'Donnell took shipping for Spain, and O'Sullivan at the head of his faithful clansmen marched westward for Bantry and Bearhaven. Had Don Juan D'Aquilla been a true and steadfast man—had he been at all worthy and fit to command or conduct such an enterprise—had he been at all capable of appreciating its peculiar exigencies and duties—the defeat at Kinsale, heavy and full of disaster as it was, might soon have been retrieved, and the whole aspect of affairs reversed. Had he but held his ground (as not unreasonably he might have been expected to do, with three thousand men within a fortified and well-stored town) until the arrival of the further reinforcements which he must have known his royal master was sending, or would quickly send, and thus co-operated in the scheme of operations planned by the Irish chiefs at Innishannon, nothing that had so far happened could be counted of such great moment as to warrant abandonment of the expedition. But D'Aquilla's conduct was miserably inexplicable. He could not act more despairingly if his last cartridge had been fired, if his last gunner had perished, if his "last horse had been eaten," or if assured that King Philip had utterly abandoned him. After a few sorties, easily repulsed, he offered to capitulate. Carew, who hereby saw that Don Juan was a fool, was, of course, only too happy to grant him any terms that would insure the de-

* "These high Irishmen, namely, O'Neill and O'Donnell, ordered that the chief command and leadership of these (the Munster forces) should be given to O'Sullivan Beare, *i. e.*, Donal, the son of Donal the son of Dermot; for he was at this time the best commander among their allies in Munster for wisdom and valor."—"Annals of the Four Masters."

parture of the Spanish aids. By conceding conditions highly flattering to D'Aquilla's personal vanity, the lord president induced that outwitted commander not only to draw off to Spain the entire of the expedition, but to undertake to yield up to the English all the castles and fortresses of the Irish chiefs in which Spanish garrisons had been placed, and to order back to Spain any further troops that might arrive before his departure. This imbecility or treason ruined the Irish cause in the south, and ruining it there at such a juncture, ruined it everywhere. Such a capitulation was utter and swift destruction to the southern leaders. It "took the ground from under their feet." It reft them of bases of operations, and flung them as mere fugitives unsheltered and unprovisioned into the open field, the forest, the morass, or the mountain, to be hunted and harried, cut off in detail, and pitilessly put to the sword by Carew's numerous, powerful, and well-appointed field corps or scouring parties.

Don Juan's capitulation was signed January 11, 1602 (N.S.). Seven days afterward the lord deputy and the lord president drew off to Cork. "The day following the captains received directions to repair to sundry towns in Munster appointed for their garrisons; and the same day Captain Roger Harvie and Captain George Flower were dispatched with certain companies to go by sea to receive the castles of Castlehaven, Donnashed and Donnelong at Baltimore, and Dunboy at Bearhaven." On the 12th of February the Spanish officer in command at Castlehaven gave up the castle to Harvie. On the 21st he proceeded to Baltimore, the two castles of which the Spanish officers therein gave up in like manner; and in a few weeks all the coast district castles of the southwest, those of the Bear promontory alone excepted, were in the hands of the English. A month later (March 16th) Don Juan sailed for Spain, most of his forces having been shipped thither previously.*

O'Sullivan heard with dismay and indignation of Don Juan's audacious undertaking to deliver up to his "cruel, cursed, misbelieving enemies," his castle of Dunboy, the key of his inheritance.* With speed, increased by this evil news, he pushed rapidly homeward, and in due time he appeared with the remnant of his little force† before the walls of the castle, demanding admittance. The Spaniards refused; they had heard of D'Aquilla's terms of capitulation, they regretted them, but felt constrained to abide by them. Donal, however, knowing a portion of the outworks of the place which afforded some facilities for his purpose, availed himself of a dark and stormy night to effect an entrance, mining his way through the outer wall, and surprising and overpowering the Spaniards. He then addressed them feelingly on the conduct of D'Aquilla and the present posture of affairs, stating his resolution to hold the castle till King Philip would send fresh aid, and offering a choice to the Spaniards to remain with him or sail for home. Some of them decided to remain, and were among the most determined defenders of Dunboy in the subsequent siege. The rest Donal sent to Spain, dispatching at the same time envoys with letters to King Philip, urgently entreating speedy aid. Moreover, in charge of these messengers, he sent to the king, as guarantee of his good faith and perseverance, his oldest son, a boy of tender years.

Well knowing that soon he would have the foe upon him, Donal now set about preparing Dunboy for the tough and terrible trial before it. He had the outworks strengthened in every part; and another castle of his, on Dursey Island (at the uttermost extremity of the peninsula dividing Bantry and Kenmare bays), garrisoned by a trusty band; designing this latter as a refuge for himself, his family, and clansmen, in the event of the worst befalling Dunboy.

* "On his return to Spain he was degraded from his rank for his too great intimacy with Carew, and confined a prisoner in his own house. He is said to have died of a broken heart occasioned by these indignities."—M'Gee.

* "Among other places which were neither yielded nor taken toe the end that they should be delivered to the English, Don Juan tied himself to deliver my castell and haven, the only key of mine inheritance, whereupon the living of many thousand persons doth rest that live some twenty leagues upon the sea coast, into the hands of my cruell, cursed, misbelieving enemies."—Letter of Donal O'Sullivan Beare to the King of Spain.—"Pacata Hibernia."

† O'Sullivan's contingent, we are told, "was among those who made the most determined fight on the disastrous day of Kinsale, and when the battle was lost it bravely protected some of the retreating troops of the northern chieftains, who but for such protection would have suffered more severely than they did."

CHAPTER XLVI.

HOW THE QUEEN'S FORCES SET ABOUT "TRANQUILLIZING" MUNSTER—HOW CAREW SENT EARL THOMOND ON A MISSION INTO CARBERY, BEAR, AND BANTRY.

MEANWHILE the detachments detailed by Carew were doing their savage and merciless work throughout Cork and Kerry. According to Carew's own version, the occupation of these troops, day by day, was the seeking out and murdering in cold blood of all the native inhabitants, men, women, and children; and when they were not murdering they were cow-stealing and corn-burning. How to extirpate the hapless people—how to blast and desolate the land, rather than it should afford sustenance to even a solitary fugitive of the doomed race—was the constant effort of the English commanders. Carew was not the first of his name to signalize himself in such work. It was the process by which Munster had been "pacified"—*i.e.*, desolated—barely thirty years before. It was that by which Cromwell, forty years subsequently, pursued the same end. It was a system, the infamy of which, among the nations of the world, pagan or Christian, is wholly monopolized by England. The impartial reader, be his nationality English or Irish, perusing the authentic documents stored in the State Paper Office, is forced to admit that it was not war in even its severest sense, but murder in its most hideous and heartless atrocity, that was waged upon the Irish people in the process of subjugating them. It was not that process of conquest the wounds of which, though sharp and severe for the moment, soon cicatrize with time. Such conquests other countries have passed through, and time has either fused the conqueror and the conquered, or obliterated all bitterness or hate between them. Had Ireland, too, been conquered thus, like happy results might be looked for; but as the process was woefully different, so has the product been; so must it ever be, till the laws of nature are reversed and revolutionized, and grapes grow on thorns and figs on thistles. It was not war—which might be forgotten on both sides—but murder which to this day is remembered on one side with a terrible memory.

A thoroughly English historian—Froude—writing in our day on these events, has found the testimony of the State Paper Office too powerful to resist; and with all his natural and legitimate bias or sympathy in favor of his own country, his candor as a historian more than once constitutes him an accuser of the infamies to which I have been referring. "The English nation," he says, "was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. The children in the nurseries were being inflamed to patriotic rage and madness by the tales of Spanish tyranny. Yet Alva's bloody sword never touched the young, the defenseless, or those whose sex even dogs can recognize and respect."*

"Sir Peter Carew has been seen murdering women and children, and babies that had scarcely left the breast; but Sir Peter Carew was not called on to answer for his conduct, and remained in favor with the deputy. Gilbert, who was left in command at Kilmallock, was illustrating yet more signally the same tendency.†

"Nor was Gilbert a bad man. As times went he passed for a brave and chivalrous gentleman; not the least distinguished in that high band of adventurers who carried the English flag into the western hemisphere, a founder of colonies, an explorer of unknown seas, a man of science, and, above all, a man of special piety. He regarded himself as dealing rather with savage beasts than with human beings, and when he tracked them to their dens he strangled the cubs and rooted out the entire broods."‡

"The Gilbert method of treatment," says Mr. Froude again, "has this disadvantage, that it must be carried out to the last extremity, or it ought not to be tried at all. The dead do not come back; and if the mothers and the babies are slaughtered with the men, the race gives no further trouble; but the work must be done thoroughly; partial and fitful cruelty lays up only a long debt of deserved and ever-deepening hate."

The work on this occasion happening not to be "done thoroughly," Mr. Froude immediately proceeds to explain:

"In justice to the English soldiers, however, it must be said that it was no fault of theirs if any Irish child of that generation was allowed to live to manhood."§

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* Froude's "History of England," vol. x., p. 508.
† Ibid., p. 509. ‡ Ibid., p. 508. § Ibid., p. 507.

The same historian frankly warns his readers against supposing that such work was exceptional on the part of the English forces. From the language of the official documents before him, he says, "the inference is but too natural that work of this kind was the road to preferment, and that this, or something like it, was the ordinary employment of the 'Saxon' garrisons in Ireland."*

Such, then, was the work in which Carew the Second and his garrisons occupied themselves on the fall of Kinsale.

Sir Charles Wilmot at the head of fifteen hundred men was dispatched to desolate the whole of Kerry; and on the 9th of March Carew formally issued a commission to the Earl of Thomond "to assemble his forces together, consisting of two thousand and five hundred foot in list, and fifty horse," for the purpose of wasting Carbery, Bear, and Bantry, and making a reconnaissance of Dunboy.† Thomond accordingly "marched as far as the abbey of Bantrie, and there had notice that Donnell O'Sullivan Beare and his people, by the advice of two Spaniards, an Italian, and a fryer called Dominicke Collins, did still continue their workes about the castle of Dunboy."

"Hereupon the earl left seven hundred men in list in the Whiddy (an island lying within the Bay of Bantrie) very convenient for the service, and himself with the rest of his forces returned to Corke, where having made relation of the particulars of his journey, it was found necessary that the president, without any protractions or delay, should draw all the forces in the province to a head against them."*

*Ibid., p. 512.

† "The service you are to performe is to doe all your endeavour to burne the rebels' Corne in Carbery, Bear, and Bantry, take their Cowes, and to use all hostile prosecution upon the persons of the people, as in such cases of rebellion is accustomed.... When you are in Beare (if you may without any apparent perill), your lordship shall doe well to take a view of the Castle of Dunboy, whereby wee may be the better instructed how to proceed for the taking of it when time convenient shall be afforded."—Instructions given to the Earl of Thomond, March 9th.—"Pacata Hibernia."

‡ "Pacata Hibernia."

CHAPTER XLVII.

HOW THE LORD PRESIDENT GATHERED AN ARMY OF FOUR THOUSAND MEN TO CRUSH DOOMED DUNBOY, THE LAST HOPE OF THE NATIONAL CAUSE IN MUNSTER.

Carew set out from Cork on the 20th of April, at the head of his army; on the 30th they reached Dunamark, about a mile north of the town of Bantry, having on the way halted, on the 23d at Owneboy, near Kinsale; 24th, at Timoleague; 25th, at Roscarbery; 26th, at Glenharahan, near Castlehaven; 27th, at Baltimore, where they spent two days, Carew visiting Innisherkin; 29th, "on the mountain, at a place called Recareneltaghe, neare unto Kilcoa, being a castel wherein the rebell Conoghor, eldest sonne to Sir Finnin O'Drischoll, knight, held a ward."

Carew spent a month in encampment at Dunamark, by the end of which time the fleet arrived at the same place, or in the bay close by, having come round the coast from Cork. Meantime his message for a war-muster against O'Sullivan had spread throughout Munster. On the other hand, such effort as was possible in their hapless plight was made by the few patriot leaders in the province; all perceiving that upon Dunboy now hung the fate of the Irish cause, and seeing clearly enough that if they could not keep off from O'Sullivan the tremendous force ordered against him, it must inevitably overwhelm him. Accordingly, spreading themselves eastward around the base of the Bear promontory, and placing themselves on all the lines leading thereto, they desperately disputed the ground with the concentrating English contingents, beating them back or obstructing them as best they could. Above all, the endeavor was to keep Wilmot's Kerry contingent from coming up. Tyrrell was specially charged to watch Wilmot—to hold him in check at Killarney, and at all hazards and any cost to prevent his junction with Carew at Bantry. Tyrrell posted his force so advantageously in the passes leading southward from Killarney, and held them so firmly, that for weeks Wilmot's most vehement efforts to force or flank them were vain. At length, by a feat which merits for him, as a military achievement, everlasting praise—a night march over Mangerton Mountain—Wilmot evaded Tyrrell; pushed on through a mountain district

scarcely passable at this day for horsemen, until he reached Inchigeela; thence he marched though Ceam-an-Eigh Pass (unaccountably left unguarded), and so onward till he reached Bantry. By this junction Carew's force was raised to nearly four thousand men. While waiting for Wilmot, the daily occupation of the army, according to the lord president's account, was sheep-stealing and cow-stealing.* At Dunamark Carew was joined by the sons of Sir Owen Sullivan, uncle of Donal of Dunboy; and to the information and co-operation given his enemies by these perfidious cousins, Donal most largely owed the fate that subsequently befell him.

On the 14th of May a council of war was held in the English camp to determine their course to Bearhaven; whereat it was decided to march by the southern shore of the bay, called Muintervaria, to a point nearly opposite Bear Island; from this point, by means of the fleet, to transport the whole army across the bay to Bear Island; and thence across to the mainland close by Dunboy; this course being rendered necessary by the fact that Donal's forces defended the passes of Glengarriffe, through which alone Bearhaven could be reached by land from Bantry. On the 31st of May, accordingly, Carew marched from Dunamark to "Kilnamenghe on the sea side, in Mountervarry." The two next following days were occupied in transporting the army to Bear Island, upon which, eventually, the whole force was landed. A short march across the island brought them to its northern shore, in full view of Dunboy, barely a mile distant across the narrow entrance to Bearhaven Harbor.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE LAST DAYS OF DUNBOY: A TALE OF HEROISM!

WELL might consternation fill the breasts of the Bear clansmen on beholding the resources now displayed against them; a well-appointed army of nearly four thousand men on the shore, and hostile warships encircling them by sea! Within the castle O'Sullivan had, according to the English accounts, exactly one hundred and forty-three men; there being besides these not more than five or six hundred of his clansmen available at the moment for fighting purposes. But his was not a soul to be shaken by fears into abandonment of a cause which, failing or gaining, was sacred and holy in his eyes—the cause of religion and country. So Donal, who knew that a word of submission would purchase for him not only safety but reward, undisturbed possession of his ancestral rights, and English titles to wear if he would, quailed not in this nor in still darker hours. He had "nailed his colors to the mast," and looked fate calmly in the face.

It seems to have been a maxim with the lord president never to risk open fight until he had first tried to effect his purpose by secret treason. While staying at Bantry he had addressed a letter to the Spanish gunners in Dunboy, offering them all manner of inducements to betray O'Sullivan, to desert the castle, first taking care, as he says, "to cloy the ordnance or mayme their carriages, that when they shall have need of them they may prove useless; for the which I will forthwith liberally recompense you answerable to the qualities of your merit." The infamous proposition was scouted by the men to whom it was addressed. Carew, unabashed, now resolved to try whether he could not corrupt the Consta-

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*"The first of May, Captaine Taffe's troop of Horse with certain light foote were sent from the Campe, who returned with *three hundred Cowes, many Sheepe, and a great number of Garrans* they got from the Rebels.

"The second Captaine, John Barry, brought into the Campe five hundred Cowes, *three hundred Sheepe, three hundred Garrans, and had the killing of five Rebels;* and the same day we procured skirmish in the edge of the Fastnesse with the rebels, but no hurt of our part.

"The third, Owen Osulevan and his brothers, sonnes to Sir Owen Osulevan (who stands firme, and deserved well of her Majestie, being Competitours with Osulevan Beare) brought some *fiftie Cowes and some Sheepe* from the enemy into the Campe.

"The Rebells, receiving also notice that the President was marched so neere to the Countrey of Beare, withdrew themselves out of Desmond (as before) into Glangarve, whereby opportunitie was offered to the Governour of performing some good service. For Donnell Osulevan More, a malicious Rebell, remained with great store of cattell and certain Kerne in Iverah; which being made knowen to Sir Charles, upon the fifth of May, hee secretly dispatched a partie of men, which burnt and *spoyled all the Countrey*, and *returned with foure thousand Cowes, besides Sheepe and Garrans.*"

"A Sergeant of the Earle of Thomond's with a partie of his Company, drew to Down-Manus, whence hee brought a prey of *three-score and sixe Cowes, with a great many of Garrans.*"—"Pacata Hibernia."

ble of Dunboy, O'Sullivan's most trusted friend —a man whose memory is to this day held in worship by the people of Bear—Richard Ma-Geoghegan, the impersonation of chivalrous fidelity, the very soul of truth, honor, and bravery! Thomond was commissioned to invite the Constable of Dunboy to a parley. Mac Geoghegan acceded to the invitation, came across to Bear Island (5th of June), and met the earl, in presence of, but apart from, their respective guards, on the shore. Of that memorable interview Carew has left us a brief but characteristic description. "All the eloquence and artifice which the earle could use avayled nothing: for Mac Geoghegan was resolved to persevere in his wayes; and, in the great love which he pretended to beare unto the earle (Thomond), he advised him not to hazard his life in landing upon the Mayne. . . . . The earle disdayning both his obstinacie and his vaine-glorious advice, broke off his speech, telling Mac Geoghegan that ere many days passed hee would repent that hee had not followed his (the earl's) counsel."*

Carew had at first designed to cross over and land on the main at what seemed to be the only feasible point, a smooth strand at a spot now called Caematrangan. Within a few perches of this spot reaches one end of a small island ("Deenish") which stretches almost completely across the mouth of the inner harbor of (modern) Castletown Beare. Carew landed a portion of his army on this small island; but O'Sullivan had erected a battery faced with gabions at Caematrangan, and had, moreover, his small force drawn up at hand to meet the invaders at the shore. Whereupon Carew, while making a feint as if about to attempt the passage there, directed the remainder of his force quickly to pass to the other (or eastern) extremity of Deenish, and effect a landing on the main at that point. This they were able to accomplish unopposed, for the distance thereto from O'Sullivan's strand battery, owing to the sweep of the shore and a narrow arm of the sea intervening, was two or three miles, whereas directly across, by water or on Deenish Island, was a reach of less than half a mile. Nevertheless, O'Sullivan, discerning, though all too late, the skillful use made by Carew of the natural advantages of the ground, hastened with all speed to confront the invaders, and, unawed by the disparity of numbers against him—thousands against hundreds—boldly gave them battle. Carew himself seems to have been quite struck with the daring courage or "audacity" of this proceeding. After marveling at such foolhardiness, as he thought it, he owns "they came on bravely," and maintained a very determined attack. It was only when additional regiments were hurried up, and utterly overwhelmed them by numbers, that Donal's little force had to abandon the unequal strife, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field.

That night, however, there reached Dunboy news well calculated to compensate for the gloom of perils so great and so near at hand. A Spanish ship had arrived at O'Sullivan's castle of Ardea (in Kenmare Bay, on the northern shore of the Bear promontory) bringing to Donal letters and envoys from King Philip, and aid for the Munster chiefs in money, arms, and ammunition, committed to his care for distribution. Moreover, there came by this ship the cheering intelligence that an expedition of some fifteen thousand men was being organized in Spain for Ireland when the vessel sailed! Here was glorious hope indeed! It was instantly decided that the chief himself should proceed with all promptitude to meet the envoys landed at Ardea,* and look to the important duties required of him by their messages; meanwhile intrusting the defense of Dunboy to Mac Geoghegan and a chosen garrison. Next morning Donal, with all his available force, exclusive of a garrison of one hundred and forty-three picked men left in the castle, set out for Ardea. The farewell cheers that rang out from the ramparts behind him, gave token of brave resolve to do or die, and doubtless helped to lighten the chieftain's heart

* "Pacata Hibernia."

* These were the Most Rev. Dr. McEagen, Bishop of Ross, and Father Nealon. "They brought," says Carew, "letters to sundry rebels and twelve thousand pounds. The disposition of the money by appointment in Spaine was left principally to Donnall O'Sulevan Beare, Owen McEggan, James Archer, and some others." This same Bishop McEgan was subsequently killed near Bandon fighting gallantly, with his sword in one hand and his beads in the other. His remains were buried in the Abbey of Timoleague.—(See the "Pacata Hibernia;" also, "Dunboy," by T. D. Sullivan.

with whispers of hope. But alas! Donal had taken his last farewell of Dunboy. When next he gazed upon the once proud home of his fathers, it was a smoking and blood-clotted ruin!

The halls where mirth and minstrelsy
Than Beara's wind rose louder,
Were flung in masses lonelily,
And black with English powder!

For eleven days Mac Geoghegan fought Dunboy against Carew and his surrounding army of four thousand men! Eleven days, during which the thick white cloud of smoke never once lifted from battery and trench, and the deafening boom of cannon never once ceased to roll across the bay. By the 17th of June the castle had been knocked into a ruinous condition by an incessant bombardment from the well-appointed English batteries. The lord president devotes several pages of his journal to minute and copious descriptions of each day's labor in a siege which he declares to be unparalleled for obstinacy of defense; and his narrative of the closing scenes of the struggle is told with painful particularity. Mr. Haverty condenses the tragic story very effectively as follows: "The garrison consisted of only one hundred and forty-three chosen fighting men, who had but a few small cannon, while the comparatively large army which assailed them were well supplied with artillery and all the means of attack. At length, on the 17th of June, when the castle had been nearly shattered to pieces, the garrison offered to surrender if allowed to depart with their arms; but their messenger was immediately hanged and the order for the assault was given. Although the proportion of the assailants in point of numbers was overwhelming, the storming party were resisted with the most desperate bravery. From turret to turret, and in every part of the crumbling ruins, the struggle was successively maintained throughout the livelong day; thirty of the gallant defenders attempted to escape by swimming, but soldiers had been posted in boats, who killed them in the water; and at length the surviving portion of the garrison retreated into a cellar, into which the only access was by a narrow, winding flight of stone steps. Their leader, Mac Geoghegan, being mortally wounded, the command was given to Thomas Taylor, the son of an Englishman, and the intimate friend of Captain Tyrrell, to whose niece he was married. Nine barrels of gunpowder were stowed away in the cellar, and with these Taylor declared that he would blow up all that remained of the castle, burying himself and his companions with their enemies in the ruins, unless they received a promise of life. This was refused by the savage Carew, who, placing a guard upon the entrance to the cellar, as it was then after sunset, returned to the work of slaughter next morning. Cannon balls were discharged among the Irish in their last dark retreat, and Taylor was forced by his companions to surrender unconditionally; but when some of the English officers descended into the cellar, they found the wounded Mac Geoghegan, with a lighted torch in his hand, staggering to throw it into the gunpowder. Captain Power thereupon seized him by the arms, and the others dispatched him with their swords; but the work of death was not yet completed. Fifty-eight of those who had surrendered were hanged that day in the English camp, and some others were hanged a few days after; so that not one of the one hundred and forty-three heroic defenders of Dunboy survived. On the 22d of June the remains of the castle were blown up by Carew with the gunpowder found therein."

Few episodes of Irish history have been more warmly eulogized than this heroic defense of Dunboy; nor would it be easy to find in the history of any country one more largely calculated to excite sympathy and admiration. Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, in his published volume of "Ballads, Romances, and Songs," contributes a truly graphic poem on the subject. Subjoined are the concluding stanzas:

THE SACK OF DUNBUI.

. . . . . .

Nearer yet they crowd and come,
With taunting and yelling and thundering drum,
With taunting and yelling the hold they environ,
And swear that its towers and defenders must fall,
While the cannon are set, and their death-hail of iron
Crash wildly on bastion and turret and wall;

And the ramparts are torn from their base to their brow;
Ho! will they not yield to the murderers now?
No! its huge towers shall float over Cleena's bright sea,
Ere the Gael prove a craven in lonely Dunbui.

Like the fierce god of battle, Mac Geoghegan goes
From rampart to wall, in the face of his foes;
Now his voice rises high o'er the cannon's fierce din,
Whilst the taunt of the Saxon is loud as before,
But a yell thunders up from his warriors within,
And they dash through the gateway, down, down to the shore,
With their chief rushing on. Like a storm in its wrath,
They sweep the cowed Saxon to death in their path;
Ah! dearly he'll purchase the fall of the free,
Of the lion-souled warriors of lonely Dunbui!

Leaving terror behind them, and death in their train,
Now they stand on their walls 'mid the dying and slain,
And the night is around them—the battle is still—
That lone summer midnight, ah! short is its reign;
For the morn springeth upward, and valley and hill
Fling back the fierce echoes of conflict again.
And see! how the foe rushes up to the breach,
Toward the green waving banner he yet may not reach,
For look how the Gael flings him back to the sea,
From the blood-reeking ramparts of lonely Dunbui!

Night cometh again, and the white stars look down,
From the hold to the beach, where the batteries frown.
Night cometh again, but affrighted she flies,
Like a black Indian queen from the fierce panther's roar,
And morning leaps up in the wide-spreading skies,
To his welcome of thunder and flame evermore;
For the guns of the Sáxon crush fearfully there,
Till the walls and the towers and ramparts are bare,
And the foe make their last mighty swoop on the free,
The brave-hearted warriors of lonely Dunbui!

Within the red breach see Mac Geoghegan stand,
With the blood of the foe on his arm and his brand,
And he turns to his warriors, and "fight we," says he,
"For country, for freedom, religion, and all:
Better sink into death, and for ever be free,
Than yield to the false Saxon's mercy and thrall!"
And they answer with brandish of sparth and of glaive:
"Let them come: we will give them a welcome and grave;
Let them come: from their swords could we flinch, could we flee,
When we fight for our country, our God, and Dunbui?"

They came, and the Gael met their merciless shock—
Flung them backward like spray from the lone Skellig rock;
But they rally, as wolves springing up to the death
Of their brother of famine, the bear of the snow—
He hurls them adown to the ice-fields beneath,
Rushing back to his dark norland cave from the foe—
So up to the breaches they savagely bound,
Thousands still thronging beneath and around,
Till the firm Gael is driven—till the brave Gael must flee
In, into the chambers of lonely Dunbui!

In chamber, in cellar, on stairway and tower,
Evermore they resisted the false Saxon's power;
Through the noon, through the eve, and the darkness of night
The clangor of battle rolls fearfully there,
Till the morning leaps upward in glory and light.
Then, where are the true-hearted warriors of Beare?

They have found them a refuge from torment and chain,
They have died with their chief, save the few who remain,
And that few—oh, fair Heaven! on the high gallows tree,
They swing by the ruins of lonely Dunbui!

Long, long in the hearts of the brave and the free
Live the warriors who died in the lonely Dunbui!
Down time's silent river their fair names shall go,
A light to our race toward the long coming day;
Till the billows of time shall be checked in their flow
Can we find names so sweet for remembrance as they!
And we will hold their memories for ever and ay,
A halo, a glory that ne'er shall decay,
We'll set them as stars o'er eternity's sea,
The names of the heroes who fell at Dunbui!

During the progress of the siege at Dunboy, Carew had dispatched a force to Dursey Island, which, landing in the night, succeeded in overpowering the small and indeed unwary garrison left there; "so that," as a historian remarks, "no roof now remained to the Lord of Bearhaven." Donal, collecting his people, one and all, men, women, and children, as well as all the herds and removable property of the clan, now retired eastward upon his great natural stronghold of Glengarriffe. Here he defied and defeated every attempt to dislodge him.* For three months he awaited with increasing anxiety and suspense the daily-expected news from Spain. Alas! In the words of one of our historians, "the ill-news from Spain in September threw a gloom over those mountains deeper than was ever cast by equinoctial storm." But here we must pause for awhile to trace the movements of O'Donnell and O'Neill after the parting at Innishannon.

* On one occasion a fierce and protracted battle ensued between him and the combined forces of Wilmot, Selsby, and Slingsby: "A bitter fight," says Carew, "maintained without intermission for sixe howers; the Enemy not leaving their pursuit untill they came in sight of the campe; for whose reliefe two regiments were drawne forth to gieve countenance, and Downings was sent with one hundred and twenty choisse men to the succour of Barry and Selby, who in the reare were so hotly charged by the Rebels that they came to the Sword and Pike; and the skirmish continued *till night parted them.*" Notwithstanding their immense superiority in numbers, night was a welcome relief to the English; for it not only saved them from a perilous position, but enabled them to get off an immense spoil of cattle, which early in the day they had taken from the Irish. Brilliant as was the victory for O'Sullivan in other respects, the loss thus sustained must have been most severe—two thousand cows, four thousand sheep, and one thousand horses, according to Carew; a store of sheep and kine which even in these days of "cattle shows" and "agricultural societies," it would be difficult to collect in the same locality.

CHAPTER XLIX.

HOW THE FALL OF DUNBOY CAUSED KING PHILIP TO CHANGE ALL HIS PLANS, AND RECALL THE EXPEDITION FOR IRELAND; AND HOW THE REVERSE BROKE THE BRAVE HEART OF RED HUGH—HOW THE "LION OF THE NORTH" STOOD AT BAY, AND MADE HIS FOES TREMBLE TO THE LAST.

THREE days after the defeat at Kinsale, O'Donnell—having deputed his brother Ruari to command the clan in his absence—accompanied by his confessor, his secretary, and some military attachés or aids-de-camp, sailed from Castlehaven for Corunna, where he arrived on the 14th of January. "He was received with high distinction by the Marquis of Caraçena and other nobles, 'who evermore gave O'Donnell the right hand; which, within his government,' says Carew, 'he would not have done to the greatest duke in Spain.' He traveled through Gallicia, and at Santiago de Compostella was royally entertained by the archbishop and citizens; but in bull-fighting on the stately Alameda he had small pleasure. With teeth set and heart on fire, the chieftain hurried on, traversed the mountains of Gallicia and Leon, and drew not bridle until he reached Zamora, where King Philip was then holding his court. With passionate zeal he pleaded his country's cause; entreated that a greater fleet and a stronger army might be sent to Ireland without delay, unless his Catholic majesty desired to see his ancient Milesian kinsmen and allies utterly destroyed and trodden into earth by the tyrant Elizabeth; and above all, whatever was to be done he prayed it might be

done instantly, while O'Neill still held his army on foot and his banner flying; while it was not yet too late to rescue poor Erin from the deadly fangs of those dogs of England. The king received him affectionately, treated him with high consideration, and actually gave orders for a powerful force to be drawn together at Corunna for another descent upon Ireland.*

"He returned to that port, from which he could every day look out across the western waves that lay between him and home, and where he could be kept constantly informed of what was passing in Ireland. Spring was over and gone, and summer too had passed away, but still the exigencies of Spanish policy delayed the promised expedition."† "That armament never sailed; and poor O'Donnell never saw Ireland more; for news arrived in Spain, a few months after, that Dun-baoi Castle, the last stronghold in Munster that held out for King Philip, was taken; and Beare-Havén, the last harbor in the south that was open to his ships, effectually guarded by the English. The Spanish preparations were countermanded, and Red Hugh was once more on his journey to the court, to renew his almost hopeless suit, and had arrived at Simancas, two leagues from Valladolid, when he suddenly fell sick; his gallant heart was broken, and he died there on September 10, 1602. He was buried by order of the king with royal honors, as befitted a prince of the Kinel-Conal; and the chapter of the cathedral of St. Francis, in the stately city of Valladolid, holds the bones of as noble a chief and as stout a warrior as ever bore the wand of chieftaincy or led a clan to battle."‡

"Thus," says another writer, "closed the career of one of the brightest and noblest characters in any history. His youth, his early captivity, his princely generosity, his daring courage, his sincere piety, won the hearts of all who came in contact with him. He was the sword, as O'Neill was the brain, of the Ulster confederacy: the Ulysses and Achilles of the war, they fought side by side without jealousy or envy, for almost as long a period as their prototypes had spent in besieging Troy."

One cannot peruse unmoved the quaint and singular recital of O'Donnell's characteristic merits and virtues given by the Four Masters. Of him it can with scrupulous truth be said that —unlike not a few others, famed as soldiers, or rulers, or statesmen—his character, in every phase, was pure and noble; and that his private life as well as his public career was worthy of admiration, without stain and without reproach.

Meanwhile O'Neill had set out homeward at the head of the shattered Ulster contingent; and now the lord deputy felt that the moment had come for a supreme effort to pour down upon and overwhelm him. The "Lion of the North" was struck, and, badly wounded, was retreating to his lair. This was surely the time for pressing him to the death—for surrounding, capturing, or slaying the once dreaded foe. So throughout Leinster, Connaught, and Ulster, the cry was spread for the English garrisons, and all natives who would mark themselves for favor and consideration to rise simultaneously and burst in upon the territories of the confederate chiefs; while the deputy swiftly assembled troops to intercept, capture, or destroy them on their homeward way from the south. The Irish cause was down—disastrously and hopelessly. Now, therefore, was the time for all who "bow the knee and worship the rising sun" to show their zeal on the winning side. Tyrconnell and Tyrowen, as well as the territories of O'Rorke and Maguire, were inundated by converging streams of regular troops and volunteer raiders; while O'Neill, like a "lion," indeed, who finds that the hunter is rifling his home, made the earth tremble in his path to the rescue! With the concentrated passion of desperation he tore through every obstacle, routed every opposing army, and marched —strode—to the succor of his people, as if a thunderbolt cleared the way. Soon his enemies were made to understand that the "Lion of the North" was still alive and unsubdued. But it was, in sooth, a desperate cause that now taxed to its uttermost the genius of Hugh. The lord deputy, Mountjoy, proceeded to the north to take command in person against him; while "Dowcra, marching out of Derry, pressed O'Neill from the north and northeast." Mountjoy advanced on Hugh's family seat, Dungannon; but O'Neill could even better bear to see his ancestral home in ashes than to have it become the shelter of his

* Mitchel. † M'Gee. ‡ Mitchel.

foes. The lord deputy "discovered it in the distance, as Norreys had once before done, in flames kindled by the hand of its straitened proprietor." With vigor and skill undiminished and spirit undaunted, Hugh rapidly planned and carried out his measures of defensive operations. In fine, it was in this moment of apparent wreck and ruin and despair that O'Neill's character rose into positive grandeur and sublimity, and that his glorious talents shone forth in their greatest splendor. "Never," says one of our historians, "did the genius of Hugh O'Neill shine out brighter than in these last defensive operations. In July, Mountjoy writes apologetically to the council that, 'notwithstanding her majesty's great forces O'Neil doth still live.' He bitterly complains of his consummate caution, his 'pestilent judgment to spread and to nourish his own infection,' and of the reverence entertained for his person by the native population. Early in August, Mountjoy had arranged what he hoped might prove the finishing stroke in the struggle; Dowcra from Derry, Chichester from Carrickfergus, Danvers from Armagh, and all who could be spared from Mountjoy, Charlemont, and Mountnorris, were gathered under his command, to the number of eight thousand men, for a foray into the interior of Tyrone. Inisloghlin, on the borders of Down and Antrim, which contained a great quantity of valuables belonging to O'Neill, was captured, Magherlowney and Tulloghoge were next taken. At the latter place stood the ancient stone chair on which the O'Neills were inaugurated, time out of mind; it was now broken into atoms by Mountjoy's orders. But the most effective warfare was made on the growing crops. The eight thousand men spread themselves over the fertile fields, along the valleys of the Bann and the Roe, destroying the standing grain with fire, where it would burn, or with the praca, a peculiar kind of harrow, tearing it up by the roots. The horsemen trampled crops into the earth which had generously nourished them; the infantry shore them down with their sabers; and the sword, though in a very different sense from that of Holy Scripture, was, indeed, converted into a sickle. The harvest moon never shone upon such fields in any Christian land. In September, Mountjoy reported to Cecil, 'that between Tullaghoge and Toome there lay unburied a thousand dead,' and that since his arrival on the Blackwater—a period of a couple of months—there were three thousand starved in Tyrone. In O'Cane's country the misery of his clansmen drove the chief to surrender to Dowcra, and the news of Hugh Roe's death having reached Donegal, his brother repaired to Athlone, and made his submission to Mountjoy. Early in December, O'Neill, unable to maintain himself on the river Roe, retired with six hundred foot and sixty horse to Glencancean, near Lough Neagh, the most secure of his fastnesses. His brother Cormac, McMahon, and Art O'Neill, of Clandeboy, shared with him the wintry hardships of that asylum, while Tyrone, Clandeboy, and Monaghan, were given up to horrors, surpassing any that had been known or dreamt of in former wars."

By this time O'Sullivan had bravely held his position in Glengarriffe for full six months against all the efforts of the Munster army. That picturesque glen, whose beauty is of world-wide fame, was for Donal a camp formed by nature, within which the old and helpless, the women and children of his clan, with their kine and sheep, were safely placed, while the fighting force, which, with Tyrrell's contingent, did not exceed eight hundred men, guarded the few passes through which alone the alpine barriers of the glen could be penetrated. Here the little community, as we might call them, housed in tents of evergreen boughs, lived throughout the summer and autumn months, "waiting for the news from Spain." They fished the "fishful river" that winds through that élysian vale, and the myriad confluent streams that pour down from the "hundred lakes" of Caha. They hunted the deer that in those days, as in our own, roamed wild and free through the densely wooded craggy dells. Each morning the guards were told off for the mountain watches; and each evening the bugles of the chief, returning from his daily inspection, or the joyous shouts of victory that proclaimed some new assault of the enemy repulsed, woke the echoes of the hills. And perhaps in the calm summer twilight, the laugh and the song went round; the minstrels touched their harps, and the clansmen improvised their simple rustic sports, while the chief and Lady Aileen moved through the groups with a gracious

smile for all! For they nothing doubted that soon would come the glad tidings that King Philip's ships were in the bay; and then!—Bear would be swept of the hated foe, and their loved Dunboy

———again would rise
And mock the English rover!

Alas! this happy dream was to fade in sorrow, and die out in bitterest reality of despair! News came indeed from Spain at length; but it was news that sounded the knell of all their hopes to O'Sullivan and his people! O'Donnell was dead, and on hearing of the fall of Dunboy the Spanish government had countermanded the expedition assembled and on the point of sailing for Ireland! This was heart-crushing intelligence for Donal and his confederates. Nevertheless they held out still. There remained one faint glimmer in the north; and while there was a sword unsheathed anywhere in the sacred cause of fatherland, they would not put up theirs. They gave Carew's captains hot work throughout Desmond for the remainder of the autumn, capturing several strong positions, and driving in his outlying garrisons in Muskerry and the Carberies. But soon even the northern ray went out, and the skies all around were wrapt in Cimmerian gloom. There was room for hope no more!

What was now Donal's position? It is difficult adequately to realize it! Winter was upon him; the mountains were deep in snow; his resources were exhausted; he was cooped up in a remote glen, with a crowd of helpless people, the aged and infirm, women and children, and with barely a few hundred fighting men to guard them. He was environed by foes on all hands. The nearest point where an ally could be reached was in Ulster, at the other extremity of Ireland—two or three hundred miles away—and the country between him and any such friendly ground was all in the hands of the English, and swarmed with their garrisons and scouring parties.

The resolution taken by O'Sullivan under these circumstances was one which has ever since excited among historical writers and military critics the liveliest sentiments of astonishment and admiration. It was to pierce through his surrounding foes, and fight his way northward inch by inch to Ulster; convoying meantime the women and children, the aged, sick, and wounded of his clan—in fine, all who might elect to claim his protection and share his retreat rather than trust the perils of remaining. It was this latter feature which pre-eminently stamped the enterprise as almost without precedent. For four hundred men, under such circumstances, to cut their way from Glengarriffe to Leitrim, even if divested of every other charge or duty save the clearing of their own path, would be sufficiently daring to form an episode of romance; and had Donal more regard for his own safety than for his "poor people," this would have been the utmost attempted by him. But he was resolved, let what might befall, not to abandon even the humblest or the weakest among them. While he had a sword to draw, he would defend them; and he would seek no safety or protection for himself that was not shared by them. His own wife and, at least, the youngest of his children, he left behind in charge of his devoted foster-brother, Mac Swiney, who successfully concealed them until the chief's return, nearly eight months subsequently, in an almost inaccessible spot at the foot of an immense precipice in the Glengarriffe mountains, now known as the Eagle's Nest. Many other families also elected to try the chance of escape from Carew's scouring parties, and remained behind, hidden in the fastnesses of that wild region.

CHAPTER L.

THE RETREAT TO LEITRIM; "THE MOST ROMANTIC AND GALLANT ACHIEVEMENT OF THE AGE."

On the last day of December, 1602, was commenced this memorable retreat, which every writer or commentator, whether of that period or of our own, civil or military, English or Irish, has concurred in characterizing as scarcely to be paralleled in history.* Tyrrell and other of

* "We read of nothing more like to the expedition of Young Cyrus and the Ten Thousand Greeks than this retreat of O'Sullivan Beare."—Abbe Mac Geoghegan.

"One of the most extraordinary retreats recorded in history."—Haverty.

"A retreat almost unparalleled."—M'Gee.

"The most romantic and gallant achievement of the age."—Davis.

the confederates had drawn off some time previously, when *sauve qui peut* evidently became the maxim with the despair-stricken band; so that O'Sullivan's force when setting out from Glengarriffe consisted exactly of four hundred fighting men, and about six hundred non-combatants, women, children, aged and infirm people, and servants.*. Even in our own day, and in time of peace, with full facilities of transport and supply, the commissariat arrangements necessary to be made beforehand along the route of such a body —a thousand souls—would require some skill and organization. But O'Sullivan could on no day tell where or how his people were to find sustenance for the morrow. He had money enough,† it is true, to purchase supplies; but no one durst sell them to him, or permit him to take them. Word was sent through the country by the lord president for all, on peril of being treated as O'Sullivan's covert or open abettors, to fall upon him, to cross his road, to bar his way, to watch him at the fords, to come upon him by night; and, above all, to drive off or destroy all cattle or other possible means of sustenance, so that of sheer necessity his party must perish on the way. Whose lands soever O'Sullivan would be found to have passed through unresisted, or whereupon he was allowed to find food of any kind, the government would consider forfeited. Such were the circumstances under which the Lord of Bear and his immortal four hundred set out on their midwinter retreat on December 31, 1602.

That evening, Don Philip tells us, they reached and encamped at "a place on the borders of Muskerry, called by the natives Acharis."‡ Next day, January 1, 1603, they reached "before noon," "Balebrunia" (Ballyvourney), famed as the retreat of St. Gubeneta, whose ruined church and penitential stations are still frequented by pious pilgrims. Here O'Sullivan and his entire force halted, that they might begin their journey by offering all their sufferings to God, and supplicating the powerful prayers of His saint. Donal and several members of his family made gifts to the altar, and the little army, having prayed for some time, resumed their weary march. The ordeal commenced for them soon. They were assailed and harassed all the way "by the sons of Thadeus Mac Carthy," several being wounded on both sides. They cleared their road, however, and that night encamped in "O'Kimbhi" (O'Keefe's country: Duhallow) "but," says Philip, "they had little rest at night after such a toilsome day, for they were constantly molested by the people of that place, and suffered most painfully from hunger. For they had been able to bring with them but one day's provisions, and these they had consumed on the first day's march." Next morning they pushed forward toward the confines of Limerick, designing to reach that ancient refuge of the oppressed and vanquished, the historic Glen of Aherlow, where at least they hoped for rest in safety during a few days' halt, but their path now lay through the midst of their foes—right between the garrisons of Charleville and Buttevant, and they scarcely hoped to cross the river in their front without a heavy penalty. And truly enough, as the faint and weary cavalcade reached the bank, a strong force under the brother of Viscount Barry encountered them at Bellaghy Ford. The women and children were at once put to the rear, and the hunger-wasted company, nevertheless all unflinching, came up to the conflict like heroes. It was a bitter fight, but despair gave energy to that desperate fugitive band. They literally swept their foes before them, and would not have suffered a man to escape them had not hunger and terrible privation told upon them too severely to allow of a pursuit. Dr. Joyce chronicles this combat for us in one of his ballads:

"We stood so steady,
All under fire,
We stood so steady,
Our long spears ready

* "Historiæ Catholicæ Hiberniæ," Haverty, M'Gee, Mac Geoghegan.

† Even on the last day of this terrible retreat, we find him able to pay a guide very liberally in gold pieces.

‡ I am not aware that any one hitherto has identified this spot; but it is, nevertheless, plainly to be found. The place is the junction of some mountain roads, in a truly wild and solitary locality, about a mile north of the present village of Bealnageary, which is between Gougane Barra and Macroom. In a little grove the ruined church of *Agharis* (marked on the Ordnance maps) identifies for us the locality of "Acharis." It is on the road to Ballyvourney by O'Sullivan's route, which was from Glengarriffe eastward by his castle of the Fawn's Rock ("Carrick-an Asa"), where he left a ward; thence through the Pass of the Deer ("Ceam-an-eih") northward to Agharis.

To vent our ire—
To dash on the Saxon,
Our mortal foe,
And lay him low
In the bloody mire!

"'T was by Blackwater,
When snows were white,
'T was by Blackwater,
Our foes for the slaughter
Stood full in sight;
But we were ready
With our long spears;
And we had no fears
But we'd win the fight.

"Their bullets came whistling
Upon our rank,
Their bullets came whistling,
Their bay'nets were bristling
On th' other bank.
Yet we stood steady,
And each good blade
Ere the morn did fade
At their life-blood drank.

" 'Hurra! for Freedom!'
Came from our van;
'Hurra! for Freedom!
Our swords—we'll feed 'em
As but we can—
With vengeance we'll feed 'em!'
Then down we crashed,
Through the wild ford dashed,
And the fray began!

"Horses to horses
And man to man—
O'er dying horses
And blood and corses
O'Sullivan,
Our general, thundered;
And we were not slack
To slay at his back
Till the flight began.

"Oh! how we scattered
The foemen then—
Slaughtered and scattered
And chased and shattered,
By shore and glen.—
To the wall of Moyallo,
Few fled that day—
Will they bar our way
When we come again?

"Our dead *frères* we buried—
They were but few—
Our dead *frères* we buried
Where the dark waves hurried
And flashed and flew:
Oh! sweet be their slumber
Who thus have died
In the battle's tide,
Innisfail, for you!"

Pushing on for Aherlow—the unwounded of the soldiers carrying between them the wounded of the past three days' conflict—after a march of thirty miles they reached at length that "vast solitude," as Don Philip calls it. They were so worn out by travel and hunger, toil and suffering, that the night sentinels posted around the little camp could scarcely perform their duty.* The prospect of recruiting strength by a few days' repose here had to be abandoned, lest the foes now gathering around them might bar all way to the Shannon. So next morning, at dawn, having refreshed themselves with the only food available, herbs and water,† they set out northward. On this day one of their severest battles had to be fought—a conflict of eight hours' duration. O'Sullivan says that, though the enemy exceeded greatly in numbers, they were deficient in military skill, otherwise the men of Bear must have been overpowered. From this forward the march grew every day more painful. Nature itself could not continue to endure such suffering. The fugitives dropped on the road from utter exhaustion, or strayed away in the wild, delirious search for food. In many instances the sentries at night died at their posts from sheer privation. Arriving at Dunnohill, the starving soldiery at once occupied the place. The first who arrived ravenously devoured all the food; those who came next greedily ate everything in the way of corn, etc. On by Ballynakill, Sleive Felim, and Lateragh; each day a prolonged strife with foes on all sides. "It was not only," says Don Philip, "that they had to fight against superior

* "Historiæ Catholicæ Iberniæ." † Ibid.

numbers; but every day O'Sullivan had fresh enemies, while his soldiers were being worn out by cold, hunger, and incessant fighting." Still they guarded faithfully the women and children, and such of the aged as could walk without assistance; and maintained, though only by the utmost exertion, that strict discipline and precaution to which O'Sullivan largely owed his safety on this march. A vanguard of forty men always went in front; next came the sick and wounded, the women and children; next, the baggage and the ammunition; and, last of all, protecting the rear, Donal himself with the bulk of his little force. On the 6th of January, they reached the wood of Brosna (now Portland, in the parish of Lorha); and here Donal orders the little force to intrench themselves. Their greatest peril is now at hand. The "lordly Shannon," wide and deep, is in their front; they have no boats; and the foe is crowding behind and around them. Donal's resort in this extremity was one worthy of his reputation as a skillful captain. Of the few horses now remaining in his cavalcade, he directed eleven to be killed. The skins he strained upon a firmly bound boat-frame which he had his soldiers to construct in the wood close by; the flesh was cooked as a luxury for the sick and wounded. In this boat, on the morning of the 8th of January, he commenced to transport his little force across the Shannon, from Redwood. As he was in the act of so doing, there arrived on the southern bank, where the women and children, and only a portion of the rearguard remained, the queen's sheriff of Tipperary and a strong force, who instantly "began to plunder the baggage, slaughter the camp followers, and throw the women and children into the river."* One of O'Sullivan's lieutenants, in charge of the small guard which, however, yet remained, fell upon them with such vehemence, that they retired, and the last of the fugitives crossed to the Connaught shore.

But there was still no rest for that hapless company. "The soldiers pressed by hunger divide themseves into two bands, and alternately sustain the attacks of the enemy, and collect provisions." Arriving at Aughrim-Hy-Maine a powerful and well ordered army under Sir Thomas Burke, Lord Clanricarde's brother, and Colonel Henry Malby, lay across their route. Even Carew himself informs us that the English force vastly exceeded the gaunt and famished band of O'Sullivan; though he does not venture into particulars. In truth Donal found himself compelled to face a pitched battle against a force of some eight hundred men with his wasted party, now reduced to less than three hundred. Carew briefly tells the story, so bitter for him to tell. "Nevertheless, when they saw that either they must make their way by the sword or perish, they gave a brave charge upon our men, in which Capain Malby was slaine; upon whose fall Sir Thomas and his troops fainting, with the loss of many men, studied their safety by flight."* The quaint record in the "Annals of the Four Masters" is as follows: "O'Sullivan, O'Conor-Kerry, and William Burke, with their small party, were obliged to remain at Aughrim-Hy-Many to engage, fight, and sustain a battlefield, and test their true valor against the many hundreds oppressing and pursuing them. O'Sullivan, with rage, heroism, fury, and ferocity, rushed to the place where he saw the English, for it was against them that he cherished most animosity and hatred; and made no delay until he reached the spot where he saw their chief; so that he quickly and dexterously beheaded that noble Englishman, the son of Captain Malby. The forces there collected were then routed and a countless number of them slain."† Beside Malby and Burke there were left on the field by the English "three standard bearers and several officers." It was a decisive victory for the Prince of Bear; but it only purchased for him a day's respite. That night, for the first time—terrible affliction—he had to march forward, unable to bring with him his sick or wounded! Next day the English (who could not win the fight) came up and butchered these helpless ones in cold blood! I summarize from the "Historiæ Catholicæ" the following narrative of the last days of this memorable retreat:

* "Historiæ Catholicæ."

* "Pacata Hibernia." In the next following sentence Carew gives with horrid candor and equanimity, a picture, hardly to be paralleled in the records of savagery: "Next morning Sir Charles (Wilmot) coming to seeke the enemy in their campe, hee entered into their quarter without resistance, where he found *nothing but hurt and sick men, whose pains and lives by the soldiers were both determined.*"

† "Annals of the Four Masters," page 2319.

"Next day at dawn he crossed Slieve Muire (Mount Mary) and came down on some villages where he hoped to procure provisions. But he found all the cattle and provisions carried away, and the people of the district arrayed against him, under the command of Mac David, the lord of the place. He withdrew at dusk to some thick woods at Sliebh Iphlinn. But in the night he received information that the people intended to surround him and cut him off. Large fires were lighted to deceive his enemies, and he at once set off on a night march. The soldiers suffered exceedingly. They fell into deep snowdrifts, whence they dragged each other out with great difficulty.

"Next day they were overtaken by Mac David. But their determined attitude made their foes retire; and so they were allowed to betake themselves to another wood called Diamhbhrach, or the Solitude. Upon entering this refuge, the men, overpowered with fatigue, lay down and fell asleep. When O'Sullivan halted, finding only twelve companions with himself, he ordered fires to be lighted, in order that his scattered followers might know whither to turn upon waking.

"At dawn of next day numbers of the inhabitants flocked to O'Sullivan's bivouac, attracted by the unprecedented spectacle of so many fires in such a lonely solitude. They furnished him gratuitously with food, and subsequently informed Oliver Lombard, the governor of Connaught, that the fires had been kindled by the herdsmen. Many of the Catholics were found to suffer very much in their feet, by reason of the severity of the weather and the length of the march. O'Connor, especially, suffered grievously. To give as long a rest as possible, they remained all this day in the wood; but a night march was necessary for all. This was especially severe on O'Connor, as it was not possible that he could proceed on horseback. For, since the enemy occupied all the public routes and the paths practicable for a horse, they were obliged to creep along by out-of-the-way paths, and frequently to help each other in places where alone they could not move.

"A guide was wanted; but God provided one. A stranger presented himself, clad in a linen garment, with bare feet, having his head bound with a white cloth, and bearing a long pole shod with iron, and presenting an appearance well calculated to strike terror into the beholders. Having saluted O'Sullivan and the others, he thus addressed them: 'I know that you Catholics have been overwhelmed by various calamities, that you are fleeing from the tyranny of heretics, that at the hill of Aughrim you routed the queen's troops, and that you are now going to O'Ruarke, who is only fifteen miles off; but you want a guide. Therefore, a strong desire has come upon me of leading you thither.' After some hesitation O'Sullivan accepted his offer, and ordered him to receive two hundred gold pieces. These he took, 'not as a reward, but as a mark of our mutually grateful feelings for each other.' The darkness of the night, their ignorance of the country, and their unavoidable suspicion of their guide multiplied their fears. The slippery condition of the rocks over which they had to climb, the snow piled up by the wind, their fatigue and weakness, the swelling of their feet, tormented the unfortunate walkers. But O'Connor suffered most of all. His feet and legs were inflamed, and rapidly broke into ulcers. He suffered excruciating pain; but he bore it patiently for Jesus Christ. In the dead of the night they reached a hamlet, Knock Vicar (Mons Vicarii), where they refreshed themselves with fire and food. But when they were again about to proceed, O'Connor could not stand, much less walk. Then his fellow soldiers carried him in their arms in alternate batches of four, until they found a wretched horse, upon the back of which they placed him. At length, when they had passed Cor Sliebh, the sun having risen, their guide pointed out O'Ruarke's castle in the distance, and having assured them that all danger was now passed, he bade them farewell."

Not unlike the survivors of the Greek Ten Thousand, to whom they have been so often compared, who, when they first described the sea, broke from the ranks and rushed forward wildly shouting "Thalatta! Thalatta!" that group of mangled and bleeding fugitives—for now, alas! they were no more—when they saw through the trees in the distance the towers of Leitrim Castle, sank upon the earth, and for the first time since they had quitted Bear, gave way to passionate weeping, overpowered by strange paroxysms of joy, grief, suffering, and exultation. At last—at

last!—they were safe! No more days of bloody combat, and nights of terror and unrest! No more of hunger's maddening pangs! No more of flight for life, with bleeding feet, over rugged roads, with murderous foes behind! Relief is at hand! They can sleep—they can rest. They are saved—they are saved! Then, kneeling on the sward, from their bursting hearts they cried aloud to the God of their fathers, who through an ordeal so awful had brought them, few as they were, at last to a haven of refuge!

They pushed forward, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon reached O'Rorke's castle. Here they were gazed upon as if they were objects of miraculous wonder. All that generous kindness and tender sympathy could devise, was quickly called to their aid. Their wounds and bruises were tended by a hundred eager hands. Their every want was anticipated. Alas! how few of them now remained to claim these kindly offices. Of the thousand souls who had set out from Glengarriffe, not one hundred entered the friendly portals of Brefny Hall. Only thirty-five came in with O'Sullivan that morning. Of these, but one was a woman—the aged mother of Don Philip, the historian; eighteen were attendants or camp-followers, and only sixteen were armed men! About fifty more came in next day, in twos and threes, or were found by searching parties sent out by O'Rorke. All the rest, except some three hundred in all, who had strayed, perished on the way, by the sword, or by the terrible privations of the journey. This retreat was the last military achievement of Donal O'Sullivan. Some of the greatest commanders in history might be proud to claim an enterprise so heroic as their best title to the immortality of fame.

CHAPTER LI.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT AND HUGH MADE A TREATY OF PEACE—HOW ENGLAND CAME UNDER THE SCOTTISH MONARCHY; AND HOW IRELAND HOPEFULLY HAILED THE GAELIC SOVEREIGN.

The succeeding year (1603) opened upon a state of gloom and incertitude on all hands in Ireland. Like a strong man overpowered, wounded, and cast down, after a protracted and exhausting struggle, yet still unsubmitting and not totally reft of strength, the hapless Irish nation lay prostrate—fallen but unsubdued—unwilling to yield, but too weak to rise. The English power, on the other hand, was not without its sense of exhaustion also. It had passed through an awful crisis; and had come out of the ordeal victorious, it is true, but greatly by happy chance, and at best only by purchasing victory most dearly. O'Neill was still unconquered; and though the vast majority of the lesser chiefs confederated with him in the recent struggle had been compelled to submit and sue for pardon, O'Donnell, O'Rorke, Maguire, and O'Sullivan remained to him;* and, on the whole, he was still master of elements capable of being organized into a formidable power, perhaps to renew the conflict at some future favorable opportunity. Elizabeth and her ministers were too wise and prudent to allow exultation over their success to blind them to the fact that so much of it had been due to fortuitous circumstances, and that 'twere decidedly better, if possible, to avoid having the combat tried over again. Mountjoy was instructed to "sound" the defeated, but unsubdued and still dangerous Tyrone as to terms of peace and submission, lest, being hopeless of "pardon" (as they put it), he might continue to stand out. Negotiations were accordingly opened with O'Neill. "Sir William Godolphin and Sir Garrett Moore were sent as commissioners to arrange with him the terms of peace," the latter (ancestor of the present Marquis of Drogheda) being a warm personal friend of O'Neill's. "They found him," we are told, "in his retreat near Lough Neagh, early in March, and obtained his promise to give the deputy an early meeting at Mellifont." "The negotiations," according to another writer, "were hurried on the deputy's part by private information which he had received of the queen's death; and fearing that O'Neill's views might be altered by that circumstance, he immediately desired the commissioners to close the agreement, and invite O'Neill under safe conduct to Drogheda to have it ratified without delay." On March 30, 1603, Hugh met Mountjoy by appointment at Mellifont Abbey, where the terms of

* "All that are out doe seeke for mercy excepting O'Rorke and O'Sullivan, who is now with O'Rorke."—Lord Deputy Mountjoy to the Privy Council, Feb. 26, 1603.

peace were duly ratified on each side, O'Neill having on his part gone through the necessary forms and declarations of submission. The singularly favorable conditions conceded to O'Neill show conclusively the estimate held by the English council of their victory over him, and of his still formidable influence. He was to have complete amnesty for the past; he was to be restored in blood, notwithstanding his attainder and outlawry; he was to be reinstated in his dignity of Earl of Tyrone; he and his people were to enjoy full and free exercise of their religion; new "letters-patent" were to issue, regranting to him and other northern chiefs very nearly the whole of the lands occupied by their respective clans. On the other hand, Hugh was to renounce once and forever the title of "The O'Neill," should accept the English title of "earl," and should allow English law to run through his territories.* Truly liberal terms—generous, indeed, they might under all circumstances be called—if meant to be faithfully kept! It is hard to think O'Neill believed in the good faith of men whose subtle policy he knew so well. It may be that he doubted it thoroughly, but was powerless to accomplish more than to obtain such terms, whatever their worth for the present, trusting to the future for the rest.

Yet it seemed as if, for the first time, a real and lasting peace was at hand. James the Sixth of Scotland, son of the beautiful and ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, succeeded Elizabeth on the English throne; and even before his express declaration of a conciliatory policy was put forth, there ran through Ireland, as if intuitively, a belief in his friendly dispositions. And, in truth, never before did such a happy opportunity offer for adjusting, at last and forever, peacefully and amicably, the questions at issue between Ireland and England. In James the Irish—always so peculiarly swayed by considerations of race or kinship—beheld a Gaelic prince, a king of the sister kingdom, Scotland, to whom had reverted the kingdom and crown of England. Kings of England of the now extinct line had done them grievous wrong; but no king of friendly Scotland had broken the traditional kindly relations between Hibernia and Caledonia. Taking King James the Gael for a sovereign was not like bowing the neck to the yoke of the invading Normans or Tudors. As the son of his persecuted mother, he was peculiarly recommended to the friendly feelings of the Irish people. Mary of Scotland had much to entitle her to Irish sympathy. She was a princess of the royal line of Malcolm, tracing direct descent from the Milesian princes of Dalariada. She was the representative of many a Scottish sovereign who had aided Ireland against the Normans. Moreover, she had just fallen a victim to the tigress Elizabeth of England, the same who had so deeply reddened with blood the soil of Ireland. She had suffered for the Catholic faith too; and if aught else were required to touch the Gaels of Ireland with compassion and sympathy, it was to be found in her youth and beauty, qualities which, when allied with innocence and misfortune, never fail to win the Irish heart. It was to the son of such a woman—the martyred Mary Queen of Scots—that the English crown and kingdom had lapsed, and with these, such claim as England might be held to have upon the Irish kingdom. What wonder if among the Irish the idea prevailed that now at last they could heartily offer loyalty to the sovereign on the English throne, and feel that he was neither a stranger nor a subjugator?

It was indeed a great opportunity, apparently—the first that had ever offered—for uniting the three kingdoms under one crown, without enforcing between any of them the humiliating relations of conqueror and conquered. There can be no doubt whatever, that, had James and his government appreciated the peculiar opportunity, and availed of it in a humane, wise, and generous spirit,

> "——an end was made, and nobly,
> Of the old centennial feud."

The Irish nation, there is every ground for concluding, would cheerfully and happily have come in to the arrangement; and the simplest measure of justice from the government, a reasonable consideration for the national feelings, rights, and interests, might have realized that dream of a union between the kingdoms which the compulsion of conquest could never—can never—accomplish.

* Mitchel.

But that accursed greed of plunder—that unholy passion for Irish spoil—which from the first characterized the English adventurers in Ireland, and which, unhappily, ever proved potential to mar any comparatively humane designs of the king, whenever, if ever, such designs were entertained, was now at hand to demand that Ireland should be given up to "settlers," by fair means or by foul, as a stranded ship might be abandoned to wreckers, or as a captured town might be given up to sack and pillage by the assaulting soldiery. There is, however, slight reason, if any, for thinking that the most unworthy and unnatural son of Mary Queen of Scots—the pedantic and pompous James—entertained any statesmanlike generosity or justice of design in reference to Ireland. The Irish expectations about him were doomed to be woefully disappointed. He became the mere creature of English policy; and the Anglo-Irish adventurers and "settlers" yelling for plunder, were able to force that policy in their own direction. They grumbled outright at the favorable terms of Mountjoy's treaty with O'Neill. It yielded not one acre of plunder; whereas, the teeth of thousands of those worthies had been set on edge by the anticipation of the rich spoils of the "confiscated" north, which they made sure would follow upon O'Neill's subjection. "It now seemed as if the entire object of that tremendous war had been, on the part of England, to force a coronet upon the unwilling brows of an Irish chieftain, and oblige him in his own despite to accept 'letters patent' and broad lands 'in fee.' Surely, if this were to be the 'conquest of Ulster,' if the rich valleys of the north, with all their woods and waters, mills and fishings, were to be given up to these O'Neills and O'Donnells, on whose heads a price had so lately been set for traitors; if, worse than all, their very religion was to be tolerated, and Ulster, with its verdant abbey-lands, and livings, and termon-lands, were still to set 'Reformation' at defiance; surely, in this case, the crowd of esurient undertakers, lay and clerical, had ground of complaint. It was not for this they left their homes, and felled forests, and camped on the mountains, and plucked down the Red Hand from many a castle wall. Not for this they 'preached before the State in Christ Church,' and censured the backsliding of the times, and pointed out the mortal sin of a compromise with Jezebel!"

Notwithstanding that for a year or two subsequent to James' accession, the terms of the treaty of Mellifont were in most part observed by the government, O'Neill noted well the gathering storm of discontent, to which he saw but too clearly the government would succumb at an early opportunity. By degrees the skies began to lour, and unerring indications foretold that a pretext was being sought for his immolation.

CHAPTER LII.

"THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS"—HOW THE PRINCES OF IRELAND WENT INTO EXILE, MENACED BY DESTRUCTION AT HOME.

It was not long wanting. An anonymous letter was found, or was pretended to have been found, at the door of the council chamber in Dublin Castle, purporting to disclose with great circumstantiality a conspiracy, of which O'Neill was the head, to seize the castle, to murder the lord deputy, and raise a general revolt.* The most artful means were resorted to by all whose interest it was to procure the ruin of the northern chiefs, to get up a wild panic of real or affected terror on this most opportune discovery! O'Neill well knew the nature of the transaction, and the design behind it. The vultures must have prey—his ruin had become a state necessity. In the month of May, he and the other northern chiefs were cited to answer the capital charge thus preferred against them. This they were ready to do; but the government plotters were not just yet ready to carry out their own schemes, so the investigation was on some slight

* There seems to have been a plot of some kind; but it was one got up by the secretary of state, Cecil himself; Lord Howth, his agent in this shocking business, inveigling O'Neill and O'Donnell into attendance at some of the meetings. "Artful Cecil," says Rev. Dr. Anderson, a Protestant divine, in his "Royal Genealogies," a work printed in London in 1736, "employed one St. Lawrence to entrap the Earls Tyrone and Tyrconnell, the Lord of Delvin, and other Irish chiefs, into a sham plot which had no evidence but his. But these chiefs being informed that witnesses were to be heard against them, foolishly fled from Dublin; and so taking their guilt upon them, they were declared rebels, and six entire counties in Ulster were at once forfeited to the crown, *which was what their enemies wanted.*"

pretext postponed, and O'Neill and O'Donnell were ordered to appear in London on their defense at Michaelmas. There is little doubt that hereupon, or about this time, O'Neill formed and communicated to his northern kinsmen and fellow-victims the resolution of going into exile, and seeking on some friendly shore that safety which it was plain he could hope for in Ireland no longer. They at once determined to share his fortunes, and to take with them into exile their wives, children, relatives, and household attendants; in fine, to bid an eternal farewell to the "fair hills of holy Ireland." The sad sequel forms the subject of that remarkable work—"The Flight of the Earls; or the Fate and Fortunes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, of Dublin; a work full of deep and sorrowful interest to every student of Irish history. I can but briefly summarize here, as closely as possible from various authorities, that mournful chapter in our national annals. "In the beginning of September 1607, nearly four months after the pretended discovery of St. Lawrence's plot, O'Neill was at Slane with the lord deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester; and they conferred relative to a journey, which the former was to make to London before Michaelmas, in compliance with a summons from the king. While here a letter was delivered to O'Neill from one John Bath, informing him that Maguire had arrived in a French ship in Lough Swilly." Sir John Davis, the attorney-general of that day, says: "He, O'Neill, took leave of the lord deputy, in a more sad and passionate manner than was usual with him. From thence he went to Mellifont, and Sir Garrett Moore's house, where he wept abundantly when he took his leave, giving a solemn farewell to every child and every servant in the house, which made them all marvel, because in general it was not his manner to use such compliments." On his way northward, we are told, he remained two days at his own residence in Dungannon—it was hard to quit the old rooftree forever! Thence he proceeded hastily (traveling all night) to Rathmullen, on the shore of Lough Swilly, where he found O'Donnell and several of his friends waiting, and laying up stores in the French ship. Amid a scene of bitter anguish the illustrious party soon embarked; numbering fifty persons in all, including attendants and domestics. With O'Neill, in that sorrowful company, we are told, went—his last countess, Catherina, daughter of Maginnis; his three sons, Hugh, Baron of Dungannon, John, and Brian; Art Oge, the son of his brother Cormac, and others of his relatives; Ruari, or Roderic O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell; Caffa or Cathbar, his brother, and his sister Nuala, who was married to Niall Garve O'Donnell, but who abandoned her husband when he became a traitor to his country; Hugh O'Donnell, the earl's son, and other members of his family; Cuconnaught Maguire, and Owen Roe Mac Ward, chief bard of Tyrconnell." "It is certain," say the 'Four Masters,' "that the sea has not borne, and the wind has not wafted in modern times, a number of persons in one ship, more eminent, illustrious, or noble in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valor, feats of arms, and brave achievements, than they. Would that God had but permitted them," continued the old annalists, "to remain in their patrimonial inheritance until the children should arrive at the age of manhood! Woe to the heart that meditated—woe to the mind that conceived—woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should to the end of their lives be able to return to their ancient principalities and patrimonies." "With gloomy looks and sad forebodings, the clansmen of Tyrconnell gazed upon that fated ship; 'built in th' eclipse and rigged with curses dark,' as she dropped down Lough Swilly, and was hidden behind the cliffs of Fanad land. They never saw their chieftains more."*

They sailed direct to Normandy. On their arrival in France the English minister demanded their surrender as "rebels;" but Henry the Fourth would not give them up. Passing from France through the Netherlands, they were received with marked honors by the Archduke Albert. In all the courts of Europe, as they passed on their way to the Eternal City, they were objects of attention, respect, and honor from the various princes and potentates. But it was in that Rome to which from the earliest date their hearts fondly turned—"the common asylum of all Catholics," as it is called in the epitaph on

* Mitchel.

young Hugh O'Neill's tomb—that the illustrious fugitives were received with truest, warmest, and tenderest welcome. Every mark of affection, every honorable distinction, was conferred upon them by the venerable pope, Pius the Fifth, who, in common with all the prelates and princes of Christendom, regarded them as confessors of the faith. In conjunction with the King of Spain, the holy father assigned to each of them a liberal annual pension for their support in a manner befitting their royal birth and princely state in their lost country. Through many a year, to them, or to other distinguished Irish exiles, the papal treasury afforded a generous and princely bounty.

But those illustrious exiles drooped in the foreign climes, and soon, one by one, were laid in foreign graves. Ruari, Earl of Tyrconnell, died July 28, 1608. His brother, Caffar, died on the 17th of the following September. Maguire died at Genoa on his way to Spain, on the 12th of the previous month—August, 1608. Young Hugh O'Neill, Baron of Dungannon (son of O'Neill), died about a year afterward, on September 23, 1609, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. Thus, in the short space of two years after the flight from Ireland, the aged Prince of Ulster found himself almost the last of that illustrious company now left on earth. Bowed down with years and sorrows, his soul wrung with anguish as each day's tidings from distant Ireland brought news of the unparalleled miseries and oppressions scourging his faithful people, he wandered from court to court, "eating his heart," for eight years.* Who can imagine or describe with what earnest passion he pleaded with prelates and princes, and besought them to think upon the wrongs of Ireland. "Ha!" (exclaims one of the writers from whom I have been summarizing), "if he had sped in that mission of vengeance—if he had persuaded Paul or Philip to give him some ten thousand Italians or Spaniards, how it would have fluttered those English in their dovecotes to behold his ships standing up Lough Foyle with the Bloody Hand displayed.* But not so was it written in the Book. No potentate in Europe was willing to risk such a force as was needed." To deepen the gloom that shrouded the evening of his life, he lost his sight, became totally blind and, like another Belisarius, tottered mournfully to the grave; the world on this side of which was now in every sense all dark to him. On July 20, 1616, the aged and heart-crushed prince passed from this earthly scene to realms—

> "——where souls are free;
> Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss."

It was at Rome he died, and the holy father ordered him a public funeral; directing arrangements to be forthwith made for celebrating his obsequies on a scale of grandeur such as is accorded only to royal princes and kings. The world that bows in worship before the altar of Success turns from the falling and the fallen; but Rome, the friend of the weak and the unfortunate, never measured its honors to nations or princes by the standard of their worldly fortunes. So the English, who would fain have stricken those illustrious fugitives of Ireland from fame and memory, as they had driven them from home and country, gnashed their teeth in rage as they saw all Christendom assigning to the fallen Irish princes an exalted place among the martyr-heroes of Christian patriotism! On the hill of the Janiculum, in the Franciscan church of San Pietro di Montorio, they laid the Prince of Ulster in the grave which, a few years before, had been opened for his son, beside the last resting-place of the Tyrconnell chiefs. Side by side they had fought through life; side by side they

* Of all his sons, but two now survived, Conn and Henry. The latter was page to the Archduke Albert in the Low Countries, and, like his father, was beset by English spies. When the old chieftain died at Rome it was quickly perceived the removal of Henry would greatly free England from her nightmare apprehensions about the O'Neills. So the youthful prince was one morning found strangled in his bed at Brussels. The murder was enveloped in the profoundest mystery; but no one was at a loss to divine its cause and design. Henry had already, by his singular ability, and by certain movements duly reported by the spies, given but too much ground for concluding that if he lived he would yet be dangerous in Ireland.

* In all his movements on the continent he was surrounded by a crowd of English spies, whose letters and reports, now in the State Paper Office, give minute and singularly interesting information respecting his manners, habits, conversations, etc. One of them mentions that in the evenings, after dining, if the aged prince were "warm with wine," he had but one topic; his face would glow, and striking the table, he would assert that they would "have a good day yet in Ireland." Alas!

now sleep in death. Above the grave where rest the ashes of those heroes many an Irish pilgrim has knelt, and prayed, and wept. In the calm evening, when the sunbeams slant upon the stones below, the fathers of St. Francis often see some figure prostrate upon the tomb, which as often they find wetted by the tears of the mourner. Then they know that some exiled child of Ireland has sought and found the spot made sacred and holy for him and all his nation by ten thousand memories of mingled grief and glory.*

There is not perhaps in the elegiac poetry of any language anything worthy of comparison with the "Lament for the Princess of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," composed by the aged and venerable bard of O'Donnell, Owen Roe Mac Ward. In this noble burst of sorrow, rich in plaintive eloquence and in all the beauty of true poesy, the bard addresses himself to Lady Nuala O'Donnell and her attendant mourners at the grave of the princes. Happily, of this peerless poem we possess a translation into English, of which it is not too much to say that it is in every sense worthy of the original, to which it adheres with great fidelity, while preserving all the spirit and tenderness of the Gaelic idiom. I allude to Mangan's admirable translation, from which I take the following passages:

"O woman of the piercing wail!
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
Thou wouldst not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before, around a grave
In green Tyrconnell, one would find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave,
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.

"Beside the wave,' in Donegal,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass, but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

"O no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor.
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill;
And some would come from Barrow side,
And many a maid would leave her home
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains!

. . . . . .

"Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe;
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe!
Ah! could the men of Ireland read
The names these noteless burial stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew!

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* Some eighteen years ago a horrible desecration well-nigh destroyed forever all identification of the grave so dear to Irishmen. The Eternal City—the sanctuary of Christendom—was sacrilegiously violated by invaders as lawless and abhorrent as Alaric and his followers—the Carbonari of modern Europe; led by Mazzini and Garibaldi. The churches were profaned, the tombs were rifled, and *the church of San Pietro di Montorio was converted by Garibaldi into cavalry stables!* The trampling of the horses destroyed or effaced many of the tombstones, and the Irish in the city gave up all hope of safety for the one so sacred in their eyes. Happily, however, when Rome had been rescued by France on behalf of the Christian world, and when the filth and litter had been cleared away from the desecrated church, the tomb of the Irish princes was found to have escaped with very little permanent injury. Some there are, who, perhaps, do not understand the sentiment—the principle—which claims Rome as belonging to Christendom—not to "Italy," or France, or Austria, or Naples. But in truth and fact, Rome represents not only "God's acre" of the world, but is the repository of priceless treasures, gifts, and relics, which belong in common to all Christian peoples, and which they are bound to guard.

"And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse,
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tyrconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair—
For valor, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns,
A peerless pair.

. . . . . .

"When high the shout of battle rose
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erinn's gloom,
If one—if barely one—of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom!
If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-wrung tears!

. . . . . .

"What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erinn, once the Great and Free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain
And iron thrall!
Then, daughter of O'Donnell, dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside,
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn.
Mocks human pride!

"Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay;
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to God alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.
Embrace the faithful crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Savior trod;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to God!

"And Thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand;
Sustain us in those doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erinn's fate,
And shield at last from darker ill
The blood of Conn!"

There remains now but to trace the fortunes of O'Sullivan, the last of O'Neill's illustrious companions in arms. The special vengeance of England marked Donal for a fatal distinction among his fellow chiefs of the ruined confederacy. He was not included in the amnesty settled by the treaty of Mellifont. We may be sure it was a sore thought for O'Neill that he could not obtain for a friend so true and tried as O'Sullivan, participation in the terms granted to himself and other of the Northern chieftains. But the government was inexorable. The Northerns had yet some power left; from the Southern chiefs there now was nought to fear. So, we are told, "there was no pardon for O'Sullivan." Donal accompanied O'Neill to London the year succeeding James' accession; but he could obtain no relaxation of the policy decreed against him. He returned to Ireland only to bid it an eternal farewell! Assembling all that now remained to him of family and kindred, he sailed for Spain A.D. 1604. He was received with all honor by King Philip, who forthwith created him a grandee of Spain, knight of the military order of St. Iago, and subsequently Earl of Bearhaven. The king, moreover, assigned to him a pension of "three hundred pieces of gold monthly." The end of this illustrious exile was truly tragic. His young son, Donal, had a quarrel with an ungrateful Anglo-Irishman named Bath, to whom the old chief had been a kind benefactor. Young Donal's cousin, Philip—the author of the "Historiæ Catholicæ Iberniæ"—interfered with mediative intentions, when Bath drew his sword, uttering some grossly insulting observations against the O'Sullivans. Philip and he at once attacked each other, but the former soon over-

powered Bath, and would have slain him but for the interposition of friends; for all this had occurred at a royal monastery in the suburbs of Madrid, within the precincts of which it was a capital offense to engage in such a combat. The parties were separated. Bath was drawn off, wounded in the face, when he espied not far off the old chieftain, O'Sullivan Beare, returning from mass, at which that morning, as was his wont, he had received holy communion. He was pacing slowly along, unaware of what had happened. His head was bent upon his breast, he held in his hands his gloves and his rosary beads, and appeared to be engaged in mental prayer. Bath, filled with fury, rushed suddenly behind the aged lord of Bear, and ran him through the body. O'Sullivan fell to earth; they raised him up—he was dead. Thus mournfully perished, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, Donal, the "Last Lord of Beare," as he is most frequently styled, a man whose personal virtues and public worth won for him the esteem and affection of all his contemporaries.

His nephew Philip became an officer in the Spanish navy, and is known to literary fame as the author of the standard work of history which bears his name, as well as of several publications of lesser note. Young Donal, son of the murdered chieftain, entered the army and fell at Belgrade, fighting against the Turks. The father of Philip the historian (Dermod, brother of Donal, Prince of Bear) died at Corunna, at the advanced age of a hundred years, and was followed to the grave soon after by his long-wedded wife:

"Two pillars of a ruined aisle—two old trees of the land;
Two voyagers on a sea of grief; long suff'rers hand in hand."

CHAPTER LIII.

A MEMORABLE EPOCH—HOW MILESIAN IRELAND FINALLY DISAPPEARED FROM HISTORY; AND HOW A NEW IRELAND—IRELAND IN EXILE—APPEARED FOR THE FIRST TIME—HOW "PLANTATIONS" OF FOREIGNERS WERE DESIGNED FOR THE "COLONIZATION" OF IRELAND, AND THE EXTIRPATION OF THE NATIVE RACE.

I HAVE narrated at very considerable length the events of that period of Irish history with which the name of Hugh O'Neill is identified. I have done so, because that era was one of most peculiar importance to Ireland; and it is greatly necessary for Irishmen to fully understand and appreciate the momentous meaning of its results. The war of 1599-1602 was the last struggle of the ancient native rule to sustain itself against the conquerors and the jurisdiction of their civil and religious code. Thenceforth—at least for two hundred years subsequently—the wars in Ireland which eventuated in completing the spoliation, ruin, and extinction of the native nobility, were wars in behalf of the English sovereign as the rightful sovereign of Ireland also. Never more in Irish history do we find the authority of the ancient native dynasties set up, recognized, and obeyed. Never more do we find the ancient laws and judicature undisturbedly prevailing in any portion of the land. With the flight of the Northern chieftains all claims of ancient native dynasties to sovereignty of power, rights, or privileges, disappeared, never once to reappear; and the ancient laws and constitution of Ireland, the venerable code that had come down inviolate through the space of fifteen hundred years, vanished totally and forever! Taking leave, therefore, of the chapter of history to which I have devoted so much space, we bid farewell to Milesian Ireland—Ireland claiming to be ruled by its own native princes, and henceforth have to deal with Ireland as a kingdom subject to the Scotto-English sovereign.

The date at which we have arrived is one most remarkable in our history in other respects also. If it witnessed the disappearance of Milesian Ireland, it witnessed the first appearance in history of that other Ireland, which from that day to the present has been in so great a degree the hope and the glory of the parent nation—a rainbow set in the tearful sky of its captivity—Ireland in exile! In the beginning of the seventeenth century "the Irish abroad" are first heard of as a distinct political element. The new power thus born into the world was fated to perform a great and marvelous part in the designs of Providence. It has endured through the shock of centuries—has outlived the rise and fall of dynasties and states—has grown into gigantic size and shape; and in the influence it exercises at this moment on the course and policy of England, affords, per-

haps, the most remarkable illustration recorded outside Holy Writ, of the inevitability of retributive justice. To expel the people of Ireland from their own country, to thrust them out as outcast wanderers and exiles all over the world—to seize their homes and possess their heritage, will be found to have been for centuries the policy, the aim, and untiring endeavor of the English government. The scheme which we are about to see King James prosecuting (Munster witnessed its inauguration in the previous reign) has ever since haunted the English mind; namely, the expulsion of the native Irish race, and the "planting" or "colonizing" of their country by English settlers. The history of the world has no parallel for such a design, pursued so relentlessly through such a great space of time. But God did not more signally preserve His chosen people of the Old Law than He has preserved the Irish nation in captivity and in exile. They have not melted away, as the calculations of their evictors anticipated. They have not become fused or transformed by time or change. They have not perished where all ordinary probabilities threatened to the human race impossibility of existence. Prosperity and adversity in their new homes have alike failed to kill in their hearts the sentiment of nationality, the holy love of Ireland, the resolution of fulfilling their destiny as the Heraclidæ of modern history. They preserve to-day, all over the world, their individuality as markedly as the children of Israel did theirs in Babylon or in Egypt.

The flight of the earls threw all the hungry adventurers into ecstacies! Now, at least, there would be plunder. The vultures flapped their wings and whetted their beaks. Prey in abundance was about to be flung them by the royal hand. To help still further the schemes of confiscation now being matured in Dublin Castle, Sir Cahir O'Doherty—who had been a queen's man most dutifully so far—was skillfully pushed into a revolt which afforded the necessary pretext for adding the entire peninsula of Innishowen to the area of "plantation." Ulster was now parcelled out into lots, and divided among court favorites and clamoring "undertakers;" the owners and occupiers, the native inhabitants, being as little regarded as the wild grouse on the hills! The guilds, or trade companies of London, got a vast share of plunder; something like one hundred and ten thousand acres of the richest lands of the O'Neills and O'Donnells—lands which the said London companies hold to this day. To encourage and maintain these "plantations," various privileges were conferred upon or offered to the "colonists;" the conditions required of them on the other hand being simply to exclude or kill off the owners, to hunt down the native population as they would any other wild game; and, above all, to banish and keep out "popery." In fine, they and their "heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns," were to garrison the country—to consider themselves a standing army of occupation in the English-Protestant interest.

For two hundred years of history we shall find that "colonized" province, and the "colonists" generally, endowed, nursed, petted, protected, privileged—the especial care of the English government—while the hapless native population were, during the same period, proscribed, "dead in law," forbidden to trade, forbidden to educate, forbidden to own property; for each which prohibition, and many besides to a like intent, acts of parliament, with "day and date, word and letter," may be cited.

So great was the excitement created among the needy and greedy of all classes in England by the profuse dispensations of splendid estates, rich, fertile, and almost at their own doors, that the millions of acres in Ulster were soon all gone; and still there were crowds of hungry adventurers yelling for "more, more!" James soon found a way for providing "more." He constituted a roving commission of inquiry into "defective titles," as he was pleased to phrase it—a peripatetic inquisition on the hunt for spoil. The commissioners soon reported three hundred and eighty-five thousand acres in Leinster as "discovered," inasmuch as the "titles" were not such as ought (in their judgment) to stand in the way of his majesty's designs. The working of this commission need scarcely be described. Even the historian, Leland, who would have been its apologist if he could, tells us there were not wanting "proofs of the most iniquitous practices, of hardened cruelty, of vile perjury, and scandalous subornation, employed to despoil the unfortunate proprietor of his inheritance." Old and

obsolete claims, we are told, some of them dating as far back as Henry the Second, were revived, and advantage was taken of the most trivial flaws and minute informalities. In the midst of his plundering and colonizing James died, March 27, 1625, and was succeeded by his son, Charles. Bitterly as the Irish Catholics had been undeceived as to James' friendly dispositions, they gave themselves up more warmly than ever to the belief that the young prince now just come to the throne would afford them justice, tolerance, and protection. And here we have to trace a chapter of cruelest deceit, fraud, and betrayal of a too confiding people. The king and his favorite ministers secretly encouraged these expectations. Charles needed money sorely, and his Irish representative, Lord Faulkland, told the Catholic lords that if they would present to his majesty, as a voluntary subsidy, a good round sum of money, he would grant them certain protections or immunities, called "royal graces" in the records of the time. "The more important were those which provided 'that recusants should be allowed to practice in the courts of law, and to sue out the livery of their lands on taking an oath of civil allegiance in lieu of the oath of supremacy; that the undertakers in the several plantations should have time allowed them to fulfill the condition of their tenures; that the claims of the crown should be limited to the last sixty years; and that the inhabitants of Connaught should be permitted to make a new enrolment of their estates.' The contract was duly ratified by a royal proclamation, in which the concessions were accompanied by a promise that a parliament should be held to confirm them. The first instalment of the money was paid, and the Irish agents returned home, but only to learn that an order had been issued against 'the popish regular clergy,' and that the royal promise was to be evaded in the most shameful manner. When the Catholics pressed for the fulfillment of the compact, the essential formalities for calling an Irish parliament were found to have been omitted by the officials, and thus the matter fell to the ground for the present."*

In other words, the Irish Catholics were royally swindled. The miserable Charles pocketed the money, and then pleaded that certain of the "graces" were very "unreasonable." He found that already the mere suspicion of an inclination on his part to arrest the progress of persecution and plunder was arousing and inflaming against him the fanatical Calvinistic section of English Protestantism, while his high-handed assertions of royal prerogative were daily bringing him into more dangerous conflict with his English parliament. To complete the complications surrounding him, the attempts to force Episcopalian Protestantism on the Calvinistic Scots led to open revolt. A Scottish rebel army* took the field, demanding that the attempt to extend Episcopacy into Scotland should be given up, and that Calvinistic Presbyterianism should be acknowledged as the established religion of that kingdom. Charles marshaled an army to march against them. The parliament would not vote him supplies—indeed the now dominant party in parliament sympathized with and encouraged the rebels; but Charles, raising money as best he could, proceeded northward. Nevertheless, he appears to have recoiled from the idea of spilling the blood of his countrymen for a consideration of spiritual supremacy. He came to an arrangement with the rebel "Covenanters" granting to them the liberty of conscience—nay, religious supremacy—which they demanded, and even paying their army for a portion of the time it was under service in the rebellion.

All this could not fail to attract the deepest attention of the Irish Catholic nobility and gentry, who found themselves in far worse plight than that which had moved the Calvinistic Scots to successful rebellion. Much less indeed than had been conceded to the rebel Covenanters would satisfy them. They did not demand that the Catholic religion should be set up as the established creed in Ireland; they merely asked that the sword of persecution should not be bared against it; and for themselves they sought nothing beyond protection as good citizens in person and property, and simple equality of civil rights. Wentworth, Charles' representative in Ireland, had been pursuing against them a course of the most scandalous and heartless robbery, pushing

* M'Gee.

* Often called "Covenanters," from their demands or articles of confederation in the rebellion being called their "solemn league and covenant."

on the operations of the commission of inquiry into defective titles. "He commenced the work of plunder with Roscommon, and as a preliminary step, directed the sheriff to select such jurors as might be made amenable, 'in case they should prevaricate;' or, in other words, they might be ruined by enormous fines, if they refused to find a verdict for the king. The jurors were told that the object of the commission was to find 'a clear and undoubted title in the crown to the province of Connaught,' and to make them 'a civil and rich people' by means of a plantation; for which purpose his majesty should, of course, have the lands in his own hands to distribute to fit and proper persons. Under threats which could not be misunderstood, the jury found for the king, whereupon Wentworth commended the foreman, Sir Lucas Dillon, to his majesty, that 'he might be remembered upon the dividing of the lands,' and also obtained a competent reward for the judges.

"Similar means had a like success in Mayo and Sligo; but when it came to the turn of the more wealthy and populous county of Galway, the jury refused to sanction the nefarious robbery by their verdict. Wentworth was furious at this rebuff, and the unhappy jurors were punished without mercy for their 'contumacy.' They were compelled to appear in the castle chamber, where each of them was fined four thousand pounds, and their estates were seized and they themselves imprisoned until these fines should be paid, while the sheriff was fined four thousand pounds, and being unable to pay that sum died in prison. Wentworth proposed to seize the lands, not only of the jurors, but of all the gentry who neglected 'to lay hold on his majesty's grace;' he called for an increase of the army 'until the intended plantation should be settled,' and recommended that the counsel who argued the cases against the king before the commissioners should be silenced until they took the oath of supremacy, which was accordingly done. 'The gentlemen of Connaught,' says Carte ("Life of Ormond," vol. i.), 'labored under a particular hardship on this occasion; for their not having enrolled their patents and surrenders of the 13th Jacobi (which was what alone rendered their titles defective) was not their fault, but the neglect of a clerk intrusted by them. For they had paid near three thousand pounds to the officers in Dublin for the enrolment of these surrenders and patents, which was never made.' "*

Meanwhile, as I have already described, the Scots, whose "grievances" were in nowise to be compared with these, had obtained full redress by an armed demonstration. It was not to be expected in the nature of things that events so suggestive would be thrown away on the spoliated Catholic nobles and gentry of Ireland. Accordingly, we find them about this period conferring, confederating, or conspiring, on the basis of an Irish and Catholic "solemn league and covenant"—of much more modest pretensions, however, than the Scottish Calvinistic original. Their movement, too, was still more notably distinguished from that demonstration by the most emphatic and explicit loyalty to the king, whom indeed they still credited with just and tolerant dispositions, if freed from the restraint of the persecuting Puritan faction. They saw, too, that the king and the parliament were at utter issue, and judged that by a bold *coup* they might secure for themselves royal recognition and support, and turn the scale against their bitter foes and the king's.

Moreover, by this time the "other Irish nation"—"the Irish abroad," had grown to be a power. Already the exiles on the continent possessed ready to hand a considerable military force, and a goodly store of money, arms, and ammunition. For they had "not forgotten Jerusalem," and wherever they served or fought, they never gave up that hope of "a good day yet in Ireland." The English State Paper Office holds several of the letters or reports of the spies retained by the government at this time to watch their movements; and, singularly enough, these documents describe to us a state of things not unlike that existing at this day, toward the close of the nineteenth century!—the Irish in exile, organized in the design of returning and liberating their native land, assessing themselves out of their scanty pay for contributions to the general fund!† The Irish abroad had moreover, what

* Haverty.

† Mr. Haverty, the historian, quotes one of these "reports" which, as he says, was first brought to light in the *Nation* newspaper of 5th of February, 1859, having been copied from the original in the State Paper Office. It is a

greatly enhanced their military influence—prestige. Already, they had become honorably known as "bravest of the brave" on the battlefields of Spain, France, and the Netherlands.

Communications were at once opened between the exiles and the confederates at home, the chief agent or promoter of the movement being a private gentleman, Mr. Roger O'More, or O'Moore, a member of the ancient family of that name, chiefs of Leix. With him there soon became associated Lord Maguire, an Irish nobleman, who retained a small fragment of the ancient patrimony of his family in Fermanagh; his brother Roger Maguire, Sir Felim O'Neill of Kinnard, Sir Con Magennis, Colonel Hugh Oge Mac Mahon, Very Rev. Heber Mac Mahon, Vicar-General of Clogher, and a number of others.

About May, Nial O'Neill arrived in Ireland from the titular Earl of Tyrone (John, son of Hugh O'Neill), in Spain, to inform his friends that he had obtained from Cardinal Richelieu a promise of arms, ammunition, and money for Ireland when required, and desiring them to hold themselves in readiness. The confederates sent back the messenger with information as to their proceedings, and to announce that they would be prepared to rise a few days before or after All-Hallowtide, according as opportunity answered. But scarcely was the messenger dispatched when news was received that the Earl of Tyrone was killed, and another messenger was sent with all speed into the Low Countries to (his cousin) Colonel Owen (Roe) O'Neill, who was the next entitled to be their leader. "In the course of September their plans were matured; and, after some changes as to the day, the 23d of October was finally fixed upon for the rising."*

The plan agreed upon by the confederates included four main features: I. A rising after the harvest was gathered in, and a campaign during the winter months. II. A simultaneous attack on one and the same day or night on all the fortresses within reach of their friends. III. To surprise the Castle of Dublin, which was said to contain arms for twelve thousand men. "All the details of this project were carried successfully into effect, except the seizure of Dublin Castle—the most difficult, as it would have been the most decisive blow to strike."† The government, which at this time had a cloud of spies on the Continent watching the exiles, seems to have

list or return of the names of the "dangerous" Irish abroad, supplied by one of the English spies. "The list begins with Don Richardo Burke, 'a man much experienced in martial affairs,' and 'a good inginiere.' He served many years under the Spaniards in Naples and the West Indies, and was the governor of Leghorn for the Duke of Florence. Next 'Phellomy O'Neill, nephew unto old Tyrone, liveth in great respect (in Milan), and is a captain of a troop of horse.' Then come James Rowthe or Rothe, an alfaros or standard-bearer in the Spanish army, and his brother, Captain John Rothe, 'a pensioner in Naples, who carried Tyrone out of Ireland.' One Captain Solomon Mac Da, a Geraldine, resided at Florence, and Sir Thomas Talbot, a knight of Malta, and 'a resolute and well-beloved man,' lived at Naples, in which latter city 'there were some other Irish captains and officers.' The list then proceeds. 'In Spain, Captain Phellomy Cavanagh, son in-law to Donell Spaniagh, serveth under the king by sea; Captain Somlevayne (O'Sullivan), a man of noted courage. These live commonly at Lisbonne, and are sea-captains. Besides others of the Irish, Captain Driscoll, the younger, sonne to old Captain Driscoll; both men reckoned valourous. In the court of Spaine liveth the sonne of Richard Burke, which was nephew untoe William, who died at Valladolid . . . he is in high favour with the king, and (as it is reported) is to be made a marquis; Captain Toby Bourke, a pensioner in the court of Spain, another nephew of the said William deceased; Captain John Bourke M'Shane, who served long time in Flanders, and now liveth on his pension assigned on the Groyne. Captain Daniell, a pensioner at Antwerp. In the Low Countries, under the Archduke, John O'Neill, sonne of the arch-traitor Tyrone, colonel of the Irish regiment. Young O'Donnell, sonne of the late traitorous Earl of Tirconnell. Owen O'Neill (Owen Roe), serjeant-major (equivalent to the present lieutenant-colonel) of the Irish regiment. Captain Art O'Neill, Captain Cormac O'Neill, Captain Donel O'Donel, Captain Thady O'Sullivane, Captain Preston, Captain Fitz Gerrott; old Captain Fitz Gerrott continues serjeant-major, now a pensioner; Captain Edmond O'Mor, Captain Bryan O'Kelly, Captain Stanihurst, Captain Corton, Captain Daniell, Captain Walshe. There are diverse other captaines and officers of the Irish under the Archduchess (Isabella), some of whose companies are cast, and they made pensioners. Of these serving under the Archduchess, there are about one hundred able to command companies, and twenty fit to be colonels. Many of them are descended of gentlemen's families and some of noblemen. These Irish soldiers and pensioners doe stay their resolutions until they see whether England makes peace or war with Spaine. If peace, they have practised already with other soveraine princes, from whom they have received hopes of assistance; if war doe ensue, they are confident of greater ayde. They have been long providing of arms for any attempt against Ireland, and had in readiness five or six thousand arms laid up in Antwerp for that purpose, bought out of the deduction of their monthly pay, as will be proved, and it is thought they have doubled that proportion by these means.'"

* Haverty. † M'Gee.

been in utter ignorance of this vast conspiracy at home, wrapping nearly the entire of three provinces, and which perfected all its arrangements throughout several months of preparation, to the knowledge of thousands of the population, without one traitorous Irishman being found, up to the night fixed for the simultaneous movement, to disclose the fact of its existence.

On the night appointed without failure or miscarriage at any point, save one, out of all at which simultaneousness of action was designed, the confederate rising was accomplished. In one night the people had swept out of sight, if not from existence, almost every vestige of English rule throughout three provinces. The forts of Charlemont and Mountjoy, and the town of Dungannon, were seized on the night of the 22d by Phelim O'Neill or his lieutenants. On the next day, Sir Connor Magennis took the town of Newry; the M'Mahons possessed themselves of Carrickmacross and Castleblayney; the O'Hanlons, Tandragee; while Philip O'Reilly and Roger Maguire raised Cavan and Fermanagh. A proclamation of the northern leaders appeared the same day, dated from Dungannon, setting forth their "true intent and meaning" to be, "not hostility to his majesty the king, nor to any of his subjects, neither English nor Scotch; —but only for the defense and liberty of ourselves and the Irish natives of this kingdom." "A more elaborate manifesto appeared shortly afterward from the pen of O'Moore, in which the oppressions of the Catholics for conscience' sake were detailed, the king's intended graces acknowledged, and their frustration by the malice of the Puritan party exhibited: it also endeavored to show that a common danger threatened the Protestants of the Episcopal Church with Roman Catholics, and asserted in the strongest terms the devotion of the Catholics to the crown. In the same politic and tolerant spirit, Sir Connor Magennis wrote from Newry on the 25th to the officers commanding at Down. 'We are,' he wrote, 'for our lives and liberties. We desire no blood to be shed; but if you mean to shed our blood, be sure we shall be as ready as you for that purpose.' This threat of retaliation, so customary in all wars, was made on the third day of the rising, and refers wholly to future contingencies; the monstrous fictions which were afterward circulated of a wholesale massacre committed on the 23d, were not as yet invented, nor does any public document or private letter written in Ireland in the last week of October, or during the first days of November, so much as allude to those tales of blood and horror afterward so industriously circulated and so greedily swallowed."*

The one point at which miscarriage occurred was, unfortunately for the conspirators, the chief one in their scheme—Dublin; and here the escape of the government was narrow and close indeed. On the night fixed for the rising, October, 23d one of the Irish leaders Colonel Hugh Mac Mahon, confided the design to one Owen Connolly, whom he though to be worthy of trust, but who, however, happened to be a follower of Sir John Clotworthy, one of the most rabid of the Puritanical party. Connolly, who, by the way, was drunk at the time, instantly hurried to the private residence of one of the lords justices and excitedly proclaimed to him that that night the castle was to be seized, as part of a vast simultaneous movement all over the country. Sir W. Parsons, the lord justice, judging the story to be merely the raving of a half-drunken man, was on the point of turning Connolly out of doors, when, fortunately for him, he thought it better to test the matter. He hurriedly consulted his colleague, Sir John Borlase; they decided to double the guards, shut the city gates, and search the houses wherein, according to Connolly's story the leaders of the conspiracy were at that moment awaiting the hour of action. Colonel Mac Mahon was seized at his lodgings, near the King's Inns; Lord Maguire was captured next morning in a house in Cooke Street; but O'Moore, Plunkett, and Byrne, succeeded in making good their escape out of the city. Mac Mahon, on being put to question before the lords justices in the castle, boldly avowed his part in the national movement; nay, proudly gloried in it, telling his questioners that let them do what they might, their best or their worst, with him, "the rising was now beyond all human power to arrest." While the lords justices looked astounded, haggard, and aghast, Mac Mahon, his face radiant with exultation, his form appearing

* M'Gee.

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to dilate with proud defiance of the bloody fate he knew to be inevitable for himself, told them to bear him as soon as they pleased to the block, but that already Ireland had burst her chains! Next day, they found to their dismay that this was no empty vaunt. Before forty-eight hours the whole structure of British "colonization" in the North was a wreck. The "plantation" system vanished "like the baseless fabric of a vision;" and while the ship was bearing away to England the gallant Mac Mahon and his hapless colleague, Lord Maguire — that an impotent vengeance might glut itself with their blood upon the scaffold—from all the towers and steeples in the north, joy bells were ringing merry peals, and bonfires blazed, proclaiming that the spoliators had been swept away, and that the rightful owners enjoyed their own again! The people, with the characteristic exuberance of their nature, gave themselves up to the most demonstrative joy and exultation. No words can better enable us to realize the popular feeling at this moment than Mr. Gavan Duffy's celebrated poem, "The Muster of the North:"

"Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride,
And, see! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing tide!
And gladsome bell and bugle-horn, from Newry's captured tow'rs,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours—*is ours*!

"Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of Down,
My ears have drunk the joyful news, 'Stout Phelim hath his own.'
Oh! may they see and hear no more, oh! may they rot to clay,
When they forget to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

"Now, now, we'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish maw;
Now, now, the courts may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law;
Now shall the undertaker square for once his loose accounts,
We'll strike, brave boys, a fair result from all his false amounts.

"Come, trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal spawn,
Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and their lawn,
With all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own,
And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne.

. . . . . .

"Down from the sacred hills whereon a saint commun'd with God,
Up from the vale where Bagnal's blood manured the reeking sod,
Out from the stately woods of Truagh, M'Kenna's plundered home,
Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful clansmen come.

"Then, brethren, on!—O'Neill's dear shade would frown to see you pause—
Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er your cause—
His generous error lost the land—he deemed the Norman true,
Oh! forward, friends! it must not lose the land again in you."

CHAPTER LIV.

HOW THE LORDS JUSTICES GOT UP THE NEEDFUL BLOODY FURY IN ENGLAND BY A "DREADFUL MASSACRE" STORY—HOW THE CONFEDERATION OF KILKENNY CAME ABOUT.

The Puritanical party, which ever since Wentworth's execution had the government of Ireland in their hands, began to consider that this desperate condition of their affairs rendered some extraordinary resort necessary, if the island was not to slip totally and forever from their grasp. The situation was evidently one full of peculiar difficulty and embarrassment for them. The national confederacy, which by this time had most of the kingdom in its hands, declared utmost loyalty to the king, and in truth, as time subsequently showed, meant him more honest and loyal service than those who now surrounded him as ministers and officials.

Hence it was more than likely to be extremely difficult to arouse against the Irish movement that strong and general effusion of public feeling

in England which would result in vigorous action against it. For obviously enough (so reasoned the Puritanical executive in Dublin Castle) that section of the English nation which supports the king will be inclined to side with this Irish movement; they will call it far more justifiable and far more loyal than that of the rebel Scotch Covenanters; they will counsel negotiation with its leaders, perhaps the concession of their demands; in any event they will reprehend and prevent any extreme measures against them. In which case, of course, the result must be fatal to the pious project of robbing the native Irish, and "planting" the country with "colonies" of saintly plunderers.

In this extremity it was discerned that there was barely one way of averting all these dangers and disasters—just one way of preventing any favorable opinion of the Irish movement taking root in England—one sure way for arousing against it such a cry as must render it impossible for even the king himself to resist or refrain from joining in the demand for its suppression at all hazards. This happy idea was to start the story of an "awful, bloody, and altogether tremendous massacre of Protestants."

To be sure they knew there had been no massacre—quite the contrary; but this made little matter. With proper vehemence of assertion, and sufficient construction of circumstantial stories to that effect, no difficulty was apprehended on this score. But the real embarrassment lay in the fact that it was rather late to start the thing. Several days or weeks had elapsed, and several accounts of the rising had been transmitted without any mention of such a proceeding as a "wholesale massacre," which ordinarily should have been the first thing proclaimed with all horror. The lords justices and their advisers, who were all most pious men, long and with grave trouble of mind considered this stumbling-block; for it was truly distressing that such a promising project should be thwarted. Eventually they decided to chance the story anyway, and trust to extra zeal in the use of horror narratives, to get up such a bloody fury in England as would render close scrutiny of the facts out of the question.*

So—albeit long after date—suddenly a terrific outcry arose about the awful "massacre" in Ireland; the great wholesale and simultaneous massacre of Protestants. Horrors were piled on horrors, as each succeeding mail brought from

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* Several of our recent historians have gone to great pains citing original documents, state papers, and letters of Protestant witnesses, to expose the baseness and wickedness of this massacre-story; but at this time of day one might as well occupy himself in gravely demonstrating the villainy of Titus Oates' "informations." The great Popish Massacre story has had its day, but it is now dead and gone. The fact that there were excesses committed by the insurgents in a few cases—instantly denounced and punished as violations of the emphatic orders of their leaders promulgated to the contrary—has nothing to say to this question of *massacre*. Let it always be said that even *one* case of lawless violence or life-taking—even *one* excess of the laws of honorable warfare—is a thing to abominate and deplore; as the Irish confederate leaders denounced and deplored the cases reported to them of excesses by some of Sir Phelim O'Neill's armed bands. Not only did the Irish leaders vehemently inculcate moderation, but the Protestant chroniclers of the time abundantly testify that those leaders and the Catholic clergy went about putting those instructions *into practice*. Leland, the Protestant historian, declares that the Catholic priests "labored zealously to moderate the excesses of war," and frequently protected the English where danger threatened them, *by concealing them in their places of worship and even under their altars!* The Protestant Bishop Burnet, in his life of Dr. Bedel, who was titular Protestant Bishop of Dromore at the time, tells us that Dr. Bedel, with the tumultuous sea of the "rising" foaming around him on all sides in Cavan, enjoyed, both himself and all who sought the shelter of his house, "to a miracle perfect quiet," though he had neither guard nor defense, save the respect and forbearance of the "insurgents." One fact alone, recorded by the Protestant historians themselves, affords eloquent testimony on this point. This Bishop Bedel died while the "rising" was in full rush around him. He was very ardent as a Protestant; but he refused to join in, and, indeed, reprobated the scandalous robberies and persecutions pursued against the Catholic Irish. The natives—the insurgents—the Catholic nobles and peasants—*en masse*, attended his funeral, and one of Sir Phelim O'Neill's regiments, with reversed arms, followed the bier. When the grave was closed (says the Protestant historian whom I am quoting), they fired a farewell volley over it, the leaders crying out: "*Requiescat in pace, ultimus Anglorum!*" ("Rest in peace, last of the English.") For they had often said that, as he was the best man of the English religion, he ought to be the last! Such was the conduct of the Irish insurgents. In no country, unfortunately, are popular risings unaccompanied by excesses; never in any country, probably, did a people rising against diabolical oppression, sweep away their plunderers with *so few* excesses as did the Irish in 1641. But all this, in any event, has nought to say to such a proceeding as a massacre. *That* was an afterthought of the lords justices, as has already been shown.

the government officials in Dublin "further particulars" of the dreadful massacre which had, they declared, taken place all over Ulster on the night of the rising. Several of the ministers in London were in the secret of this massacre story; but there is no doubt it was sincerely credited by the bulk of the English people at the time; and, as might be expected, a sort of frenzy seized the populace. A cry arose against the bloody Irish popish rebels. Everywhere the shout was to "stamp them out." The wisdom and sagacity of the venerable lords justices—the pre-eminent merits of their device—were triumphantly attested!

For a time there was a danger that the whole scheme might be spoiled—shaken in public credulity—by the injudicious zeal of some of the furnishers of "further particulars," by whom the thing was a little overdone. Some thought twenty thousand would suffice for the number of massacred Protestants; others would go for a hundred thousand; while the more bold and energetic still stood out for putting it at two or three hundred thousand, though there were not that number of Protestants in all Ireland at the time. As a consequence, there were some most awkward contradictions and inconsistencies; but so great was the fury aroused in England, that happily these little dangers passed away smoothly, and King Charles himself joined in the shout against the horrid popish rebellion! The English soldiers in Ireland were exhorted to slay and spare not; additional regiments were quickly sent over—the men maddened by the massacre stories—to join in the work of "revenge." And, just as might be expected, then indeed massacre in earnest appeared upon the scene. The Irish had in the very first hour of their movement—in the very flush of victory—humanely and generously proclaimed that they would seek righteous ends by righteous means; that they would fight their cause, if fight they must, by fair and honorable warfare. They had, with exceptions so rare as truly to "prove the rule," exhibited marvelous forbearance and magnanimity. But now the English Puritan soldiery, infuriated to the fiercest pitch, were set upon them, and atrocities that sicken the heart to contemplate made the land reek from shore to shore. The Covenanters of Scotland also, who had just previously secured by rebellion all they demanded for themselves, were filled with a holy desire to bear a part in the pious work of stamping out the Irish popish rebellion. King Charles, who was at the time in Edinburgh endeavoring to conciliate the Scottish parliament, was quite ready to gratify them; and accordingly a force of some two thousand Scots were dispatched across the channel, landing at Antrim, where they were reinforced by a recruitment from the remnant of the "colonies" planted by James the First. It was this force which inaugurated what may be called "massacres." Before their arrival the Puritan commanders in the south had, it is true, left no atrocity untried; but the Scots went at the work wholesale. They drove all the native population of one vast district—(or rather all the aged and infirm, the women and children; for the adult males were away serving in the confederate armies)—into a promontory, almost an island, on the coast, called Island Magee. Here, when the helpless crowd were hemmed in, the Scots fell upon them sword in hand, and drove them over the cliffs into the sea, or butchered them to the last, irrespective of age or sex. "From this day forward until the accession of Owen Roe O'Neil to the command, the northern war assumed a ferocity of character foreign to the nature of O'Moore, O'Kelly, and Magennis." Horrors and barbarities on each side made humanity shudder. The confederate leaders had proposed, hoped for, and on their parts had done everything to insure the conducting of the war according to the usages of fair and honorable warfare. The government, on the other hand, so far from reciprocating this spirit, in all their proclamations breathed savage and merciless fury against the Irish; and every exhortation of their commanders (in strange contrast with the humane and honorable manifestoes of the confederates) called upon the soldiery to glut their swords and spare neither young nor old, child nor woman.

The conduct of the government armies soon widened the area of revolt. So far the native Irish alone, or almost exclusively, had participated in it, the Anglo-Irish Catholic Lords and Pale gentry holding aloof. But these latter could not fail to see that the Puritan faction, which now constituted the local government, were resolved not to spare Catholics whether of

Celtic or Anglo-Irish race, and were moreover bent on strengthening their own hands to league with the English parliamentarians against the king. Loyalty to the king, and considerations for their own safety, alike counseled them to take some decisive step. Everything rendered hesitation more perilous. Although they had in no way encouraged, or, so far, sympathized with, the northern rising, their possessions were ravaged by the Puritan armies. Fingal, Santry, and Swords—districts in profound peace—were the scenes of bloody excesses on the part of the government soldiery. The Anglo-Irish Catholic nobility and gentry of these districts in vain remonstrated. They drew up a memorial to the throne, and forwarded it by one of their number, Sir John Read. He was instantly seized, imprisoned, and put to the rack in Dublin Castle; "one of the questions which he was pressed to answer being whether the king and queen were privy to the Irish rebellion." In fine the English or Anglo-Irish Catholic families of the Pale for the first time in history began to feel that with the native Irish, between whom and them hitherto so wide a gulf had yawned, their side must be taken. After some negotiation between them and the Irish leaders, "on the invitation of Lord Gormanstown a meeting of Catholic noblemen and gentry was held on the Hill of Crofty, in Meath. Among those who attended were the Earl of Fingal, Lords Gormanstown, Slane, Louth, Dunsany, Trimleston, and Netterville; Sir Patrick Barnwell, Sir Christopher Bellew, Patrick Barnwell of Kilbrew, Nicholas Darcy of Platten, James Bath, Gerald Aylmer, Cusack of Gormanstown, Malone of Lismullen, Segrave of Kileglan, etc. After being there a few hours a party of armed men on horseback, with a guard of musketeers, were seen to approach. The former were the insurgent leaders, Roger O'More, Philip O'Reilly, MacMahon, captains Byrne and Fox, etc. The lords and gentry rode toward them, and Lord Gormanstown as spokesman demanded, 'for what reason they came armed into the Pale?' O'More answered that 'the ground of their coming thither and taking up arms, was for the freedom and liberty of their consciences, the maintenance of his majesty's prerogative, in which they understood he was abridged, and the making the subjects of this kingdom as free as those of England.'"* The leaders then embraced amid the acclamations of their followers, and the general conditions of their union having been unanimously agreed upon, a warrant was drawn out authorizing the Sheriff of Meath to summon the gentry of the county to a final meeting at the Hill of Tara on the 24th of December."†

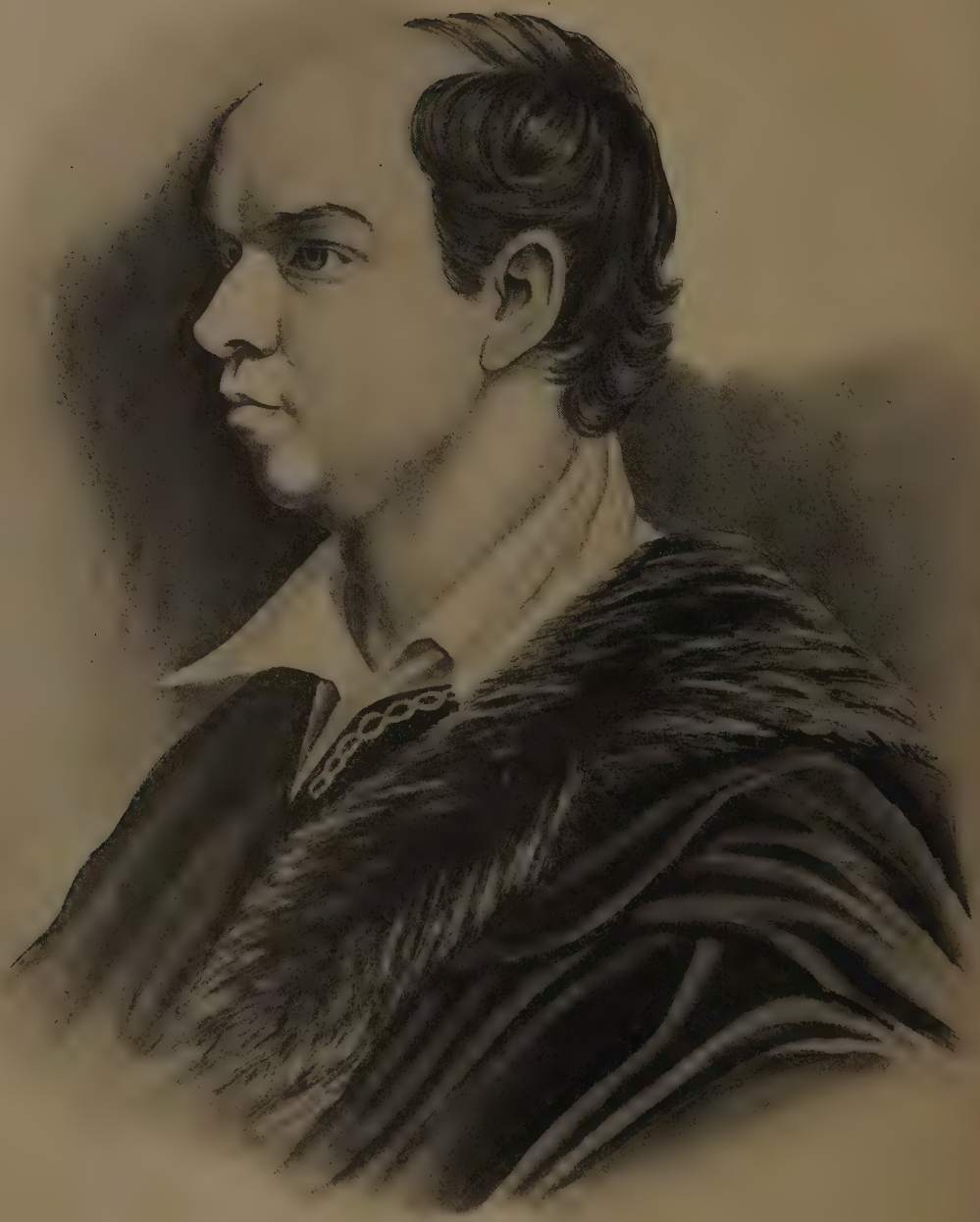
From this meeting sprang the Irish Confederation of 1642, formally and solemnly inaugurated three months subsequently at Kilkenny.

CHAPTER LV.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CONFLICTING ELEMENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR IN 1642-9—HOW THE CONFEDERATE CATHOLICS MADE GOOD THEIR POSITION, AND ESTABLISHED A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND.

Few chapters of Irish history are more important, none have been more momentous in their results, than that which chronicles the career of the Confederation of 1642. But it is of all the most intricate and involved, and the most difficult to summarize with fitting brevity and clearness for young readers. In that struggle there were not two, but at least four or five distinct parties, with distinct, separate, and to a greater or lesser degree conflicting interests and views; partially and momentarily combining, shifting positions, and changing alliances; so that the conflict as it proceeded was, in its character and component parts, truly "chameleonic." As for the unfortunate king, if he was greatly to be blamed, he was also greatly to be pitied. He was not a man of passion, malice, or injustice. He was mild, kindly, and justly disposed; but weak, vacillating, and self-willed; and, under the pressure of necessity and danger, his weakness degenerated into miserable duplicity at times. In the storm gathering against him in England, his enemies found great advantage in accusing him of "popish leanings," and insinuating that he was secretly authorizing and encouraging the Irish popish rebels—the same who had just massacred all the Protestants that were and were not in the newly planted province of Ulster. To rid himself of this suspicion, Charles went into the extreme of anxiety to crush those hated Irish papists. He denounced them in proclamations,

* Haverty. † M'Gee.



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and applied to parliament for leave to cross over and head an army against them himself. The parliament replied by maliciously insinuating a belief that his real object was to get to the head of the Irish popish rebellion, which (they would have it) he only hypocritically affected to denounce.

The newly-settled Anglo-Irish Protestants became from the outset of this struggle bitter Puritans; the old families of the Pale mostly remaining royalists. The former sided with the parliamentarians and against the king, because they mistrusted his declarations of intolerance against the Catholics, and secretly feared he would allow them to live and hold possession of lands in Ireland; in which case there would be no plunder, no "plantations." The Covenanting Scots—the classes from whom in James' reign the Ulster colonists had largely been drawn, had just the same cause of quarrel against the Irish, whom the English parliamentarians hated with a fierceness for which there could be no parallel. This latter party combined religious fanaticism with revolutionary passion, and to one and the other the Irish were intolerably obnoxious; to the one, because they were papists, idolaters, followers of Antichrist, whom to slay was work good and holy; to the other, because they had sided with the "tyrant" Charles.

The Catholic prelates and clergy could not be expected to look on idly while a fierce struggle in defense of the Catholic religion, and in sustainment of the sovereign against rebellious foes, was raging in the land. In such a war they could not be neutral. A provincial synod was held at Kells, March 22, 1642, whereat, after full examination and deliberation, the cause of the confederates—"God and the King," freedom of worship and loyalty to the sovereign—was declared just and holy. The assembled prelates issued an address vehemently denouncing excesses or severities of any kind, and finally took steps to convoke a national synod at Kilkenny on the 10th of May following.

On that day accordingly (10th of May, 1643), the national synod met in the city of St. Canice. "The occasion was most solemn, and the proceedings were characterized by calm dignity and an enlightened tone. An oath of association, which all Catholics throughout the land were enjoined to take, was framed; and those who were bound together by this solemn tie were called the 'Confederate Catholics of Ireland.' A manifesto explanatory of their motives, and containing rules to guide the confederation, and an admirable plan of provisional government, was issued. It was ordained that a general assembly, comprising all the lords spiritual and temporal, and the gentry of their party, should be held; and that the assembly should select members from its body, to represent the different provinces and principal cities, and to be called the Supreme Council, which should sit from day to day, dispense justice, appoint to offices, and carry on as it were the executive government of the country. Severe penalties were pronounced against all who made the war an excuse for the commission of crime; and after three days' sittings this important conference brought its labors to a close."*

"The national synod did not break up till about the end of May, and long before that period the proclamations issued by the prelates and lay-lords, calling on the people to take the oath of association, had the happiest results. Agents from the synod crossed over into France, Spain, and Italy, to solicit support and sympathy from the Catholic princes. Father Luke Wadding was indefatigably employed collecting moneys and inciting the Irish officers serving in the continental armies to return and give their services to their own land. Lord Mountgarret was appointed president of the council, and the October following was fixed for a general assembly of the whole kingdom."†

On the 23d of October following the general assembly thus convoked, assembled in Kilkenny, "eleven bishops and fourteen lay-lords represented the Irish peerage; two hundred and twenty-six commoners, the large majority of the constituencies. The celebrated lawyer Patrick Darcy, a member of the Commons House, was chosen as chancelor, and everything was conducted with the gravity and deliberation befitting so venerable an assembly and so great an occasion." A Supreme Council of six members for each province was elected. The archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, and Tuam, the bishops of Down and of

* Haverty.

† Rev. C. P. Meehan's "Confederation of Kilkenny."

Clonfert, Lord Gormanstown, Lord Mountgarret, Lord Roche, and Lord Mayo, with fifteen of the most eminent commoners, composed this council.

Such was the national government and legislature under which Ireland fought a formidable struggle for three years. It was loyally obeyed and served throughout the land; in fact it was the only sovereign ruling power recognized at all outside of two or three walled cities for the greater part of that time. It undertook all the functions properly appertaining to its high office; coined money at a national mint; appointed judges who went circuit and held assizes; sent ambassadors or agents abroad, and commissioned officers to the national armies—among the latter being Owen Roe O'Neill, who had landed at Doe Castle in Donegal in July of that year, and now formally assumed command of the army of Ulster.

While that governing body held together, unrent by treason or division, the Irish nation was able to hold its crowding foes at bay, and was in fact practically free.

CHAPTER LVI.

HOW KING CHARLES OPENED NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE CONFEDERATE COUNCIL—HOW THE ANGLO-IRISH PARTY WOULD "HAVE PEACE AT ANY PRICE," AND THE "NATIVE IRISH" PARTY STOOD OUT FOR PEACE WITH HONOR—HOW POPE INNOCENT THE TENTH SENT AN ENVOY—"NOT EMPTY-HANDED"—TO AID THE IRISH CAUSE.

"THE very power of the confederates," says one of our historians, "now became the root of their misfortunes. It led the king to desire to come to terms with them, not from any intention to do them justice, but with the hope of deriving assistance from them in his difficulties; and it exposed them to all those assaults of diplomatic craft, and that policy of fomenting internal division, which ultimately proved their ruin."

The mere idea of the king desiring to treat with them unsettled the whole body of the Anglo-Irish lords and nobles. They would have peace with the king on almost any terms—they would trust everything to him. The old Irish, the native or national party, on the other hand, were for holding firmly by the power that had caused the king to value and respect them; yielding in nowise unless the demands specifically laid down in the articles of confederation were efficiently secured. On this fatal issue the Supreme Council and the Confederation were surely split from the first hour. Two parties were on the instant created—two bitter factions they became—the "peace party" or "Ormondists;" and the "national party" subsequently designated the "nuncionist," from the circumstance of the Papal nuncio being its firmest supporter, if not its leader.

The first negotiations were conducted on the royal side by a plenipotentiary whom the Anglo-Irish lords not only regarded as a friend of the king, but knew to be as much opposed as they were themselves to the rebel Puritans—the Marquis of Ormond, a man of profound ability, of winning manners, and deeply skilled in diplomacy. To induce the confederates to lay down their arms, to abandon their vantage ground in Ireland, and send their troops across to Scotland or England to fight for Charles, was his great aim. In return he would offer little more than "trust to the king, when he shall have put his enemies down." In the very first negotiation the compromise party prevailed. On September 15, 1643, a cessation of arms was signed in Ormond's tent at Sigginstown, near Naas. In this the confederates were completely outwitted. *They* kept the truce; but they found Ormond either unable or unwilling to compel to obedience of its provisions the Puritan government generals, foremost among whom in savagery were Monroe in the north, leader of the covenanting Scotch army, and Morrough O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin (son-in-law of Sentleger, lord president of Munster), in the south. Meanwhile Ormond, as we are told, "amused the confederates with negotiations for a *permanent* peace and settlement from spring till midsummer;" time working all against the confederates, inasmuch as internal division was widening every day. It turned out that the marquis, whose prejudices against the Catholics were stronger than his loyalty to the waning fortunes of the king was deceiving both parties; for while he was skillfully procrastinating and baffling any decisive action, Charles was really importuning him to hasten the peace, and come to terms with the Irish, whose aid was every day becoming

more necessary. At this stage, the king privately sent over Lord Glamorgan to conclude a secret treaty with the confederates. Lords Mountgarret and Muskerry met the royal commissioner on the part of the confederation, and the terms of a treaty fully acceptable were duly agreed upon: I. The Catholics of Ireland were to enjoy the free and public exercise of their religion. II. They were to hold and have secured for their use all the Catholic churches not then in actual possession of the Protestants. III. They were to be exempt from the jurisdiction of the Protestant clergy. IV. The confederates (as the price of being allowed to hold their own churches and to worship in their own faith) were to send 10,000 men fully armed to the relief of Chester and the general succor of the king. Lastly, on the king's part it was stipulated that this treaty should be kept secret while his troubles with English malcontents were pending. The pretense was that Ormond (by this time lord lieutenant) knew nothing of this secret negotiation; but he and Glamorgan and the king understood each other well. On his way to Kilkenny the royal agent called upon and had a long sitting with Ormond; and from Kilkenny, Glamorgan and the confederate plenipotentiaries went to Dublin, where, during several private interviews, the lord lieutenant argued over all the points of the treaty with them. He evidently thought the 10,000 men might be had of the confederates for less concessions. Meanwhile Charles' fortunes were in the balance. Ormond was well-disposed to serve the king, but not at the risk of danger to himself. After having fully reasoned over all the points of the treaty for several days with Glamorgan and the confederate lords, suddenly, one afternoon, Ormond arrested Glamorgan with every show of excitement and panic, and flung him into prison on a charge of high treason, in having improperly treated in the king's name with the confederates! A tremendous sensation was created in Dublin by the event; Ormond feigning that only by accident that day had Glamorgan's conduct been discovered! The meaning of all this was, that on the person of the archbishop of Tuam, who had been killed a few days previously, bravely fighting against some of the marauding murderers in the west, there was found a copy of the treaty which thus became pu blic. Ormond saw that as the affair was prematurely disclosed, he must needs affect surprise and indignation at, and disavow it. Of course Glamorgan was softly whispered to lie still, if he would save the king, and offer no contradiction of the viceregal falsehoods. With which Glamorgan duly complied. The duped confederates were to bear all the odium and discomfiture!

It was during the Glamorgan negotiation—toward its close—that there arrived in Kilkenny a man whose name is indelibly written on the history of this period, and is deeply engraved in Irish memory—John Baptist Rinuccini, archbishop of Fermo, in the marches of Ancona, chosen by the new pope, Innocent the Tenth, as nuncio to the confederated Catholics of Ireland. As the pope, from the first hour when the Irish were driven into a war in defense of religion, never sent an envoy empty-handed, Rinuccini brought with him, purchased by moneys contributed by the holy father, besides thirty-six thousand dollars forwarded by Father Luke Wadding, "two thousand muskets, two thousand cartouche belts, four thousand swords, two thousand pike-heads, four hundred brace of pistols, twenty thousand pounds of powder, with match, shot, and other stores." He landed from his frigate, the San Pietro, at Ardtully in Kenmare Bay. He then proceeded by way of Kilgarvan to Macroom, whither the Supreme Council sent some troops of cavalry to meet him as a guard of honor. Thence by way of Kilmallock and Limerick, as rapidly as his feeble health admitted (he had to be borne on a litter or palanquin), he proceeded to Kilkenny, now practically the capital of the kingdom—the seat of the national government—where there awaited him a reception such as a monarch might envy. It was Catholic Ireland's salutation to the "royal pope."

That memorable scene is described for us as follows by a writer to whom we owe the only succinct account which we possess in the English language of the great events of the period now before us: "At a short distance from the gate, he descended from the litter, and having put on the cope and pontifical hat, the insignia of his office, he mounted a horse caparisoned for the occasion. The secular and regular clergy

had assembled in the church of St. Patrick, close by the gate, and when it was announced that the nuncio was in readiness, they advanced into the city in processional array, preceded by the standard-bearers of their respective orders. Under the old arch, called St. Patrick's gate, he was met by the vicar-general of the diocese of Ossory, and the magistrates of the city and county, who joined in the procession. The streets were lined by regiments of infantry, and the bells of the Black Abbey and the church of St. Francis pealed a gladsome chime. The procession then moved on till it ascended the gentle eminence on which the splendid old fane, sacred to St. Canice, is erected. At the grand entrance he was received by the venerable bishop of Ossory, whose feebleness prevented his walking in procession. After mutual salutations, the bishop handed him the aspersorium and incense, and then both entered the cathedral, which, even in the palmiest days of Catholicity, had never held within its precincts a more solemn or gorgeous assemblage. The nuncio ascended the steps of the grand altar, intonated the 'Te Deum,' which was caught up by a thousand voices, till crypt and chancel resounded with the psalmody; and when it ceased, he pronounced a blessing on the immense multitude which crowded the aisles and nave. . . . These ceremonies concluded, he retired for awhile to the residence prepared for him in the city, and shortly afterward was waited on by General Preston and Lord Muskerry. He then proceeded on foot to visit Lord Mountgarret, the president of the assembly. The reception took place in the castle. At the foot of the grand staircase he was met by Thomas Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, and Walsh, archbishop of Cashel. At the end of the great gallery, Lord Mountgarret was seated, waiting his arrival, and when the nuncio approached, he got up from his chair, without moving a single inch in advance. The seat designed for Rinuccini was of damask and gold, with a little more ornament than that occupied by the president. . . . The nuncio immediately addressed the president in Latin, and declared that the object of his mission was to sustain the king, then so perilously circumstanced; but, above all, to rescue from pains and penalties the people of Ireland, and to assist them in securing the free and public exercise of the Catholic religion, and the restoration of the churches and church property of which fraud and violence had so long deprived their rightful inheritors."* From the very first the nuncio discerned the pernicious workings of the "compromise" idea in paralyzing the power of the confederacy; and perceiving all its bitter mischief, he seems to have had little patience with it. He saw that the old English of the Pale were more than anxious for a compromise, and to this end would allow the astute Ormond to fool them to the last, to the utter ruin of the confederate cause. They were, however, the majority, and eventually on the 28th of March, 1646, concluded with Ormond a treaty of peace which was a modification of Glamorgan's original propositions.

On the character and merits of this treaty turns one of the most injurious and mournful controversies that ever agitated Ireland. "A base peace," the populace called it when made public; but it might have been a wise one for all that. In the denunciations put forward against it by all who followed the nuncio's views, full justice has not been done this memorable pact. It contained one patent and fatal defect—it failed to make such express and adequate stipulations for the security of the Catholic religion as the oath of Confederation demanded. Failing this, it was substantially a good treaty under all the circumstances. It secured (as far as a treaty with a double-dealing and now virtually discrowned king might be held to secure anything), all, or nearly all, that the Irish Catholics expected then, or have since demanded. There can be no doubt that the majority of the Supreme Council honestly judged it the best peace attainable, nay, wondrously advantageous, all things considered; and judging so, it is not to be marveled at that they bitterly complained of and inveighed against the nuncio and the party following him, as mad and culpable "extremists," who would lose all by unreasonably grasping at too much. But the nuncio and the "native party argued that if the confederates were but true to themselves, they would not need to be false to their oaths—that they had it in their power by vigorous and patriotic effort to

* Rev. C. P. Meehan's "Confederation of Kilkenny."

win equality and freedom, not merely tolerance. Above all, Rinuccini pointed out that dealing with men like Charles the king and Ormond the viceroy, circumstanced as the royalist cause then was, the confederates were utterly without security. They were selling their whole power and position for the "promise to pay" of a bankrupt.

CHAPTER LVII.

HOW THE NUNCIO FREED AND ARMED THE HAND OF OWEN ROE, AND BADE HIM STRIKE AT LEAST ONE WORTHY BLOW FOR GOD AND IRELAND—HOW GLORIOUSLY OWEN STRUCK THAT BLOW AT BENBURB.

It was even so. Two months afterward, May, 1646, Charles, all powerless, fled from the dangers environing him in England and took refuge with the Scottish parliament. Meanwhile the Scottish covenanting marauders in Ulster had been wasting the land unchecked since the fatal "truce" and "peace negotiations" had tied up the hands of the confederates. The nuncio had early discerned the supreme abilities of Owen Roe O'Neill (the favorite general of the national party, or "old Irish faction" in the council), and now he resolved to strike a blow which might show the country what was possible to brave men resolved to conquer or die. He sent northward to O'Neill the greater part of the supplies which he had brought with him from abroad, and told the Ulster commander that on him it now lay to open the eyes alike of Puritan rebels, English loyalists, and half-hearted confederates.

O'Neill was not slow to respond to this summons. For three long years, like a chained eagle, he had pined in weary idleness, ignoble "truces" fettering him. At last he was free; and now he resolved to show weak friend and arrogant foe how he who had defended Arras, could strike for God and liberty at home.

With the first days of June he was on the march from his late "truce" station on the borders of Leinster, at the head of five thousand foot and four hundred horse, to attack Monroe. "The Scottish general received timely notice of this movement, and setting out with six thousand infantry and eight hundred horse, encamped about ten miles from Armagh. His army was thus considerably superior to that of O'Neill in point of numbers, as it must also have been in equipments; yet he sent word to his brother, Colonel George Monroe, to hasten from Coleraine to reinforce him with his cavalry. He appointed Glasslough, in the south of Monaghan, as their rendezvous; but the march of the Irish was quicker than he expected, and he learned on the 4th of June that O'Neill had not only reached that point, but had crossed the Blackwater into Tyrone, and encamped at Benburb. O'Neill drew up his army between two small hills, protected in the rear by a wood, with the river Blackwater on his right and a bog on his left, and occupied some brushwood in front with musketeers, so that his position was admirably selected. He was well informed of Monroe's plans, and dispatched two regiments to prevent the junction of Colonel George Monroe's forces with those of his brother. Finding that the Irish were in possession of the ford at Benburb, Monroe crossed the river at Kinard, a considerable distance in O'Neill's rear, and then by a circuitous march approached him in front from the east and south. The manner in which the 5th of June was passed in the Irish camp was singularly solemn. 'The whole army,' says Rinuccini, 'having confessed, and the general, with the other officers, having received the holy communion with the greatest piety, made a profession of faith, and the chaplain deputed by the nuncio for the spiritual care of the army, after a brief exhortation, gave them his blessing. On the other hand the Scots were inflamed with fierce animosity against their foe, and an ardent desire for battle.' "*

"As they advanced," says another writer, "they were met by Colonel Richard O'Ferral, who occupied a narrow defile through which it was necessary for the Scotch troops to pass in order to face the Irish. The fire of Monroe's guns, however, compelled O'Neill's officer to retire." Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham having thus cleared the pass for the Scotch horse, who were commanded by the Lord Viscount of Ardes, in the absence of Colonel Monroe, "the whole army advanced to dislodge Owen Roe; but a shower of bullets from the 'scrogs and bushes,' which covered O'Neill's infantry,

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* Haverty.

checked him; and then the Scotch cannon opened its fire with little effect; as, owing to the admirable position of the Catholic troops, only one man was struck by the shot. In vain did Monroe's cavalry charge; with the river on their right and 'a marish bog' on the left, it was hopeless to think of stirring the confederates. For four hours did the Fabius of his country amuse the enemy with skirmishing. During all that time the wind rolling the smoke of Monroe's musketry and cannon in the face of the Irish ranks, concealed the adverse ranks from their sight, and the sun had shone all day in their eyes, blinding them with its dazzling glare; but that sun was now descending, and producing the same effect on the Scotch, when Monroe perceived the entire of the Irish army making ready for a general assault with horse and foot.

"It was the decisive moment. The Irish general, throwing himself into the midst of his men, and pointing out to them that retreat must be fatal to the enemy, ordered them to pursue vigorously, assuring them of victory. 'I myself,' said he, 'with the aid of heaven, will lead the way; let those who fail to follow me remember that they abandon their general.' This address was received with one unanimous shout by the army. The colonels threw themselves from their horses, to cut themselves off from every chance of retreat, and 'charged with incredible impetuosity.'

"Monroe had given orders to a squadron of horse to break through the columns of the Irish foot as they advanced; but that squadron became panic-stricken, and retreated disorderly through their own foot, pursued by O'Neill's cavalry. Nevertheless, Monroe's infantry stood firm, and received the Irish, body to body, with push of pike, till at last the cavalry reserve, being routed in a second charge, fell pellmell among his infantry, which, being now broken and disordered, had no way to retreat but over the river which lay in their front."

"The Scots now fled to the river," says another historian; "but O'Neill held possession of the ford, and the flying masses were driven into the deep water, where such numbers perished that tradition says one might have crossed over dryshod on the bodies. Monroe himself fled so precipitately that his hat, sword, and cloak, were among the spoils, and he halted not till he reached Lisburn. Lord Montgomery was taken prisoner, with twenty-one officers and about one hundred and fifty soldiers; and over three thousand of the Scots were left on the field beside those killed in the pursuit, which was resumed next morning. All the Scotch artillery, tents, and provisions, with a vast quantity of arms and ammunition, and thirty-two colors, fell into the hands of the Irish, who, on their side, had only seventy men killed and two hundred wounded.'*

Father Hartigan, one of the army chaplains, was sent to bear the glad news of this victory to the nuncio at Limerick, taking with him the trophies captured from the enemy. He arrived on Saturday, June 13th, and his tidings flung the queen city of the Shannon into ecstacies of jubilation. "On the following day (Sunday) at four oclock P.M., all the troops in garrison at Limerick assembled before the church of St. Francis, where the nuncio had deposited thirty-two standards taken by the Irish general from the Scotch. These trophies were then borne in solemn procession by the chiefs of the nobility, followed by the nuncio, the archbishop of Cashel, and the bishops of Limerick, Clonfert, and Ardfert. After these came the Supreme Council, the mayor and the magistrates, with the entire population of the city. The procession moved on till it reached St. Mary's cathedral, where the 'Te Deum' was chanted, and on the next day a mass of thanksgiving was offered to the Lord, 'who fought among the valiant ones, and overthrew the nations that were assembled against them to destroy the sanctuary.'"

Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who is never truer poet, never more nobly inspired than when the victory of an O'Neill is to be sung, gives us the following splendid chant of Benburb:

"At midnight I gazed on the moonless skies;
There glisten'd, 'mid other star blazonries,
A sword all stars; then heaven, I knew,
Hath holy work for a sword to do.
Be true, ye clansmen of Nial! Be true!

"At morning I look'd as the sun uprose
On the fair hills of Antrim, late white with
snows;

* Rev. C. P. Meehan's "Confederation of Kilkenny."

Was it morning only that dyed them red?
Martyr'd hosts methought had bled
On their sanguine ridges for years not few!
Ye clansmen of Conn, this day be true!

"There is felt once more on the earth
The step of a kingly man:
Like a dead man hidden he lay from his birth
Exiled from his country and clan.

"This day his standard he flingeth forth;
He tramples the bond and ban:
Let them look in his face that usurp'd his hearth;
Let them vanquish him, they who can!

"Owen Roe, our own O'Neill—
He treads once more our land!
The sword in his hand is of Spanish steel,
But the hand is an Irish hand!

. . . . . .

"Montgomery, Conway! base-born crew!
This day ye shall learn an old lesson anew!
Thou art red with sunset this hour, Blackwater;
But twice ere now thou wert red with slaughter!"
Another O'Neill by the ford they met;
And 'the bloody loaming' men name it yet!

"Owen Roe, our own O'Neill—
He treads once more our land!
The sword in his hand is of Spanish steel,
But the hand is an Irish hand!

"The storm of battle rings out! On! on!
Shine well in their faces, thou setting sun!
The smoke grows crimson: from left to right
Swift flashes the spleenful and racing light;
The horses stretched forward with belly to ground:
On! on! like a lake which has burst its bound.
Through the clangor of brands rolls the laughter of cannon;
Wind-borne it shall reach thine old walls, Dungannon.
Our window'd cathedrals an ancient strain
To-morrow triumphant shall chant again.
On! on! This night on thy banks, Lough Neagh,
Men born in bondage shall couch them free.
On, warriors, launch'd by a warrior's hand!
Four years ye were leash'd in a brazen band;
He counted your bones, and he meted your might,
This hour he dashes you into the fight!
Strong Sun of the Battle!—great chief, whose eye
Wherever it gazes makes victory—
This hour thou shalt see them do or die!

"Owen Roe, our own O'Neill—
He treads once more our land!
The sword in his hand is of Spanish steel,
But the hand is an Irish hand!

"Through the dust and the mist of the golden west,
New hosts draw nigh: is it friend or foe?
They come! They are ours! Like a cloud their vanguard lours!
No help from thy brother this day, Monro!
They form; there stand they one moment, still—
Now, now they charge under banner and sign:
They breast, unbroken, the slope of the hill:
It breaks before them, the invader's line!
Their horse and their foot are crushed together
Like harbor-locked ships in the winter weather,
Each dash'd upon each, the churn'd wave strewing
With wreck upon wreck, and ruin on ruin.
The spine of their battle gave way with a yell:
Down drop their standards! that cry was their knell!
Some on the bank, and some in the river,
Struggling they lie that shall rally never.

" 'T was God fought for us! with hands of might
From on high He kneaded and shaped the fight.
To Him be the praise; what He wills must be:
With Him is the future; for blind are we.
Let Ormond at will make terms or refuse them;
Let Charles the confederates win or lose them;
Uplift the old faith, and annul the old strife,
Or cheat us, and forfeit his kingdom and life;
Come hereafter what must or may,
Ulster, thy cause is avenged to-day!
What fraud took from us and force, the sword
That strikes in daylight makes ours restored.

"Owen Roe, our own O'Neill—
He treads once more our land!
The sword in his hand is of Spanish steel,
But the hand is an Irish hand!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

HOW THE KING DISAVOWED THE TREATY, AND THE IRISH REPUDIATED IT—HOW THE COUNCIL BY A WORSE BLUNDER CLASPED HANDS WITH A SACRILEGIOUS MURDERER, AND INCURRED EXCOMMUNICATION—HOW AT LENGTH THE ROYALISTS AND CONFEDERATES CONCLUDED AN HONORABLE PEACE.

ELATED by this great victory, that party in the confederation of which O'Neill was the military favorite, and the nuncio the head, now became outspoken and vehement in their denunciations of the temporizers. And opportunely for them came the news from England that the miserable Charles, on finding that his commission to Glamorgan had been discovered, repudiated and denied the whole transaction, notwithstanding the formal commission duly signed and sealed by him, exhibited to the confederate council by his envoy! Ormond, nevertheless, as strongly exhorted the "peace party" to hold firm, and to consider for the hard position of the king, which compelled him to prevaricate! But the popular spirit was aroused, and Rinuccini, finding the tide with him, acted with a high hand against the "Ormondists," treating them as malcontents, even arresting and imprisoning them as half-traitors, whereas, howsoever wrong their judgment and halting their action, they were the (majority of the) lawfully elected government of the confederation.

New elections were ordered throughout the country for a new general assembly, which accordingly met at Kilkenny, January 10, 1647. This body by an overwhelming majority condemned the peace as invalid *ab initio*, inasmuch as it notably fell short of the oath of federation; but the conduct of the commissioners and majority of the council was generously, and indeed justly, declared to have been animated by good faith and right intentions. The feuds, however, were but superficially healed; discord and suspicion caused the confederate generals, according as they belonged to the conflicting parties—the "Pale English" or the "Native Irish"—to fear each other as much as the Puritan enemy. Meanwhile an Irish Attila was drenching Munster in blood—Morrough O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin, called to this day in popular traditions "Morrough of the Burnings," from the fact that the firmament over his line of march was usually blackened by the smoke of his burnings and devastations.* One monster massacre on his part filled all the land with horror. He besieged and stormed Cashel. The women and children took refuge in the grand cathedral on the rock, the ruins of which still excite the tourist's admiration. "Inchiquin poured in volleys of musket balls through the doors and windows, unmoved by the piercing shrieks of the crowded victims within, and then sent in his troopers to finish with pike and saber the work which the bullets had left incomplete. The floor was incumbered with piles of mangled bodies, and twenty priests who had sought shelter under the altars were dragged forth and slaughtered with a fury which the mere extinction of life could not half appease."† Ere the horror excited by this hideous butchery had died away, the country heard with consternation that the Supreme Council of the Confederation had concluded a treaty with Inchiquin, as a first step toward securing his alliance. In vain the nuncio and the bishops protested against alliance or union with the man whose hands were still wet and red with the blood of anointed priests, massacred at the altar! The majority of the council evidently judged—sincerely, it may be credited—that under all the circumstances it was a substantial good to make terms with, and possibly draw over to the royal cause, a foe so powerful. The bishops did not look on the question thus; nor did the lay (native) Irish leaders. The former recoiled in horror from communion with a sacrilegious murderer; the latter, to like aversion joined an absolute suspicion of his treachery, and time justified their suspicions. The truce nevertheless was signed at Dungarvan on the

* This dreadful man was one of the first and bitterest fruits of the "Court of Wards" scheme, which in the previous reign was appointed for the purpose of seizing the infant children of the Catholic nobility, and bringing them up in hatred and horror of the faith of their fathers. O'Brien had been thus seized when a child, and thus brought up by the "Court of Wards"—to what purpose has just been illustrated. It would hardly be fair to the English to say such a scheme had no parallel; for history records that *the Turks* used to seize the children of the subject Christians, and train them up to be the bloodiest in fury against their own race and creed!

† Haverty.

20th of May, 1648. Fully conscious that the nuncio and the national party would resist such an unholy pact, the contracting parties bound themselves to unite their forces against whomsoever would assail it. Accordingly Preston, the favorite general of the "Ormondist" Confederates, joined his troops to those of Inchiquin to crush O'Neill, whom with good cause they feared most. Five days after the "league with sacrilege and murder" was signed, the nuncio published a sentence of excommunication against its abettors and an interdict against all cities and towns receiving it. Having posted this proclamation on the gates of the cathedral, he made his escape from the city, and repaired to the camp of O'Neill at Maryboro.' Four months of wild confused conflict—all the old actors, with barely a few exceptions having changed sides or allies—were ended in September, by the arrival of Ormond at Cork (he had fled to France after an unaccountable if not traitorous surrender of Dublin to the Puritans) expressing willingness to negotiate anew with the confederation on the part of the king and his friends, on the basis of Glamorgan's first treaty. Four months subsequently—on January 17, 1649—this treaty, fully acceptable to all parties, was finally ratified and published amid great rejoicings; and the seven years' war was brought to an end!

Ormond and his royal master had wasted four years in vain, hesitating over the one clause which alone is may be said was at issue between them and the Irish national party—that one simply securing the Catholic religion against proscription and persecution, and stipulating the restriction of further spoliation of the churches. Its simple justice was fully conceded in the end. Too late! Scarcely had the rejoicings over the happy peace, or rather the alliance between the English, Scotch, and Irish royalists, Catholic and Protestant, ceased in Ireland, when the news of the king's death in London shocked the land. Charles, as already mentioned, had flung himself upon the loyalty of the Scottish parliament, in which the Lowland covenanting element predominated. His rebellious subjects on the southern side of the border, thirsting for his blood, offered to buy him from the Scots. After a short time spent in haggling over the bargain, those canny saints sold the unfortunate Charles for a money price of four hundred thousand pounds—an infamy for which the world has not a parallel. The blood-money was duly paid, and the English bore their king to London, where they murdered him publicly at Whitehall on January 30, 1649.

A few weeks after this event the uncompromising and true-hearted, but impetuous and imperious nuncio, Rinuccini, bade adieu to the hapless land into whose cause he had entered heart and soul, but whose distractions prostrated his warm hopes. He sailed from Galway for home, in his ship the San Pietro, on February 23, 1649.

And now, while the at-length united confederates and royalists are proclaiming the young Prince of Wales as king throughout Ireland, lo! the huge black shadow of a giant destroyer near at hand is flung across the scene!

CHAPTER LIX.

HOW CROMWELL LED THE PURITAN REBELS INTO IRELAND—HOW IRELAND BY A LESSON TOO TERRIBLE TO BE FORGOTTEN WAS TAUGHT THE DANGER OF TOO MUCH LOYALTY TO AN ENGLISH SOVEREIGN.

It is the figure of the great Regicide that looms up at this period like a huge colossus of power and wrath. The English nation caused Oliver Cromwell's body to be disinterred and hung in chains, and buried at the gallows foot. Even in our own day that nation, I believe, refuses to him a place amid the statues of its famous public men, set up in the legislative palace at Westminster. If England honored none of her heroes who were not good as well as great, this would be more intelligible and less inconsistent. She gave birth to few greater men, whose greatness is judged apart from virtue; and if she honors as her greatest philosopher and moralist the corrupt and venal lord chancellor Bacon, degraded for selling his decisions to the highest bribe, it is the merest squeamishness to ostracize the "Great Protector" because one king was among his murdered victims.

England has had for half a thousand years few sovereign rulers to compare in intellect with this "bankrupt brewer of Huntingdon." She owes much of her latter-day European prestige to his undoubted national spirit; for though a

despot, a bigot, and a canting hypocrite, he was a thorough nationalist as an Englishman. And she owes not a little of her constitutional liberty to the democratic principles with which the republican party, on whose shoulders he mounted to power, leavened the nation.

In 1649 the Puritan revolution had consumed all opposition in England; but Ireland presented an inviting field for what the Protector and his soldiery called "the work of the Lord." There their passions would be fully aroused, and there their vengeance would have full scope. To pull down the throne and cut off Charles' head was, after all (according to their ideas), overthrowing only a political tyranny and an episcopal dominance among their own fellow-countrymen and fellow-Protestants. But in Ireland there was an idolatrous people to be put to the sword, and their fertile country to be possessed. Glory, hallelujah! The bare prospect of a campaign there threw all the Puritan regiments into ecstacies. It was the summons of the Lord to His chosen people to cross the Jordan and enter the promised land!

In this spirit Cromwell came to Ireland, landing at Dublin on August 14, 1649. He remained nine months. Never, perhaps, in the same space of time, has one man more of horror and desolation to show for himself. It is not for any of the ordinary severities of war that Cromwell's name is infamous in Ireland. War is no child's play, and those who take to it must not wail if its fair penalties fall upon them ever so hard and heavy. If Cromwell, therefore, was merely a vigorous and "thorough" soldier, it would be unjust to cast special odium upon him. To call him "savage," because the slain of his enemies in battle might have been enormous in amount, would be simply contemptible. But it is for a far different reason Cromwell is execrated in Ireland. It is for such butcheries of the unarmed and defenseless non-combatants—the ruthless slaughter of inoffensive women and children—as Drogheda and Wexford witnessed, that he is justly regarded as a bloody and brutal tyrant. Bitterly, bitterly, did the Irish people pay for their loyalty to the English sovereign; an error they had just barely learned to commit, although scourged for centuries by England compelling them thereto! I spare myself recital of the horrors of that time. Yet it is meet to record the fact that not even before the terrors of such a man did the Irish exhibit a craven or cowardly spirit. Unhappily for their worldly fortunes, if not for their fame, they were high-spirted and unfearing, where pusillanimity would certainly have been safety, and might have been only prudence. Owen Roe O'Neill was struck down by death early in the struggle, and by the common testimony of friend and foe, in him the Irish lost the only military leader capable of coping with Cromwell.* Nevertheless, with that courage which unflinchingly looks ruin in the face, and chooses death before dishonor, the Irish fought the issue out. At length, after a fearful and bloody struggle of nearly three years' duration, "on May 12, 1652, the Leinster army of the Irish surrendered on terms signed at Kilkenny, which were adopted successively by the other principal armies between that time and the September following, when the Ulster forces surrendered."

CHAPTER LX.

THE AGONY OF A NATION.

What ensued upon the Cromwellian conquest of Ireland has been told recently in a book written under most singular circumstances—a compilation from state records and official documents—a book which the reader may take in his hand, and challenge the wide world for another such true story.

About twenty-one years ago an Irish professional gentleman, a member of the bar, a Protestant, educated in England, belonging to one of those noble Anglo-Norman families who early identified themselves in sympathy with Ireland as the country of their adoption, "received a commission from England to make some pedigree researches in Tipperary." He was well qualified

* He died November 6, 1649, at Cloughoughter Castle, county Cavan, on his way southward to effect a junction with Ormond for a campaign against Cromwell. He was buried in the cemetery of the Franciscan convent in the town of Cavan. A popular tradition, absurdly erroneous, to the effect that he died by poison—"having danced in poisoned slippers"—has been adopted by Davis in his "Lament for the Death of Owen Roe." The story, however, is quite apocryphal.

for a task which enlisted at once the abilities of a jurist and the attainments of an archæologist. By inclination and habit far removed from the stormy atmosphere of politics, his life had been largely devoted to the tranquil pursuits of study at home or in other lands. His literary and philosophic tastes, his legal schooling, and above all his professional experience, which in various occupations had brought him largely into contact with the practical realities of life in Ireland, all tended to give him an interest in the subject thus committed to his investigations. His client little thought, however—for a long time he little dreamed himself—that to the accident of such a commission would be traceable the existence subsequently of one of the most remarkable books ever printed in the English language, "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," by Mr. John P. Prendergast.

It would be hopeless to attempt to abbreviate or summarize the startling romance, the mournful tragedy of history—"the record of a nation's woes"—which Mr. Prendergast, as he tells us, discovered in the dust-covered cell of that gloomy tower in Dublin Castle yard, apparently the same that once was the dungeon of Hugh Roe O'Donnell.* I therefore relinquish all idea of following in detail the transactions which immediately followed upon the capitulation of the Irish armies, "when," says Mr. Prendergast, "there took place a scene not witnessed in Europe since the conquest of Spain by the Vandals." "Indeed," he continues, "it is injustice to the Vandals to equal them with the English of 1652; for the Vandals came as strangers and conquerors in an age of force and barbarism; nor did they banish the people, though they seized and divided their lands by lot; but the English of 1652 were of the same nation as half of the chief families in Ireland, and at that time had the island under their sway for five hundred years.

"The captains and men of war of the Irish, amounting to forty thousand men and upward, they banished into Spain, where they took service under that king; others of them with a crowd of orphan girls were transported to serve the English planters in the West Indies; and the remnant of the nation not banished or transported were to be transplanted into Connaught, while the conquering army divided the ancient inheritances of the Irish among them by lot."

James essayed the plantation of Ulster, as Henry and Elizabeth had the colonization of Munster. The republican parliament went much further, "improving" to the full their dreadful "opportunity." They decided to colonize three provinces—Leinster, Munster, and Ulster—converting the fourth (Connaught) into a vast encircled prison, into which such of the doomed natives as were not either transported as white slaves to Barbadoes, kept for servitude by the new settlers, or allowed to expatriate themselves

* "I now thought of searching the Record Commissioners' Reports, and found there were several volumes of the very date required, 1650–1659, in the custody of the clerk of the privy council, preserved in the heavily embattled tower which forms the most striking feature of the Castle of Dublin. They were only accessible at that day through the order of the lord lieutenant or chief secretary for Ireland. I obtained, at length, in the month of September, 1849, an order. It may be easily imagined with what interest I followed the porter up the dark winding stone staircase of this gloomy tower, once the prison of the castle, and was ushered into a small central space that seemed dark, even after the dark stairs we had just left. As the eye became accustomed to the spot, it appeared that the doors of five cells made in the prodigious thickness of the tower walls, opened on the central space. From one of them Hugh Roe O'Donel is said to have escaped, by getting down the privy of his cell to the Poddle River that runs around the base of the tower. The place was covered with the dust of twenty years; but opening a couple of volumes of the statutes—one as a clean spot to place my coat upon, the other to sit on—I took my seat in the cell exactly opposite to the one just mentioned, as it looked to the south over the castle garden, and had better light. In this tower I found a series of Order Books of the Commissioners of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England for the affairs of Ireland, together with domestic correspondence and Books of Establishments from 1650 to 1659. They were marked on the back by the letter A over a number, as will be observed in the various references in the notes to the present sketch. Here I found the records of a nation's woes. I felt that I had at last reached the haven I had been so long seeking. There I sat, extracting, for many weeks, until I began to know the voices of many of the corporals that came with the guard to relieve the sentry in the castle yard below, and every drum and bugle call of the regiment quartered in the Ship Street barracks. At length, between the labor of copying and excitement at the astonishing drama performing, as it were, before my eyes, my heart by some strange movements warned me it was necessary to retire for a time. But I again and again returned at intervals, sometimes of months, sometimes of years."—Preface to "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland."

as a privilege, might be driven on pain of immediate death; the calculation being, that in the desolate tracts assigned as their unsheltered prison they must inevitably perish ere long.

The American poet Longfellow has, in the poem of "Evangeline," immortalized the story of Acadia. How many a heart has melted into pity, how many an eye has filled with tears, perusing his metrical relation of the "transplanting" and dispersion of that one little community "on the shore of the basin of Minas!" But alas! how few recall or realize the fact—if, indeed, aware of it at all—that not one but hundreds of such dispersions, infinitely more tragical and more romantic, were witnessed in Ireland in the year 1654, when in every hamlet throughout three provinces "the sentence of expulsion was sped from door to door!" Longfellow describes to us how the English captain read aloud to the dismayed and grief-stricken villagers of Grand Pré the decree for their dispersion. Unconsciously, the poet merely described the form directed by an act of the English parliament to be adopted all over Ireland, when, "by beat of drumme and sound of trumpett, on some markett day, within tenn days after the same shall come unto them within their respective precincts," "the governor and commissioners of revenue, or any two or more of them within every precinct," were ordered to publish and proclaim "this present declaration:" to wit, that "all the ancient estates and farms of the people of Ireland were to belong to the adventurers and the army of England, and that the parliament had assigned Connaught (America was not then accessible) for the habitation of the Irish nation, whither they must transplant with their wives and daughters and children before the 1st of May following (1654), under penalty of death if found on this side of the Shannon after that day."

"Connaught was selected for the habitation of all the Irish nation," we are reminded, "by reason of its being surrounded by the sea and the Shannon all but ten miles, and the whole easily made into line by a few forts.* To further secure the imprisonment of the nation, and to cut them off from relief by the sea, a belt four miles wide, commencing one mile west of Sligo, and so winding along the seacoast and the Shannon, was reserved by the act (September 27, 1653) from being set out to the Irish, and was to be given to the soldiery to plant." The Irish were not to attempt to pass "the four mile line," as it was called, or to enter a walled town (or to come within five miles of certain specified towns) "on pain of death."*

Need we marvel that all over the land the loud wail of grief and despair resounded for days together? It was one universal scene of distracted leave-taking, and then along every road that led toward Connaught, each a *via dolorosa*, the sorrowing cavalcades streamed, weary, fainting, and footsore, weeping aloud! Toward the seaports moved other processions; alas! of not less mournful character—the Irish regiments marching to embark for exile; or the gangs in charge to be transported and sold into slavery in the pestilential settlements of the West Indies! Of young boys and girls alone Sir William Petty confesses six thousand were thus transported; "but the total number of Irish sent to perish in the tobacco islands, as they were called, were estimated in some Irish accounts at one hundred thousand." Force was necessary to collect them; but vain was all resistance. Bands of soldiery went about tearing from the arms of their shrieking parents young children of ten or twelve years, then chaining them in gangs, they marched them to the nearest port! "Henry Cromwell (Oliver's son), who was most active in the kidnapping of Irish 'white slaves,' writing from Ireland to Secretary Thurloe, says: "I think it might be of like advantage to your affairs there, and ours here, if you should think to send one thousand five hundred or two thousand young boys of twelve or fourteen years of age to the place aforementioned (West Indies). Who

* "March 9, 1654–5.—Order—Passes over the Shannon between Jamestown and Sligo to be closed, so as to make one entire line between Connaught and the adjacent parts of Leinster and Ulster."

* "How strict was the imprisonment of the transplanted in Connaught may be judged when it required a special order for Lord Trimbleston, Sir Richard Barnwall, Mr. Patrick Netterville, and others, then dwelling in the suburbs of Athlone on the Connaught side, to pass and repass the bridge into the part of the town on the Leinster side on their business; and only on giving security not to pass without special leave of the governor."—"Cromwellian Settlement;" with a reference to the State Record.

knows but it may be the means to make them Englishmen—I mean, rather, Christians.' Thurloe answers: 'The committee of the council have voted one thousand girls and as many youths to be *taken up* for that purpose.'"

The piety of the amiable kidnapper will be noted. But it was always so with his class; whether confiscating or transplanting, whether robbing the Irish, or selling them into slavery, it was always for their spiritual or temporal good—to sanctify or to civilize them. Accordingly we read that at this period "the parliamentary commissioners in Dublin published a proclamation by which and other edicts any Catholic priest found in Ireland after twenty days, was guilty of high treason, and liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; any person harboring such clergyman was liable to the penalty of death, and loss of goods and chattels; and any person knowing the place of concealment of a priest and not disclosing it to the authorities might be publicly whipped, and further punished with amputation of ears.

Any person absent from the parish church on a Sunday was liable to a fine of thirty pence; magistrates might take away the children of Catholics and send them to England for education, and might tender the oath of abjuration to all persons at the age of twenty-one years, who, on refusal, were liable to imprisonment during pleasure, and the forfeiture of two-thirds of their real and personal estates.

"The same price of five pounds was set on the head of a priest, and on that of a wolf, and the production of either head was a sufficient claim for the reward. The military being distributed in small parties over the country, and their vigilance kept alive by sectarian rancor and the promise of reward, it must have been difficult for a priest to escape detection; but many of them, nevertheless, braved the danger for their poor scattered flocks; and, residing in caverns in the mountains, or in lonely hovels in the bogs, they issued forth at night to carry the consolations of religion to the huts of their oppressed and suffering countrymen."*

"Ludlow," continues the same author, "relates in his 'Memoirs' (vol. i., page 422, De Vevay, 1691) how, when marching from Dundalk to Castleblaney, probably near the close of 1652, he discovered a few of the Irish in a cave, and how his party spent two days in endeavoring to smother them by smoke. It appears that the poor fugitives preserved themselves from suffocation during this operation by holding their faces close to the surface of some running water in the cavern, and that one of this party was armed with a pistol, with which he shot the foremost of the troopers who were entering the mouth of the cave after the first day's smoking. Ludlow caused the trial to be repeated, and the crevices through which the smoke escaped having been closed, 'another smoke was made.' The next time the soldiers entered with helmets and breastplates, but they found the only armed man dead, inside the entrance, where he was suffocated at his post, while the other fugitives still preserved life at the little brook. Fifteen were put to the sword within the cave, and four dragged out alive; but Ludlow does not mention whether he hanged these then or not; but one at least of the original number was a Catholic priest, for the soldiers found a crucifix, chalice, and priest's robes in the cavern."

Of our kindred, old or young, sold into slavery in the "tobacco islands," we hear no more in history, and shall hear no more until the last great accounting day. Of those little ones—just old enough to feel all the pangs of such a ruthless and eternal severance from loving mother, from fond father, from brothers and playmates, from all of happiness on earth—no record tells the fate. We only know that a few years subsequently there survived of them in the islands barely the remembrance that they came in shiploads and perished soon—too young to stand the climate or endure the toil! But at home—in the rifled nest of the parents' hearts—what a memory of them was kept! There the image of each little victim was enshrined; and father and mother, bowed with years and suffering, went down to the grave "still thinking, ever thinking" of the absent, the cherished one, whom they were never to see on earth again, now writhing beneath a planter's lash, or filling a nameless grave in Jamaican soil! Yes, that army of innocents vanish from the record here; but the great God who marked the slaughters of Herod has kept a

* Haverty.

reckoning of the crime that in that hour so notably likened Ireland to Rachel weeping for her children.

But there was another army—other of the expatriated—of whom we are not to lose sight, the "Irish swordmen," so called in the European writings of the time; the Irish regiments who elected to go into exile, preferring to

"———roam
Where freedom and their God might lead,"

rather than be bondsmen under a bigot-yoke at home. "Foreign nations were apprised by the Kilkenny Articles that the Irish were to be allowed to engage in the service of any state in amity with the Commonwealth. The valor of the Irish soldier was well known abroad. From the time of the Munster plantation by Queen Elizabeth, numerous exiles had taken service in the Spanish army. There were Irish regiments serving in the Low Countries. The Prince of Orange declared they were 'born soldiers'; and Henry the Fourth of France publicly called Hugh O'Neill 'the third soldier of the age,' and he said there was no nation made better troops than the Irish when drilled. Agents from the King of Spain, the King of Poland, and the Prince De Condé, were now contending for the services of Irish troops. Don Ricardo White, in May, 1652, shipped seven thousand in batches from Waterford, Kinsale, Galway, Limerick, and Bantry, for the King of Spain. Colonel Christopher Mayo got liberty in September, 1652, to beat his drums to raise three thousand for the same king. Lord Muskerry took five thousand to the King of Poland. In July, 1654, three thousand five hundred, commanded by Colonel Edmund Droyer, went to serve the Prince De Condé. Sir Walter Dungan and others got liberty to beat their drums in different garrisons, to a rallying of their men that laid down arms with them in order to a rendezvous, and to depart for Spain. They got permission to march their men together to the different ports, their pipers perhaps playing 'Ha til, Ha til, Ha til, mi tulidh'—'We return, we return no more!'* Between 1651 and 1664, thirty-four thousand (of whom few ever saw their loved native land again) were transported into foreign parts."*

While the roads to Connaught were as I have described witnessing a stream of hapless fugitives—prisoners rather, plodding wearily to their dungeon and grave—a singular scene was going on in London. At an office or bureau appointed for the purpose by government, a lottery was held, whereat the farms, houses, and estates from which the owners had thus been driven were being "drawn" by or on behalf of the soldiers and officers of the army, and the "adventurers"—*i.e.* petty shopkeepers in London, and others who had lent money for the war on the Irish. The mode of conducting the lottery or drawing was regulated by public ordinance. Not unfrequently a vulgar and illiterate trooper "drew" the mansion and estate of an Irish nobleman, who was glad to accept permission to inhabit, for a few weeks merely, the stable or the cowshed† with his lady and children, pending their setting out for Connaught! This same lottery was the "settlement" (varied a little by further confiscations to the same end forty years subsequently (by which the now existing landed proprietary was "planted" upon Ireland. Between a proprietary thus planted and the bulk of the population, as well as the tenantry under them, it is not to be marveled that feelings the reverse of cordial prevailed. From the first they scowled at each other. The plundered and trampled people despised and hated the "Cromwellian brood," as they were called, never regarding them as more than vulgar and violent usurpers of other men's estates. The Cromwellians, on the other hand, feared and hated the serf-peasantry, whose secret sentiments and desires of hostility they well knew. Nothing but the fusing spirit of nationality obliterates such feelings as these; but no such spirit was allowed to fuse the Cromwellian "landlords" and the Irish tenantry. The former were taught to consider themselves as a foreign garrison, endowed to watch and keep down, and levy a land-tribute off the native tillers of the soil; moreover "the salt of the land," the elect of the Lord, the ruling class,

* "The tune with which the departing Highlanders usually bid farewell to their native shores."—Preface to Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose."

* Prendergast's "Cromwellian Settlement."

† See the case of the then proprietor of the magnificent place now called Woodlands, county Dublin.—"Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland."

alone entitled to be ranked as saints or citizens. So they looked to and leaned all on England, without whom they thought they must be massacred. "Aliens in race and language, and in religion," they had not one tie in common with the subject population; and so both classes unhappily grew up to be what they remain very much in our own day—more of taskmasters and bondsmen than landlords and tenants.

CHAPTER LXI.

HOW KING CHARLES THE SECOND CAME BACK ON A COMPROMISE—HOW A NEW MASSACRE STORY WAS SET TO WORK—THE MARTYRDOM OF PRIMATE PLUNKETT.

Possessed of supreme power, Cromwell, by a bold stroke of usurpation, now changed the republic to what he called a "protectorate," with himself as "Protector" in other words, a kingdom, with Oliver as king, *vice* Charles, decapitated. This *coup d'état* completely disgusted the sincere republicans of the Pym and Ludlow school; and on the death of the iron-willed Protector, September 3, 1658, the whole structure set up by the revolution on the ruins of the monarchy in England tottered and fell.

Communication had been opened with the second Charles, a worthless, empty-headed creature, and it was made clear to him that if he would only undertake not to disturb too much the "vested interests" created during the revolution—that is, if he would undertake to let the "settlement of property" (as they were pleased to call their stealing of other men's estates) alone—his return to the throne might be made easy. Charles was delighted. This proposal only asked of him to sacrifice his friends, now no longer powerful, since they had lost all in his behalf. He acquiesced, and the monarchy was restored. The Irish nobility and gentry, native and Anglo-Irish, who had been so fearfully scourged for the sin of loyalty to his father, now joyfully expected that right would be done, and that they would enjoy their own once more. They were soon undeceived. Such of the "lottery" speculators, or army officers and soldiers as were actually in possession of the estates of royalist owners, were not to be disturbed. Such estates only as had not actually been "taken up" were to be restored to the owners. There was one class, however, whom all the others readily agreed might be robbed without any danger—nay, whom it was loudly declared to be a crime to desist from robbing to the last—namely, the Catholics—especially the "Irish Papists." The reason why was not clear. Everybody, on the contrary, saw that they had suffered most of all for their devoted loyalty to the murdered king. After awhile a low murmur of compassion—muttering even of justice for them—began to be heard about the court. This danger created great alarm. The monstrous idea of justice to the Catholics was surely not to be endured; but what was to be done? "Happy thought!"—imitate the skillful ruse of the Irish Puritans in starting the massacre story of 1641. But where was the scene of massacre to be laid this time, and when must they say it had taken place? This was found to be an irresistible stopper on a new massacre story in the past, but then the great boundless future was open to them: could they not say it was yet to take place? A blessed inspiration the saintly people called this. Yes; they could get up an anti-Catholic frenzy with a massacre story about the future, as well as with one relating to the past!

Accordingly, in 1678 the diabolical fabrication known as the "Great Popish Plot" made its appearance. The great Protestant historian, Charles James Fox, declared that the Popish plot story "must always be considered an indelible disgrace upon the English nation." Macaulay more recently has still more vehemently denounced the infamy of that concoction; and indeed, even a year or two after it had done its work, all England rang with execrations of its concoctors—several of whom, Titus Oates, the chief swearer, especially, suffered the penalty of their discovered perjuries.

But the plot-story did its appointed work splendidly and completely, and all the sentimental horror of a thousand Macaulays could nought avail, once that work was done. A proper fury had been got up against the Catholics, arresting the idea of compassionating them, giving full impetus to a merciless persecution of popish priests, and above all (crowning merit) effectually silencing all suggestions about restor-

ing to Irish Catholic royalists their estates and possessions. Shaftesbury, one of the chief promoters of the plot-story, was indeed dragged to the Tower as an abominable and perjured miscreant, but not until the scaffold had drunk deep of Catholic blood, and Tyburn had been the scene of that mournful tragedy—that foul and heartless murder—of which Oliver Plunkett, the sainted martyr-primate of Ireland, was the victim.*

This venerable man was at Rome when the pope selected him for the primacy. A bloody persecution was at the moment raging in Ireland; and Dr. Plunkett felt that the appointment was a summons to martyrdom. Nevertheless he hastened to Ireland, and assumed the duties of his position. Such was his gentleness and purity of character, his profound learning, the piety, and indeed sanctity, of his life, that even the Protestant officials and gentry round about came to entertain for him the highest respect and personal regard. Prudent and circumspect, he rigidly abstained from interference in the troubled politics of the period, and devoted himself exclusively to rigorous reforms of such irregularities and abuses as had crept into parochial or diocesan affairs during the past century of civil war and social chaos. For the support of the "intended massacre" story it was clearly necessary to extend the scene of the plot to Ireland (so much more popish than England), and casting about for some one to put down as chief conspirator, the constructors of the story thought the head of the popish prelates ought to be the man, *ex-officio*. The London government accordingly wrote to the Irish lord lieutenant to announce that the "Popish plot" existed in Ireland also. He complied. Next he was to resume energetically the statutory persecutions of the Papists. This also he obeyed. Next he was directed to arrest the popish primate for complicity in the plot. Here he halted. From the correspondence it would appear that he wrote back to the effect that this was rather too strong, inasmuch as even among the ultra-Protestants the idea of Dr. Plunkett being concerned in any such business would be scouted. Beside, he pointed out, there was no evidence. He was told that this made no matter, to obey his orders, and arrest the primate. He complied reluctantly. An agent of the Oates and Shaftesbury gang in London, Hetherington by name, was now sent over to Dublin to get up evidence, and soon proclamations were circulated through all the jails offering pardon to any criminal—murderer, robber, tory, or traitor—who could (would) give the necessary evidence against the primate; and accordingly crown witnesses by the dozen competed in willingness to swear anything that was required. The primate was brought to trial at Drogheda, but the grand jury, though ultra-Protestant to a man, threw out the bill; the perjury of the crown witnesses was too gross, the innocence of the meek and venerable man before them too apparent. When the news reached London great was the indignation there. The lord lieutenant was at once directed to send the primate thither, where no such squeamishness of jurors would mar the ends of injustice. The hapless prelate was shipped to London and brought to trial there. Macaulay himself has described for us from original authorities the manner in which those "trials" were conducted. Here is his description of the witnesses, the judges, the juries, and the audience in court:

"A wretch named Carstairs, who had earned a living in Scotland by going disguised to conventicles, and then informing against the preachers, led the way; Bedloe, a noted swindler, followed; and soon from all the brothels, gambling-houses, and sponging-houses of London, false witnesses poured forth to swear away the lives of Roman Catholics. . . . Oates, that he might not be eclipsed by his imitators, soon added a large supplement to his original narrative. The vulgar believed, and the highest magistrates pretended to believe, even such fictions as these. The chief

* Few episodes in Irish history are more tragic and touching than that with which the name of the martyr-primate is associated, and there have been few more valuable contributions to Irish Catholic or historical literature in our generation than the "Memoir" of this illustrious prelate by the Rev. Dr. Moran. In it the learned reverend author has utilized the rich stores of original manuscripts relating to the period—many of them letters in the martyr-primate's handwriting—preserved in Rome, and has made his book not only a "memoir" of the murdered archbishop, but an authentic history of a period momentous in its importance and interest for Irishmen. A much briefer work is the "Life and Death of Oliver Plunkett," by the Rev. George Crolly, a little book which tells a sad story in language full of simple pathos and true eloquence.

judges of the kingdom were corrupt, cruel, and timid. The juries partook of the feelings then common throughout the nation, and were encouraged by the bench to indulge those feelings without restraint. The multitude applauded Oates and his confederates, hooted and pelted the witnesses who appeared on behalf of the accused, and shouted with joy when the verdict of guilty was pronounced."

Before such a tribunal, on the 8th of June, 1681, the aged and venerable Primate was arraigned, and of course convicted. The scene in court was ineffably brutal. In accordance with the law at that time, the accused was allowed no counsel, whereas the crown was represented by the attorney-general and Sergeant Maynard; the judges being fully as ferocious as the official prosecutors. Every attempt made by the venerable victim at the bar to defend himself only elicited a roar of anger or a malignant taunt from one side or the other. The scene has not inappropriately been likened rather to the torturing of a victim at the stake by savage Indians, dancing and shouting wildly round him, than the trial of a prisoner in a court of law. At length the verdict was delivered; to which, when he heard it, the archbishop simply answered: "*Deo gratias!*" Then he was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, there and then to be hanged, cut down while alive, his body quartered, and the entrails burned in fire. He heard this infamous decree with serene composure.

"But looking upward full of grace,
God's glory smote him on the face."

Even among the governing party there were many who felt greatly shocked by this conviction. The thing was too glaring. The Protestant archbishop of Dublin (who seems to have been a humane and honorable man) expressed aloud his horror, and fearlessly declared the Catholic primate as innocent of the crimes alleged as an unborn child. But no one durst take on himself at the moment to stem the tide of English popular fury. The Earl of Essex, indeed, hurried to the king and vehemently besought him to save the Irish primate by a royal pardon. Charles, terribly excited, declared that he, as well as every one of them, knew the primate to be innocent, "but," cried he, with passionate earnestness, "ye could have saved him; I cannot—you know well I dare not."

Then, like Pontius Pilate, he desired "the blood of this innocent man" to be on their heads, not his. The law should take its course.

"The law" did "take its course." The sainted Plunkett was dragged on a hurdle to Tyburn amid the yells of the London populace. There he was hanged, beheaded, quartered, and disembowelled, "according to law," July 1, 1681.

Soon after, as I have already intimated, the popular delirium cooled down, and everybody began to see that rivers of innocent Catholic blood had been made to flow without cause, crime, or offense. But what of that? A most salutary check had been administered to the apprehended design of restoring to Catholic royalists the lands they had lost through their devotion to the late king. The "Popish plot" story of 1678, like the great massacre story of 1641, had accomplished its allotted work.

CHAPTER LXII.

HOW KING JAMES THE SECOND, BY ARBITRARILY ASSERTING LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, UTTERLY VIOLATED THE WILL OF THE ENGLISH NATION—HOW THE ENGLISH AGREED, CONFEDERATED, COMBINED, AND CONSPIRED TO DEPOSE THE KING, AND BEAT UP FOR "FOREIGN EMISSARIES" TO COME AND BEGIN THE REBELLION FOR THEM.

On February 6, 1685, Charles the Second closed a life the chronicles of which may be searched in vain for a notable act of goodness, wisdom, valor, or virtue. On his deathbed he openly professed the faith which for years past, if not at all times, he had secretly believed in, but dared not publicly avow—Catholicity. The man, however, on whom now devolved the triple crown of England, Scotland, and Ireland—Charles' brother, James, Duke of York—was one who had neither dissembled nor concealed his religious convictions. He was a sincere Catholic, and had endured much of trouble and persecution in consequence of his profession of that faith. He was married to the young and beautiful Princess Mary of Modena, an ardent Catholic

like himself,* and the ultra-Protestant party witnessed his accession to the throne with undisguised chagrin and sullen discontent.

All writers have agreed in attributing to James the Second a disregard of the plainest dictates of prudence, if not of the plainest limits of legality, in the measure he adopted for the accomplishment of a purpose unquestionably equitable, laudable, and beneficent—namely, the abolition of proscription and persecution for conscience' sake, and the establishment of religious freedom and equality. It may be said, and with perfect truth, that though this was so, though James was rash and headlong, it mattered little after all, for the end he aimed at was so utterly opposed to the will of the English people, so inconsistent with "vested interests" throughout all three kingdoms, that it was out of all possibility he could have succeeded, whether he were politic and cautious, or straightforward, arbitrary, and rash. For the English nation was too strongly bent on thorough persecution to be barred in its course, or diverted into tolerance or humanity by any power of king or queen; and already the English people had made it plain that no man should be ruler over them who would not be of their mind on this subject. But James' conduct rendered his overthrow simply inevitable. Before he was well seated on the throne he had precipitated conflicts with the judges, the bishops, and parliament; the point of contention, to be sure, being mainly his resolution of granting freedom of conscience to all creeds. It was in Ireland, however, that this startling programme evoked the wildest sensation of alarm on the one hand, and rejoicing on the other; and it was there that, inevitably, owing to the vast preponderance of the Catholic population, relative equality appeared to the Protestant eye as absolute Catholic dominance. Two Catholic judges and one Protestant may have been even short of the Catholic proportion; yet the Protestant colony would not look at the question in this way at all, and they called it intolerable popish ascendency. James had selected for the carrying out of his views in Ireland a man whose faults greatly resembled his own, Richard Talbot, subsequently Earl and Duke of Tyrconnnell. He was devotedly attached to the king; a courtier, not a statesman; rash, vain, self-willed; a faithful and loyal friend, but a famous man to lose a kingdom with.

If the Irish Catholics had indulged in hopes on the accession successively of James' grandfather, father, and brother, what must have been their feelings now? Here, assuredly, there was no room for mistake or doubt. A king resolved to befriend them was on the throne! The land burst forth into universal rejoicing. Out from hiding place in cellar and garret, cavern and fastness, came hunted prelate and priest, the surplice and the stole, the chalice and the patten; and once more, in the open day and in the public churches, the ancient rites were seen. The people, awakened as if from a long trance of sorrow, heaved with a new life, and with faces all beaming and radiant went about in crowds chanting songs of joy and gratitude. One after one, the barriers of exclusion were laid low, and the bulk of the population admitted to equal rights with the colonist-Protestants. In fine, all men were declared equal in the eye of the law, irrespective of creed or race; an utter reversion of the previous system, which constituted the "colony" the jailers of the fettered nation.

Ireland and England accordingly seethed with Protestant disaffection, but there was an idea that the king would die without legitimate male issue* and so the general resolution seemed to be that in a few years all would be right, and these abominable ideas of religious tolerance swept away once more. To the consternation and dismay of the anti-tolerance party, however, a son was born to James in June, 1688. There was no standing this. It was the signal for revolt.

On this occasion no native insurrection initiated the revolution. In this crisis of their history—this moment in which was molded and laid down the basis of the English constitution as it exists to our own time—the English nation asserted by precept and practice the truly singular doctrine that even for the purpose of over-

* She was his second wife, and had been married to him at the age of fifteen. By his first wife, Ann, daughter of Chancellor Hyde, he had two daughters, who were brought up Protestants by their mother. They were married, one, Mary, to Prince William of Orange; the other, Ann, to Prince George of Denmark.

* Four children, born to him by his second wife, all died young, and some years had now elapsed without the birth of any other.

throwing a legitimate native sovereign, conspiring malcontents act well and wisely in depending upon "foreign emissaries" to come and begin the work—and complete it too! So they invited the Dutch and the Danes and the Swedes and the French Calvinists—and indeed, for that matter, foreign emissaries from every country or any country who would aid them—to come and help them in their rebellion against their king. To the Stadtholder of Holland, William Prince of Orange, they offered the throne, having ascertained that he would accept it without any qualms, on the ground that the king to be beheaded or driven away was at once his own uncle and father-in-law.

This remarkable man has been greatly misunderstood, owing to the fact of his name being made the shibboleth of a faction whose sanguinary fanaticism he despised and repudiated. William Henry, Prince of Orange, was now in his thirty-seventh year. An impartial and discriminating Catholic historian justly describes him to us as "fearless of danger, patient, silent, imperious to his enemies, rather a soldier than a statesman, indifferent in religion, and personally adverse to persecution for conscience' sake," his great and almost his only public passion being the humiliation of France through the instrumentality of a European coalition. In the great struggle against French preponderance on the continent then being waged by the league of Augsburg, William was on the same side with the rulers of Austria, Germany, and Spain, and even with the pope; James, on the other hand, being altogether attached to France. In his designs on the English throne, however, the Dutch prince practiced the grossest deceit on his confederates of the league, protesting to them that he was coming to England solely to compose in a friendly way a domestic quarrel, one of the results of which would be to detach James from the side of France and add England to the league. By means of this duplicity he was able to bring to the aid of his English schemes men, money, and material contributed for league purposes by his continental colleagues.

On November 5, 1688, William landed at Torbay in Devonshire. He brought with him a Dutch fleet of twenty-two men of war, twenty-five frigates, twenty-five fire-ships, and about four hundred transports; conveying in all about fifteen thousand men. If the royal army could have been relied upon, James might easily have disposed of these "invaders" or "liberators;" but the army went over wholesale to the "foreign emissaries." Thus finding himself surrounded by treason, and having the fate of his hapless father in remembrance, James took refuge in France, where he arrived on December 25, 1688; the Queen and infant Prince of Wales, much to the rage of the rebels, having been safely conveyed thither some short time previously. The revolutionary party affected to think the escape of the king an abdication, the theory being that by not waiting to be beheaded he had forfeited the throne.

England and Scotland unmistakably declared for the revolution. Ireland as unquestionably—indeed, enthusiastically—declared for the king; any other course would be impossible to a people among whom ingratitude has been held infamous, and against whom want of chivalry or generosity has never been alleged. In proportion as the Catholic population expressed their sympathy with the king, the "colony" Protestants and Cromwellianite garrisons manifested their adhesion to the rebel cause, and began to flock from all sides into the strong places of Ulster, bringing with them their arms and ammunition. Tyrconnell, who had vainly endeavored to call in the government arms in their hands (as militia) now commissioned several of the Catholic nobility and gentry to raise regiments of more certain loyalty for the king's service. Of recruits there was no lack, but of the use of arms or knowledge of drill or discipline, these recruits knew absolutely nothing; and of arms, of equipments, or of war material — especially of cannon — Tyrconnell found himself almost entirely destitute. The malcontents, on the other hand, constituted that class which for at least forty years past had enjoyed by law the sole right to possess arms, and who had from childhood, of necessity, been trained to use them. The royalist force which the viceroy sent to occupy Derry (a Catholic regiment newly raised by Lord Antrim), incredible as it may appear, had for the greater part no better arms than clubs and skians. It is not greatly to be wondered at that the Protestant citizens—among whom, as well as throughout all

the Protestant districts in Ireland, anonymous letters had been circulated, giving out an "intended popish massacre"* of all the Protestants on the 9th of December—feared to admit such a gathering within their walls. "The impression made by the report of the intended massacre, and the contempt naturally entertained for foes armed in so rude a fashion," were as a matter of fact the chief incentives to the "closing of the gates of Derry," which event we may set down as the formal inauguration of the rebellion in Ireland.

CHAPTER LXIII.

HOW WILLIAM AND JAMES MET FACE TO FACE AT THE BOYNE—A PLAIN SKETCH OF THE BATTLEFIELD AND THE TACTICS OF THE DAY.

EIGHTEEN months afterward two armies stood face to face on the banks of the Boyne. King James and Prince William for the first time were to contest in person the issues between them.

The interval had not been without its events. In England the revolution encountered no opposition, and William was free to bring against Ireland and Scotland the full strength of his British levies, as well as of his foreign auxiliaries. Ireland, Tyrconnell was quite sanguine of holding for King James, even though at the worst England should be lost; and to arouse to the full the enthusiasm of the devoted Gaels, nay, possibly to bring back to their allegiance the rebellious Ulster Protestants, he urged the king to come to Ireland and assume in person the direction of affairs. King Louis of France concurred in those views, and a squadron was prepared at Brest to carry the fugitive back to his dominions. "Accompanied by his natural sons, the Duke of Berwick and the Grand Prior Fitzjames, by Lieutenants-General De Rosen and De Maumont, Majors-General De Persignan and De Lery (or Geraldine), about a hundred officers of all ranks, and one thousand two hundred veterans, James sailed from Brest with a fleet of thirty-three vessels, and landed at Kinsale on the 12th day of March (old style). His reception by the southern population was enthusiastic in the extreme. From Kinsale to Cork, from Cork to Dublin, his progress was accompanied by Gaelic songs and dances, by Latin orations, loyal addresses, and all the demonstrations with which a popular favorite can be welcomed. Nothing was remembered by that easily-pacified people but his great misfortunes, and his steady fidelity to his and their religion. The royal entry into Dublin was the crowning pageant of this delusive restoration. With the tact and taste for such demonstrations hereditary in the citizens, the trades and arts were marshaled before him. Two venerable harpers played on their national instruments near the gate by which he entered; a number of *religieuse* in their robes, with a huge cross at their head, chanted as they went; forty young girls dressed in white, danced the ancient 'Rinka,' scattering flowers as they danced. The Earl of Tyrconnell, lately raised to a dukedom, the judges, the mayor and corporation, completed the procession which marched over newly-sanded streets beneath arches of evergreens, and windows hung with 'tapestry and cloth of Arras.' But of all the incidents of that striking ceremonial nothing more powerfully impressed the popular imagination than the green flag floating from the main tower of the castle, bearing the significant inscription: 'Now or never—now and forever.' "

So far well; but when he came to look into the important matter of material for war, a woeful state of things confronted James. As we have already seen, for forty years past, in pursuance of acts of parliament rigorously enforced, no Catholic or native Irishman had been allowed to learn a trade, to inhabit walled towns, or to possess arms. As a consequence, when the Protestants, whom alone for nearly half a century the law allowed to learn to make, repair, or use firearms, fled to the north, there was in all the island scarcely a gunsmith or armorer on whom the king could rely. Such Protestant artisans as remained, "when obliged to set about repairing guns or forging spears, threw every possible obstacle in the way, or executed the duty in such a manner as to leave the weapon next to useless in the hour of action; while night and day the fires blazed and the anvils rang in the preparation of the best arms for the Williamites." The want of cannon was most keenly felt on the king's side. At the time of the so-called siege

* The old, old story; always available, always efficacious!

of Derry (progressing when James arrived), "there was not a single battering cannon fit for use in Ireland; and there were only twelve field pieces." As a consequence, there was, as there could have been, no real siege of Derry. The place was blockaded more or less loosely for some months—closely toward the end. The inhabitants bore the privations of the blockade with great endurance and heroism; though certainly not greater than that exhibited by the besieged in severer blockades elsewhere during the war.* It were pitiful and unworthy to deny to the brave rebels of Derry all that such heroic perseverance as theirs deserves. Such qualities as they displayed—such sufferings cheerfully borne for a cause they judged just and holy—deserve honor and acclaim wherever found. But, after all, as I have pointed out, it was a blockade, not a siege, they endured; and their courage was put to no such test as that which tried the citizens of Limerick two or three years subsequently.

"Meanwhile a splendidly appointed Williamite army had been collected at Chester. It was commanded by the veteran Duke Schomberg, and amounted to ten thousand men. They landed at Bangor, county Down, August 13, 1689, and on the 17th took possession of Belfast." Little was accomplished on either side up to the summer following, when the news that William himself had resolved to take the field in Ireland, flung the Ulster rebels into a state of enthusiastic rejoicing, and filled the royalists with concern. All felt now that the crisis was at hand. On the 14th of June William landed at Carrickfergus, surrounded by a throng of veteran generals, of continental fame, princes and peers, English and foreign. "At Belfast, his first headquarters, he ascertained the forces at his disposal to be upward of forty thousand men, 'a strange medley of all nations'—Scandinavians, Swiss, Dutch, Prussians, Huguenot-French, English, Scotch, 'Scotch-Irish,' and Anglo-Irish." "On the 16th of June, James, informed of William's arrival, marched northward at the head of twenty thousand men, French and Irish, to meet him. On the 22d James was at Dundalk, and William at Newry. As the latter advanced, the Jacobites retired, and finally chose their ground at the Boyne, resolved to hazard a battle (even against such odds) for the preservation of Dublin and the safety of the province of Leinster."*

No military opinion has ever been uttered of that resolution, save that it never should have been taken. The wonder is not that William forced the Boyne; all the marvel and the madness was that such an army as James' (especially when commanded by such a man) ever attempted to defend it. Not merely had William nearly fifty thousand men against James' twenty-three thousand; but whereas the former force, all save a few thousand of the Ulster levies (and these, skillful and experienced sharpshooters), were veteran troops, horse and foot, splendidly equipped, and supported by the finest park of artillery perhaps ever seen in Ireland; the latter army, with the exception of a few thousand French, were nearly all raw recruits hastily collected within a few months past from a population unacquainted with the use of firearms, and who had, of course, never been under fire in the field, and now had of artillery but six fieldpieces to support them. But even if this disparity had never existed, the contrast between the commanders would in itself have made all the difference possible. William was an experienced military tactician, brave, cool, prescient, firm, and resolute. James, as Duke of York, had distinguished himself bravely and honorably on land and sea, so that the charges of absolute cowardice often urged against him can scarcely be just. But his whole conduct of affairs in this Irish campaign was simply miserable. Weak, vacillating, capricious, selfish, it is no wonder one of the French officers, stung to madness by his inexplicable pusillanimity and disgraceful bungling, should have exclaimed aloud to him: "Sire, if you had a hundred kingdoms, you would lose them all." A like sentiment found utterance in

* Notably, for instance, Fort Charlemont, held for the king by the gallant O'Regan with eight hundred men; besieged by Schomberg at the head of more than as many thousands, with a splendid artillery train. The garrison, we are told, were reduced by hunger to the last extremity, and at length offered to surrender if allowed to march out with all the honors of war. Schomberg complied, and then, says a chronicler, "eight hundred men, with a large number of women and children, came forth, eagerly gnawing pieces of dry hides with the hair on; a small portion of filthy meal and a few pounds of tainted beef being the only provisions remaining in the fort."

* M'Gee.

the memorable words of an Irish officer when brought a prisoner after the battle into the presence of the Williamite council of war: "Exchange commanders with us, gentlemen, and even with all the other odds against us, we'll fight the battle over again."

But now the die was cast. The resolve, on James' part most falteringly taken,* was fixed at last. Uncle and nephew, sovereign and invader, were to put their quarrel to the issue of a battle on the morrow.

CHAPTER LXIV.

"BEFORE THE BATTLE."

EARLY on the morning of June 30, 1690, William's army approached the Boyne in three divisions. "Such was his impatience to behold the enemy he was to fight, and the ground they had taken up, that by the time the advanced guard was within view of the Jacobite camp, he was in front of them, having ridden forward from the head of his own division. Then it was that he beheld a sight which, yet unstirred by soldier shout or cannon shot, unstained by blood or death, might well gladden the heart of him who gazed, and warm with its glorious beauties even a colder nature than his! He stood upon a height, and beheld beneath him and beyond him, with the clearness of a map and the gorgeous beauty of a dream, a view as beautiful as the eye can scan. Doubly beautiful it was then; because the colors of a golden harvest were blended with green fields and greener trees, and a sweet river flowing calmly on in winding beauty through a valley whose banks rose gently from its waters, until in lofty hills they touched the opposite horizon, bending and undulating into forms of beauty.† "To the southeast the steeples and castle of Drogheda, from which floated the flags of James and Louis, appeared in the mid-distance; while seaward might be seen the splendid fleet which attended the motions of the Williamite army. But of more interest to the phlegmatic but experienced commander, whose eagle eye now wandered over the enchanting panorama, were the lines of white tents, the waving banners, and moving bodies of troops, which, to the southwest, between the river and Donore Hill, indicated the position of James' camp."*

Having viewed the ground carefully, William selected the Oldbridge fords for the principal attack, and fixed upon sites for batteries to command the opposite or Jacobite bank. He then rode a short way up the river, and alighted to take some refreshment. On his return he was fired upon by some fieldpieces at the other side of the river, the first shot striking to the earth one of the group beside the prince. A second shot followed; the ball struck the river bank, glanced upward, and wounded William slightly. He sank upon his horse's neck, and a shout of exultation burst from the Irish camp, where it was believed he was killed. He was not much hurt, however, and rode among his own lines to assure his troops of his safety; and shouts of triumph and defiance from the Williamite ranks soon apprized the Irish of their error.

That night—that anxious night!—was devoted by William to the most careful planning and arrangement for the morrow's strife. But ere we notice these plans or approach that struggle, it may be well to describe for young readers with all possible simplicity the battlefield of the Boyne, and the nature of the military operations of which it was the scene.

The Boyne enters the Irish Sea a mile or more to the east of Drogheda, but for a mile or two above or to the west of that town, the sea-tides reach and rise and fall in the river. Two miles and a half up the river from Drogheha, on the southern bank, is the little village of Oldbridge. About five miles in a direct line due west of Oldbridge (but considerably more by the curve of the river, which between these points bends deeply southward), stands the town of Slane on

*Even when the whole of such arrangements and dispositions for battle as he (after innumerable vacillations) had ordered, had been made, James, at the last moment, on the very eve of battle, once again capriciously changed his mind, said he would fall back to Dublin, and actually sent off thither on the moment the baggage, together with six of the twelve cannon, which constituted his entire artillery, and some portion of his troops! Then, again, after these had gone off beyond recall he as capriciously changed his mind once more, and resolved to await battle then and there at the Boyne!

†"Williamite and Jacobite Wars in Ireland," by Dr. Cane.

* The *Harp* for March, 1859; The "Battle of the Boyne," by M. J. M'Cann.

the northern bank. The ground rises rather rapidly from the river at Oldbridge, sloping backward, or southward, about a mile, to the Hill of Donore, on the crest of which stand a little ruined church (it was a ruin even in 1690) and a graveyard; three miles and a half further southward than Donore, on the road to Dublin from Oldbridge, stands Duleek.

James' camp was pitched on the northern slopes of Donore, looking down upon the river at Oldbridge. James himself slept and had his headquarters in the little ruined church already mentioned.

Directly opposite to Oldbridge, on the northern side of the river, the ground, as on the south side, rises rather abruptly, sloping backward forming a hill called Tullyallen. This hill is intersected by a ravine north and south, leading down to the river, its mouth on the northern brink being directly opposite to Oldbridge. The ravine is now called King William's Glen. On and behind Tullyallen Hill, William's camp was pitched, looking southward, toward, but not altogether in sight of James', on the other side of the river.

At this time of the year, July, the Boyne was fordable at several places up the river toward Slane. The easiest fords, however, were at Oldbridge, where, when the sea-tide was at lowest ebb, the water was not three feet deep.

To force these fords, or some of them, was William's task. To defend them was James' endeavor.

The main difficulty in crossing a ford in the face of an opposing army is that the enemy almost invariably has batteries to play on the fords with shot and shell, and troops ready at hand to charge the crossing party the instant they attempt to "form" on reaching the bank, if they succeed in reaching it. If the defending party have not batteries to perform this service, and if the assailants have batteries to "cover" the passage of their fording parties by a strong cannonade, *i.e.*, to prevent (by shot and shell fired over their heads at the bank they rush for) the formation there of any troops to charge them on reaching the shore, the ford is, as a general rule, sure to be forced.

James had not a single cannon or howitzer at the fords. From fifty splendid fieldpieces and mortars William rained shot and shell on the Jacobite bank.

William's plan of attack was to outflank James' left by sending a strong force up the river toward Slane, where they were to cross and attack the Jacobite flank and rear; while he, with the full strength of his main army (the center under Schomberg senior, the extreme left under himself), would, under cover of a furious cannonade, force all the fords at and below Oldbridge.

It was only at the last moment that James was brought to perceive the deadly danger of being flanked from Slane, and he then detailed merely a force of five hundred dragoons under the gallant Sir Neal O'Neill to defend the extreme left there. His attention until the mid-hour of battle next day was mainly given to the (Oldbridge) fords in his front, and his sole reliance for their defense was on some poor breastworks and farm-buildings to shelter musketry-men; trusting for the rest to hand-to-hand encounters when the enemy should have come across! In fact, he had no other reliance, since he was without artillery to defend the fords.

All else being settled, ere the anxious council-holders on each side sought their couches, the password for the morning and the distinguishing badges were announced. The Jacobite soldiers wore white cockades. William chose green for his colors. Every man on his side was ordered to wear a green bough or sprig in his hat, and the word was to be "Westminster."

CHAPTER LXV.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

TUESDAY, July 1, 1690, dawned cloudlessly on those embattled hosts, and as the early sunlight streamed out from over the eastern hills, the stillness of that summer morning was broken by the Williamite drums and bugles sounding the *generale*. In accordance with the plan of battle arranged the previous night, the first move on William's side was the march of ten thousand men (the Scotch foot-guards under Lieutenant-General Douglas, and the Danish horse under Meinhart Schomberg), with five pieces of artillery, for the bridge of Slane, where, and at the

fords between it and Ross-na-ree (two miles nearer to Oldbridge), they were to cross the river, and turn the left flank of James' army. The infantry portion of this force crossing at Slane, while the horse were getting over at Ross-na-ree, came upon Sir Neal O'Neill and his five hundred dragoons on the extreme left of the Jacobite position. For fully an hour did the gallant O'Neill hold this force in check, he himself falling mortally wounded in the thick of the fight. But soon, the Danish horse crossing at Ross-na-ree, the full force of ten thousand men united and advanced upon the Jacobite flank, endeavoring to get between the royalist army and Duleek. Just at this moment, however, there arrived a force of French and Swiss infantry, and some Irish horse and foot, with six pieces of cannon under Lauzun, sent up hurriedly from Oldbridge by James, who now began to think all the fight would be on his left. Lauzun so skillfully posted his checking force on the slope of a hill with a marsh in front that Douglas and Schomberg, notwithstanding their enormous numerical superiority, halted and did not venture on an attack until they had sent for and obtained an additional supply of troops. Then only did their infantry advance, while the cavalry, amounting to twenty-four squadrons, proceeded round the bog and extended on toward Duleek, completely overlapping or flanking the Jacobite left wing.

Meanwhile, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, Schomberg the elder (in charge of the Williamite center), finding that his son and Douglas had made good their way across on the extreme right, and had the Jacobites well engaged there, gave the word for the passage of Oldbridge fords. Tyrconnell's regiment of foot-guards, with other Irish foot (only a few of them being armed with muskets), occupied the ruined breastwork fences and farm buildings on the opposite side; having some cavalry drawn up behind the low hills close by to support them. But the Williamites had a way for emptying these breastworks and clearing the bank for their fording parties. Fifty pieces of cannon that had during the morning almost completely battered down the temporary defenses on the southern bank now opened simultaneously, shaking the hills with their thunders, and sweeping the whole of the Irish position with their iron storm; while the bombs from William's mortar batteries searched every part of the field. Under cover of this tremendous fire, to which the Irish had not even a single field-piece to reply,* the van of the splendidly appointed Williamite infantry issued from King William's Glen, and plunged into the stream. "Count Solme's Dutch Blue Guards, two thousand strong, reputed the best infantry regiment in the world, led the way at the principal ford opposite Oldbridge, followed by the Brandenburghers. Close on their left were the Londonderries and Enniskillen foot; below whom entered a long column of French Huguenots, under the veteran Calimotte. A little below the Huguenots were the main body of the English, under Sir John Hanmer and Count Nassau; and still lower down, the Danes, under Colonel Cutts. In all about ten thousand of the flower of the infantry of Europe, struggling through a quarter of a mile of the river, and almost hidden beneath flashing arms and green boughs."† As they neared the southern bank, the roar of cannon ceased—a breathless pause of suspense ensued. Then a wild cheer rung from the Irish lines; and such of the troops as had guns opened fire. An utterly ineffective volley it was; so ill-directed that the Williamite accounts say it did not kill a man; and then the veterans of a hundred continental battlefields knew they had only raw Irish peasant levies on the bank before them. There being no artillery (as already frequently noted) to play on the fording parties while crossing, and there being so little water in the river, the passage of the fords was easily effected.

The Dutch guards were the first to the bank, where they instantly formed. Here they were charged by the Irish foot; but before the withering fire of the cool and skillful foreign veterans, these raw levies were cut up instantly, and driven

* The six retained by James had been forwarded to Lauzun on the extreme left.

† "Battle of the Boyne," by M. J. M'Cann. No one desiring to trace closely, and fully understand the events of this memorable battle, should omit to read (Sir William) Wilde's beautiful and valuable work the "Boyne and Blackwater." I follow as closely as possible the briefer accounts of the battle by Mr. M'Cann in the *Harp*, and by Dr. Cane in his "Williamite Wars," with occasional corrections from "Macariæ Excidium," from Sir William Wilde's work, and other authorities.

flying behind the fences. The truth became plain after two or three endeavors to bring them to the charge that they were not fit for such work. Now, however, was the time for Hamilton, at the head of the only well-disciplined Irish force on the field—the horse—to show what his men could do. The hedges, which had not been leveled for the purpose, did not prevent their charge. The ground literally trembled beneath the onset of this splendid force. Irresistible as an avalanche, they struck the third battalion of Dutch Blues while yet in the stream, and hurled them back. The Brandenburghers turned and fled. The Huguenots, who were not so quick in escape, were broken through, and their commander Calimotte cut down.

Schomberg had remained on the northern bank with a chosen body of foot as a reserve. He saw with excitement the sudden crash of the Irish horse, and its effects; and was prepared to push forward the reserve, when word reached him that his old friend Calimotte had fallen! Without waiting for helmet or cuirass he dashed forward, his white hair floating in the wind. In the river he met and strove to rally the flying Huguenots. "Come on, come on, messieurs; behold your persecutors," cried the old warrior, alluding to the French infantry on the other side. They were the last words he ever spoke. Tyrconnell's Irish horse-guards, returning from one of their charges, again broke clear through and through the Huguenots, cleaving Schomberg's head with two fearful saber wounds, and lodging a bullet in his neck. When the wave of battle had passed, the lifeless body of the old general lay among the human *débris* that marked its track. He had quickly followed, not only across the Boyne but to another world, his brave companion in arms whose fall he had sought to avenge.

All this time William, at the head of some five thousand of the flower of his cavalry, lay behind the slopes of Tullyallen, close by the lowest ford on the extreme left of his army, waiting anxiously for news of Schomberg's passage at Oldbridge. But now learning that his center had been repulsed, he disengaged his wounded arm from its sling, and calling aloud to his troops to follow him, plunged boldly into the stream. The water was deepest at this ford, for it was nearest to the sea, and the tide, which was out at the hour fixed for crossing in the morning, was now beginning to rise. William and his five thousand cavalry reached the south bank with difficulty. Marshaling his force on the shore with marvelous celerity, he did not wait to be charged, but rushed furiously forward upon the Irish right flank. The Irish command at this point was held by the young Duke of Berwick with some squadrons of Irish horse, some French infantry, and Irish pikemen. The Irish were just starting to charge the Williamites at the back, when the latter, as already noted, dashed forward to anticipate such a movement by a charge upon them, so that both bodies of horse were simultaneously under way, filled with all the vehemence and fury which could be imparted by consciousness of the issues depending on the collision now at hand. As they neared each other the excitement became choking, and above the thunder of the horses' feet on the sward could be heard bursting from a hundred hearts the vehement, passionate shouts of every troop-officer, "Close—close up; for God's sake, closer! closer!" On they came, careering like the whirlwind—and then!—What a crash! Like a thunderbolt the Irish horse broke clear through the Williamites. Those who watched from the hill above say that when both those furious billows met there was barely a second of time (a year of agonized suspense it seemed at the moment to some of the lookers-on) during which the wild surges rendered it uncertain which one was to bear down the other. But in one instant the gazers beheld the white plumed form of young Berwick at the head of the Irish cavalry far into the middle of the Williamite mass; and soon, with a shout—a roar that rose over all the din of battle—a frantic peal of exultation and vengeance—the Irish absolutely swept the Dutch and Enniskillen cavalry down the slopes upon the river, leaving in their track only a broken crowd of unhorsed or ridden-down foes, whom the Irish pikemen finished.

But now the heavy firing from Oldbridge announced that the Williamite center was crossing once more, and soon it became clear that even though the Irish repulsed man for man, there still were enough of their foes to make a lodgment on the bank too powerful to be resisted. Bodies of his troops streaming down to him from the center gladly proclaimed to William that

they were across again there. Rallying his left wing with these aids he advanced once more. He now had infantry to check the ever-dreaded charges of the Irish horse, and so pressing steadily onward, he drove the Irish back along the lane leading from the river to Sheephouse, a small hamlet halfway between Donore and the Boyne. Here the Irish were evidently prepared to make a stand. William, who throughout this battle exhibited a bravery—a cool, courageous recklessness of personal peril—which no general ever surpassed, now led in person a charge by all his left wing forces. But he found himself flanked by the Irish foot posted in the hedges and cabins, and confronted by the invincible cavalry. He turned a moment from the head of the Enniskillens, and rode to the rear to hurry up the Dutch. The Enniskillens, seeing Berwick in front about to charge, allege that they thought the king's movement was to be followed by them, so they turned, and William coming up with the Dutch, met them flying pellmell. He now handed over the Dutch to Ginckel, and took himself the unsteady Ulstermen in charge. He appealed entreatingly to them to rally and stand by him, and not to ruin all by their weakness at such a critical moment. By this time the Huguenot horse also came up, and the whole combining, William a third time advanced. The Williamite accounts describe to us the conflict that now ensued at this point as one of the most desperate cavalry combats of the whole war. According to the same authorities the Dutch recoiled, and Ginckel had to throw himself in their rear to prevent a disordered flight.* William, dauntless and daring, was in the thickest of the fight, cheering, exhorting, leading his men. The gallant Berwick and Sheldon, on the other hand, now assisted by some additional Irish, hurried up from the center, pressed their foes with resistless energy. Brave and highly disciplined those foes were undoubtedly; nevertheless, once more down the lane went the Williamite horse and foot, with the Irish cavalry in full pursuit.

This time, "like Rupert at the battle of Edge Hill," the Irish "pursued too far." While all that has been described so far was occurring on the Jacobite right, at the center (Oldbridge), overwhelming masses of William's cavalry and infantry had, notwithstanding the best efforts of the French and Irish foot, forced all the fords and mastered everything at that point. In detached masses they were now penetrating all the approaches to Donore, in the direction of Sheephouse, driving the Jacobites before them. While the Irish cavalry on the right, as above described, were in pursuit of the Williamites, the lane leading to Sheephouse was left unoccupied. This being observed by two regiments of Williamite dragoons, they quickly dismounted and lined the hedges of the lane, at the same time sending word to Ginckel to take advantage of what they were about to do. The Irish cavalry after their charge now returned slowly through the lane to resume their position. Suddenly and to their utter consternation they found themselves assailed by a close and deadly fusillade from the ambuscade around them, so close, so deadly, the guns almost touched each horseman; and there was no room for evolution in the narrow place. While they were thus disordered whole masses of troops were flung upon them; Ginckel in their rear, their lately routed but now rallied foes on the right, and all combining, pressed the overborne but not outbraved heroes up the lane upon Donore.

Here the Irish turned doggedly for a resolute stand; and William saw that though forced indeed from the river, they considered themselves far from being beaten yet. After a few ineffectual charges, he suspended the attack, in order to re-form his ranks for a grand assault in full force.

It was at this moment—while his devoted little army, still all undaunted, were nerving themselves for the crisis of their fate—that James, yielding readily to the advice of Tyrconnell and Lauzun (which quite accorded with his own anxiety), fled precipitately for Dublin; taking with him as a guard for his person the indignant and exasperated Sarsfield and his splendid cavalry regiment, at that moment so sorely needed on the field!

Some Irish writers, embittered against James for this flight, go so far as to contend that had he remained and handled his troops skillfully it was still within possibility to turn the fortunes

* Story.

of the day, and drive William beyond the river. The point is untenable. The Jacobite left, right, and center had been driven in, and the Williamite forces were all now in full conjunction in front. It was possible to hold William in check; to dispute with him each mile of ground to Dublin; but Napoleon himself could not (with only six fieldpieces) have beaten William at the Boyne.

It is certain, however, that the Irish troops themselves were not of this mind; for when they heard that Donore was to be relinquished and that they must fall back on Duleek they murmured and groaned aloud, and passionately declared it was snatching from them a certain victory!* Nevertheless, to fall back was now essential to their safety; for already bodies of Williamite troops were streaming away on the Jacobite left toward Duleek, designing to get in the Irish rear. To meet this movement, the Irish left was swung round accordingly, and pushed on also, mile for mile, with the flanking Williamites; until eventually the struggle in front was virtually abandoned by both parties, and the competition was all as to the maneuvers and counter-maneuvers on the Duleek road; the Irish falling back, yet facing the enemy, and making their retreat the retiring movement of an overpowered army, by no means the flight of one routed. At Duleek they turned to bay, taking up a strong position on the south of the little stream which passes the town. The Williamites came on, and having looked at the ground and the disposition of the Jacobite forces, deemed it well to offer battle no further, but to rest content, as well they might, with the substantial victory of having forced the Boyne and vanquished the Stuart king.

CHAPTER LXVI.

HOW JAMES ABANDONED THE STRUGGLE; BUT THE IRISH WOULD NOT GIVE UP.

With all the odds at which this battle was fought, and important as were its ultimate consequences, the immediate gain for William was simply that he had crossed the Boyne. He had not a captured gun, and scarcely a standard,* to show for his victory. The vanquished had, as we have seen, effected a retreat in almost perfect order, bringing off the few guns they possessed at the beginning of the fight. In fine, of the usual tokens of a victory—namely, captured guns, standards, baggage, or prisoners—William's own chroniclers confess he had naught to show; while, according to the same accounts, his loss in killed and wounded nearly equaled that of the royalists.

This was almost entirely owing to the Irish and French cavalry regiments. They saved the army. They did more—their conduct on that day surrounded the lost cause with a halo of glory which defeat could not dim.

Could there have been any such "exchange of commanders" as the captured Irish officer challenged—had the Irish a general of real ability, of heart and courage, zeal and determination, to command them—all that had so far been lost or gained at the Boyne would have proved of little account indeed. But James seemed imbecile. He fled early in the day, reached Dublin before evening; recommended that no further struggle should be attempted in Ireland; and advised his adherents to make the best terms they could for themselves. He had seen a newly-raised and only half-armed Irish foot regiment, it seems, torn by shot and shell, break and fly in utter confusion when charged by cavalry; and the miserable man could talk of nothing but of their bad conduct that had lost him the crown! While he, most fleet at flying, was thus childishly scolding in Dublin Castle, the devoted Irish were even yet keeping William's fifty thousand men at bay, retreating slowly and in good order from Donore!

At five o'clock next morning he quitted Dublin; and, leaving two troops of horse "to defend the bridge at Bray as long as they could, should the enemy come up," he fled through Wicklow to the south of Ireland. At Kinsale he hurriedly embarked on board the French squadron, and sailed for Brest, where he arrived on the 20th of July, being himself the first messenger with the news of his defeat.

The Irish army on reaching Dublin found they

* "Macariæ Excidium," page 51.

* Story, the Williamite chaplain, says: "Only one or two," and complains of "the incompleteness of the victory."

were without king or captain-general. They had been abandoned and advised to make favor with the conqueror. This, however, was not their mind. James mistook his men. He might fly and resign if he would; but the cause—the country — *La Patrie* — remained. So the Irish resolved not to surrender. They had fought for James at the Boyne; they would now fight for Ireland on the Shannon.

"To Limerick! To Limerick!" became the cry. The superior wisdom of the plan of campaign advised by Sarsfield from the beginning—defense of the line of the Shannon—was now triumphantly vindicated. Freely surrendering, as indefensible, Dublin, Kilkenny, Waterford, and Dungannon, to Limerick the Irish now turned from all directions. The chronicles of time the state that the soldiers came to that rallying point from the most distant places, "in companies, in scores, in groups; nay, in twos and threes," without any order or command to that effect. On the contrary, James had directed them all to surrender, and every consideration of personal safety counseled them to disband and seek their homes. But no! They had an idea that on the Shannon Sarsfield would yet make a gallant stand beneath the green flag; and so thither their steps were bent.

All eyes now turned to Athlone and Limerick. The former place was at this time held by an old hero, whose name deserved to be linked with that of Sarsfield—Colonel Richard Grace, a confederate Catholic royalist of 1641, now laden with years, but as bold of heart and brave of spirit as when first he drew a sword for Ireland. To reduce Athlone, William detached from his main army at Dublin, Lieutenant-General Douglas with twelve thousand men, a train of twelve cannon, and two mortars. The town stood then, as it stands now, partly on the Leinster, and partly on the Connaught side of the Shannon River, or rather of the short and narrow neck of water, which at that point links two of the "loughs" or wide expanses of the river, that like a great chain of lakes runs north and south for fifty miles between Limerick and Lough Allen. That portion of Athlone on the west, or Connaught side of the river, was called the "Irish town;" that on the east or Leinster side, the "English town." The castle and chief fortifications lay on the west side. The governor deemed the English town untenable against Douglas' artillery, so he demolished that entire suburb, broke down the bridge, and put all defenses on the western side of the river into the best condition possible to withstand assault.

On July 17, 1690, Douglas arrived before Athlone, and sent an insolent message to the governor demanding immediate surrender. Veteran Grace drew a pistol from his belt, and firing over the head of the affrighted envoy, answered to the effect that "that was his answer" *this* time, but something severer would be his reply to any such message repeated. Next day Douglas, with great earnestness planted his batteries, and for two days following played on the old castle walls with might and main. But he received in return such compliments of the same kind from Colonel Grace as to make him more than dubious as to the result of his bombardment. After a week had been thus spent, news full of alarm for Douglas reached him. Sarsfield—name of terror already—was said to be coming up from Limerick to catch him at Athlone. If old Grace would only surrender now; just to let him, Douglas, get away in time, it would be a blessed relief. But lo! So far from thinking about surrendering, on the 24th the old hero on the Connaught side hung out the red flag.* Douglas, maddened at this, opened on the instant a furious cannonade, but received just as furious a salute from Governor Grace, accompanied moreover by the most unkind shouts of derision and defiance from the western shore. Douglas now gave up: there was nothing for it but to run. Sarsfield might be upon him if he longer delayed. So he and his ten thousand fled from Athlone, revenging themselves for their discomfiture there by ravaging the inhabitants of all the country through which they passed. Old Governor Grace made a triumphal circuit of Athlone walls, amid the enthusiastic ovations of the garrison and townspeople. Athlone was saved—this time. Once again, however, it was to endure a siege as memorable, and to make a defense still more glorious, though not, like this one, crowned with victory.

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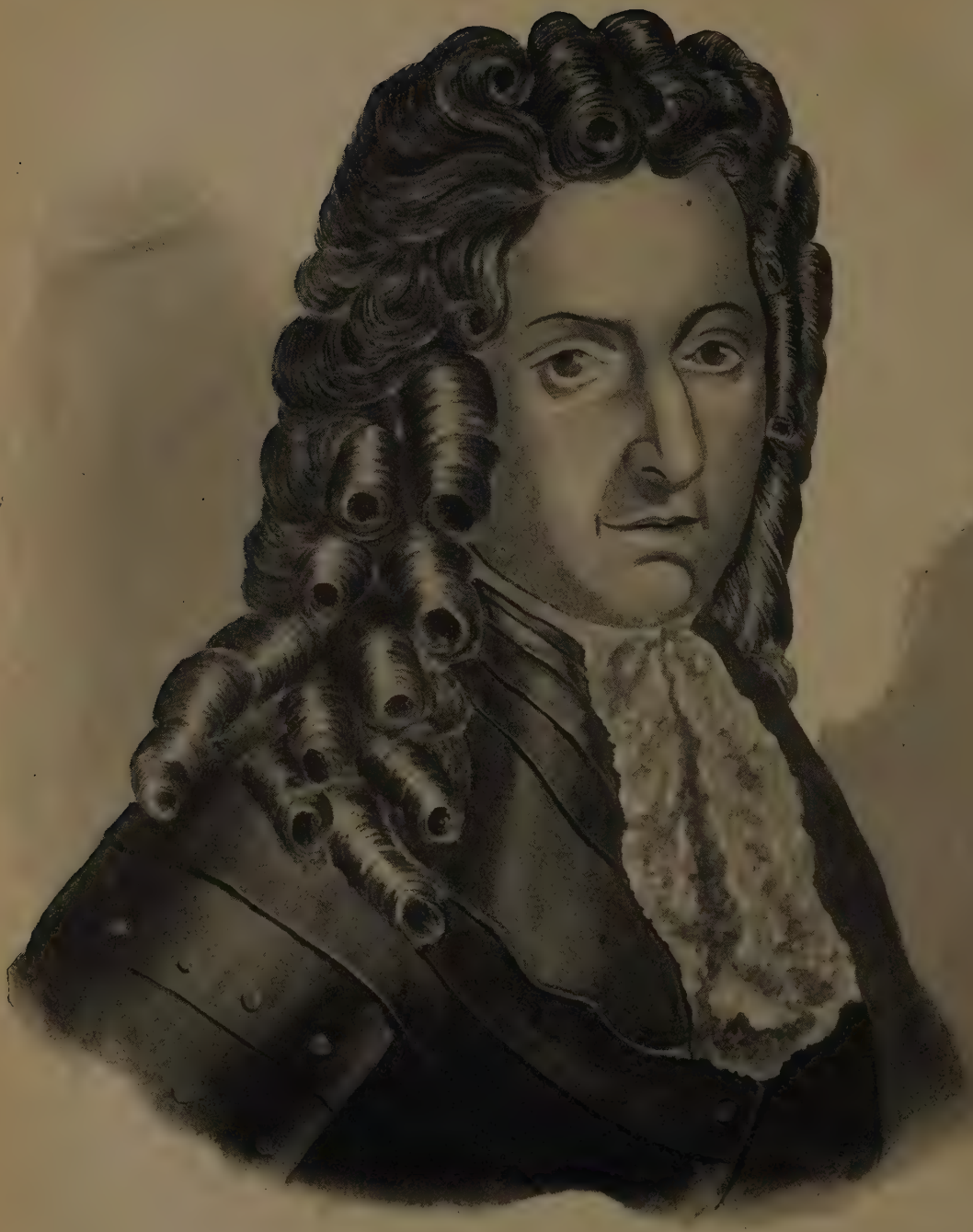
* Which betokens resistance *a l'outrance;* refusal of capitulation or quarter.



PATRICK SARSFIELD.

CHAPTER LXVII.

HOW WILLIAM SAT DOWN BEFORE LIMERICK AND BEGAN THE SIEGE — SARSFIELD'S MIDNIGHT RIDE — THE FATE OF WILLIAM'S SIEGE TRAIN.

Upon Limerick now all interest centered. On the 7th of August William reached Cahirconlish, about seven miles southeast of the city, where he encamped, his force amounting to about twenty-eight thousand men. On the evening of the 8th, Douglas, with the ten thousand runaway besiegers of Athlone, joined him, raising his force to thirty-eight thousand. At this time there were, on the other hand, in the city barely ten thousand infantry; about four thousand cavalry being encamped on the Clare side. When the courtier commanders, Tyrconnell and Lauzun, had estimated William's forces, and viewed the defenses of the city, they absolutely scoffed at the idea of defending it, and directed its surrender. Sarsfield and the Irish royalists, however, boldly declared they would not submit to this, and said they would themselves defend the city. In this they were thoroughly and heartily seconded and supported by the gallant Berwick. Lauzun again inspected the walls, gates, bastions, etc., and as his final opinion declared that the place "could be taken with roasted apples." Hereupon Tyrconnell, Lauzun, and all the French and Swiss departed for Galway, taking with them everything they could control of stores, arms, and ammunition.

This looked like desertion and betrayal indeed. The taking away of the stores and ammunition, after Sarsfield and Berwick, and even the citizens themselves, had declared they would defend the city, was the most scandalous part of the proceeding. Nevertheless, undismayed, Sarsfield, assisted by a French officer of engineers, De Boisseleau, who, dissenting from Lauzun's estimate of the defenses, volunteered to remain, boldly set about preparing Limerick for siege. Happily for the national honor of Ireland, the miserable court party thus cruelly deserted Limerick. That base abandonment left all the glory of its defense to the brave heroes who remained.

De Boisseleau was named governor of the city, and Sarsfield commander of the horse. It was decided that the latter force should be posted on the Clare side of the Shannon, opposite the city (with which communication was kept up by the bridges), its chief duty being at all hazards to prevent the Williamites from crossing to that shore at any of the fords above the city. De Boisseleau meanwhile was to conduct the engineering operations of the defense.

It was true enough that Lauzun, when he scoffed at those defenses, saw very poor chance for the city, as far as ramparts of stone and mortar were concerned. "The city," we are told, "had neither outworks, glacis, fosses, half-moons, or horn works. An old wall flanked with a few tottering towers, but without either ditch or parapet, was its only defense."* However, De Boisseleau soon set to work to improve upon these, mounting batteries, and digging covered ways or counterscarps; the citizens, gentle and simple, and even the women and children, working from sunrise to sunset at the construction or strengthening of defenses.

Early on August 9, 1690, William drew from his encampment at Cahirconlish, and, confident of an easy victory, sat down before Limerick. That day he occupied himself in selecting favorable sites for batteries to command the city, and in truth, owing to the formation of the ground, the city was at nearly every point nakedly exposed to his guns. He next sent in a summons to surrender, but De Boisseleau courteously replied that "he hoped he should merit his opinion more by a vigorous defense than a shameful surrender of a fortress which he had been intrusted with."*

The siege now began. William's bombardment, however, proceeded slowly; and the Limerick gunners, on the other hand, were much more active and vigorous than he had expected. On Monday, the 11th, their fire compelled him to shift his field train entirely out of range; and on the next day, as if intent on following up such practice, their balls fell so thickly about his own tent, killing several persons, that he had to shift his own quarters also. But in a day or two he meant to be in a position to pay back these attentions with heavy interest, and to reduce those old walls despite all resistance. In fine, there was coming up to him from Waterford a magnificent battering train, together with immense

* "First Siege of Limerick," M. J. M'Cann.

† "Memoirs of King James the Second."

stores of ammunition, and, what was nearly as effective for him as the siege train, a number of pontoon-boats of tin or sheet copper, which would soon enable him to pass the Shannon where he pleased. So he took very coolly the resistance so far offered from the city. For in a day more Limerick would be absolutely at his mercy.

So thought William; and so seemed the inevitable fact. But there was a bold heart and an active brain at work at that very moment planning a deed destined to immortalize its author to all time, and to baffle William's now all but accomplished designs on Limerick.

On Sunday, the 10th, the battering train and its convoy had reached Cashel. On Monday, the 11th, they reached a place called Ballyneety, within nine or ten miles of the Williamite camp. The country through which they had passed was all in the hands of their own garrisons or patrols; yet they had so important and precious a charge that they had watched it jealously so far; but now they were virtually at the camp—only a few miles in its rear; and so the convoy, when night fell, drew the siege train and the vast line of ammunition wagons, the pontoon-boats and storeloads, into a field close to an old ruined castle, and, duly posting night sentries, gave themselves to repose.

That day an Anglicized Irishman, one Manus O'Brien, a Protestant landlord in the neighborhood of Limerick, came into the Williamite camp with a piece of news. Sarsfield at the head of five hundred picked men had ridden off the night before on some mysterious enterprise in the direction of Killaloe; and the informer, from Sarsfield's character, judged rightly that something important was afoot, and earnestly assured the Williamites that nothing was too desperate for that commander to accomplish.

The Williamite officers made little of this. They thought the fellow was only anxious to make much of a trifle, by way of securing favor for himself. Beside, they knew of nothing in the direction of Killaloe that could affect them. William, at length, was informed of the story. He, too, failed to discern what Sarsfield could be at; but his mind anxiously reverting to his grand battering train—albeit it was now barely a few miles off—he, to make safety doubly sure, ordered Sir John Lanier to proceed at once with five hundred horse to meet the convoy. By some curious chance, Sir John—perhaps deeming his night ride quite needless—did not greatly hurry to set forth. At two o'clock Tuesday morning, instead of at nine o'clock on Monday evening, he rode leisurely off. His delay of five hours made all the difference in the world, as we shall see.

It was indeed true that Sarsfield on Sunday night had secretly quitted his camp on the Clare side, at the head of a chosen body of his best horsemen; and, true enough, also, that it was upon an enterprise worthy of his reputation he had set forth. In fine, he had heard of the approach of the siege train, and had planned nothing less than its surprise, capture, and destruction.

On Sunday night he rode to Killaloe, distant twelve miles above Limerick on the river. The bridge here was guarded by a party of the enemy; but, favored by the darkness, he proceeded further up the river until he came to a ford near Ballyvally, where he crossed the Shannon, and passed into Tipperary County. The country around him now was all in the enemy's hands; but he had one with him as guide on this eventful occasion whose familiarity with the locality enabled Sarsfield to evade all the Williamite patrols, and but for whose services it may be doubted if his ride this night had not been his last. This was Hogan, the rapparee chief, immortalized in local traditions as "Galloping Hogan." By paths and passes known only to riders "native to the sod," he turned into the deep gorges of Silver Mines, and ere day had dawned was bivouacked in a wild ravine of the Keeper Mountains. Here he lay *perdu* all day on Monday. When night fell there was anxious tightening of horsegirths and girding of swords with Sarsfield's five hundred. They knew the siege train was at Cashel on the previous day, and must by this time have reached near to the Williamite lines. The midnight ride before them was long, devious, difficult, and perilous; the task at the end of it was crucial and momentous indeed. Led by their trusty guide, they set out southward, still keeping in byways and mountain roads. Meanwhile, as already mentioned, the siege train and convoy had that even-

ing reached Ballyneety, where the guns were parked and convoy bivouacked. It was three o'clock in the morning when Sarsfield, reaching within a mile or two of the spot, learned from a peasant that the prize was now not far off ahead of him. And here we encounter a fact which gives the touch of true romance to the whole story. It happened by one of those coincidences that often startle us with their singularity that the password with the Williamite convoy that night was "Sarsfield!" That Sarsfield obtained the password before he reached the halted convoy is also unquestionable, though how he came by his information is variously stated. The painstaking historian of Limerick states that from a woman, wife of a sergeant in the Williamite convoy, unfeelingly left behind on the road by her own party in the evening, but most humanely and kindly treated by Sarsfield's men, the word was obtained.* Riding softly to within a short distance of the place indicated, he halted and sent out a few trusted scouts to scan the whole position narrowly. They returned reporting that beside the sentries there were only a few score troopers drowsing beside the watch fires, on guard; the rest of the convoy being sleeping in all the immunity of fancied safety. Sarsfield now gave his final orders—silence or death, till they were in upon the sentries; then, forward like a lightning flash upon the guards. One of the Williamite sentries fancied he heard the beat of horse hoofs approaching him; he never dreamed of foes; he thought it must be one of thier own patrols. And truly enough, through the gloom he saw the figure of an officer evidently at the head of a body of cavalry, whether phantom or reality he could not tell. The sentry challenged, and, still imagining he had friends, demanded the "word." Suddenly, as if from the spirit land, and with a wild, weird shout that startled all the sleepers, the "phantom troop" shot past like a thunderbolt; the leader crying as he drew his sword, "Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man!" The guards dashed forward, the bugles screamed the alarm, the sleepers rushed to arms, but theirs was scarcely an effort. The broadswords of Sarsfield's five hundred were in their midst; and to the affrighted gaze of the panic-stricken victims that five hundred seemed thousands! Short, desperate, and bloody was that scene; so short, so sudden, so fearful, that it seemed like the work of incantation. In a few minutes the whole of the convoy were cut down or dispersed; and William's splendid siege train was in Sarsfield's hands! But his task was as yet only half-accomplished. Morning was approaching; William's camp was barely eight or ten miles distant, and thither some of the escaped had hurriedly fled. There was scant time for the important work yet to be done. The siege guns and mortars were filled with powder, and each muzzle buried in the earth; upon and around the guns were piled the pontoon-boats, the contents of the ammunition wagons, and all the stores of various kinds, of which there was a vast quantity. A train of powder was laid to this huge pyre, and Sarsfield, removing all the wounded Williamites to a safe distance,* drew off his men, halting them while the train was being fired. There was a flash that lighted all the heavens and showed with dazzling brightness the country for miles around. Then the ground rocked and heaved beneath the gazers' feet, as, with a deafening roar that seemed to rend the firmament, the vast mass burst into the sky; and as suddenly all was gloom again! The sentinels on Limerick walls heard that awful peal. It rolled like a thunderstorm away by the heights of Cratloe, and awakened sleepers amid the hills of Clare. William heard it too; and he at least needed no interpreter of that fearful sound. He knew in that moment that his splendid siege train had perished, destroyed by a feat that only one man could have so planned and executed; an achievement destined to surround with unfading glory the name of Patrick Sarsfield!

Sir John Lanier's party, coming up in nowise rapidly, saw the flash that, as they said, gave broad daylight for a second, and felt the ground shake beneath them as if by an earthquake, and then their leader found he was just in time to be too late. Rushing on he sighted Sarsfield's rear-guard; but there were memories of the Irish cavalry at the Boyne in no way encouraging him

* "Lenihan's History of Limerick," page 232.

* Even the Williamite chroniclers make mention of Sarsfield's kindness to the wounded at Ballyneety.

to force an encounter. From the Williamite camp two other powerful bodies of horse were sent out instantly on the explosion being heard, to surround Sarsfield and cut him off from the Shannon. But all was vain, and on Tuesday evening he and his five hundred rode into camp amid a scene such as Limerick had not witnessed for centuries. The whole force turned out; the citizens came with laurel boughs to line the way, and as he marched in amid a conqueror's ovation, the gunners on the old bastions across the river gave a royal salute to him whom they all now hailed as the savior of the city.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

HOW WILLIAM PROCURED A NEW SIEGE TRAIN AND BREACHED THE WALL—HOW THE WOMEN OF LIMERICK WON THEIR FAME IN IRISH HISTORY—HOW THE BREACH WAS STORMED AND THE MINE SPRUNG—HOW WILLIAM FLED FROM UNCONQUERED LIMERICK."

In the Williamite camp the event caused proportionate dismay, depression, and discouragement. But William was not a man easily thwarted or disconcerted. A week later he had another siege train of thirty-six guns and four mortars brought up from Waterford, pouring red-hot shot into the devoted city. A perfect storm of bombs, "fire-balls," "carcasses," and other diabolical contrivances, rained upon every part of the town, firing it in several places. Sarsfield and De Boisseleau now ordered that all the women and children should withdraw into the Clare suburb. The women *en masse* rebelled against the order. They vehemently declared that no terrors should cause them to quit their husbands and brothers in this dreadful hour, fighting for God and country. They had already bravely aided in erecting the defenses; they were now resolved to aid in the struggle behind them, ready to die in the breach or on the walls beside their kindred, ere the hated foe should enter Limerick.

And the women of Limerick were true to that resolve. Then might be seen, say the chroniclers, day after day, women, old and young, full of enthusiasm and determination, laboring in the breaches, mines, and counterscarps, digging the earth, filling the gabions, piling the shot, and drawing up ammunition, while around them showered balls, bombs, and grenades.

By this time the surface of the whole of the surrounding suburbs on the southern side was cut up into a vast maze of "ziz-zags," trenches, and galleries, by the besiegers. On the 26th their trenchers were within *a few feet* of the palisades, and a breach had been made in the walls at St. John's Gate. William moreover pursued mining to a great extent. But if he mined, Sarsfield countermined, and it turned out that the Irish mines were far beyond anything the siegers could have credited. In fact the scientific skill, the ingenuity and fertility of engineering resorts, appliances, and devices, exhibited by the defenders of Limerick have seldom been surpassed. The miraculous magic of devoted zeal and earnest activity transformed the old city wall into a line of defenses such as Toddleben himself in our own day might gaze upon with admiration.* Food, however, was lamentably scarce, but in truth none of the besieged gave thought to any privation; their whole souls were centered in one great object—defense of the walls, defeat of the foe.

On Wednesday, the 27th of August, the breach having been still further increased by a furious bombardment, William gave orders for the assault. Ten thousand men were ordered to support the storming party; and at half-past three in the afternoon, at a given signal, five hundred grenadiers leaped from the trenches, fired their pieces, flung their grenades, and in a few moments had mounted the breach. The Irish were not unprepared, although at that moment the attack was not expected. Unknown to the besiegers, Boisseleau had caused an intrenchment to be made inside the breach. Behind this intrenchment he had planted a few pieces of cannon, and from these a cross fire now opened with murderous effect on the assailants, after they had filled the space between the breach and the intrenchment. For a moment they halted—staggered by this fatal surprise; but the next they pushed for-

*Among numerous other happy resorts and ingenious adaptations of the means at hand to the purpose of defense, we read that, wool stores being numerous in the city, the wool was packed into strong sacks and cases, a lining of which was hung out over the weakest of the walls, completely deadening the effect of the enemy's shot.

ward with the courage and fury of lions. A bloody hand-to-hand struggle ensued. Spear and dagger, sword and butted musket could alone be used, and they were brought into deadly requisition. The instant William found his storming party had fastened well upon the breach, the supports in thousands were flung forward. On the Irish side, too, aids were hurried up; but eventually, with a tremendous rush, the assaulting party burst through their opponents, and in a moment more poured into the town.

That feat which usually gives victory to an assault, was, however, in this instance, only the sure occasion of repulse and utter defeat for William's regiments. The news that the foe had penetrated into the town, so far from causing dismay to inhabitants or garrison, seemed to act like the summons of a magician on the countless hosts of enchantment. Down through street, and lane, and alley, poured the citizens, women and men; the butcher with his ax, the shipwright with his adze; each man with such weapon as he had been able most readily to grasp; the women, "like liberated furies," flinging stones, bricks, glass bottles, delftware, and other missiles, with fury on the foe. Some of the Irish cavalry on the Clare side, hearing the news, dashed across the bridges, "the pavements blazing beneath the horses' hoofs as they galloped to Ball's Bridge, where, dismounting and flinging their horses loose, they charged into Broad Street, and sword in hand joined their countrymen in the *mêlée.*" Even the phlegmatic William, under whose eye the assault was made, became excited as he gazed on the struggle from "Cromwell's Fort," ever and anon ordering forward additional troops to the sustainment of his assaulting column. For three hours this bloody hand-to-hand fight in the streets and the breach went on. The women, says Story (the Williamite chaplain), rushed boldly into the breach, and stood nearer to our men than to their own, hurling stones and broken bottles right into the faces of the attacking troops, regardless of death by sword or bullet, which many of them boldly met. Before defenders thus animated it was no disgrace to the assailants to give way. By seven o'clock in the evening they had been completely driven out of the streets and back into the counterscarp. Here the contest was for a moment renewed; but only for a moment. At the point of sword and pike the assailants were driven into their own trenches, and a shout of victory arose from the besieged as they hurled from the walls, as they thought, the last remnant of the Dutch battalions. But William had yet a grip upon those walls. In the wild confusion of the three hours' struggle, the Brandenburghers, when being pressed back upon the breach, got in at the rear of one of the Irish batteries, into and over which, we are told, they now swarmed in a dense black mass. In a moment, however, the whole struggle was suddenly and decisively terminated by the crowning feat of the defense. At the very instant when the Brandenburghers—little knowing that the ground beneath them was every rood a mine—were exulting over what they thought at least an instalment of success, the earth heaved and yawned under their feet, and with a roar like thunder, mingled with a thousand despairing death-shrieks, battery and Brandenburghers went flying into the air. For a moment there was a pause; each side alike seeming to feel the awfulness of the fate that had so suddenly annihiliated the devoted regiment. Then, indeed, a shout wild and high went up from the walls, wafted from end to end of the city, and caught up on the Thomond shore, and a final salvo from the unconquered battlements, by way of parting salute to the flying foe, proclaimed that patriotism and heroism had won the victory.

Far more honorable at all times than conquering prowess in battle—far more worthy of admiration and fame—is humanity to the fallen and the wounded, generosity to the vanquished. Let the youth of Ireland, therefore, know, when with bounding heart they read or relate so far this glorious story of Limerick, that there remains to be added the brightest ray to the halo of its fame. At the moment when the last overwhelming rush of the garrison and inhabitants swept the assailants from the breach, in the impetuosity of the onset the pursuing Irish penetrated at one point into the Williamite camp, and in the *mêlée* the Williamite hospital took fire. What follows deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. The Irish instantaneously turned from all pursuit and conflict—some of them rushed into the flames to bear away to safety from the burning

building its wounded occupants, while others of them with devoted zeal applied themselves to the task of quenching the flames. It was only when all danger from the conflagration was over that they gave thought to their own safety, and fought their way back to the town.

William, resolving to renew the assault next day, could not persuade his men to advance, though he offered to lead them in person. "Whereupon," says the Protestant historian who relates the fact, "in all rage he left the camp, and never stopped till he came to Waterford, where he took shipping for England, his army in the meantime retiring by night from Limerick."*

CHAPTER LXIX.

HOW THE FRENCH SAILED OFF, AND THE DESERTED IRISH ARMY STARVED IN RAGS, BUT WOULD NOT GIVE UP THE RIGHT—ARRIVAL OF "ST. RUTH, THE VAIN AND BRAVE."

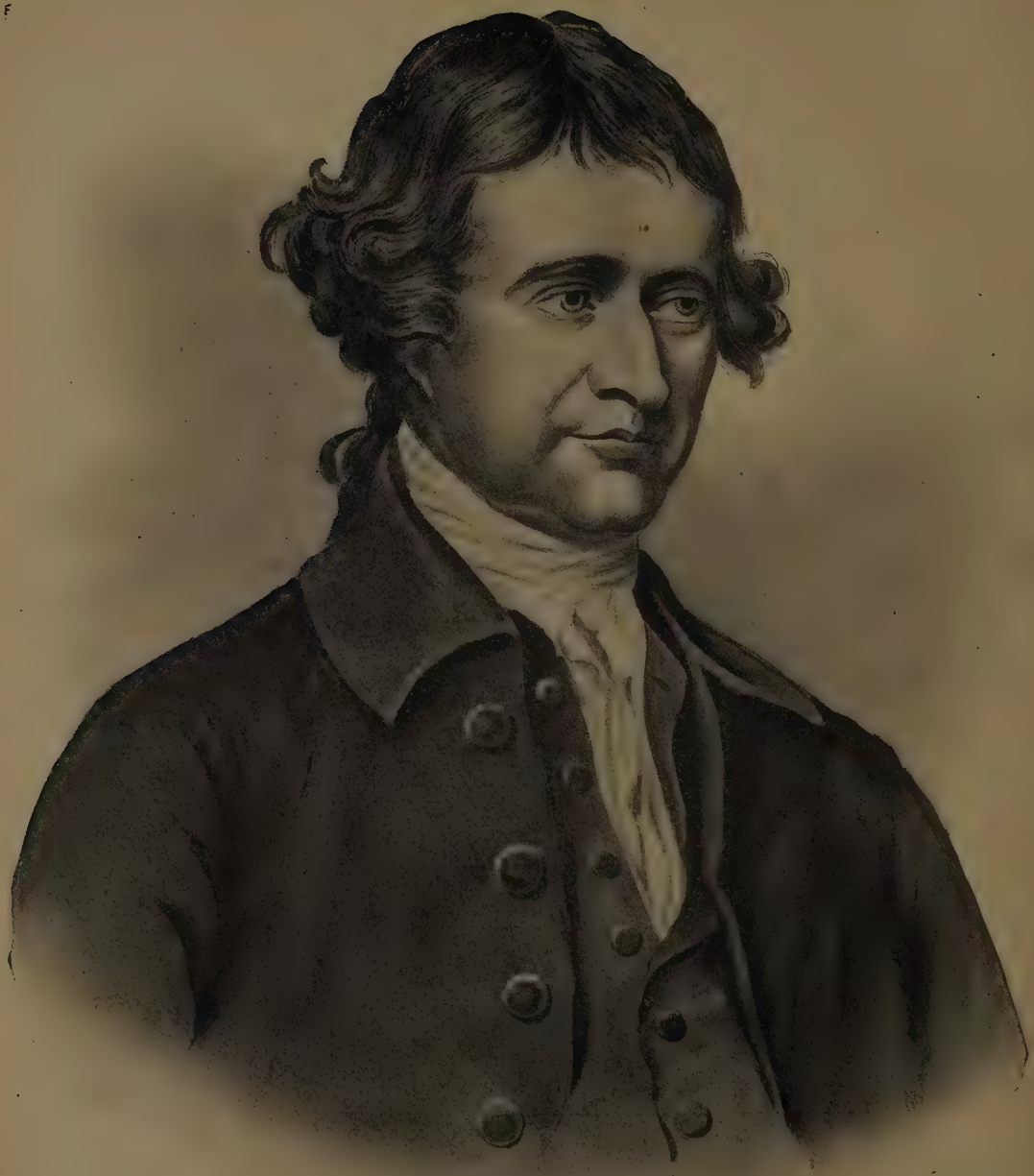
While William's cowed and beaten army were flying from Limerick, and the queen city of the Shannon was holding high carnival of rejoicing, a French fleet was anchoring in Galway to take off Lauzun and the French auxiliaries. James had represented in France that all was lost—that the struggle was over—that the Irish would not fight; so King Louis sent a fleet imperatively to bring away his men. Accordingly, Lauzun and his division embarked and sailed from Galway. Tyrconnell, however, proceeded to France at the same time, to represent to James his error as to the condition of affairs in Ireland, and to obtain from King Louis a new expedition in aid of the struggle.

An army in the field is a costly engine. Who was to supply the Irish with a "military chest?" How were the forces to be paid, supported, clothed? And, above all, how were military stores, ammunition, arms, and the myriad of other necessaries for the very existence of an army to be had? The struggle was not merely against so many thousand Williamites—Dutch, Danish, or English—on Irish soil; but against so many as a wing of the English nation, or mercenaries in its pay, with the constituted government, the wealth, the taxes, the levies, the arsenals and foundries of powerful England behind them. We need hardly wonder that while, every day, transports arrived from England with arms, ammunition, and military stores, new uniforms, tents, baggage and transport appliances for the Williamite army, the hapless Irish garrisons were literally in rags, unpaid, unsupplied, short of food, and wretchedly off for ammunition. Matters were somewhat mended by the arrival of Tyrconnell at Limerick, in February of the following year (1691) with a small supply of money and some shiploads of provisions, but no men. He brought, however, news, which to the half-famished and ragged garrisons was more welcome than piles of uniform clothing, or chests of gold—the cheering intelligence that King Louis was preparing for Ireland military assistance on a scale beyond anything France had yet afforded!

On the 8th of May following, a French fleet arrived in the Shannon, bringing some provisions, clothing, arms, and ammunition for the Irish troops, but no money and no troops. In this fleet, however, came Lieutenant-General St. Ruth, a French officer of great bravery, ability, energy, and experience, sent to take the chief command of the Irish army. This appointment, it may be remarked, in effect reduced to a fifth subordinate position Sarsfield, the man to whom was mainly owing the existence of any army at all in Ireland at this juncture, and on whom during the past winter had practically devolved all the responsibilities of the chief military and civil authority.

"Every fortunate accident," says one of our historians, "had combined to elevate that gallant cavalry officer into the position of national leadership. He was the son of a member of the Irish commons proscribed for his patriotism and religion in 1641; his mother being Anna O'Moore, daughter of the organizer of the Catholic confederation. He was a Catholic in religion; spoke Gaelic as fluently as English; was brave, impulsive, handsome, and generous to a fault, like the men he led. During Tyrconnell's absence every sincere lover of his country came to him with intelligence and looked to him for direction."

* Cassell's (Godkin's) "History of Ireland," vol. ii., page 114.



EDMUND BURKE.

The viceroy had brought him from France the rank and title of Earl of Lucan; "a title drawn from that pleasant hamlet in the valley of the Liffey, where he had learned to lisp the catechism of a patriot at the knee of Anna O'Moore." But it was not for titles or personal honors Sarsfield fought. More dear to him was the cause he had at heart; and though unquestionably the denial to him of a higher position of command in this campaign led to the bitterest feelings in the army—with the worst of results ultimately—in his own breast there rested no thought but how to forward that cause, no ambition but to serve it, whether as commoner or earl, as subaltern or as chief.

CHAPTER LXX.

HOW GINCKEL BESIEGED ATHLONE—HOW THE IRISH "KEPT THE BRIDGE," AND HOW THE BRAVE CUSTUME ARD HIS GLORIOUS COMPANIONS "DIED FOR IRELAND"—HOW ATHLONE, THUS SAVED, WAS LOST IN AN HOUR!

THE Williamite army rendezvoused at Mullingar toward the end of May, under Generals De Ginckel, Talmash, and Mackay. On the 7th of June, they moved westward for Athlone, "the ranks one blaze of scarlet, and the artillery such as had never before been seen in Ireland."* They were detained ten days besieging an Irish outpost, Ballymore Castle, heroically defended by Lieutenant-Colonel Ulick Burke and a force of twelve hundred men against Ginckel's army of thirteen thousand, and that artillery described for us by Macaulay. On the 18th Ginckel was joined by the Duke of Wertemburg, the Prince of Hesse, and the Count of Nassau, with seven thousand foreign mercenaries. On the 19th their full force appeared before Athlone and summoned the town to surrender.

On the previous occasion, when besieged by Douglas, the governor (Colonel Grace) relinquished as untenable the Leinster (or "English") side of the town, and made his stand successfully from the Connaught (or "Irish") side. The governor on this occasion—Colonel Fitzgerald—resolved to defend both the "English" and "Irish" sides, St. Ruth having strongly counseled him so to do, and promised to reach him soon with the bulk of the Irish army from Limerick. Colonel Fitzgerald had not more than three hundred and fifty men as a garrison; nevertheless, knowing that all depended on holding out till St. Ruth could come up, he did not wait for Ginckel to appear in sight, but sallied out with his small force, and disputed with the Williamite army the approaches to the town, thus successfully retarding them for five or six hours. But Ginckel had merely to plant his artillery, and the only walls Athlone possessed—on that side at least—were breached and crumbled like pastry. Toward evening, on the 17th of June, the whole of the bastion at the "Dublin Gate," near the river on the north side, being levelled, the (English) town was assaulted. The storming party, as told off, were four thousand men, headed by three hundred grenadiers, under Mackay, and with profuse supports beside. To meet these Fitzgerald had barely the survivors of his three hundred and fifty men, now exhausted after forty-eight hours' constant fighting. In the breach, when the assault was delivered, two hundred of that gallant band fell to rise no more. The remainder, fiercely fighting, fell back inch by inch toward the bridge, pressed by their four thousand foes. From the Williamites shouts now arose on all sides of "the bridge—the bridge!" and a furious rush was made to get over the bridge along with, if not before, the retreating Irish. In this event, of course, all was lost; but the brave Fitzgerald and his handful of heroes knew the fact well. Turning to bay at the bridge end, they opposed themselves like an impenetrable wall to the mass of the enemy; while above the din of battle and the shouts of the combatants could be heard sounds in the rear that to Mackay's ear needed no explanation—the Irish were breaking down the arches behind, while yet they fought in front! "They are destroying the bridge," he shouted wildly: "On! on! save the bridge—the bridge!" Flinging themselves in hundreds on the few score men now resisting them, the stormers sought to clear the way by freely giving man for man, life for life, nay four for one; but it would not do. There Fitzgerald and his companions stood like adamant; the space at the bridge end was small; one man could keep five

* Macaulay.

at bay; and a few paces behind, wielding pick and spade and crowbar like furies, were the engineers of the Irish garrison. Soon a low, rumbling noise was heard, followed by a crash; and a shout of triumph broke from the Irish side; a yell of rage from the assailants; a portion, but a portion only, of two arches had fallen into the stream; the bridge was still passable. Again a wild, eager shout from Mackay. "On! on! Now! now! the bridge!" But still there stood the decimated defenders, with clutched guns and clinched teeth, resolved to die but not to yield. Suddenly a cry from the Irish rear: "Back, back, men, for your lives!" The brave band turned from the front, and saw the half-broken arches behind them tottering. Most of them rushed with lightning speed over the falling mass; but the last company—it had wheeled round even at that moment to face and keep back the enemy—were too late. As they rushed for the passage, the mass of masonry heaved over with a roar into the boiling surges, leaving the devoted band on the brink in the midst of their foes. There was a moment's pause, and almost a wail burst from the Irish on the Connaught side; but just as the enemy rushed with vengeance upon the doomed group, they were seen to draw back a pace or two from the edge of the chasm, fling away their arms, then dash forward and plunge into the stream. Like a clap of thunder broke a volley from a thousand guns on the Leinster shore, tearing the water into foam. There was a minute of suspense on each side, and then a cheer rang out—of defiance, exultation, victory—as the brave fellows were seen to reach the other bank, pulled to land by a hundred welcoming hands.

St. Ruth, at Ballinasloe, on his way up from Limerick, heard next day that the English town had fallen. "He instantly set out at the head of fifteen hundred horse and foot, leaving the main army to follow as quickly as possible. On his arrival he encamped about two miles west of the town, and appointed Lieutenant-General D'Usson governor instead of the gallant Fitzgerald, as being best skilled in defending fortified places."* Now came the opportunity for that splendid artillery, "the like of which," Macaulay has told us, "had never been seen in Ireland." For seven long days of midsummer there poured against the Irish town such a storm of iron from seven batteries of heavy siege guns and mortars, that by the 27th the place was literally a mass of ruins, among which, we are told, "two men could not walk abreast." On that day "a hundred wagons arrived in the Williamite camp from Dublin, laden with a further supply of ammunition for the siege guns." That evening the enemy by grenades set on fire the fascines of the Irish breastwork at the bridge, and that night, under cover of a tremendous bombardment, they succeeded in flinging some beams over the broken arches, and partially planking them. Next morning—it was Sunday, the 28th of June—the Irish saw with consternation that barely a few planks more laid on would complete the bridge. Their own few cannon were now nearly all buried in the ruined masonry, and the enemy beyond had battery on battery trained on the narrow spot—it was death to show in the line of the all but finished causeway.

Out stepped from the ranks of Maxwell's regiment, a sergeant of dragoons, Custume by name. "Are there ten men here who will die with me for Ireland?" A hundred eager voices shouted "Ay." "Then," said he, "we will save Athlone; the bridge must go down."

Grasping axes and crowbars, the devoted band rushed from behind the breastwork, and dashed forward upon the newly-laid beams. A peal of artillery, a fusillade of musketry, from the other side, and the space was swept with grapeshot and bullets. When the smoke cleared away, the bodies of the brave Custume and his ten heroes lay on the bridge, riddled with balls. They had torn away some of the beams, but every man of the eleven had perished.

Out from the ranks of the same regiment dashed as many more volunteers. "There are eleven men more who will die for Ireland." Again cross the bridge rushed the heroes. Again the spot is swept by a murderous fusillade. The smoke lifts from the scene; nine of the second band lie dead upon the bridge—two survive, but the work is done. The last beam is gone; Athlone once more is saved.

I am not repeating a romance of fiction, but narrating a true story, recorded by lookers-on,

* Mc'Cann.

and corroborated in all its substance by writers on the Williamite and on the Jacobite side. When, therefore, young Irishmen read in Roman history of Horatius Cocles and his comrades who

"kept the bridge
In the brave days of old,"

let them remember that the authentic annals of Ireland record a scene of heroism not dissimilar in many of its features, not less glorious in aught. And when they read also of the fabled Roman patriot who plunged into the abyss at the forum to save the city, let them remember that such devotion, not in fable, but in fact, has been still more memorably exhibited by Irishmen; and let them honor beyond the apocryphal Curtius the brave Custume and his glorious companions who died for Ireland at Athlone.

The town was saved once more—yet awhile.

"Ginckel, thus a second time defeated in striving to cross the Shannon, resolved to renew his approaches over the bridge by the more cautious method of a covered walk, or 'close gallery,' and to support the new mode of attack by several others in different directions."* The whole of that day he cannonaded the Irish town with great violence, "as I believe never town was," writes a spectator. Nevertheless, the Irish, burrowing and trenching amid the chaotic mass of ruins and piles of rubbish once called the town of Athlone, continued to form new defenses as fast as the old were levelled, and Ginckel was at his wit's end what to rely upon if his "close gallery" should fail. A council of war in the Williamite camp decided that on the morning of the 29th the passage of the river should be a third time attempted, and in greater force than ever. A bridge of boats was to be thrown across the river some distance below the old stone structure, and it occurred to some one to suggest that as the summer had been exceedingly dry, and as the water in the river appeared to be unprecedentedly low, it might be worth while to try sounding for a ford.

This haphazard thought—this apparently fugitive suggestion—won Athlone.

"Three Danish soldiers, under sentence of death for some crime, were offered their pardon if they would undertake to try the river. The men readily consented, and, putting on armor, entered at three several places. The English in the trenches were ordered to fire seemingly at them, but in reality over their heads, whence the Irish naturally concluded them to be deserters, and did not fire till they saw them returning, when the English by their great and small shot, obliged the Irish to be covered. It was discovered that the deepest part of the river did not reach their breasts."* Thereupon it was decided to assail the town next morning suddenly and by surprise at three points; one party to go over the bridge by the "close gallery;" a second to cross by the pontoons or boat-bridge; the third, by one of the fords. Once more Mackay was to lead the assault, which was fixed for ten o'clock next morning; again, as at the Boyne, each Williamite soldier was to mount a green bough or sprig in his hat; and this time the word was to be "Kilkenny."

That night a deserter swam the river below the town, and revealed to St. Ruth that an assault was to be made by a boat-bridge and "close gallery" early next morning; and lo! when day dawned, the Williamites could descry the main army of the Irish defiling into the town, and detachments stationed at every point to contest the assault which was to have been "a surprise." To make matters worse, the boats were not ready till ten o'clock, instead of at six. Nevertheless the assault was proceeded with, and the storm of grenades began to fly. It had been decided to begin the conflict at or on the bridge, close to the broken arches, where (on their own side) the English had a breastwork, up to which the "close gallery" had been advanced, and upon the attack at this point the other operations were to depended. After an hour's hot work the Irish set on fire the fascines of the English breastwork. There being a strong breeze blowing, in a few minutes the flames spread rapidly; the breastwork had to be abandoned; the "close gallery" was almost destroyed; and the storming columns were called off. The Williamite assault upon Athlone a third time had proved a total failure.

Great was the exultation on the Irish side of

* O'Callaghan's "Green Book," page 32.

* Harris.

the river at the triumphant defeat and utter abandonment of this, the final attempt, as they regarded it, on the part of the foe. After waiting till near five o'clock to behold the last of the Williamites called to the rear, and every other sign of defeat exhibited on their side, St. Ruth drew off the victorious Irish army to the camp three miles distant, and, overconfidently, if not vaingloriously, declaring the siege as good as raised, invited the resident gentry of the neighborhood and the officers of the army to a grand ball at his quarters that evening.

Meanwhile Ginckel, a prey to the most torturing reflections, wavered between a hundred conflicting resolutions or momentary impulses. At last he decided to raise the siege, but wishing for the decision of a council to shield him somewhat from the outcry he apprehended in Dublin and in London, a meeting was held to consider the point. After a hot and bitter disputation, a resolution, at first laughed at by the majority, was adopted—namely, to try that very evening, nay, that very hour, a sudden dash across the river by the fords, as (it was rightly conjectured) the Irish would now be off their guard. As a last refuge from disgrace, Ginckel resolved to try this chance.

Toward six o'clock the Irish officer on guard on the Athlone side, sent word to the general (St. Ruth) that he thought there was something up on the opposite bank, and begging some detachments to be sent in, as only a few companies had been left in the town. St. Ruth replied by a sharp and testy remark, reflecting on the courage of the officer, to the effect that he was frightened by fancy. By the time this hurtful answer reached him, the officer saw enough to convince him that infallibly an assault was about to be made, and he sent with all speed to the camp entreating the general to credit the fact. St. Ruth replied by saying that if the officer in charge was afraid of such attacks, he might turn over the command to another. Sarsfield was present at this last reply, and he at once judged the whole situation correctly. He implored St. Ruth not to treat so lightly a report so grave from an officer of undoubted bravery. The Frenchman—courageous, energetic, and highly-gifted as he unquestionably was—unfortunately was short-tempered, imperious, and vain. He and Sarsfield exchanged hot and angry words; St. Ruth resenting Sarsfield's interference, and intimating that the latter henceforth should "know his place." While yet this fatal altercation was proceeding, an *aide-de-camp* galloped up all breathless from the town—the English were across the river and into the defenses of Athlone! Even now St. Ruth's overweening self-confidence would not yield. "Then let us drive them back again," was his answer, at the same time directing troops to hurry forward for that purpose. But it was too late. The lodgment had been made in force. The English were now in the defenses. The walls of the town on the camp side had been left standing, and only a siege could now dispossess the new occupants. Athlone was lost!*

CHAPTER LXXI.

"THE CULLODEN OF IRELAND"—HOW AUGHRIM WAS FOUGHT AND LOST—A STORY OF THE BATTLE-FIELD; "THE DOG OF AUGHRIM, OR FIDELITY IN DEATH."

St. Ruth fell back to Ballinasloe, on Ginckel's road to Galway, which city was now held by the Irish, and was in truth one of their most important possessions. The Frenchman was a prey to conscious guilty feeling. He knew that Sarsfield held him accountable for the loss of Athlone, and his pride was painfully mortified. How often do dire events from trivial causes spring! This estrangement between St. Ruth and Sarsfield was fated to affect the destinies of Ireland, for to it may be traced the loss of the battle of Aughrim, as we shall see.

At a council of war in the Irish camp it was at first resolved to give battle in the strong position

* Among the slain on the Irish side in this siege was the glorious old veteran, Colonel Richard Grace, who was governor the preceding year. His great age—he was now nearly ninety years of age—caused him to be relieved of such a laborious position in this siege, but nothing could induce him to seek, either in retirement or in less exposed and dangerous duty, that quiet which all his compeers felt to be the old man's right. He would insist on remaining in the thickest of the fighting, and he died "with his harness on his back." He was one of the most glorious characters to be met with in Irish history. The erudite author of the "Green Book" supplies a deeply interesting sketch of his life and career.

which the army had now taken up, but St. Ruth moved off to Aughrim, about three miles distant, on the road to Galway. The new position was not less strong than that which had just been quitted. In truth its selection, and the uses to which St. Ruth turned each and all of its natural advantages, showed him to be a man of consummate ability.

Close to the little village of Aughrim—destined to give name to the last great battle between Catholic and Protestant royalty on the soil of Ireland—is the Hill of Kilcommedan. The hill slopes gradually and smoothly upward to a height of about three hundred feet from its base, running lengthways for about two miles from north to south. On its east side or slope, looking toward the way by which Ginckel must approach on his march westward to Galway, the Irish army was encamped, having on its right flank the pass or causeway of Urrachree, and its left flank resting on the village of Aughrim. A large morass lay at foot of Kilcommedan (on the east, sweeping round the northern end of the hill) which might be crossed in summer by footmen, but was impracticable for cavalry. Through its center, from south to north, ran a little stream, which with winter rains flooded all the surrounding marsh. Two narrow causeways, "passes," or roads, ran across the morass to the hill; one at Urrachree, the other at the town of Aughrim; the latter one being defended or commanded by an old ruin, Aughrim Castle, at the hill base.* Along the slopes of the hill, parallel with its base, ran two or three lines of whitethorn hedgerows, growing out of thick earth fences, affording admirable position and protection for musketeers. It may be questioned if the genius of a Wellington could have devised or directed aught that St. Ruth had not done to turn every feature of the ground and every inch of this position to advantage. Yet by one sin of omission he placed all the fortunes of the day on the hazard of his own life; he communicated his plan of battle to no one. Sarsfield was the man next entitled and fitted to command, in the event of anything befalling the general; yet he in particular was kept from any knowledge of the tactics or strategy upon which the battle was to turn. Indeed he was posted at a point critical and important enough in some senses, yet away from, and out of sight of the part of the field where the main struggle was to take place; and St. Ruth rather hurtfully gave him imperative instructions not to stir from the position thus assigned him without a written order from himself. "At Aughrim," says an intelligent Protestant literary periodical, "three apparent accidents gave the victory to Ginckel. The musketeers defending the pass at the old castle found themselves supplied with cannon balls instead of bullets; the flank movement of a regiment was mistaken for a retreat; and St. Ruth lost his life by a cannon shot."* The last mentioned, which was really the accident that wrested undoubted victory from the Irish grasp, would have had no such disastrous result had St. Ruth confided his plan of battle to his lieutenant-general, and taken him heartily and thoroughly into joint command on the field.

I know of no account of this battle, which, within the same space, exhibits so much completeness, clearness, and simplicity of narration as Mr. Haverty's, which accordingly I here borrow with very little abridgment:

"The advanced guards of the Williamites came in sight of the Irish on the 11th of July, and the following morning, which was Sunday, July 12, 1691, while the Irish army was assisting at mass, the whole force of the enemy drew up in line of battle on the high ground to the east beyond the morass. As nearly as the strength of the two armies can be estimated, that of the Irish was about fifteen thousand horse and foot, and that of the Williamites from twenty to twenty-five thousand, the latter having besides a numerous artillery, while the Irish had but nine field pieces.

"Ginckel, knowing his own great superiority in artillery, hoped by the aid of that arm alone to dislodge the Irish center force from their advantageous ground; and as quickly as his guns could be brought into position, he opened fire upon the enemy. He also directed some cavalry

* The most intelligible, if not the only intelligible, descriptions of this battlefield are those of Mr. M. J. M'Cann, in the *Harp* for June, 1859; and in a work recently issued in America, "Battlefields of Ireland," unquestionably the most attractive and faithful narrative hitherto published of the Jacobite struggle.

Dublin University Magazine for February, 1867.—"Some Episodes of the Irish Jacobite Wars."

movements on his left at the pass of Urrachree, but with strict orders that the Irish should not be followed beyond the 'pass,' lest any fighting there should force on a general engagement, for which he had not then made up his mind. His orders on this point, however, were not punctually obeyed; the consequence being some hot skirmishing, which brought larger bodies into action, until about three o'clock, when the Williamites retired from the pass.

"Ginckel now held a council of war, and the prevalent opinion seemed to be that the attack should be deferred until an early hour next morning, but the final decision of the council was for an immediate battle. At five o'clock, accordingly, the attack was renewed at Urrachree, and for an hour and a half there was considerable fighting in that quarter; several attempts to force the pass having been made in the interval, and the Irish cavalry continuing to maintain their ground gallantly, although against double their numbers.

"At length, at half-past six, Ginckel, having previously caused the morass in front of the Irish center to be sounded, ordered his infantry to advance on the point where the line of the fences at the Irish side projected most into the marsh, and where the morass was, consequently, narrowest. This, it appears, was in the Irish right center, or in the direction of Urrachree. The four regiments of colonels Erle, Herbert, Creighton, and Brewer were the first to wade through the mud and water, and to advance against the nearest of the hedges, where they were received with a smart fire by the Irish, who then retired behind their next line of hedges, to which the assailants in their turn approached. The Williamite infantry were thus gradually drawn from one line of fences to another, up the slope from the morass, to a greater distance than was contemplated in the plan of attack, according to which they were to hold their ground near the morass until they could be supported by reinforcements of infantry in the rear, and by cavalry on the flanks. The Irish retired by such short distances that the Williamites pursued what they considered to be an advantage, until they found themselves face to face with the main line of the Irish, who now charged them in front; while by passages cut specially for such a purpose through the line of hedges by St. Ruth, the Irish cavalry rushed down with irresistible force and attacked them in the flanks. The effect was instantaneous. In vain did Colonel Erle endeavor to encourage his men by crying out that 'there was no way to come off but to be brave.' They were thrown into total disorder, and fled toward the morass, the Irish cavalry cutting them down in the rear, and the infantry pouring in a deadly fire, until they were driven beyond the quagmire, which separated the two armies. Colonels Erle and Herbert were taken prisoners; but the former, after being taken and retaken, and receiving some wounds, was finally rescued.

"While this was going forward toward the Irish right, several other Williamite regiments crossed the bog nearer to Aughrim, and were in like manner repulsed; but, not having ventured among the Irish hedges, their loss was not so considerable, although they were pursued so far in their retreat that the Irish, says Story, 'got almost in a line with some of our great guns,' or, in other words, had advanced into the English battleground. It was no wonder that at this moment St. Ruth should have exclaimed with national enthusiasm, 'The day is ours, *mes enfants!*'

"The maneuvers of the Dutch general on the other side evinced consummate ability, and the peril of his present position obliged him to make desperate efforts to retrieve it. His army being much more numerous than that of the Irish, he could afford to extend his left wing considerably beyond their right, and this causing a fear that he intended to flank them at that side, St. Ruth ordered the second line of his left to march to the right, the officer who received the instructions taking with him also a battalion from the center, which left a weak point not unobserved by the enemy. St. Ruth had a fatal confidence in the natural strength of his left, owing to the great extent of bog, and the extreme narrowness of the causeway near Aughrim Castle. The Williamite commander perceived this confidence, and resolved to take advantage of it. Hence his movement at the opposite extremity of his line, which was a mere feint, the troops which he sent to his left not firing a shot during the day, while some of the best regiments of the Irish were drawn away to watch them. The point of

weakening the Irish left having been thus gained, the object of doing so soon became apparent. A movement of the Williamite cavalry to the causeway at Aughrim was observed. Some horsemen were seen crossing the narrow part of the causeway with great difficulty, being scarcely able to ride two abreast. St. Ruth still believed that pass impregnable, as indeed it would have been, but for the mischances which we have yet to mention, and he is reported to have exclaimed, when he saw the enemy's cavalry scrambling over it, 'They are brave fellows, 'tis a pity they should be so exposed.' They were not, however, so exposed to destruction as he then imagined. Artillery had come to their aid, and as the men crossed, they began to form in squadrons on the firm ground near the old castle. What were the garrison of the castle doing at this time? and what the reserve of cavalry beyond the castle to the extreme left? As to the former, an unlucky circumstance rendered their efforts nugatory. It was found on examining the ammunition with which they had been supplied, that while the men were armed with French firelocks, the balls that had been served to them were cast for English muskets, of which the calibre was larger, and that they were consequently useless. In this emergency the men cut the small globular buttons from their jackets, and used them for bullets, but their fire was ineffective, however briskly it was sustained, and few of the enemy's horse crossing the causeway were hit. This was but one of the mischances connected with the unhappy left of St. Ruth's position. We have seen how an Irish officer, when ordered with reserves to the right wing, removed a battalion from the left center. This error* was immediately followed by the crossing of the morass at that weakened point by three Williamite regiments, who employed hurdles to facilitate their passage, and who, meeting with a comparatively feeble resistance at the front line of fences, succeeded in making a lodgment in a cornfield on the Irish side."

It was, however—as the historian just quoted remarks in continuation—still very easy to remedy the effects of these errors or mishaps thus momentarily threatening to render questionable the victory already substantially won by the Irish; and St. Ruth, for the purpose of so doing—and, in fact, delivering the *coup de grace* to the beaten foe—left his position of observation in front of the camp on the crest of the hill, and, placing himself in joyous pride at the head of a cavalry brigade, hastened down the slope to charge the confused bodies of Williamite horse gaining a foothold below. Those who saw him at this moment say that his face was aglow with enthusiasm and triumph. He had, as he thought, at last vindicated his name and fame; he had shown what St. Ruth could do. And, indeed, never for an instant had he doubted the result of this battle, or anticipated for it any other issue than a victory. He had attired himself, we are told, in his most gorgeous uniform, wearing all his decorations and costly ornaments, and constantly told those around him that he was to-day about to win a battle that would wrest Ireland from William's grasp. About halfway down the hill he halted a moment to give some directions to the artillerymen at one of the field batteries. Then, drawing his sword, and giving the word to advance for a charge, he exclaimed to his officers: "They are beaten, gentlemen; let us drive them back to the gates of Dublin." With a cheer, rising above the roar of the artillery—which, from the other side, was playing furiously on this decisive Irish advance—the squadron made reply; when, suddenly, louder still, at its close, there arose a cry—a shriek—from some one near the general. All eyes were turned upon the spot, and for an instant many failed to discern the cause for such a startling utterance. There sat the glittering uniformed figure upon his charger. It needed, with some, a second glance to detect the horrible catastrophe that had befallen. There sat the body of St. Ruth indeed, but it was his lifeless corpse—a headless trunk. A cannon shot from the Williamite batteries had struck the head from his body, as if the Tyburn ax and block had done their fearful work. St. Ruth, the vain, the brave, was no more!

The staff crowded around the fallen commander in sad dismay. The brigade itself, ignorant at first of the true nature of what happened,

* Many Irish authorities assert it was no "error," but downright treason. The officer who perpetrated it being the traitor Luttrell, subsequently discovered to have long been working out the betrayal of the cause.

but conscious that some serious disaster had occurred, halted in confusion. Indecision and confusion in the face of the enemy, and under fire of his batteries, has ever but one result. The brigade broke, and rode to the right. No one knew on whom the command devolved. Sarsfield was next in rank; but every one knew him to be posted at a distant part of the field, and it was unhappily notorious that he had not been made acquainted with any of the lost general's plan. This indecision and confusion was not long spreading from the cavalry brigade which St. Ruth had been leading to other bodies of the troops. The Williamites plainly perceived that something fatal had happened on the Irish side, which, if taken advantage of promptly, might give them victory in the very moment of defeat. They halted, rallied, and returned. A general attack in full force on all points was ordered. "Still the Irish center and right wing maintained their ground obstinately, and the fight was renewed with as much vigor as ever. The Irish infantry was so hotly engaged that they were not aware either of the death of St. Ruth, or of the flight of the cavalry, until they themselves were almost surrounded. A panic and confused flight were the result. The cavalry of the right wing, who were the first in action that day, were the last to quit their ground. Sarsfield, with the reserve horse of the center, had to retire with the rest without striking one blow, 'although,' says the Williamite captain Parker, 'he had the greatest and best part of the cavalry with him.' St. Ruth fell about sunset; and about nine, after three hours' hard fighting, the last of the Irish army had left the field. The cavalry retreated along the high road to Loughrea, and the infantry, who mostly flung away their arms, fled to a large red bog on their left, where great numbers of them were massacred unarmed and in cold blood; but a thick misty rain coming on, and the night setting in, the pursuit was soon relinquished."

The peasantry to this day point out a small gorge on the hillside, still called "Gleann-na-Fola,"* where two of the Irish regiments, deeming flight vain, or scorning to fly, halted, and throughout the night waited their doom in sullen determination. There they were found in the morning, and were slaughtered to a man. The slogan of the conqueror was: "No quarter."*

Above five hundred prisoners, with thirty-two pairs of colors, eleven standards, and a large quantity of small arms, fell into the hands of the victors. The English loss in killed and wounded was about three thousand; the Irish lost over four thousand, chiefly in the flight, as the Williamites gave no quarter, and the wounded, if they were not, in comparative mercy, shot as they lay on the field, were allowed to perish unfriended where they fell.

To the music of one of the most plaintive of our Irish melodies—"The Lamentation of Aughrim"—Moore (a second time touched by this sad theme) has wedded the well-known verses here quoted:

"Forget not the field where they perished—
The truest, the last of the brave;
All gone—and the bright hope they cherished
Gone with them, and quenched in their grave.

"Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more—

"Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then—
Oh!—'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

* The Glen of Slaughter.—The Bloody Glen.

* Moore, who seems to have been powerfully affected by the whole story of Aughrim—"the Culloden of Ireland—is said to have found in this mournful tragedy the subject of his exquisite song "After the Battle:"

"Night closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings showed the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
Forever dimmed, forever crossed—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honor's lost?

"The last sad hour of freedom's dream
And valor's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watched, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There 's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss:
If death that world's bright op'ning be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?"

"'But 'tis past; and though blazoned in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free!

"'Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!"

We cannot take leave of the field of Aughrim and pass unnoticed an episode connected with that scene which may well claim a place in history; a true story, which, if it rested on any other authority than that of the hostile and unsympathizing Williamite chaplain, might be deemed either the creation of poetic fancy or the warmly tinged picture of exaggerated fact.

The bodies of the fallen Irish, as already mentioned, were for the most part left unburied on the ground, "a prey to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field." "There is," says the Williamite chronicler, "a true and remarkable story of a greyhound,* belonging to an Irish officer. The gentleman was killed and stripped in the battle,† whose body the dog remained by night and day; and though he fed upon other corpses with the rest of the dogs, yet he would not allow them or anything else to touch that of his master. When all the corpses were consumed, the other dogs departed; but this one used to go in the night to the adjacent villages for food, and presently return to the place where his master's bones only were then left. And thus he continued (from July when the battle was fought) till January following, when one of Colonel Foulkes' soldiers, being quartered nigh at hand, and going that way by chance, the dog fearing he came to disturb his master's bones, flew upon the soldier, who, being surprised at the suddenness of the thing, unslung his piece then upon his back, and shot the poor dog."‡ "He expired," adds Mr. O'Callaghan, "with the same fidelity to the remains of his unfortunate master, as that master had shown devotion to the cause of his unhappy country. In the history of nations there are few spectacles more entitled to the admiration of the noble mind and the sympathy of the generous and feeling heart, than the fate of the gallant men and the faithful dog of Aughrim."*

* It was a wolf-hound or wolf-dog.

† Meaning to say, killed in the battle and stripped after it by the Williamite camp-followers, with whom stripping and robbing the slain was a common practice. They did not spare even the corpse of their own lieutenant colonel, the Right Rev. Dr. Walker, Protestant Bishop of Derry, which they stripped naked at the Boyne.

‡ Story's "Cont. Imp. Hist.," page 147.

* "Green Book," page 459.

CHAPTER LXXII.

HOW GLORIOUS LIMERICK ONCE MORE BRAVED THE ORDEAL—HOW AT LENGTH A TREATY AND CAPITULATION WERE AGREED UPON—HOW SARSFIELD AND THE IRISH ARMY SAILED INTO EXILE.

"GALWAY surrendered on favorable terms ten days after the battle. Sligo also, the last western garrison, succumbed soon after, and its governor, the brave Sir Teige O'Regan, the hero of Charlemont, marched his six hundred survivors southward to Limerick."

"Thus once more all eyes and hearts in the British Islands were turned toward the well-known city of the lower Shannon."†

On the 25th of August, Ginckel, reinforced by all the troops he could gather in with safety, invested the place on three sides. It appears he had powers, and indeed urgent directions, from William long previously, to let no hesitation in granting favorable terms keep him from ending the war, if it could be ended by such means, and it is said he apprehended serious censure for not having proclaimed such dispositions before he assaulted Athlone. He now resolved to use without stint the powers given to him, in the anxious hope of thereby averting the necessity of trying to succeed where William himself had failed—beneath the unconquered walls of Limerick.

Accordingly, a proclamation was issued by Ginckel, offering a full and free pardon of all "treasons" (so called—meaning thereby loyalty to the king, and resistance of the foreign emissaries), with restoration for all to their estates "forfeited" by such "treason," and employment in his majesty's service for all who would accept it, if the Irish army would abandon the war.

It is not to be wondered at that this proclamation developed on the instant a "peace party" within the Irish lines. Not even the most san-

† M'Gee.

guine could now hope to snatch the crown from William's head, and replace it on that of the fugitive James. For what object, therefore, if not simply to secure honorable terms, should they prolong the struggle? And did not this proclamation afford a fair and reasonable basis for negotiation? The Anglo-Irish Catholic nobles and gentry, whose estates were thus offered to be secured to them, may well be pardoned if they exhibited weakness at this stage. To battle further was, in their judgment, to peril all for a shadow.

Nevertheless, the national party, led by Sarsfield, prevailed, and Ginckel's summons to surrender was courteously but firmly refused. Once more glorious Limerick was to brave the fiery ordeal. Sixty guns, none of less than twelve pounds caliber, opened their deadly fire against it. An English fleet ascended the river, hurling its missiles right and left. Bombardment by land and water showered destruction upon the city—in vain. Ginckel now gave up all hope of reducing the place by assault, and resolved to turn the siege into a blockade. Starvation must, in time, effect what fire and sword had so often and so vainly tried to accomplish. The treason of an Anglo-Irish officer long suspected, Luttrell, betrayed to Ginckel the pass over the Shannon above the city; and one morning the Irish, to their horror, beheld the foe upon the Clare side of the river. Ginckel again offered to grant almost any terms, if the city would but capitulate, for even still he judged it rather a forlorn chance to await its capture. The announcement of this offer placed further resistance out of the question. It was plain there was a party within the walls so impressed with the madness of refusing such terms, that, any moment, they might, of themselves, attempt to hand over the city.

Accordingly, on the 23d of September (1691) —after a day of bloody struggle from early dawn —the Irish gave the signal for a parley, and a cessation of arms took place. Favorable as were the terms offered, and even though Sarsfield now assented to accepting them, the news that the struggle was to be ended was received by the soldiers and citizens with loud and bitter grief. They ran to the ramparts, from which they so often had hurled the foe, and broke their swords in pieces. "Muskets that had scattered fire and death amid the British grenadiers, were broken in a frenzy of desperation, and the tough shafts of pikes that had resisted William's choicest cavalry, crashed across the knees of maddened rapparees." The citizens, too, ran to the walls, with the arms they had treasured proudly as mementos of the last year's glorious struggle, and shivered them into fragments, exclaiming with husky voices: "We need them now no longer. Ireland is no more!"

On the 26th of September the negotiations were opened, hostages were exchanged, and Sarsfield and Major-General Wauchop dined with Ginckel in the English camp. The terms of capitulation were settled soon after; but the Irish, happily—resolved to leave no pretext for subsequent repudiation of Ginckel's treaty, even though he showed them his formal powers—demanded that the lords justices should come down from Dublin and ratify the articles. This was done; and on October 3, 1691, the several contracting parties met in full state at a spot on the Clare side of the river to sign and exchange the treaty. That memorable spot is marked by a large stone, which remains to this day, proudly guarded and preserved by the people of that city, for whom it is a monument more glorious than the Titan arch for Rome. The visitor who seeks it on the Shannon side needs but to name the object of his search when a hundred eager volunteers, their faces all radiant with pride, will point him out that memorial of Irish honor and heroism, that silent witness of English troth —*punica fides*—the "Treaty Stone of Limerick."

The treaty consisted of military articles, or clauses, twenty-nine in number; and civil articles, thirteen. Set out in all the formal and precise language of the original document, those forty-two articles would occupy a great space. They were substantially as follows: The military articles provided that all persons willing to expatriate themselves, as well officers and soldiers as rapparees and volunteers, should have free liberty to do so, to any place beyond seas, except England and Scotland; that they might depart in whole bodies, companies, or parties; that, if plundered by the way, William's government should make good their loss; that fifty ships, of two hundred tons each, should be provided for their transportation, beside two men-of-war for

the principal officers; that the garrison of Limerick might march out with all their arms, guns, and baggage, colors flying, drums beating, and matches lighting! The garrison of Limerick, moreover, were to be at liberty to take away any six brass guns they might choose, with two mortars, and half the ammunition in the place. It was also agreed that those who so wished might enter the service of William, retaining their rank and pay.

"The civil articles were thirteen in number. Article I. guaranteed to members of that denomination remaining in the kingdom, 'such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the law of Ireland, or as they enjoyed in the reign of King Charles the Second;' this article further provided that, 'their majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom, will endeavor the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from any disturbance.'" Article II. guaranteed pardon and protection to all who had served King James, on taking the oath of allegiance prescribed in Article IX., as follows:

"I, A. B., do solemnly promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their majesties, King William and Queen Mary; so help me God."

Articles III., IV., V., and VI. extended the provisions of Articles I. and II. to merchants and other classes of men. Article VII. permits "every nobleman and gentleman comprised in the said articles" to carry side arms, and keep "a gun in their houses." Article VIII. gives the right of removing goods and chattels without search. Article IX. is as follows:

"The oath to be administered to such Roman Catholics as submit to their majesties' government shall be the oath aforesaid, and no other."

Article X. guarantees that "no person or persons who shall hereafter break these articles, or any of them, shall thereby make or cause any other person or persons to forfeit or lose the benefit of them." Articles XI. and XII. relate to the ratification of the articles "within eight months or sooner." Article XIII. refers to the debts of "Colonel John Brown, commissary of the Irish army, to several Protestants," and arranges for their satisfaction.

On the morning of October 5, 1691, a singular scene was witnessed on the northern shore of the Shannon, beyond the city walls. On that day the Irish regiments were to make their choice between exile for life, or service in the armies of their conqueror. At each end of a gently rising ground beyond the suburbs were planted on one side the royal standard of France, and on the other that of England. It was agreed that the regiments, as they marched out—"with all the honors of war; drums beating, colors flying, and matches lighting"—should, on reaching this spot, wheel to the left or to the right beneath that flag under which they elected to serve. At the head of the Irish marched the foot guards—the finest regiment in the service—fourteen hundred strong. All eyes were fixed on this splendid body of men. On they came, amid breathless silence and acute suspense; for well both the English and Irish generals knew that the choice of the first regiment would powerfully influence all the rest. The guards marched up to the critical spot and—in a body wheeled to the colors of France; barely seven men turning to the English side! Ginckel, we are told, was greatly agitated as he witnessed the proceeding. The next regiment, however (Lord Iveagh's), marched as unanimously to the Williamite banner, as did also portions of two others. But the bulk of the Irish army defiled under the *Fleur de lis* of King Louis; only one thousand and forty-six, out of nearly fourteen thousand men, preferring the service of England!

A few days afterward a French fleet sailed up the Shannon with an aiding army, and bringing money, arms, ammunition, stores, food, and clothing. Ginckel, affrighted, imagined the Irish would now disclaim the articles, and renew the war. But it was not the Irish who were to break the Treaty of Limerick. Sarsfield, when told that a powerful fleet was sailing up the river, seemed stunned by the news! He was silent for a moment, and then, in mournful accents, replied: "Too late. The treaty is signed; our honor is pledged—the honor of Ireland. Though a hundred thousand Frenchmen offered to aid us now, we must keep our plighted troth!"

He forbade the expedition to land, with a scrupulous sense of honor contending that the spirit if not the letter of the capitulation extended to any such arrival. The French ships, accordingly, were used only to transport to France the Irish army that had volunteered for foreign service. Soldiers and civilians, nobles, gentry, and clergy, there sailed in all nineteen thousand and twenty-five persons. Most of the officers, like their illustrious leader, Sarsfield,* gave up fortune, family, home, and friends, refusing the most tempting offers from William, whose anxiety to enroll them in his own service was earnestly and perseveringly pressed upon them to the last. Hard was their choice; great was the sacrifice. Full of anguish was that parting, whose sorrowful spirit has been so faithfully expressed by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, in the following simple and touching verses—the soliloquy of a brigade soldier sailing away from Limerick:

"I snatched a stone from the bloodied brook,
And hurled it at my household door!
No farewell of my love I took:
I shall see my friend no more.

"I dashed across the churchyard bound:
I knelt not by my parents' grave:
There rang from my heart a clarion's sound,
That summoned me o'er the wave.

"No land to me can native be
That strangers trample, and tyrants stain:
When the valleys I loved are cleansed and free,
They are mine, they are mine again!

"Till then, in sunshine or sunless weather,
By Seine and Loire, and the broad Garonne
My warhorse and I roam on together
Wherever God will. On! on!"

These were not wholly lost to Ireland, though not a man of them ever saw Ireland more. They served her abroad when they could no longer strike for her at home. They made her sad yet glorious story familiar in the courts of Christendom. They made her valor felt and respected on the battlefields of Europe. And as they had not quitted her soil until they exacted terms from the conqueror which, if observed, might have been for her a charter of protection, so did they in their exile take a terrible vengeance upon that conqueror for his foul and treacherous violation of that treaty.

No! These men were not, in all, lost to Ireland. Their deeds are the proudest in her story. History may parallel, but it can adduce nothing to surpass, the chivalrous devotion of the men who comprised this second great armed migration of Irish valor, faith, and patriotism.

*His patrimonial estates near Lucan, county Dublin, were, even at that day, worth nearly three thousand pounds per annum.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

HOW THE TREATY OF LIMERICK WAS BROKEN AND TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT BY THE "PROTESTANT INTEREST," YELLING FOR MORE PLUNDER AND MORE PERSECUTION.

There is no more bitter memory in the Irish breast than that which tells how the Treaty of Limerick was violated; and there is not probably on record a breach of public faith more nakedly and confessedly infamous than was that violation.

None of this damning blot touches William—now king *de facto* of the two islands. He did his part; and the truthful historian is bound on good evidence to assume for him that he saw with indignation and disgust the shameless and dastardly breach of that treaty by the dominant and all-powerful Protestant faction. We have seen how the lords justices came down from Dublin and approved and signed the treaty at Limerick.* The king bound public faith to it still more firmly, formally, and solemnly, by the

*Here it may be well to note an occurrence which some writers regard as a deliberate and foul attempt to overreach and trick Sarsfield in the treaty, but which might, after all, have been accident. The day after the treaty was signed in "fair copy," it was discovered that *one line*—containing however one of the most important stipulations in the entire treaty—had been omitted in the "fair copy" by the Williamites, though duly set out in the "first draft" signed by both parties. The instant it was discovered, Sarsfield called on Ginckel to answer for it. The latter and all the Williamite "contracting parties," declared the omission purely accidental—inserted the line in its right place, and, by a supplemental agreement, solemnly covenanted that this identical line should have a special confirmation from the king and parliament. The king honorably did so. The parliament tore it into shreds!

issue of royal letters patent confirmatory of all its articles, issued from Westminster February 24, 1692, in the name of himself and Queen Mary.

We shall now see how this treaty was *kept* toward the Irish Catholics.

The "Protestant interest" of Ireland, as they called themselves, no sooner found the last of the Irish regiments shipped from the Shannon than they openly announced that the treaty would not, and ought not to be kept. It was the old story. Whenever the English sovereign or government desired to pause in the work of persecution and plunder, if not to treat the native Irish in a spirit of conciliation or justice, the "colony," the "plantation," the garrison, the "Protestant interest," screamed in frantic resistance. It was so in the reign of James the First; it was so in the reign of Charles the First; it was so in the reign of Charles the Second; it was so in the reign of James the Second; it was so in the reign of William and Mary. Any attempt of king or government to mete to the native Catholic population of Ireland any measure of treatment save what the robber and murderer metes out to his helpless victim, was denounced—absolutely complained of—as a daring wrong and grievance against what was and is still called the "Protestant interest," or "*our* glorious rights and liberties."* Indeed, no sooner had the lords justices returned from Limerick than the Protestant pulpits commenced to resound with denunciations of those who would observe the treaty; and Dopping, titular Protestant bishop of Meath, as Protestant historians record, preached before the lords justices themselves a notable sermon on "the crime of keeping faith with Papists."

The "Protestant interest" party saw with indignation that the king meant to keep faith with the capitulated Catholics; nay, possibly to consolidate the country by a comparatively conciliatory, just, and generous policy; which was, they contended, monstrous. It quickly occurred to them, however, that as they were sure to be a strong majority in the parliament, they could take into their own hands the work of "reconstruction," when they might freely wreak their will on the vanquished, and laugh to scorn all treaty faith.

There was some danger of obstruction from the powerful Catholic minority entitled to sit in both houses of parliament; but, for this danger the dominant faction found a specific. By an unconstitutional straining of the theory that each house was judge of the qualification of its members, they framed test oaths to exclude the minority.

In utter violation of the Treaty of Limerick—a clause in which, as we have seen, covenanted that no oath should be required of a Catholic other than the oath of allegiance therein set out—the parliamentary majority framed a test oath explicitly denying and denouncing the doctrines of transubstantiation, invocation of saints, and the sacrifice of the mass, as "damnable and idolatrous." Of course the Catholic peers and commoners retired rather than take these tests, and the way was now all clear for the bloody work of persecution.

In the so-called "Catholic parliament"—the parliament which assembled in Dublin in 1690, and which was opened by King James in person—the Catholics greatly preponderated (in just such proportion as the population was Catholic or Protestant) yet no attempt was made by *that* majority to trample down or exclude the minority. Nay, the Protestant prelates all took their seats in the peers' chamber, and debated and divided as stoutly as ever throughout the session, while not a Catholic prelate sat in that "Catholic parliament" at all. It was the Catholics' day of power, and they used it generously, magnanimously, nobly. Sustainment of the king, suppression of rebellion, were the all-pervading sentiments. Tolerance of all creeds—freedom of conscience for Protestant and for Catholic—were the watchwords in that "Catholic parliament."

And now, how was all this requited? Alas! We have just seen how! Well might the Catholic in that hour exclaim in the language used for him by Mr. De Vere in his poem:

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* An occurrence ever "repeating itself." Even so recently as the year 1867, on the rumor that the English government intended to grant some modicum of civil and religious equality in Ireland, this same "Protestant interest" faction screamed and yelled after the old fashion, complained of such an intention as a grievance, and went through the usual vows about "*our* glorious rights and liberties."

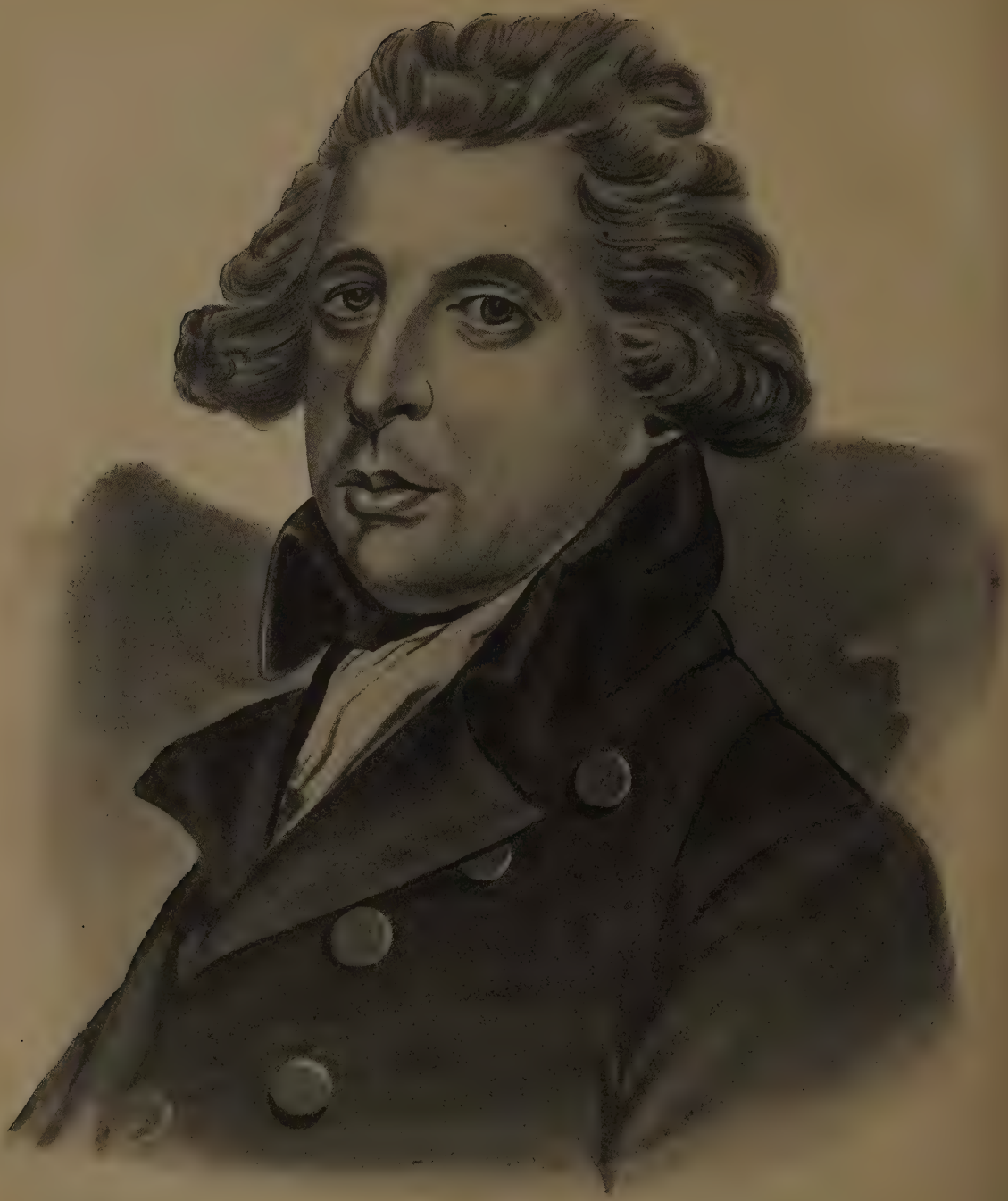
"We, too, had our day—it was brief: it is ended—
When a king dwelt among us, no strange king, but ours:
When the shout of a people delivered ascended,
And shook the broad banner that hung on his tow'rs.
We saw it like trees in a summer breeze shiver,
We read the gold legend that blazoned it o'er:
'To-day!—now or never! To-day and forever!'
O God! have we seen it, to see it no more?

"How fared it that season, our lords and our masters,
In that spring of our freedom, how fared it with you?
Did we trample your faith? Did we mock your disasters?
We restored but his own to the leal and the true.
Ye had fallen! 'Twas a season of tempest and troubles,
But against you we drew not the knife ye had drawn;
In the war-field we met: but your prelates and nobles
Stood up mid the senate in ermine and lawn!"

It was even so, indeed. But now. What a contrast! Strangers to every sentiment of magnanimity, justice, or compassion, the victorious majority went at the work of proscription wholesale. The king, through lord justice Sydney, offered some resistance; but, by refusing to vote him adequate supplies, they soon taught William that he had better not interfere with their designs. After four years' hesitancy, he yielded in unconcealed disgust. Forthwith ample supplies were voted to his majesty, and the parliament proceeded to practice freely the doctrine of "no faith to be kept with Papists."

Of course they began with confiscations. Plunder was ever the beginning and the end of their faith and practice. Soon 1,060,792 acres were declared "escheated to the crown." Then they looked into the existing powers of persecution, to see how far they were capable of extension. These were found to be atrocious enough; nevertheless, the new parliament added the following fresh enactments: "1. An act to deprive Catholics of the means of educating their children at home or abroad, and to render them incapable of being guardians of their own or any other person's children; 2. An act to disarm the Catholics; and 3. Another to banish all the Catholic priests and prelates. Having thus violated the treaty, they gravely brought in a bill 'to confirm the Articles of Limerick.' 'The very title of the bill,' says Dr. Crooke Taylor, 'contains evidence of its injustice. It is styled, "A Bill for the confirmation of Articles (not *the* articles) made at the surrender of Limerick."' And the preamble shows that the little word *the* was not accidentally omitted. It runs thus: 'That the said articles, or so much of them as may consist with the safety and welfare of your majesty's subjects in these kingdoms, may be confirmed,' etc. The parts that appeared to these legislators inconsistent with 'the safety and welfare of his majesty's subjects,' was the first article, which provided for the security of the Catholics from all disturbances on account of their religion; those parts of the second article which confirmed the Catholic gentry of Limerick, Clare, Cork, Kerry, and Mayo, in the possession of their estates, and allowed all Catholics to exercise their trades and professions without obstruction; the fourth article, which extended the benefit of the peace to certain Irish officers then abroad; the seventh article, which allowed the Catholic gentry to ride armed; the ninth article, which provides that the oath of allegiance shall be the only oath required from Catholics, and one or two others of minor importance. All of these are omitted in the bill for 'The confirmation of articles made at the surrender of Limerick.'

"The Commons passed the bill without much difficulty. The House of Lords, however, contained some few of the ancient nobility and some prelates, who refused to acknowledge the dogma, 'that no faith should be kept with Papists,' as an article of their creed. The bill was strenuously resisted, and when it was at length carried, a strong protest against it was signed by lords Londonderry, Tyrone, and Duncannon, the barons of Ossory, Limerick, Killaloe, Kerry, Howth, Kingston, and Strabane, and, to their eternal honor be it said, the Protestant bishops



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RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

MURPHY & MCCARTHY.

of Kildare, Elphin, Derry, Clonfert, and Killala!"*

Thus was that solemn pact, which was in truth the treaty of the Irish nation with the newly-set-up English *régime*, torn and trampled under foot by a tyrannic bigotry.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

"THE PENAL TIMES"—HOW "PROTESTANT ASCENDENCY" BY A BLOODY PENAL CODE ENDEAVORED TO BRUTIFY THE MIND, DESTROY THE INTELLECT, AND DEFORM THE PHYSICAL AND MORAL FEATURES OF THE SUBJECT CATHOLICS.

It was now there fell upon Ireland that night of deepest horror—that agony the most awful, the most prolonged, of any recorded on the blotted page of human suffering.

It would be little creditable to an Irish Catholic to own himself capable of narrating this chapter of Irish history with calmness and without all-conquering emotion. For my part I content myself with citing the descriptions of it supplied by Protestant and English writers.

"The eighteenth century," says one of these, writing on the penal laws in Ireland, "was the era of persecution, in which the law did the work of the sword more effectually and more safely. Then was established a code framed with almost diabolical ingenuity to extinguish natural affection—to foster perfidy and hypocrisy—to petrify conscience—to perpetuate brutal ignorance—to facilitate the work of tyranny—by rendering the vices of slavery inherent and natural in the Irish character, and to make Protestantism almost irredeemably odious as the monstrous incarnation of all moral perversions.

"Too well," he continues, "did it accomplish its deadly work of debasement on the intellects, morals, and physical condition of a people sinking in degeneracy from age to age, till all manly spirit, all virtuous sense of personal independence and responsibility was nearly extinct, and the very features—vacant, timid, cunning, and unreflective—betrayed the crouching slave within!"†

* M'Gee.

† Cassell's (Godkin's) "History of Ireland," vol. ii., page 116.

In the presence of the terrible facts he is called upon to chronicle, the generous nature of the Protestant historian whom I am quoting warms into indignation. Unable to endure the reflection that they who thus labored to deform and brutify the Irish people are forever reproaching them before the world for bearing traces of the infamous effort, he bursts forth into the following noble vindication of the calumniated victims of oppression:

"Having no rights or franchises—no legal protection of life or property—disqualified to handle a gun, even as a common soldier or a gamekeeper—forbidden to acquire the elements of knowledge at home or abroad—forbidden even to render to God what conscience dictated as His due—what could the Irish be but abject serfs? What nation in their circumstances could have been otherwise? Is it not amazing that any social virtue could have survived such an ordeal?—that any seeds of good, any roots of national greatness, could have outlived such a long, tempestuous winter?

"These laws," he continues, "were aimed not only at the religion of the Catholic, but still more at his liberty and his property. He could enjoy no freehold property, nor was he allowed to have a lease for a longer term than thirty-one years; but as even this term was long enough to encourage an industrious man to reclaim waste lands and improve his worldly circumstances, it was enacted that if a Papist should have a farm producing a profit greater than one-third of the rent, his right to such should immediately cease, and pass over to the first Protestant who should discover the rate of profit!"*

This was the age that gave to Irish topography the "Corrig-an-Affrion," found so thickly marked on every barony map in Ireland. "The Mass Rock!" What memories cling around each hallowed moss-clad stone or rocky ledge on the mountain side, or in the deep recess of some desolate glen, whereon, for years and years, the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in stealth and secrecy, the death-penalty hanging over priest and worshipper! Not unfrequently mass was interrupted by the approach of the bandogs of the law; for, quickened by the rewards to be earned,

* Cassell's (Godkin's) "History of Ireland," vol. ii., page 119.

there sprang up in those days the infamous trade of priest-hunting, "five pounds" being equally the government price for the head of a priest as for the head of a wolf. The utmost care was necessary in divulging intelligence of the night on which mass would next be celebrated; and when the congregation had furtively stolen to the spot, sentries were posted all around before the mass began. Yet in instances not a few, the worshippers were taken by surprise, and the blood of the murdered priest wetted the altar stone.

Well might our Protestant national poet, Davis, exclaim, contemplating this deep night-time of suffering and sorrow:

"Oh! weep those days—the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained:
Oh! weep those days—the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned.

. . . . . .

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true—
While traitor knave
And recreant slave
Had riches, rank, and retinue;
And, exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze."

A hundred years of such a code in active operation, ought, according to all human calculations, to have succeeded in accomplishing its malefic purpose. But again, all human calculations, all natural consequences and probabilities, were set aside, and God, as if by a miracle, preserved the faith, the virtue, the vitality, and power of the Irish race. He decreed that they should win a victory more glorious than a hundred gained on the battlefield—more momentous in its future results—in their triumph over the penal code. After three half-centuries of seeming death, Irish Catholicity has rolled away the stone from its guarded sepulcher, and walked forth full of life! It could be no human faith that, after such a crucifixion and burial, could thus arise glorious and immortal! This triumph, the greatest, has been Ireland's; and God, in His own good time, will assuredly give her the fullness of victory.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE IRISH ARMY IN EXILE—HOW SARSFIELD FELL ON LANDEN PLAIN—HOW THE REGIMENTS OF BURKE AND O'MAHONY SAVED CREMONA, FIGHTING IN "MUSKETS AND SHIRTS"—THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OF FONTENOY!—HOW THE IRISH EXILES, FAITHFUL TO THE END, SHARED THE LAST GALLANT EFFORT OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

The glory of Ireland was all abroad in those years. Spurned from the portals of the constitution established by the conqueror, the Irish slave followed with eager gaze the meteor track of "the Brigade." Namur, Steenkirk, Staffardo, Cremona, Ramillies, Fontenoy—each in its turn, sent a thrill through the heart of Ireland. The trampled captive furtively lifted his head from the earth, and looked eastward, and his face was lighted up as by the beam of the morning sun.

For a hundred years that magnificent body—the Irish Brigade—(continuously recruited from home, though death was the penalty by English law)—made the Irish name synonymous with heroism and fidelity throughout Europe. Sarsfield was among the first to meet a soldier's death. But he fell in the arms of victory, and died, as the old annalists would say, with his mind and his heart turned to Ireland. In the bloody battle of Landen, fought July 29, 1693, he fell mortally wounded, while leading a victorious charge of the Brigade. The ball had entered near his heart, and while he lay on the field his corslet was removed in order that the wound might be examined. He himself, in a pang of pain, put his hand to his breast as if to stanch the wound. When he took away his hand it was full of blood. Gazing at it for a moment sorrowfully, he faintly grasped out: "Oh! that this were for Ireland!" He never spoke again!

His place was soon filled from the ranks of the exiled Irish nobles—those illustrious men whose names are emblazoned on the glory roll of France—and the Brigade went forward in its path of victory. At Cremona, 1702, an Irish regiment, most of the men fighting in their shirts—(the

place had been surprised in the dead of night by treachery)—saved the town under most singular circumstances. Duke Villeroy, commanding the French army, including two Irish regiments under O'Mahony and Burke, held Cremona; his adversary, Prince Eugene, commanding the Germans, being encamped around Mantua. Treason was at work, however, to betray Cremona. One night a partisan of the Germans within the walls, traitorously opened one of the gates to the Austrian troops. Before the disaster was discovered, the French general, most of the officers, the military chests, etc., were taken, and the German horse and foot were in possession of the town, excepting one place only—the Po Gate, which was guarded by the two Irish regiments. In fact, Prince Eugene had already taken up his headquarters in the town hall, and Cremona was virtually in his hands. The Irish were called on to surrender the Po Gate. They answered with a volley. The Austrian general, on learning they were Irish troops, desired to save brave men from utter sacrifice—for he had Irish in his own service, and held the men of Ireland in high estimation. He sent to expostulate with them, and show them the madness of sacrificing their lives where they could have no probability of relief, and to assure them that if they would enter into the imperial service, they should be directly and honorably promoted. "The first part of this proposal," says the authority I have been following, "they heard with impatience; the second, with disdain. 'Tell the prince,' said they, 'that we have hitherto preserved the honor of our country, and that we hope this day to convince him we are worthy of his esteem. While one of us exists, the German eagles shall not be displayed upon these walls.' " The attack upon them was forthwith commenced by a large body of foot, supported by five thousand cuirassiers. As I have already noted, the Irish, having been aroused from their sleep, had barely time to clutch their arms and rush forth undressed. Davis, in his ballad of Cremona, informs us, indeed (very probably more for "rhyme" than with "reason") that

"———the major is drest;"

adding, however, the undoubted fact:

"But muskets and shirts are the clothes of the rest."

A bloody scene of street fighting now ensued, and before the morning sun had risen high, the naked Irish had recovered nearly half the city.

" 'In on them,' said Friedberg—'and Dillon is broke,
Like forest flowers crushed by the fall of the oak.'
Through the naked battalions the cuirassiers go;
But the man, not the dress, makes the soldier, I trow.
Upon them with grapple, with bay'net, and ball,
Like wolves upon gaze-hounds the Irishmen fall—
Black Friedberg is slain by O'Mahony's steel,
And back from the bullets the cuirassiers reel.

"Oh! hear you their shout in your quarters, Eugene?
In vain on Prince Vaudemont for succour you lean!
The bridge has been broken, and mark! how pell-mell
Come riderless horses and volley and yell!
He's a veteran soldier—he clinches his hands,
He springs on his horse, disengages his bands—
He rallies, he urges, till, hopeless of aid,
He is chased through the gates by the Irish Brigade."

It was even so. "Before evening," we are told, "the enemy were completely expelled the town, and the general and military chests recovered!" Well might the poet undertake to describe as here quoted the effects of the news in Austria, England, France, and Ireland:

"News, news in Vienna!—King Leopold's sad.
News, news in St. James'—King William is mad.
News, news in Versailles!—'Let the Irish Brigade
Be loyally honored, and royally paid.'
News, news in old Ireland!—high rises her pride,
And loud sounds her wail for her children who died;

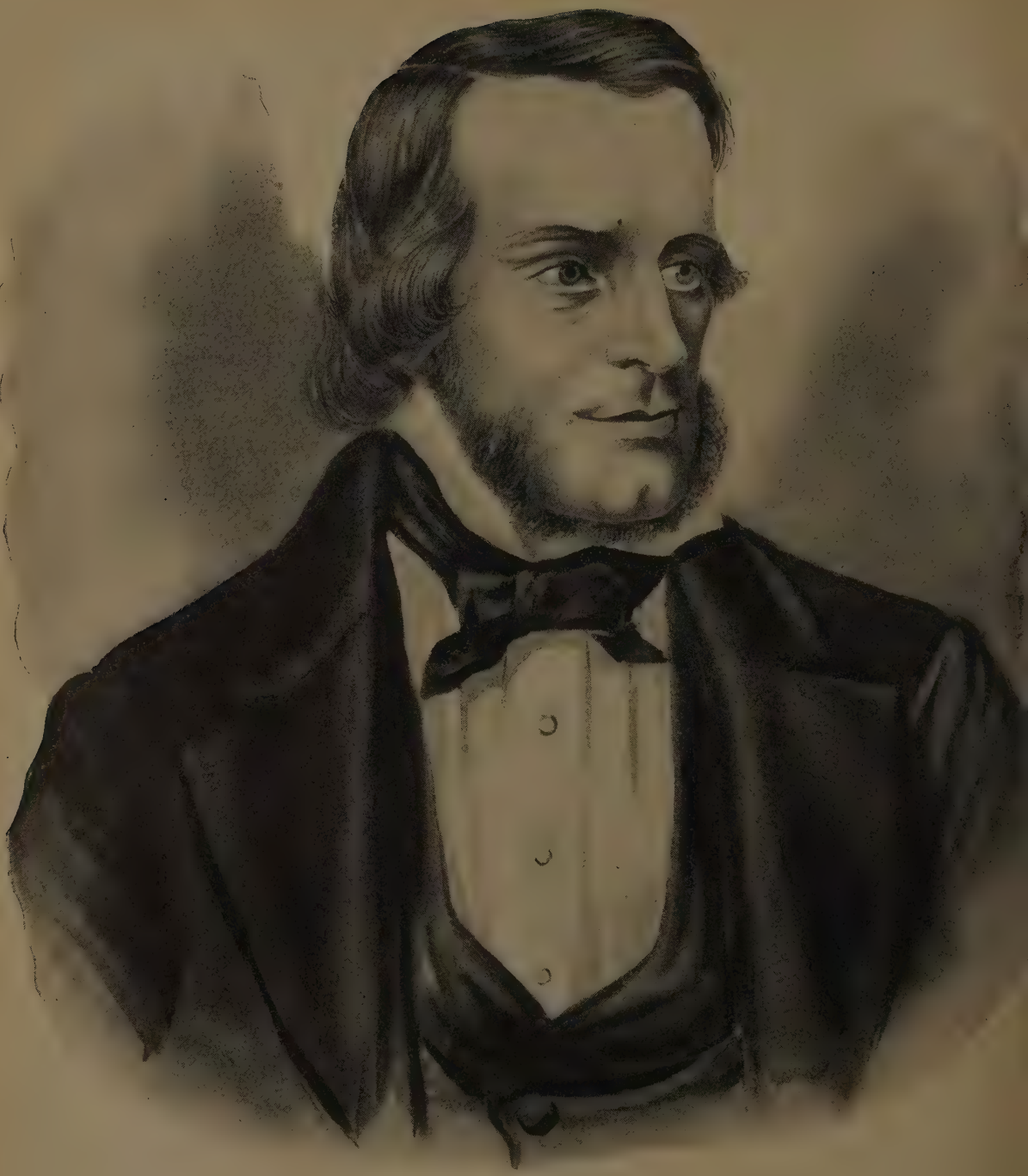
And deep is her prayer—'God send I may see
MacDonnell and Mahony fighting for me!' "

Far more memorable, however, far more important, was the ever-glorious day of Fontenoy—a name which to this day thrills the Irish heart with pride. Of this great battle—fought May 11, 1745—in which the Irish Brigade turned the fortunes of the day, and saved the honor of France, I take the subjoined account, prefixed to Davis' well-known poem, which I also quote:

"A French army of seventy-nine thousand men, commanded by Marshal Saxe, and encouraged by the presence of both the King and the Dauphin, laid siege to Tournay, early in May, 1745. The Duke of Cumberland advanced at the head of fifty-five thousand men, chiefly English and Dutch to relieve the town. At the duke's approach, Saxe and the king advanced a few miles from Tournay with forty-five thousand men, leaving eighteen thousand to continue the siege, and six thousand to guard the Scheldt. Saxe posted his army along a range of slopes thus: his center was on the village of Fontenoy, his left stretched off through the wood of Barri, his right reached to the town of St. Antoine, close to the Scheldt. He fortified his right and center by the villages of Fontenoy and St. Antoine, and redoubts near them. His extreme left was also strengthened by a redoubt in the wood of Barri; but his left center, between that wood and the village of Fontenoy, was not guarded by anything save slight lines. Cumberland had the Dutch, under Waldeck, on his left, and twice they attempted to carry St. Antoine, but were repelled with heavy loss. The same fate attended the English in the center, who thrice forced their way to Fontenoy, but returned fewer and sadder men. Ingoldsby was then ordered to attack the wood of Barri with Cumberland's right. He did so, and broke into the wood, when the artillery of the redoubt suddenly opened on him, which, assisted by a constant fire from the French tirailleurs (light infantry), drove him back.

"The duke now resolved to make one great and final effort. He selected his best regiments, veteran English corps, and formed them into a single column of six thousand men. At its head were six cannon, and as many more on the flanks, which did good service. Lord John Hay commanded this great mass. Everything being now ready, the column advanced slowly and evenly as if on the parade ground. It mounted the slope of Saxe's position, and pressed on between the wood of Barri and the village of Fontenoy. In doing so, it was exposed to a cruel fire of artillery and sharpshooters, but it stood the storm, and got behind Fontenoy.

"The moment the object of the column was seen, the French troops were hurried in upon them. The cavalry charged; but the English hardly paused to offer the raised bayonet, and then poured in a fatal fire. On they went, till within a short distance, and then threw in their balls with great precision, the officers actually laying their canes along the muskets to make the men fire low. Mass after mass of infantry was broken, and on went the column, reduced but still apparently invincible! Duc Richelieu had four cannon hurried to the front, and he literally battered the head of the column, while the household cavalry surrounded them, and in repeated charges, wore down their strength. But these French were fearful sufferers. The day seemed virtually lost, and King Louis was about to leave the field. In this juncture, Saxe ordered up his last reserve—the Irish Brigade. It consisted that day of the regiments of Clare, Lally, Dillon, Berwick, Roth, and Buckley, with Fitzjames' horse. O'Brien, Lord Clare, was in command. Aided by the French regiments of Normandy and Vaisseany, they were ordered to charge upon the flank of the English with fixed bayonets without firing. Upon the approach of this splendid body of men, the English were halted on the slope of a hill, and up that slope the brigade rushed rapidly and in fine order; the stimulating cry of 'Cuimhnigidh ar Liumneac, agus ar fheile na Sacsanach,' 'Remember Limerick and British faith,' being re-echoed from man to man. The fortune of the field was no longer doubtful. The English were weary with a long day's fighting, cut up by cannon, charge, and musketry, and dispirited by the appearance of the Brigade. Still they gave their fire well and fatally; but they were literally stunned by the shout, and shattered by the Irish charge. They broke before the Irish bayonets, and tumbled down the far side of the hill disor-



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THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

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ganized, hopeless, and falling by hundreds. The victory was bloody and complete. Louis is said to have ridden down to the Irish bivouac, and personally thanked them; and George the Second, on hearing it, uttered that memorable imprecation on the penal code, 'Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects.' The one English volley and the short struggle on the crest of the hill cost the Irish dear. One-fourth of the officers, including Colonel Dillon, were killed, and one-third of the men. The capture of Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, and Oudenard, followed the victory of Fontenoy."

"'Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And thrice the lines of St. Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with foot and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly, through De Barri's Wood the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

"'Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread;
Their cannon blaze in front and flank; Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill,
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still.
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force.
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
They break as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

"More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bombshell and grape, and round shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.
'Push on my household cavalry!' King Louis madly cried.
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
'Not yet, my liege,' Saxe interposed, 'the Irish troops remain;'
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

" 'Lord Clare,' he says, 'you have your wish: there are your Saxon foes!'
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the smile these exiles wear, who 're wont to look so gay;
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day.
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown!
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Pushed on to fight a nobler band than those proud exiles were.

" O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as halting he commands,
'Fix bay'nets—charge!'—Like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet must'ring all the strength they have, they made a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind!
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke,
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
'Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenagh!'

"Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed piles, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!"

In the year of Fontenoy, 1745, Prince Charles Edward made his bold and romantic attempt to recover the lost crown of the Stuarts. His expedition, we are told, "was undertaken and conducted by Irish aid, quite as much as by French or Scottish." His chief of command was Colonel O'Sullivan; the most of the funds were supplied by the two Waters—father and son—Irish bankers at Paris, "who advanced one hundred and eighty thousand livres between them;" another Irishman, Walsh, a merchant at Nantes, putting "a privateer of eighteen guns into the venture." Indeed, one of Charles' English adherents, Lord Elcho, who kept a journal of the campaign, notes complainingly the Irish influence under which the prince acted. On the 19th of July, he landed near Moidart, in the north of Scotland. "Clanronald, Cameron of Lochiel, the Laird of M'Leod, and a few others having arrived, the royal standard was unfurled on the 19th of August at Glenfinan, where, that evening, twelve thousand men—the entire army, so far—were formed into camp under the orders of O'Sullivan. From that day until the day of Colloden, O'Sullivan seems to have maneuvered the prince's forces. At Perth, at Edinburgh, at Manchester, at Culloden, he took command in the field or in the garrison; and even after the sad result, he adhered to his sovereign's son with an honorable fidelity which defied despair."*

In Ireland no corresponding movement took place. Yet this is the period which has given to native Irish minstrelsy, as it now survives, its abiding characteristic of deep, fervent, unchangeable, abiding devotion to the Stuart cause. The Gaelic harp never gave forth richer melody, Gaelic poetry never found nobler inspiration, than in its service. In those matchless songs, which, under the general designation of "Jacobite Relics," are, and ever will be, so potential to touch the Irish heart with sadness or enthusiasm, under a thousand forms of allegory the coming of Prince Charles, the restoration of the ancient faith, and the deliverance of Ireland by the "rightful prince," are prophesied and apostrophied. Now it is "Dark Rosaleen;" now it is "Kathaleen-na-Houlahan;" now it is the "Blackbird," the "Drimin Don Deelish," the "Silk of the Kine," or "Ma Chrevin Evin Algan Og." From this rich store of Gaelic poetry of the eighteenth century I quote one specimen, a poem written about the period of Charles Edward's landing at Moidart, by William Heffernan "Dall" ("the Blind") of Shronehill, county Tipperary, and addressed to the Prince of Ossory, Michael Mac Giolla Kerin, known as Mehal Dhu, or Dark Michael. The translation into English is by Mangan:

"Lift up the dooping head,
Meehal Dhu Mac-Giolla-Kierin;
Her blood yet boundeth red
Through the myriad veins of Erin!

* M'Gee.

No! no! she is not dead—
Meehal Dhu Mac-Giolla-Kierin!
Lo! she redeems
The lost years of bygone ages—
New glory beams
Henceforth on her history's pages!
Her long penitential Night of Sorrow
Yields at length before the reddening morrow!

"You heard the thunder-shout,
Meehal Dhu Mac-Giolla-Kierin,
Saw the lightning streaming out
O'er the purple hills of Erin!
And bide you still in doubt,
Meehal Dhu Mac-Giolla-Kierin?
Oh! doubt no more!
Through Ulidia's voiceful valleys,
On Shannon's shore,
Freedom's burning spirit rallies.
Earth and heaven unite in sign and omen
Bodeful of the downfall of our foemen.

. . . . . .

"Charles leaves the Grampian hills,
Meehal Dhu Mac-Giolla-Kierin.
Charles, whose appeal yet thrills
Like a clarion-blast through Erin.
Charles, he whose image fills
Thy soul too, Mac-Giolla-Kierin!
Ten thousand strong
His clans move in brilliant order,
Sure that ere long
He will march them o'er the border,
While the dark-haired daughters of the Highlands
Crown with wreaths the monarch of these Islands."

But it was only in the passionate poesy of the native minstrels that any echo of the shouts from Moidart resounded amid the hills of Erin. During all this time the hapless Irish Catholics resigned themselves utterly to the fate that had befallen them. For a moment victory gleamed on the Stuart banner, and the young prince marched southward to claim his own in London.

Still Ireland made no sign. Hope had fled. The prostrate and exhausted nation slept heavily in its blood-clotted chain!

CHAPTER LXXVI.

HOW IRELAND BEGAN TO AWAKEN FROM THE SLEEP OF SLAVERY—THE DAWN OF LEGISLATIVE INDEPENDENCE.

IRELAND lay long in that heavy trance. The signal for her awakening came across the western ocean. "A voice from America," says Flood, "shouted 'Liberty;' and every hill and valley of this rejoicing island answered, 'Liberty!' "

For two centuries the claim of the English parliament to control, direct, and bind the Irish legislature, had been the subject of bitter dispute. The claim was first formally asserted and imposed in the reign of Henry the Seventh, when a servile "parliament," gathered at Drogheda, in November, 1495, by lord deputy Poynings, among other acts of self-degradation, at the bidding of the English official, enacted that henceforth no law could be originated in the Irish legislature, or proceeded with, until the heads of it had first been sent to England, submitted to the king and council there, and returned with their approbation under seal. This was the celebrated "Poynings' Act," or "Poynings' Law," which readers of Grattan's "Life and Times" will find mentioned so frequently. It was imposed as a most secure chain—a ponderous curb—at a crisis when resistance was out of the question. It was, in moments of like weakness or distraction, submitted to; but ever and anon in flashes of spirit, the Irish parliaments repudiated the claim as illegal, unconstitutional, and unjust. On February 16, 1640, the Irish House of Commons submitted a set of queries to the judges, the nature of which may be inferred from the question—"Whether the subjects of this kingdom be a free people, and to be governed only by the common law of England and statues passed in this kingdom?" When the answers received were deemed insufficient, the House turned the questions into the form of resolutions, and proceeded to vote on them, one by one, affirming in every point the rights, the liberties, and the privileges of their constituents. The confederation of Kilkenny still more explicitly and boldly enunciated and asserted the doctrine that Ireland was a distinct, free, sovereign, and independent nation, subject only to the triple crown of the three kingdoms. The Crom-

wellian rebellion tore down this, as it trampled upon so many other of the rights and liberties of all three kingdoms. The "restoration" came; but in the reign of the second Charles, the Dublin parliament was too busy in scrambling for retention of plunder and resistance of restitution, to utter an aspiration for liberty; it bowed the neck to "Poynings' Law." To the so-called "Catholic Parliament" of Ireland in James the Second's reign belongs the proud honor of making the next notable declaration of independence; among the first acts of this legislature being one declaring the complete and perfect freedom of the Irish parliament. "Though they were 'Papists,' " says Grattan, "these men were not slaves; they wrung a constitution from King James before they accompanied him to the field." Once more, however, came successful rebellion to overthrow the sovereign and the parliament, and again the doctrine of national independence disappeared. The Irish legislature in the first years of the new *régime* sank into the abject condition of a mere committee of the English parliament.

Soon, however, the spirit of resistance began to appear. For a quarter of a century, the Protestant party had been so busy at the work of persecution—so deeply occupied in forging chains for their Catholic fellow-countrymen—that they never took thought of the political thraldom being imposed upon themselves by the English parliament. "The Irish Protestant," says Mr. Wyse, "had succeeded in excluding the Catholics from power, and for a moment held triumphant and exclusive possession of the conquest; but he was merely a *locum tenens* for a more powerful conqueror, a jackal for the lion, an Irish steward for an English master. The exclusive system was turned against him; he made the executive exclusively Protestant; the Whigs of George the First made it almost entirely English. His victory paved the way for another far easier and far more important. Popery fell, but Ireland fell with it."* In 1719, the question came to a direct issue. In a lawsuit between Hester Sherlock, appellant, and Maurice Annesley, respondent, relating to some property in the county Kildare, the Irish Court of Exchequer decided in favor of the respondent. On an appeal to the Irish House of Peers, this judgment was reversed. The respondent, Annesley, now appealed to the English House of Peers in England, which body annulled the decision of the Irish peers, and confirmed that of the Exchequer Court. The sheriff of Kildare, however, recognizing the decision of the Irish peers, and declining to recognize the jurisdiction of the English tribunal, refused to obey an order calling on him to put Annesley into possession of the estate. The Irish Court of Exchequer thereupon inflicted a fine upon the sheriff. The Irish peers removed the fine, and voted that the sheriff "had behaved with integrity and courage." This bold course evoked the following galling enactment by the English House:

"Whereas, . . . the lords of Ireland have of late, against law, assumed to themselves a power and jurisdiction to examine and amend the judgments and decrees of the courts of justice in Ireland; therefore, etc., it is declared and enacted, etc. . . . that the king's majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal and commons of Great Britain in parliament assembled, had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the people of the kingdom of Ireland. And it is further enacted and declared that the House of Lords of Ireland have not, nor of right ought to have, any jurisdiction to judge of, affirm, or reverse any judgment, etc., made in any court in the said kingdom."

Here was "Poynings' Law" re-enacted with savage explicitness; a heavy bit set between the jaws of the restive Irish legislature.

This rough and insulting assertion of subjugation stung the Protestants to the quick. They submitted; but soon there began to break forth from among them men who commenced to utter the words Country and Patriotism. These "rash" and "extreme" doctrinaires were long almost singular in their views. Wise men considered them insane when they "raved" of recovering the freedom of parliament. "Repeal Poynings' Law!—restore the heptarchy!" cried one philosopher. "Liberate the parliament!—a splendid phantom!" cried another. Nevertheless, the so-called doctrinaires grew in popularity.

* "His. Cath. Association," page 27.

Their leader was the Very Rev. Jonathan Swift, Protestant dean of St. Patrick's. His precursor was William Molyneux, member for the Dublin University, who, in 1691, published the first great argumentative vindication of Irish legislative independence—"The Case of Ireland Stated." Immediately on its appearance, the English parliament took alarm, and ordered the book to be "burned by the hands of the common hangman." Swift took up the doctrines and arguments of Molyneux, and made them all-prevalent among the masses of the people. But the "upper classes" thought them "visionary" and "impracticable;" nay, seditious and disloyal. Later on, in the middle of the century, Dr. Charles Lucas, a Dublin apothecary, became the leader of the anti-English party. Of course, he was set down as disaffected. A resolution of the servile Irish House of Commons declared him "an enemy to his country;" and he had to fly from Ireland for a time. His popularity, however, increased, and the popular suspicion and detestation of the English only required an opportunity to exhibit itself in overt acts. In 1759 a rumor broke out in Dublin that a legislative union (on the model of the Scotto-English amalgamation just accomplished) was in contemplation. "On December 3d the citizens rose *en masse* and surrounded the houses of parliament. They stopped the carriages of members, and obliged them to swear opposition to such a measure. Some of the Protestant bishops and the chancellor were roughly handled; a privy councilor was thrown into the river; the attorney-general was wounded and obliged to take refuge in the college; Lord Inchiquin was abused till he said his name was O'Brien, when the rage of the people was turned into acclamations. The speaker, Mr. Ponsonby, and the chief secretary, Mr. Rigby, had to appear in the porch of the House of Commons, solemnly to assure the citizens that no union was dreamed of, and if it was proposed that they would be the first to oppose it."*

The union scheme had to be abandoned; and Lucas soon after returned from exile to wield increased power. The "seditious agitator," the solemnly declared "enemy of his country," was triumphantly returned to parliament by the citizens of Dublin, having as fellow-laborers, returned at the same time, Hussey Burgh and Henry Flood. Lucas did not live to enjoy many years his well-earned honors. In 1770 he was followed to the grave by every demonstration of national regret. "At his funeral the pall was borne by the Marquis of Kildare, Lord Charlemont, Mr. Flood, Mr. Hussey Burgh, Sir Lucius O'Brien, and Mr. Ponsonby." And the citizens of Dublin, to perpetuate the memory of the once banished "disloyalist," set up his marble statue in their civic forum, where it stands to this day.*

While the country was thus seething with discontent, chafing under the "Poyning" yoke, there rolled across the Atlantic the echoes of Bunker's Hill; Protestant dominancy paused in its work of persecution, and bowed in homage to the divine spirit of Liberty!

* M'Gee.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

HOW THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS ACHIEVED THE LEGISLATIVE INDEPENDENCE OF IRELAND: OR, HOW THE MORAL FORCE OF A CITIZEN ARMY EFFECTED A PEACEFUL, LEGAL, AND CONSTITUTIONAL REVOLUTION.

THE first effort of the "patriot party," as for some years past they had been called, was to limit the duration of parliaments (at this time elected for the life of the king), so that the constituents might oftener have an opportunity—even by such cumbrous and wretchedly ineffective means as the existing electoral system provided—of judging the conduct of their members. In 1760, Lucas and his fellow-nationalists succeeded in carrying resolutions for "heads of a bill," limiting the parliaments to seven years. In accordance with "Poynings' Law," the "heads" were transmitted to London for sanction, but were never heard of more. In 1763, they were again carried in the Irish house, again

* Lucas was, politically, a thorough nationalist, but, religiously, a bigot. The Irish nation he conceived to be the Irish Protestants. The idea of admitting the Catholics—the mass of the population—within the constitution, found in him a rabid opponent. Yet the Catholics of Ireland, to their eternal honor, have ever condoned his rabid bigotry against themselves, remembering his labors for the principle of nationality.

sent to London, again canceled there. Irish popular feeling now began to be excited. Again, a third time, the "Septennial Bill" was carried through the Irish Parliament, again sent to London, and again ignominiously vetoed there. But now the infatuation of England had overleaped itself. A spirit was aroused in Ireland before which the government quailed. A fourth time, amid ominous demonstrations of popular determination, the thrice-rejected "heads of a bill" were sent across. This time they were returned approved; but the seven years were altered to eight years, a paltry and miserable assertion of mastery, even while yielding under fear. But the impartial student will note that by some malign fatality it happens that even up to the present hour every concession granted by England to Irish demands was invariably refused till passion was inflamed, and has been conceded only on compulsion. The concession that, had it been made cheerfully and graciously at first, might have elicited good will and gratitude, has always been denied as long as it durst for safety be withheld, and been granted only when some home or foreign difficulty rendered Irish discontent full of danger.

Concessions thus made are taken without thanks, and only give strength and determination to further demands. The patriot party followed up their first decisive victory by campaigns upon the pension list, the dependence of the judges, the voting of supply, etc.; the result being continuous, violent, and bitter conflict between the parliament and the viceroy; popular feeling rising and intensifying, gaining strength and force every hour.

Meanwhile America, on issues almost identical, had taken the field, and, aided by France, was holding England in deadly struggle. Toward the close of the year 1779, while Ireland as well as England was denuded of troops, government sent warning that some French or American privateers might be expected on the Irish coast, but confessing that no regular troops could be spared for local defense. The people of Belfast were the first to make a significant answer to this warning by enrolling volunteers corps. The movement spread rapidly throughout the island, and in a short time the government with dismay beheld the patriot party in parliament surrounded by a volunteer army filled with patriotic ardor and enthusiasm. Every additional battalion of volunteers enrolled added to the moral power wielded by those leaders, whose utterances grew in boldness amid the flashing swords and bayonets of a citizen army one hundred thousand strong. The nation by this time had become unanimous in its resolution to be free; a corrupt or timid group of courtiers or placemen alone making a sullen and half-hearted fight against the now all-powerful nationalists. Under the healing influence of this sentiment of patriotism, the gaping wounds of a century began to close. The Catholic slave, though still outside the pale of the constitution, forgot his griefs and his wrongs for the moment, and gave all his energies in aid of the national movement. He bought the musket which law denied to himself the right to bear, and placing it in the hand of his Protestant fellow-countryman, bade him go forward in the glorious work of liberating their common fatherland.

Free trade became now the great object of endeavor. The trade of Ireland at this time had been almost extinguished by repressive enactments passed by the English parliament in London, or by its shadow in Dublin in by-gone years. Immediately on the accession of William the Third, the English lords and commons addressed the king, praying his majesty to declare to his Irish subjects that "the growth and increase of the wollen manufacture hath long been, and will ever be looked upon with great jealousy," and threatening very plainly that they might otherwise have to enact "very strict laws totally to abolish the same."* William answered them, promising to do "all that in him lay" to "discourage the woollen manufacture there." 'Twere long to trace and to recapitulate the multifarious laws passed to crush manufacture and commerce of all kinds in Ireland in accordance with the above-cited address and royal promise. Englishmen in our day are constantly reproaching Ireland with absence of manufactures and commerce, and inviting this country to "wake up" and compete with England in the markets of the world. This may be malignant sarcasm, or it may be the ignorance of defective informa-

* "English Lords' Journal," 1698, pages 314, 315.

tion. When one country has been by law forbidden to engage in manufactures or commerce until the other has protected and nursed her own into vigor and maturity, and has secured possession of the world's markets, the invitation to the long-restricted and now crippled country to "compete" on the basis of free trade, is as much of a mockery as to call for a race between a trained athlete and a half-crippled captive, who has, moreover, been forcibly and foully detained till the other has neared the winning post.

To liberate Irish trade from such restraints was now the resolve of the patriot party in the Irish parliament. On October 12, 1779, they carried an address to the viceroy, declaring that "by free trade alone" could the nation be saved from impending ruin. Again England ungraciously and sourly complied, and once more clogged her compliance with embittering addenda. These concessions, which the secretary of state was assuring the Irish parliament were freely bestowed by English generosity, were no sooner made public in England than Mr. Pitt had to send circular letters to the manufacturing towns, assuring them "that nothing effectual had been granted in Ireland."

But the Irish leaders were now about to crown their liberating efforts by a work which would henceforth place the destinies of Irish trade beyond the power of English jealousy, and beneath the protecting *ægis* of a free and independent native legislature. On April 19, 1780, Grattan moved that resolution which is the sum and substance in its simple completeness of the Irish national constitutional doctrine: "That no power on earth, save that of the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, has a right to make laws to bind this kingdom."

The motion was unsuccessful; but this was the commencement of the great struggle; and over the vital issue now raised—complete legislative independence—the government fought with an unscrupulous energy. Throughout two years the contest was pursued with unintermitting severity, when suddenly Europe was electrified by the intelligence that the British armies had capitulated to the "rebel colonists," and the "star-spangled banner" appeared on the western horizon, proclaiming the birth of a new power destined to be the terror of tyrants, the hope of the oppressed, all over the world.

It was England's day of humiliation and dismay. By clutching at the right of oppression in her hour of fancied strength, she had lost America. It was not clear that through the same course she was not about to drive Ireland also from the demand for legislative independence into the choice of complete separation.

The Ulster volunteers now decided to hold a national convention of delegates from every citizen regiment in the province. On the day fixed —Friday, February 15, 1782—and at the appointed place of meeting—the Protestant church of Dungannon, county Tyrone, the convention assembled; and there, amid a scene the most glorious witnessed in Ireland for years, the delegates of the citizen army solemnly swore allegiance to the charter of national liberty, denouncing as "unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance," "the claim of any body of men, other than the king, lords, and commons of Ireland to make laws to bind this kingdom." The Dungannon resolutions were enthusiastically ratified and reasserted by the several volunteer corps, the municipal corporations, and public meetings, all over the island; and soon, outside the circle of corrupt and servile castle placemen, no voice durst be raised against the demand for liberty.

A conciliatory, that is, a temporizing, ministry, now came into power in London, and in their choice of lord lieutenant for Ireland—the Duke of Portland—they found a very suitable man, apparently, for their designs or experiments. But the duke "on his arrival found the nation in a state in which neither procrastination nor evasion was any longer practicable." He reported to England the danger of resistance and the advisability of temporizing, that is, of yielding as little as possible, but yielding all if necessary. Accordingly, a message was delivered by the king to the British parliament, setting forth "that mistrusts and jealousies had arisen in Ireland, and that it was highly necessary to take the same into immediate consideration in order to a final adjustment." Meanwhile the viceroy in Dublin was plausibly endeavoring to wheedle Grattan and the other patriot leaders into procrastination, or, failing this, to tone down, to

"moderate," the terms of the popular demand. Happily Grattan was sternly firm. He would not consent to even a day's postponement of the question, and he refused to alter a jot of the national ultimatum. An eyewitness has described for us the great scene of April 16, 1782:

"Whoever has individually experienced the sensation of ardent expectation, trembling suspense, burning impatience, and determined resolution, and can suppose all those sensations possessing an entire nation, may form some, but yet an inadequate, idea of the feelings of the Irish people on April 16, 1782, which was the day peremptorily fixed by Mr. Grattan for moving that declaration of rights which was the proximate cause of Ireland's short-lived prosperity, and the remote one of its final overthrow and annexation. So high were the minds of the public wound up on the eve of that momentous day, that the volunteers flew to their arms without having an enemy to encounter, and, almost breathless with impatience, inquired eagerly after the probability of events, which the close of the same day must certainly determine.

Early on April 16, 1782, the great street before the house of parliament was thronged by a multitude of people of every class and description, though many hours must elapse before the house would meet, or business be proceeded with. The parliament had been summoned to attend this momentous question by an unusual and special call of the house, and by four o'clock a full meeting took place. The body of the House of Commons was crowded with its members, a great proportion of the peerage attended as auditors, and the capacious gallery which surrounded the interior magnificent dome of the house contained above four hundred ladies of the highest distinction, who partook of the same national fire which had enlightened their parents, their husbands, and their relatives, and by the sympathetic influence of their presence and zeal they communicated an instinctive chivalrous impulse to eloquence and patriotism.

"A calm but deep solicitude was apparent on almost every countenance when Mr. Grattan entered, accompanied by Mr. Brownlow and several others, the determined and important advocates for the declaration of Irish independence. Mr. Grattan's preceding exertions and anxiety had manifestly injured his health; his tottering frame seemed barely sufficient to sustain his laboring mind, replete with the unprecedented importance and responsibility of the measure he was about to bring forward."*

"For a short time," continues Sir Jonah Barrington, "a profound silence ensued." It was expected that Grattan would rise; but, to the mortification and confusion of the government leaders, he kept his seat, putting on them the responsibility of opening the proceedings and of fixing their attitude before being allowed to "feel their way," as they greatly desired to do. The secretary of state, resigning himself to the worst, thought it better to declare for concession. He announced that "his majesty, being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies were prevailing among his loyal subjects in Ireland upon matters of great weight and importance, recommended to the house to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to effect such a final adjustment as might give satisfaction to both kingdoms." The secretary, however, added that he was not officially authorized to say more than to deliver the message.

After an interval of embarrassing silence and curiosity, Mr. George Ponsonby rose, and moved a weak and procrastinating reply, "thanking the king for his goodness and condescension." But it would not do. The national determination was not to be trifled with. At length, after a solemn pause, Grattan, slowly rising from his seat, commenced "the most luminous, brilliant, and effective oration ever delivered in the Irish parliament;" a speech which, "rising in its progress, applied equally to the sense, the pride, and the spirit of the nation." "Amid an universal cry of approbation," he concluded by moving as an amendment to Mr. Ponsonby's inconsequential motion, the ever-memorable declaration of Irish independence:

"That the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof; that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind the nation, but the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, nor any

* Sir Jonah Barrington's "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation."

parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country, save only the parliament of Ireland; to asure his majesty that we humbly conceive that in this right the very essence of our liberty exists, a right which we, on the part of all the people of Ireland, do claim as their birthright, and which we cannot yield but with our lives."

Grattan's amendment was seconded by Mr. Brownlow, member for Armagh County, in point of wealth and reputation one of the first country gentlemen in Ireland. "The whole house," says Barrington, "in a moment caught the patriotic flame. All further debate ceased; the speaker put the question on Mr. Grattan's amendment; an unanimous shout of 'ay' burst from every quarter of the house. He repeated the question. The applause redoubled. A moment of tumultous exultation followed; and after centuries of oppression, Ireland at length declared herself an independent nation."

Word of the event no sooner reached the impatient crowd outside the building than a cry of joy and triumph burst forth all over the city. "The news soon spread through the nation, and the rejoicings of the people were beyond all description; every city, town, and village in Ireland blazed with the emblems of exultation, and resounded with the shouts of triumph."

"Never was a new nation more nobly heralded into existence. Never was an old nation more reverently and tenderly lifted up and restored. The houses adjourned to give England time to consider Ireland's ultimatum. Within a month it was accepted by the new British administration." The "visionary" and "impracticable" idea had become an accomplished fact. The "splendid phantom" had become a glorious reality. The heptarchy had not been restored; yet Ireland had won complete legislative independence!

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

WHAT NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE ACCOMPLISHED FOR IRELAND—HOW ENGLAND ONCE MORE BROKE FAITH WITH IRELAND, AND REPAID GENEROUS TRUST WITH BASE BETRAYAL.

If mankind needed at so late a period of the world's age as the close of the eighteenth century, any experiment to prove the substantial benefits of national freedom, the progress of Ireland during this brief but bright and glorious era of independence would suffice to establish the fact forever. Happily, when referring to the events of that time, we treat of no remote period of history. Living men remember it. Irishmen of this generation have listened at their parent's knee to reminiscences and relations, facts and particulars, that mark it as the day of Ireland's true, real, and visible prosperity. Statistics—invulnerable—irrefragable—full of eloquence—momentous in their meaning—attest the same truth. Manufacture, trade, and commerce developed to a greater extent in ten years of native rule than they had done in the previous hundred under English mastery, and in a much greater proportion than they have developed in the sixty-seven years of subsequent "union" legislation.

Ireland's freedom and prosperity did not mean England's injury, nor England's pause in the like onward march. The history of the period we are now treating of disposes of more than one fallacy used by the advocates of Irish national extinction. It proves that Ireland's right does not involve England's wrong. Never before were the two countries more free from jealousy, rivalry, or hostility. Never before was discontent banished from Ireland—as never since has disaffection been absent.

Lust of dominion—sheer covetousness of mastery—has in all ages been the source and origin of the most wanton invasions and most wicked subjugations. Not even among Englishmen themselves does any writer now hesitate to characterize as nefarious, treacherous, and abominable, the scheme by which England invaded and overthrew in 1800 the happily established freedom of Ireland.*

* English readers as yet uninformed on the subject, and disposed to receive with hesitation the statements of Irish writers as to the infamous means resorted to by the English government to overthrow the Irish constitution in 1800, may be referred to the Castlereagh Papers and the Cornwallis Correspondence—the private letters of the chief agents in the scheme. Mr. Massey, chairman of committees in the English House of Commons, published a few years ago, a volume which exposes and characterizes that nefarious transaction in language which might be deemed too strong if used by an Irishman feeling the wrong and suffering from it.

Scarcely had the rusty chain of "Poynings' Act" been wrenched off than the English minister began to consider how a stronger one might be forged and bound on the liberated Irish nation. The king's voice characterized the happy and amicable settlement just concluded as "final." The British minister and the British parliament in the most solemn manner declared the same; and surely nothing but morbid suspiciousness could discover fair ground for crediting that England would play Ireland false upon that promise—that she would seize the earliest opportunity of not merely breaking that "final adjustment," and shackling the Irish parliament anew, but of destroying it utterly and forever. Yet there were men among the Irish patriots who did not hesitate to express such suspicions at the moment, and foremost among these was Flood. He pressed for further and more specific and formal renunciation. Grattan, on the other hand, violently resisted this, as an ungenerous effort to put England "on her knees"—to humiliate her—to plainly treat her as a suspected blackleg. On this issue the two patriot leaders violently, acrimoniously, and irreconcilably quarreled; Flood and his following contending that England would surely betray Ireland on the "final adjustment," and Grattan, with the bulk of the national party, vehemently refusing to put such ungenerous insult and indignity on England as to suppose her capable of such conduct.

Alas! At that very moment—as the now published correspondence of the English statesmen engaged in the transaction discloses—the British ministers were discussing, devising, and directing preparations for accomplishing, by the most iniquitous means, that crime against Ireland of which Grattan considered it ungenerous and wicked to express even a suspicion.

It was with good reason the national party, soon after the accomplishment of legislative independence, directed their energies to the question of parliamentary reform. The legislative body, which in a moment of great public excitement and enthusiasm, had been made for a moment to reflect correctly the national will, was after all returned by an antique electoral system which was a gross farce on representation. Boroughs and seats were at the time openly and literally owned by particular families or persons, the voting "constituency" sometimes not being more than a dozen in number. As a matter of fact, less than a hundred persons owned seats or boroughs capable of making a majority in the commons.

The patriot party naturally and wisely judged that with such a parliament the retention of freedom would be precarious, and the representation of the national will uncertain; so the question of parliamentary reform came to be agitated with a vehemence second only to that of parliamentary independence in the then recent campaign. By this time, however, the British minister had equally detected that while with such a parliament he might accomplish his treacherous designs, with a parliament really amenable to the people, he never could. Concealing the real motive and the remote object, the government, through its myriad devious channels of influence, as well as openly and avowedly, resisted the demand for reform. Apart from the government, the "vested interests" of the existing system were able to make a protracted fight. Ere long both these sections were leagued together, and they hopelessly outnumbered the popular party.

The government now began to feel itself strong, and it accordingly commenced the work of deliberately destroying the parliament of Ireland. Those whom it could influence, purchase, or corrupt, were one by one removed or bought in market overt. Those who were true to honor and duty, it insolently threatened, insulted, and assailed. The popular demands were treated with defiance and contumely by the minister and his co-conspirators. Soon a malign opportunity presented itself for putting Ireland utterly, hopelessly, helplessly into their hands—the sheep committed to the grasp of the wolf for security and protection!

CHAPTER LXXIX.

HOW THE ENGLISH MINISTER SAW HIS ADVANTAGE IN PROVOKING IRELAND INTO AN ARMED STRUGGLE: AND HOW HEARTLESSLY HE LABORED TO THAT END.

While these events were transpiring in Ireland the French revolution had burst forth, shaking the whole fabric of European society, rending old systems with the terrible force of a newly-

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

appeared explosive power. Everywhere its effects were felt. Everywhere men were struck with wonder. Everywhere the subtle intoxication of the revolutionary doctrines symbolized by the terrible *drapeau rouge*, fired the blood of political enthusiasts. Some hailed the birth of the French republic as the avatar of freedom;* others saw in it the incarnation of anarchy and infidelity; an organized war upon social order and upon the Christian religion. It instantly arrayed all Europe in two fiercely hostile camps. Each side spoke and acted with a passionate energy. Old parties and schools of political thought were broken up; old friendships and alliances were sundered forever, on the question whether the French revolution was an emanation from hell or an inspiration from heaven.

Ireland, so peculiarly circumstanced, could not fail to be powerfully moved by the great drama unfolded before the world in Paris. Side by side with the march of events there, from 1789 to 1795, was the revelation of England's treason against the "final adjustment" of Irish national rights, and the exasperating demeanor, language, and action of the government in its now avowed determination to conquer right by might. At the close of 1791, Theobald Wolfe Tone—a young Protestant barrister of great ability, who had devoted himself to the service of the Catholics in their efforts for emancipation—visiting Belfast (then the center and citadel of democratic and liberal, if not indeed of republican opinions),* met there some of the popular leaders. They had marked the treacherous conduct of the government, and they saw no hope for averting the ruin designed for Ireland save in a union of all Irishmen, irrespective of creed or class, in an open, legal, and constitutional organization for the accomplishment of parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation. Such an organization they forthwith established. Tone, on his return to Dublin, pushed its operations there, and it soon embraced every man of note on the people's side in politics. The association thus established was called the Society of United Irishmen. For some time it pursued its labors zealously, and, as its first principles exacted, openly, legally, and constitutionally toward the attainment of its most legitimate objects. But the government was winning against the United Irish leaders by strides—pandering to the grossest passions and vices of the oligarchical party, now sedulously inflamed against all popular opinions by the mad-dog cry of "French principles." One by one the popular leaders, tired in the hopeless struggle, were overpowered by despair of resisting the gross and naked tyranny of the government, which was absolutely and designedly pushing them out of constitutional action. Some of them retired from public life. Others yielded to the conviction that outside the constitution, if not within it, the struggle might be fought, and the United Irishmen became an oath-bound secret society.

From the first hour when an armed struggle came to be contemplated by the United Irish leaders, they very naturally fixed their hopes on France; and envoys passed and repassed between them and the French Directory. The government had early knowledge of the fact. It was to them news the most welcome. Indeed they so

*The sentiments evoked in the breasts of most Irish patriots by the first outburst and subsequent proceedings of the French revolution—enthusiasm, joy, and hope, followed by grief, horror, and despair—have been truthfully expressed by Moore in the following matchless verses:

"'Tis gone and forever—the light we saw breaking
Like heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead;
When man from the slumber of ages awaking,
Looked upward and blessed the pure ray ere it fled.
'Tis gone—and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

"For high was thy hope when those glories were darting
Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world:
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once like a sunburst her banner unfurled!
Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid.
Then—then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of liberty, Erin, from thee!

"But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing,
And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
Who at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood!
Then vanished forever that fair sunny vision
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remembered—pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee!"

* In July of that year (1791), the French revolution was celebrated with military pomp in Belfast by the armed volunteers and townspeople.

clearly saw their advantage—their certain success—in arraying on their side all who feared a Jacobin revolution, and in identifying in the minds of the property classes anti-Englishism with revolution and infidelity, that their greatest anxiety was to make sure that the United Irishmen would go far enough and deep enough into the scheme. And the government left nothing undone to secure that result.

Meanwhile the society in its new character extended itself with marvelous success. Its organization was ingenious, and of course its leaders believed it to be "spy-proof." Nearly half a million of earnest and determined men were enrolled, and a considerable portion of them were armed either with pikes or muskets. Indeed, for a moment it seemed not unlikely that the government conspirators might find they had overshot their own purpose, and had allowed the organization to develop too far. Up to 1796 they never took into calculation as a serious probability that France would really cast her powerful aid into the scale with Ireland. In the instant when England, startled beyond conception, was awakened to her error on this point by the appearance in Bantry Bay, in December, 1796, of a formidable expedition under Hoche*—a sense of danger and alarm possessed her, and it was decided to burst up the insurrectionary design—to force it into conflict at once—the peril now being that the armed and organized Irish might "bide their time."

To drive the Irish into the field—to goad them into action in the hour of England's choice, not their own—was the problem. Its accomplishment was arrived at by proceedings over which the historical writer or student shudders in horror. Early in 1796, an Insurrection Act was passed, making the administration of an oath identical with or similar to that of the United Irishmen punishable with death. An army of fifty thousand men, subsequently increased to eighty thousand, was let loose upon the country on the atrocious system of "free quarters." Irresponsible power was conferred on the military officers and local magistracy. The yeomanry, mainly composed of Orangemen, were quartered on the most Catholic districts, while the Irish militia regiments suspected of any sympathy with the population were shipped off to England in exchange for foreign troops. "The military tribunals did not wait for the idle formalities of the civil courts. Soldiers and civilians, yeomen and townsmen, against whom the informer pointed his finger, were taken out and summarily executed. Ghastly forms hung upon the thick-set gibbets, not only in the market places of the country towns and before the public prisons, but on all the bridges of the metropolis. The horrid torture of picketing, and the bloodstained lash, were constantly resorted to to extort accusations or confessions."* Lord Holland gives us a like picture of "burning cottages, tortured backs, and frequent executions." "The fact is incontrovertible," he says, "that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance (which, possibly, they meditated before) by the free quarters and excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilized warfare even in an enemy's country. Dr. Dickson, Lord Bishop of Down, assured me that he had seen families returning peaceably from mass, assailed without provocation by drunken troops, and yeomanry and their wives and daughters exposed to every species of indignity, brutality, and outrage, from which neither his (the bishop's) remonstrances nor those of other Protestant gentlemen could rescue them."†

No wonder the gallant and humane Sir John Moore—appalled at the infamies of that lustful and brutal soldiery, and unable to repress his sympathy with the hapless Irish peasantry—should have exclaimed, "If I were an Irishman, I would be a rebel!"

CHAPTER LXXX.

HOW THE BRITISH MINISTER FORCED ON THE RISING—THE FATE OF THE BRAVE LORD EDWARD—HOW THE BROTHERS SHEARES DIED HAND IN HAND—THE RISING OF NINETY-EIGHT.

WHILE the government, by such frightful agencies, was trying to force an insurrection, the

* This expedition had been obtained from the French Directory by the energy and perseverance of Wolfe Tone, who had been obliged to fly from Ireland. It was dispersed by a storm—a hurricane—as it lay in Bantry Bay waiting the arrival of the commander's ship. This storm saved the English power in Ireland.

* M'Gee. † Lord Holland, "Memoirs of the Whig Party."

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

United Irish leaders were straining every energy to keep the people in restraint until such time as they could strike and not strike in vain. But in this dreadful game the government was sure to win eventually. By a decisive blow at the Society, on March 12, 1798, it compelled the United Irishmen to take the field forthwith or perish. This was the seizure, on that day, in one swoop, of the Supreme Council or Directory, with all its returns, lists, and muster-rolls, while sitting in deliberation at the house of Mr. Oliver Bond (one of the council) in Bridge Street, Dublin.

This terrible stroke was almost irreparable. One man, however, escaped by the accident of not having attended, as he intended, that day's council meeting; and him of all others the government desired to capture. This was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the Duke of Leinster, commander-in-chief of the United Irish military organization.

Of all the men who have given their lives in the fatal struggle against the English yoke, not one is more endeared to Irish popular affection than "Lord Edward." While he lived he was idolized; and with truth it may be said his memory is embalmed in a nation's tears. He had every quality calculated to win the hearts of a people like the Irish. His birth, his rank, his noble lineage, his princely bearing, his handsome person, his frank and chivalrous manner, his generous, warm-hearted nature, his undaunted courage, and, above all, his ardent patriotism, combined to render Lord Edward the *beau ideal* of a popular leader. "He was," says a writer whose labors to assure the fame and vindicate in history the gallant band of whom the youthful Geraldine was among the foremost should never be forgotten by Irishmen—"as playful and humble as a child, as mild and timid as a lady, and, when necessary, as brave as a lion."*

Such was the man on whose head a price of one thousand pounds was now set by the government. On the arrest of the directory at Bond's, three men of position and ability stepped forward into the vacant council-seats; the brothers John and Henry Sheares, and Dr. Lawless; and upon these and Lord Edward now devolved the responsibility of controlling the organization. Lord Edward insisted on an immediate rising. He saw that by the aid of spies and informers the government was in possession of their inmost secrets, and that every day would be ruining their organization. To wait further for aid from France would be utter destruction to all their plans. Accordingly, it was decided that on the 23d of May next following, the standard of insurrection should be unfurled, and Ireland appeal to the *ultima ratio* of oppressed nations.

The government heard this, through their spies, with a sense of relief and of diabolical satisfaction. Efforts to secure Lord Edward were now pursued with desperate activity; yet he remained in Dublin eluding his enemies for eight weeks after the arrests at Bond's, guarded, convoyed, sheltered by the people with a devotion for which history has scarcely a parallel. The 23d of May was approaching fast, and still Lord Edward was at large. The castle conspirators began to fear that after all their machinations they might find themselves face to face with an Irish Washington. Within a few days, however, of the ominous 23d, treason gave them the victory, and placed the noble Geraldine within their grasp.

On the night of the 18th of May he was brought to the house of a Mr. Nicholas Murphy, a feather merchant, of 153 Thomas Street. He had been secreted in this same house before, but had been removed, as it was deemed essential to change his place of concealment very frequently. After spending some short time at each of several other places in the interval, he was, on the night already mentioned, a second time brought to Mr. Murphy's house. On the evening of the next day, Lord Edward, after dining with his host, retired to his chamber, intending to lie down for awhile, being ill with a cold. Mr. Murphy followed him upstairs to speak to him about something, when the noise of feet softly but quickly springing up the stair caught his ear, and instantly the door was thrown open and a police magistrate named Swan, accompanied by a soldier, rushed into the room. Lord Edward was lying on the bed with his coat and vest off. He sprang from the bed, snatching from under the pillow a dagger. Swan thrust his right hand into an inside breast pocket where his pis-

* Dr. R. R. Madden, "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen."

tols were; but Lord Edward, divining the object, struck at that spot, and sent his dagger through Swan's hand, penetrating his body. Swan shouted that he was "murdered;" nevertheless, with his wounded hand he managed to draw his pistol and fire at Lord Edward. The shot missed; but at this moment another of the police party, named Ryan (a yeomanry captain), rushed in, armed with a drawn cane-sword, and Major Sirr, with half a dozen soldiers, hurried upstairs. Ryan flung himself on Lord Edward, and tried to hold him down on the bed, but he could not, and the pair, locked in deadly combat, rolled upon the floor. Lord Edward received some deadly thrusts from Ryan's sword, but he succeeded in freeing his right hand, and quick as he could draw his arm, plunged the dagger again and again into Ryan's body. The yeomanry captain, though wounded mortally all over, was still struggling with Lord Edward on the floor when Sirr and the soldiers arrived. Sirr, pistol in hand, feared to grapple with the enraged Geraldine; but, watching his opportunity, took deliberate aim at him and fired. The ball struck Lord Edward in the right shoulder; the dagger fell from his grasp, and Sirr and the soldiers flung themselves upon him in a body. Still it required their utmost efforts to hold him down, some of them stabbing and hacking at him with shortened swords and clubbed pistols, while others held him fast. At length, weakened from wounds and loss of blood, he fainted. They took a sheet off the bed and rolled the almost inanimate body in it, and dragged their victim down the narrow stair. The floor of the room, all over blood, an eye-witness says, resembled a slaughter-house, and even the walls were dashed with gore.

Meantime a crowd had assembled in the street, attracted by the presence of the soldiers around the house. The instant it became known that it was Lord Edward that had been captured, the people flung themselves on the military, and after a desperate struggle had overpowered them but for the arrival of a large body of cavalry, who eventually succeeded in bringing off Lord Edward to the castle.

Here his wounds were dressed. On being told by the doctor that they were not likely to prove fatal, he exclaimed: "I am sorry to hear it." He was removed to Newgate, none of his friends being allowed access to him until the 3d of June, when they were told that he was dying. His aunt, Lady Louisa Connolly, and his brother, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, were then permitted to see him. They found him delirious. As he lay on his fever pallet in the dark and narrow cell of that accursed bastile, his ears were dinned with horrid noises that his brutal jailers took care to tell him were caused by the workmen erecting barriers around the gallows fixed for a forthcoming execution.

Next day, June 4, 1798, he expired. As he died unconvicted, his body was given up to his friends, but only on condition that no funeral would be attempted. In the dead of night they conveyed the last remains of the noble Lord Edward from Newgate to the Kildare vault beneath St. Werburgh's Protestant Church, Dublin, where they now repose.

A few days after Lord Edward's capture—on Monday, 21st of May—the brothers Sheares were arrested, one at his residence in Lower Baggot Street, the other at a friend's house in French Street, having been betrayed by a government agent named Armstrong, who had wormed himself into their friendship and confidence for the purpose of effecting their ruin. On the evening previous to their capture he was a guest in the bosom of their family, sitting at their fireside, fondling on his knee the infant child of one of the victims, whose blood was to drip from the scaffold in Green Street, a few weeks later, through his unequalled infamy!

On the 12th of July, John and Henry Sheares were brought to trial, and the fiend Armstrong appeared on the witness table and swore away their lives. Two days afterward the martyr-brothers were executed, side by side. Indeed they fell through the drop hand clasped in hand, having, as they stood blindfolded on the trap, in the brief moment before the bolt was drawn, by an instinct of holy affection strong in death, each one reached out as best he could his pinioned hand, and grasped that of his brother!

The capture of Lord Edward, so quickly followed by the arrest of the brothers Sheares, was a death-blow to the insurrection, as far as concerned any preconcerted movement. On the night of the appointed day an abortive rising

took place in the neighborhood of the metropolis. On the same day Kildare, Lord Edward's county, took the field, and against hopeless disadvantages made a gallant stand. Meath also kept its troth, as did Down and Antrim in the north keep theirs, but only to a like bloody sacrifice, and in a few days it seemed that all was over. But a county almost free from complicity in the organization, a county in which no one on either side had apprehended revolt, was now about to show the world what Irish peasants, driven to desperation, defending their homes and altars, could dare and do. Wexford, heroic and glorious Wexford, was now about to show that even one county of Ireland's thirty-two could engage more than half the available army of England!

Wexford rose, not in obedience to any call from the United Irish organization, but purely and solely from the instinct of self-preservation. Although there was probably no district in Ireland so free from participation in the designs of that association (there were scarcely two hundred enrolled United Irishmen among its entire population), all the horrors of free quarters and martial law had been let loose on the county. Atrocities that sicken the heart in their contemplation, filled with terror the homes of that peaceful and inoffensive people. The midnight skies were reddened with the flames of burning cottages, and the glens resounded with shrieks of agony, vengeance, and despair. Homes desolated, female virtue made the victim of crimes that cannot be named, the gibbet and the triangle erected in every hamlet, and finally, the temples of God desecrated and given to the torch, left manhood in Wexford no choice but that which to its eternal honor it made.

Well and bravely Wexford fought that fight. It was the wild rush to arms of a tortured peasantry, unprepared, unorganized, unarmed. Yet no Irishman has need to "hang his head for shame" when men speak of gallant Wexford in Ninety-eight. Battle for battle, the men of that county beat the best armies of the king, until their relative forces became out of all proportion. Neither Tell in Switzerland nor Hofer in the Tyrol earned immortality more gloriously than that noble band of "the sister counties," Wexford and Wicklow—Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey; Colclough of Tintern Abbey; Fitzgerald of Newpark; Miles Byrne, and Edmond Kyan, in the one; and the patriot brothers Byrne of Ballymanus, with Holt, Hackett, and "brave Michael Dwyer," in the other. And, as he who studies the history of this country will note, in all its struggles for seven hundred years, the priests of Ireland, ever fearless to brave the anger of the maddened people, restraining them while conflict might be avoided, were ever readiest to die:

> Whether on the scaffold high
> Or in the battle's van—

side by side with the people, when driven to the last resort. Fathers John and Michael Murphy, Father Roche, and Father Clinch, are names that should ever be remembered by Irishmen when tempters whisper that the voice of the Catholic pastor, raised in warning or restraint, is the utterance of one who cannot feel for, who would not die for, the flock he desires to save.

Just as the short and bloody struggle had terminated, there appeared in Killala Bay the first instalment of that aid from France for which the United Irish leaders had desired to wait. If they could have resisted the government endeavors to precipitate the rising for barely three or four months longer, it is impossible to say how the movement might have resulted. On the 22d of August the French general, Humbert, landed at Killala with barely one thousand men. Miserable as was this force, a few months earlier it would have counted for twenty thousand; but now, ten thousand, much less ten hundred, would not avail They came too late, or the rising was too soon. Nevertheless, with this handful of men, joined by a few thousand hardy Mayo peasantry, Humbert literally chased the government troops before him across the island; and it was not until the viceroy himself, Lord Cornwallis, hurrying from Dublin, concentrated around the Franco-Irish army of three thousand men a force of nearly thirty thousand, enveloping them on all sides—and, of course, hopelessly overpowering them—that the victorious march of the daring Frenchman was arrested by the complete defeat and capitulation of Ballinamuck, on the morning of September 8, 1798.

It was the last battle of the insurrection. Within a fortnight subsequently two further and

smaller expeditions from France reached the northern coast; one accompanied by Napper Tandy (an exiled United Irish leader), and another under Admiral Bompart with Wolfe Tone on board. The latter one was attacked by a powerful English fleet and captured. Tone, the heroic and indefatigable, was sent in irons to Dublin, where he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be hung. He pleaded hard for a soldier's death; but his judges were inexorable. It turned out, however, that his trial and conviction were utterly illegal, as martial law had ceased, and the ordinary tribunals were sitting at the time. At the instance of the illustrious Irish advocate, orator, and patriot, Curran, an order was obtained against the military authorities to deliver Tone over to the civil court. The order was at first resisted, but ultimately the official of the court was informed that the prisoner "had committed suicide." He died a few days after, of a wound in his throat, possibly inflicted by himself, to avert the indignity he so earnestly deprecated; but not improbably, as popular conviction has it, the work of a murderous hand; for fouler deeds were done in the government dungeons in "those dark and evil days."

The insurrection of '98 was the first rebellion on the part of the Irish people for hundreds of years. The revolt of the Puritan colonists in 1641, and that of their descendants, the Protestant rebels of 1690, were not Irish movements in any sense of the phrase. It was only after 1605 that the English government could, by any code of moral obligations whatever, be held entitled to the obedience of the Irish people, whose struggles previous to that date were lawful efforts in defense of their native and legitimate rulers against the English invaders. And never, subsequently to 1605, up to the period at which we have now arrived—1798—did the Irish people revolt or rebel against the new sovereignty. On the contrary, in 1641, they fought for the king, and lost heavily by their loyalty. In 1690 once more they fought for the king, and again they paid a terrible penalty for their fidelity to the sovereign. In plain truth, the Irish are, of all people, the most disposed to respect constituted authority where it is entitled to respect, and the most ready to repay even the shortest measure of justice on the part of the sovereign by generous, faithful, enduring, and self-sacrificing loyalty. They are a law-abiding people—or rather a justice-loving people; for their contempt for law becomes extreme when it is made the antithesis of justice. Nothing but terrible provocation could have driven such a people into rebellion.

Rebellion against just and lawful government is a great crime. Rebellion against constituted government of any character is a terrible responsibility. There are circumstances under which resistance is a duty, and where, it may be said, the crime would be rather in slavish or cowardly acquiescence; but awful is the accountability of him who undertakes to judge that the measure of justification is full, that the moral duty of resistance is established by the circumstances, and that not merely in figure of speech, but in solemn reality, no other resort remains.

But, however all this may be, the public code of which it is a part rightly recognizes a great distinction in favor of a people who are driven into the field to defend their homes and altars against brutal military violence. Such were the heroic men of Wexford; and of the United Irishmen it is to be remembered that if they pursued an object unquestionably good and virtuous itself, outside, not within, the constitution, it was not by their own choice. They were no apostles of anarchy, no lovers of revolution, no "rebels for a theory." They were not men who decried or opposed the more peaceful action of moral force agencies. They would have preferred them, had a choice fairly been left them. There was undoubtedly a French Jacobinical spirit tingeing the views of many of the Dublin and Ulster leaders toward the close, but under all the circumstances this was inevitable. With scarcely an exception, they were men of exemplary moral characters, high social position, of unsullied integrity, of brilliant intellect, of pure and lofty patriotism. They were men who honestly desired and endeavored, while it was permitted to them so to do, by lawful and constitutional means, to save and serve their country, but who, by an infamous conspiracy of the government, were deliberately forced upon resistance as a patriot's duty, and who at the last sealed with their blood their devotion to Ireland.

"More than twenty years have passed away," says Lord Holland; "many of my political opin-

ions are softened, my predilections for some men weakened, my prejudices against others removed; but my approbation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's actions remains unaltered and unshaken. His country was bleeding under one of the hardest tyrannies that our times have witnessed. He who thinks that a man can be even excused in such circumstances by any other consideration than that of despair from opposing by force a pretended government, seems to me to sanction a principle which would insure impunity to the greatest of all human delinquents, or at least to those who produce the greatest misery among mankind."*

CHAPTER LXXXI.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT CONSPIRACY NOW ACHIEVED ITS PURPOSE—HOW THE PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND WAS EXTINGUISHED.

"HORRORS," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "were everywhere recommenced, executions were multipiled. The government had now achieved the very climax of public terror on which they had so much counted for inducing Ireland to throw herself into the arms of the 'protecting' country. Mr. Pitt conceived that the moment had arrived to try the effect of his previous measures, to promote a legislative union, and annihilate the parliament of Ireland."

"On January 22, 1799, the Irish legislature met under circumstances of great interest and excitement. The city of Dublin, always keenly alive to its metropolitan interests, sent its eager thousands by every avenue toward College Green. The viceroy went down to the houses with a more than ordinary guard, and being seated on the throne in the House of Lords, the Commons were summoned to the bar. The viceregal speech congratulated both houses on the suppression of the late rebellion, on the defeat of Bompart's squadron, and the recent French victories of Lord Nelson; then came, amid profound expectation, this concluding sentence:

" 'The unremitting industry,' said the viceroy, 'with which our enemies persevere in their avowed design of endeavoring to effect a separation of this kingdom from Great Britain must have engaged your attention, and his majesty commands me to express his anxious hope that this consideration, joined to the sentiment of mutual affection and common interest, may dispose the parliaments in both kingdoms to provide the most effectual means of maintaining and improving a connection essential to their common security, and of consolidating, as far as possible, into one firm and lasting fabric, the strength, the power, and the resources of the British empire.'

"On the paragraph of the address re-echoing this sentiment (which was carried by a large majority in the Lords) a debate ensued in the Commons which lasted till one o'clock of the following day—above twenty consecutive hours. The galleries and lobbies were crowded all night by the first people of the city, of both sexes, and when the division was being taken the most intense anxiety was manifested within doors and without."*

"One hundred and eleven members had declared against the Union and when the doors were opened, one hundred and five were discovered to be the total number of the minister's adherents. The gratification of the anti-Unionists was unbounded; and as they walked deliberately in, one by one, to be counted, the eager spectators, ladies as well as gentlemen, leaning over the galleries ignorant of the result, were panting with expectation. Lady Castlereagh, then one of the finest women of the court, appeared in the sergeant's box, palpitating for her husband's fate. The desponding appearance and fallen crests of the ministerial benches, and the exulting air of the opposition members as they entered, were intelligible. The murmurs of suppressed anxiety would have excited an interest even in the most unconnected stranger, who had known the objects and importance of the contest. How much more, therefore, must every Irish breast which panted in the galleries, have experienced that thrilling enthusiasm which accompanies the achievement of patriotic actions, when the minister's defeat was announced from the chair! A due sense of respect and decorum re-

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* Lord Holland, "Memoirs of the Whig Party."

* M'Gee.

strained the galleries within proper bounds; but a low cry of satisfaction from the female audience could not be prevented, and no sooner was the event made known out of doors than the crowds that had waited during the entire night with increasing impatience for the vote which was to decide on the independence of their country, sent forth loud and reiterated shouts of exultation, which, resounding through the corridors, and penetrating to the body of the house, added to the triumph of the conquerors, and to the misery of the adherents of the conquered minister."*

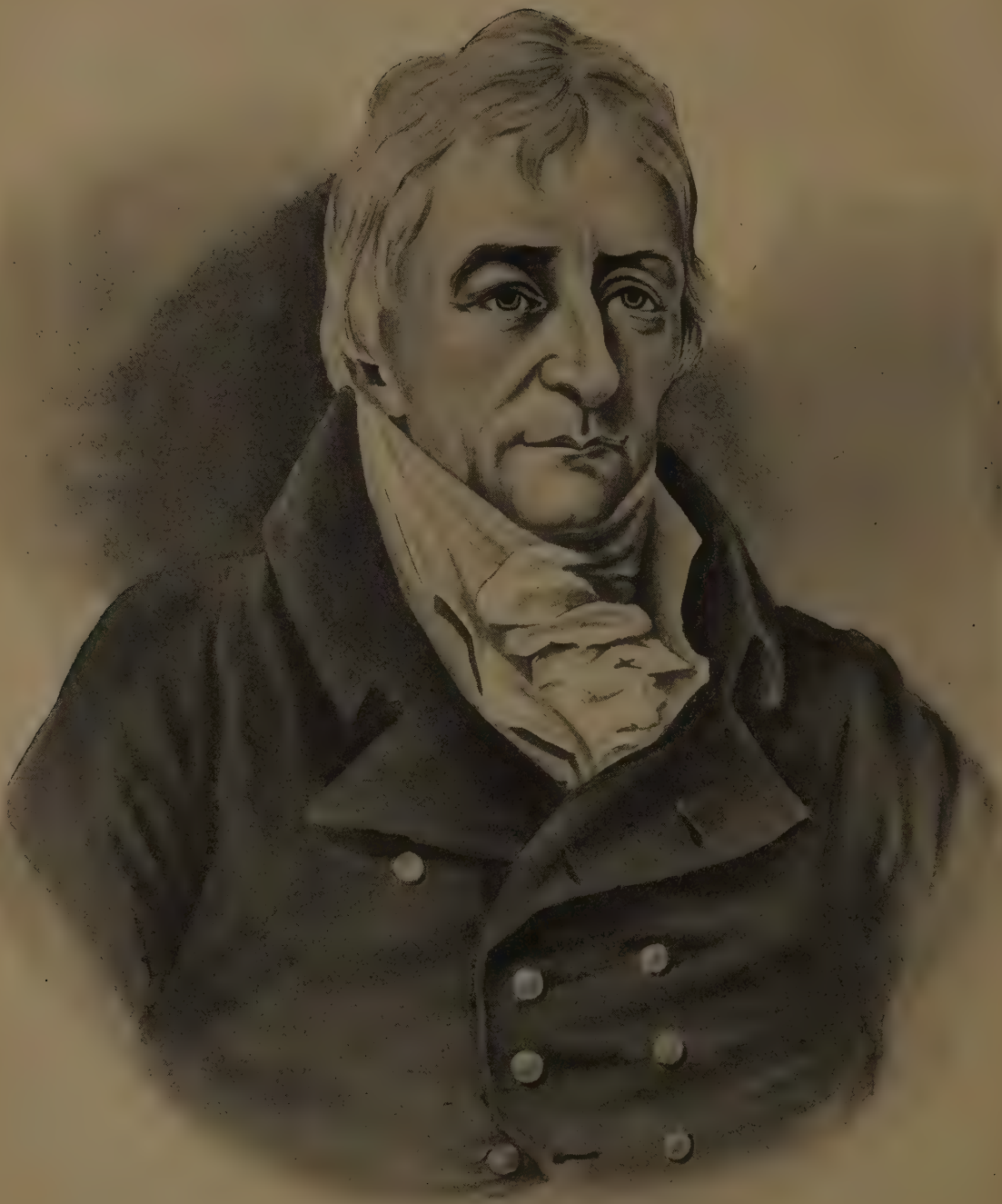
The minister was utterly and unexpectedly worsted in his first attack; but he was not shaken from his purpose. He could scarcely have credited that, notwithstanding his previous laborious machinations of terror and seduction, there could still be found so much of virtue, courage, and independence in the parliament. However, this bitter defeat merely caused him to fall back for the purpose of approaching by mine the citadel he had failed to carry by assault. The majority against him was narrow. The gaining of twenty or thirty members would make a difference of twice that number on a division. "All the weapons of seduction were in his hands," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "and to acquire a majority, he had only to overcome the wavering and the feeble." "Thirty-two new county judgeships," says another writer, "were created; a great number of additional inspectorships were also placed at the minister's disposal; thirteen members had peerages for themselves or for their wives, with remainder to their children, and nineteen others were presented to various lucrative offices."

Both parties—Unionists and anti-Unionists, traitors and patriots—felt that during the parliamentary recess the issue would really be decided; for by the time the next session opened the minister would have secured his majority if such an end was possible. The interval, accordingly, was one of painfully exciting struggle, each party straining every energy. The government had a persuasive story for every sectional interest in the country. It secretly assured the Catholic bishops, nay, solemnly pledged itself, that if the Union were carried, one of the first acts of the imperial parliament should be Catholic emancipation. "An Irish parliament will never grant it, can never afford to grant it," said the castle tempter. "The fears of the Protestant minority in this country will make them too much afraid of you. We alone can afford to rise above this miserable dread of your numbers." To the Protestants, on the other hand, the minister held out arguments just as insidious, as treacherous, and as fraudulent. "Behold the never-ceasing efforts of these Catholics! Do what you will, some day they must overwhelm you, being seven to one against you. There is no safety for you, no security for the Irish Protestant Church Establishment, unless in a union with us. In Ireland, as a kingdom, you are in a miserable minority, sure to be some day overwhelmed and destroyed. United to Great Britain, you will be an indivisible part of one vast Protestant majority, and can afford to defy the Papists."

Again, to the landed gentry, the terrors of "French principles," constant plots and rebellions, were artfully held forth. "No safety for society, no security for property, except in a union with Great Britain." Even the populace, the peasantry, were attempted to be overreached also, by inflaming them against the landlords as base yeomanry tyrants, whose fears of the people would ever make them merciless oppressors.

And it is curious to note that in that day—1799 and 1800—the identical great things that in our own time are still about to happen, and have always been about to happen (but are never happening) since 1800, were loudly proclaimed as the inevitable first fruits of a union. "English capital" was to flow into Ireland by the million, "owing," as the ministerialists sagaciously put it, "to the stability of Irish institutions when guaranteed by the union." Like infallible arguments were ready to show that commerce must instantaneously expand beyond calculation, and manufactures spring up as if by magic, all over the island. Peace, tranquillity, prosperity, contentment, and loyalty, must, it was likewise sagely argued, flow from the measure; for the Irish would see the uselessness of rebelling against an united empire, and would be so happy that disaffection must become utterly unknown.

* Sir Jonah Barrington, "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation."



HENRY GRATTAN.

Nay, whosoever consults the journals of that period will find even the "government dockyard at Cork," and other stock jobs of promised "concession," figuring then just as they figure now.*

But the endeavor to influence public opinion proved futile, and the minister found he must make up his mind to go through with a naked, unsparing, unscrupulous, and unblushing corruption of individuals. Many of the Catholic bishops were overreached by the solemn pledge of emancipation; but the overwhelming majority of the clergy, and the laity almost unanimously, scouted the idea of expediting their emancipation by an eternal betrayal of their country. The Orangemen on the other hand were equally patriotic. All the Protestant bishops but two were gained over by the minister; yet the Protestant organizations everywhere passed resolutions, strong almost to sedition, against the union.

Most important of all was the patriotic conduct of the Irish Bar. They held a meeting to discuss the proposition of a "union," and notwithstanding the open threats of government vengeance, and public offers of "reward" or bribe, there were found but thirty-two members of the bar to support the ministerial proposition, while one hundred and sixty-six voted it a treason against the country.

The next session, the last of the Irish parliament, assembled on January 15, 1800. The minister had counted every man, and by means the most iniquitous secured the requisite majority. Twenty-seven new peers had been added to the House of Lords, making the union project all safe there. In the Commons some thirty or forty seats had been changed by bargain with the owners of the boroughs. It was doubtful that any *bona fide* constituency in Ireland—even one—could be got to sanction the union scheme; so the minister had to carry on his operations with what were called "patronage boroughs," or "pocket-boroughs."

The patriot party felt convinced that they were outnumbered, but they resolved to fight the battle vehemently while a chance remained. At the worst, if overborne in such a cause, they could expose the real nature of the transaction, and cause its illegality, infamy, and fraud, to be confessed; so that posterity might know and feel the right and the duty of appealing against, and recovering against, the crime of that hour. They persuaded Grattan to re-enter parliament* to aid them in this last defense of his and their country's liberties. He was at the moment lying on a bed of sickness, yet he assented, and it was decided to have him returned for Wicklow town, that borough being the property of a friend. The writ was duly applied for, but the government withheld its issue up to the last moment allowed by law, designing to prevent Grattan's return in time for the debate on the address to the throne, the first trial of strength. Nevertheless, by a feat almost unprecedented in parliamentary annals, that object was attained. "It was not until the day of the meeting of parliament that the writ was delivered to the returning officer. By extraordinary exertions, and perhaps by following the example of government in overstraining the law, the election was held immediately on the arrival of the writ; a sufficient number of votes were collected to return Mr. Grattan before midnight. By one o'clock the return was on its road to Dublin; it arrived by five; a party of Mr. Grattan's friends repaired to the house of the proper officer, and making him get out of bed, compelled him to present the writ in parliament before seven in the morning, when the House was in warm debate on the Union. A whisper ran through every party that Mr. Grattan was elected, and would immediately take his seat. The ministerialists smiled with incredulous derision, and the opposition thought the news too good to be true.

"Mr. Egan was speaking strongly against the measure when Mr. George Ponsonby and Mr. Arthur Moore walked out, and immediately returned, leading, or rather helping, Mr. Grattan, in a state of feebleness and debility. The effect was electric. Mr. Grattan's illness and deep chagrin had reduced a form never symmetrical, and a visage at all times thin, nearly to the appearance of a specter. As he feebly tottered into the House, every member simultaneously

* The vote of Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, of Corkabeg, was secured by "Lord Cornwallis assuring him that in the event of the union a royal dockyard would be built at Cork, which would double the value of his estates."—Barrington's "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation."

* Three years before, he and many others of the patriot party had quitted parliament in despair.

rose from his seat. He moved slowly to the table; his languid countenance seemed to revive as he took those oaths that restored him to his pre-eminent station; the smile of inward satisfaction obviously illuminated his features, and re-animation and energy seemed to kindle by the labor of his mind. The House was silent. Mr. Egan did not resume his speech. Mr. Grattan, almost breathless, as if by instinct attempted to rise, but was unable to stand; he paused and with difficulty requested permission of the House to deliver his sentiments without moving from his seat. This was acceded to by acclamation, and he who had left his bed of sickness to accord as he thought his last words in the parliament of his country, kindled gradually till his language glowed with an energy and feeling which he had seldom surpassed. After nearly two hours of the most powerful eloquence, he concluded with an undiminished vigor miraculous to those who were unacquainted with his intellect."

The debate lasted for sixteen consecutive hours. It commenced at seven o'clock on the evening of the 15th, continued throughout the entire night, and did not terminate until eleven o'clock of the forenoon on the 16th, when the division was taken. Then the minister's triumph was made clear. The patriots reckoned one hundred and fifteen votes; the government one hundred and fifty-eight. There were twenty-seven absent from various causes, nearly every man an anti-Unionist; but even these, if present, could not have turned the scale. The discussion clearly showed that Ireland's doom was sealed.

There now commenced that struggle in the Irish Senate House in College Green over which the Irish reader becomes irresistibly excited. The minister felt that the plunge was taken, and now there must be no qualms, no scruples, as to the means of success. Strong in his purchased majority, he grew insolent, and the patriot minority found themselves subjected to every conceivable mode of assault and menace. The houses of parliament were invariably surrounded with soldiery. The debates were protracted throughout the entire night, and far into the forenoon of the next day. In all this, the calculation was, that in a wearying and exhausting struggle of this kind, men who were on the weak and losing side, and who had no personal interest to advance, must surely give way before the perseverance of men on the strong and winning side, who had each a large money price from the minister. But that gallant band, with Grattan, Ponsonby, Parsons, and Plunkett at their head, fought the struggle out with a tenacity that seemed to experience no exhaustion. In order to be at hand in the House, and to sit out the eighteen and twenty hour debates, the ministerialists formed a "dining club," and ate, drank, dined, slept, and breakfasted, like a military guard, in one of the committee rooms. The patriot party followed the same course; and through various other maneuvers met the enemy move for move.

But the most daring and singular step of all was now taken by the government party—the formation of a dueling club. The premier (Lord Castlereagh) invited to a dinner party at his own residence a picked band of twenty of the most noted duelists among the ministerial followers, and then and there it was decided to form a club, the members of which should be bound to "call out" any anti-Unionist expressing himself "immoderately" against the conduct of the government. In plain words, Grattan and his colleagues were to be shot down in designedly provoked duels.

Even this did not appall the patriot minority. With spirit undaunted they resolved to meet force by force. Grattan proposed that they should not give the ministerial "shooting club" any time for choosing its men, but that they themselves should forestall the government by a bold assumption of the offensive. He was himself the first to lead the way in the daring course he counseled. On the 17th of February the House went into committee on the articles of union, which, after a desperate struggle, as usual, were carried through by a majority of twenty votes; one hundred and sixty to one hundred and forty. It was on this occasion Corry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made, for the third or fourth time that session, a virulent attack on the enfeebled and almost prostrate Grattan. But soon Corry found that though physically prostrated, the glorious intellect of Grattan was as proud and strong as ever, and that the heart of a lion beat in the patriot leader's

breast. Grattan answered the chancellor by "that famous philippic, unequaled in our language for its well-suppressed passion and finely condensed denunciation." A challenge passed on the instant, and Grattan, having the choice of time, insisted on fighting that moment or rather that morning, as soon as daylight would admit. Accordingly, leaving the House in full debate, about day dawn the principals and their seconds drove to the Phœnix Park. Before half an hour Grattan had shot his man, terminating, in one decisive encounter, the Castlereagh campaign of "fighting down the opposition." The ministerial "dueling club" was heard of no more.

"Throughout the months of February and March, with an occasional adjournment, the constitutional battle was fought on every point permitted by the forms of the House." On the 25th of March the committee finally reported the Union resolutions, which were passed in the House by forty-seven of a majority. After six weeks of an interval, to allow the British Parliament to make like progress, the Union Bill was (May 25, 1800) introduced into the Irish Commons, and on the 7th of June the Irish Parliament met for the last time. "The closing scene," as Mr. M'Gee truly remarks, "has been often described, but never so graphically as by the diamond pen of Sir Jonah Barrington." That description I quote unabridged:

"The Commons House of Parliament on the last evening afforded the most melancholy example of an independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and as a state annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her parliament to vote away the constitution of a country to which they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connection. They were employed to cancel the royal charter of the Irish nation, guaranteed by the British government, sanctioned by the British legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the great seal of their monarch!

"The situation of the speaker on that night was of the most distressing nature. A sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents, he resisted it with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence.

"It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

"The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable; they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches, scarcely a word was exchanged among the members, nobody seemed at ease, no cheerfulness was apparent, and the ordinary business for a short time proceeded in the usual manner.

"At length the expected moment arrived, the order of the day for the third reading of the bill for a 'Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland,' was moved by Lord Castlereagh. Unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips, and as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject. At that moment he had no country, no god but his ambition. He made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference.

"Confused murmurs again ran through the House; it was visibly affected; every character in a moment seemed involuntarily rushing to its index; some pale, some flushed, some agitated; there were few countenances to which the heart did not dispatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their departure. The speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honors and his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the bill for a moment in silence: he looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring parliament. He at length repeated in an emphatic tone, 'As many as are of opinion that this bill do pass, say ay.' The affirmative was languid but indisputable:

another momentary pause ensued, again his lips seemed to decline their office, at length with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed with a subdued voice, 'The ayes have it.' The fatal sentence was now pronounced; for an instant he stood statue-like, then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the bill upon the table, and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province: Ireland as a nation was extinguished."*

The subjoined verses, written on the night of that sorrowful scene—by some attributed to the pen of Moore, by others to that of Furlong—immediately made their appearance; a Dirge and a Prophecy we may assuredly call them:

"O Ireland! my country, the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendor is past;
And the chain that was spurned in thy moment of power,
Hangs heavy around thee at last.
There are marks in the fate of each clime—
There are turns in the fortunes of men;
But the changes of realms, and the chances of time,
Can never restore thee again.

"Thou art chained to the wheel of thy foe
By links which the world shall not sever.
With thy tyrant, thro' storm and thro' calm shalt thou go,
And thy sentence is—bondage forever.
Thou art doom'd for the thankless to toil,
Thou art left for the proud to disdain,
And the blood of thy sons and the wealth of thy soil
Shall be wasted, and wasted in vain.

"Thy riches with taunts shall be taken,
Thy valor with coldness repaid;
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken
Not one shall stand forth in thine aid.
In the nations thy place is left void,
Thou art lost in the list of the free.
Even realms by the plague or the earthquake destroy'd
May revive: but no hope is for thee."

* In their private correspondence at th time the ministers were very candid as to the villainy of their conduct. The letters of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Cornwallis abound with the most startling revelations and admissions. The former (Lord Castlereagh) writing to Secretary Cook, June 21, 1800 (expostulating against an intention of the government to break some of the bargains of corruption, as too excessive, now that the deed was accomplished), says: "It will be no secret what has been promised, *and by what means the Union had been carried.* Disappointment will encourage, not prevent disclosures, and the only effect of such a proceeding on their (the ministers) part will be to add the weight of their testimony to that of the anti-Unionists in proclaiming *the profligacy of the means by which the measure was accomplished.*"

CHAPTER LXXXII.

IRELAND AFTER THE UNION—THE STORY OF ROBERT EMMET.

The peasants of Podolia, when no Russian myrmidon is nigh, chant aloud the national hymn of their captivity—"Poland is not dead yet." Whoever reads the story of this western Poland—this "Poland of the seas"—will be powerfully struck with the one all-prominent fact of Ireland's indestructible vitality. Under circumstances where any other people would have succumbed forever, where any other nation would have resigned itself to subjugation and accepted death, the Irish nation scorns to yield, and refuses to die.

It survived the four centuries of war from the second to the eighth Henry of England. It survived the exterminations of Elizabeth, by which Froude has been so profoundly appalled. It survived the butcheries of Cromwell, and the merciless persecutions of the Penal times. It survived the bloody policy of Ninety-eight. Confiscations, such as are to be found in the history of no other country in Europe, again and again tore up society by the roots in Ireland, trampling the noble and the gentle into poverty and obscurity. The mind was sought to be quenched, the intellect extinguished, the manners debased and brutified. "The perverted ingenuity of man" could no further go in the untiring endeavor to kill out all aspirations for freedom, all instinct of nationality in the Irish breast. Yet this indestructible nation has risen under the blows of her murderous persecutors, triumphant and immortal. She has survived even England's latest and most deadly blow, designed to be the final stroke—the Union.

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JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

MURPHY & MCCARTHY.

Almost on the threshold of the new century, the conspiracy of Robert Emmet startled the land like the sudden explosion of a mine. In the place assigned in Irish memory to the youthful and ill-fated leader of this enterprise, is powerfully illustrated the all-absorbing, all-indulging love of a people for those who purely give up life on the altar of country. Many considerations might seem to invoke on Emmet the censure of stern judgment for the apparently criminal hopelessness of his scheme. Napoleon once said that "nothing consolidates a new dynasty like an unsuccessful insurrection;" and unquestionably Emmet's *emeute* gave all possible consolidation to the "Union" *régime*. It brought down on Ireland the terrible penalty of a five years' suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and a contemporaneous continuance of the bloody "Insurrection Act," aggravating tenfold all the miseries of the country. Nevertheless, the Irish nation has canonized his memory—has fondly placed his name on the roll of its patriot martyrs. His extreme youth, his pure and gentle nature, his lofty and noble aims, his beautiful and touching speech in the dock, and his tragic death upon the scaffold, have been all-efficacious with his countrymen to shield his memory from breath of blame.

Robert Emmet was the youngest brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the most distinguished and illustrious of the United Irish leaders. He formed the daring design of surprising the castle of Dublin, and, by the seizure of the capital, the inauguration of a rebellion throughout the provinces. Indeed, it was, as Mr. M'Gee remarks, the plan of Roger O'More and Lord Maguire in 1641. In this project he was joined by several of the leaders in the recent insurrection, among them being Thomas Russell, one of the bravest and noblest characters that ever appeared on the page of history, and Michael Dwyer, of Wicklow, who still, as for the past five years, held his ground in the defiles of Glenmalure and Imall, defying and defeating all attempts to capture him. But, beside the men whose names were openly revealed in connection with the plot, and these comprised some of the best and worthiest in the land, it is beyond question that there were others not discovered, filling high positions in Ireland, in England, and in France, who approved, counseled, and assisted in Emmet's design.

Although the conspiracy embraced thousands of associates in Dublin alone, not a man betrayed the secret to the last; and Emmet went on with his preparations of arms and ammunition in two or three depots in the city. Even when one of these exploded accidentally, the government failed to divine what was afoot, though their suspicions were excited. On the night of July 23, 1803, Emmet sallied forth from one of the depots at the head of less than a hundred men. But the whole scheme of arrangements—although it certainly was one of the most ingenious and perfect ever devised by the skill of man—like most other conspiracies of the kind, crumbled in all its parts at the moment of action. "There was failure everywhere;" and to further insure defeat, a few hours before the moment fixed for the march upon the castle, intelligence reached the government from Kildare that some outbreak was to take place that night, as bodies of the disaffected peasantry from that county had been observed making toward the city. The authorities were accordingly on the *qui vive*, to some extent, when Emmet reached the street. His expected musters had not appeared; his own band dwindled to a score; and, to him the most poignant affliction of all, an act of lawless bloodshed, the murder of Lord Justice Kilwarden, one of the most humane and honorable judges, stained the short-lived *emeute*. Incensed beyond expression by this act, and perceiving the ruin of his attempt, Emmet gave peremptory orders for its instantaneous abandonment. He himself hurried off toward Wicklow in time to countermand the rising there and in Wexford and Kildare. It is beyond question that his prompt and strenuous exertions, his aversion to the useless sacrifice of life, alone prevented a protracted struggle in those counties.

His friends now urged him to escape, and several means of escape were offered to him. He, however, insisted on postponing his departure for a few days. He refused to disclose his reason for this perilous delay; but it was eventually discovered. Between himself and the young daughter of the illustrious Curran there existed the most tender and devoted attachment, and he was resolved not to quit Ireland without bidding

her an eternal farewell. This resolve cost him his life. While awaiting an opportunity for an interview with Miss Curran, he was arrested on August 25, 1803, at a house on the east side of Harold's Cross Road, a few perches beyond the canal bridge. On the 19th of the following month he was tried at Green Street; upon which occasion, after conviction, he delivered that speech which has, probably, more than aught else, tended to immortalize his name. Next morning, September 20, 1803, he was led out to die. There is a story that Sarah Curran was admitted to a farewell interview with her hapless lover on the night preceding his execution; but it rests on slender authority, and is opposed to probabilities. But it is true that, as he was being led to execution, a last farewell was exchanged between them. A carriage, containing Miss Curran and a friend, was drawn up on the roadside, near Kilmainham, and, evidently by preconcert, as the vehicle containing Emmet passed by on the way to the place of execution, the unhappy pair exchanged their last greeting on earth.*

In Thomas Street, at the head of Bridgefoot Street, and directly opposite the Protestant Church of St. Catherine, the fatal beam and platform were erected. It is said that Emmet had been led to expect a rescue at the last, either by Russell (who was in town for that purpose), or by Michael Dwyer and his mountain band. He mounted the scaffold with firmness, and gazed about him long and wistfully, as if he expected to read the signal of hope from some familiar face in the crowd. He protracted all the arrangements as much as possible, and even when at length the fatal noose was placed upon his neck, he begged a little pause. The executioner again and again asked him was he ready, and each time was answered: "Not yet, not yet." Again the same question, and, says one who was present, while the words "Not yet" were still being uttered by Emmet, the bolt was drawn, and he was launched into eternity. The head was severed from his body, and, "according to law," held up to the public gaze by the executioner as the "head of a traitor." An hour afterward, as an eyewitness tells us, the dogs of the street were lapping from the ground the blood of the pure and gentle Robert Emmet.

Moore was the fellow-student and companion of Emmet, and, like all who knew him, ever spoke in fervent admiration of the youthful patriot-martyr as the impersonation of all that was virtuous, generous, and exalted. More than once did the minstrel dedicate his strains to the memory of that friend whom he never ceased to mourn. The following verses are familiar to most Irish readers:

"Oh! breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid.
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

"But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls!"

Soon afterward the gallant and noble-hearted Russell was executed at Downpatrick, and for months subsequently the executioner was busy at his bloody work in Dublin. Michael Dwyer, however, the guerrilla of the Wicklow hills, held his ground in the fastnesses of Luggielaw, Glendalough, and Glenmalure. In vain regiment after regiment was sent against him. Dwyer and his trusty band defeated every effort of their foes. The military detachments, one by one, were wearied and worn out by the privations of campaigning in that wild region of dense forest and trackless mountain. The guerrilla chief was apparently ubiquitous, always invisible when wanted by his pursuers, but terribly visible when not expected by them. In the end some of the soldiers* became nearly as friendly to him as the peasantry, frequently sending him word of any movement intended against him. More than a year passed by, and the powerful

* Madden's "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen."

* They were Highland regiments. Through the insurrections of 1798 and 1803, the Highland regiments behaved with the greatest humanity, and, where possible, kindness toward the Irish peasantry.

British government, that could suppress the insurrection at large in a few months, found itself, so far, quite unable to subdue the indomitable Outlaw of Glenmalure. At length it was decided to "open up" the district which formed his stronghold by a series of military roads and a chain of mountain forts, barracks, and outposts. The scheme was carried out, and the tourist who now seeks the beauties of Glencree, Luggielaw, and Glendalough, will travel by the "military roads," and pass the mountain forts or barracks, which the government of England found it necessary to construct before it could wrest from Michael Dwyer the dominion of those romantic scenes.

The well-authenticated stories of Dwyer's hairbreadth escapes by flood and field would fill a goodly volume. One of them reveals an instance of devoted heroism—of self-immolation—which deserves to be recorded in letters of gold.

One day the Outlaw Chief had been so closely pursued that his little band had to scatter, the more easily to escape, or to distract the pursuers, who, on this occasion, were out in tremendous force scouring hill and plain. Some hours after nightfall, Dwyer, accompanied by only four of his party (and fully believing that he had successfully eluded his foes), entered a peasant's cottage in the wild and picturesque solitude of Imall. He was, of course, joyously welcomed; and he and his tired companions soon tasted such humble hospitality as the poor mountaineer's hut could afford. Then they gave themselves to repose.

But the Outlawed Patriot had not shaken the foe from his track that evening. He had been traced to the mountain hut with sleuth-hound patience and certainty; and now, while he slept in fancied security, the little sheeling was being stealthily surrounded by the soldiery.

Some stir on the outside, some chance rattle of a musket, or clank of a saber, awakened one of the sleepers within. A glance through a door-chink soon revealed all; and Dwyer, at the first whisper springing to his feet, found that after nearly five years of proud defiance and successful struggle, he was at length in the toils! Presently the officer in command outside knocked at the door "In the name of the king." Dwyer answered, demanding his business. The officer said he knew that Michael Dwyer the outlaw was inside. "Yes," said Dwyer, "I am the man." "Then," rejoined the officer, "as I desire to avoid useless bloodshed, surrender. This house is surrounded; we must take you, alive or dead."

"If you are averse to unnecessary bloodshed," said Dwyer, "first let the poor man whose house this is, and his innocent wife and children, pass through. I came into this house unbidden, unexpectedly. They are guiltless. Let them go free, and then I shall consider your proposition as regards myself."

The officer assented. The poor cottager, his wife, and children, were passed through.

"Now, then," cried the officer, "surrender in the name of the king."

"Never!" shouted Dwyer; "we defy you in the name of Ireland."

The hills echoed to the deafening peals that followed on this response. For nearly an hour Dwyer and his four companions defended the sheeling, keeping their foes at bay. But by this time one of them lay mortally wounded. Soon a shout of savage joy from the soldiery outside was followed by a lurid glare all around. They had set the cabin on fire over the heads of the doomed outlaws!

Then spoke up Dwyer's wounded companion, Alexander MacAlister: "My death is near; my hour is come. Even if the way was clear, there is no hope for me. Promise to do as I direct, and I will save you all." Then the poor fellow desired them to prop him up, gun in hand, immediately inside the door. "Now," continued he, "they are expecting you to rush out, and they have their rifles leveled at the door. Fling it open. Seeing me, they will all fire at me. Do you then quickly dash out through the smoke, before they can load again."

They did as the dying hero bade them. They flung the door aside. There was an instantaneous volley, and the brave MacAlister fell pierced by fifty bullets. Quick as lightning, Dwyer and his three comrades dashed through the smoke. He alone succeeded in breaking through the encircling soldiers; and once outside in the darkness, on those trackless hills, he was lost to all pursuit.

Nor was he ever captured. Long afterward, every effort to that end having been tried for

years in vain, he was offered honorable conditions of surrender. He accepted them; but when was a treaty kept toward the Irish brave? Its specific terms were basely violated by the government, and he was banished to Australia.

The mountaineers of Wicklow to this day keep up the traditions of Michael Dwyer—of his heroism, his patriotism—of his daring feats, his marvelous escapes. But it is of the devoted MacAlister that they treasure the most tender memory; and around their firesides, in the winter evenings, the cottagers of Glenmalure, in rustic ballad or simple story, recount with tearful eyes and beating hearts how he died to save his chief in the sheeling of Imall.

The following ballad, by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, follows literally the story of the hero-martyr MacAlister:

"'At length, brave Michael Dwyer, you and your trusty men
Are hunted o'er the mountains and tracked into the glen.
Sleep not, but watch and listen; keep ready blade and ball;
The soldiers know you're hiding to-night in wild Imaal.'

"The soldiers searched the valley, and toward the dawn of day
Discovered where the outlaws, the dauntless rebels lay.
Around the little cottage they formed into a ring,
And called out, 'Michael Dwyer! surrender to the king!'

"Thus answered Michael Dwyer: 'Into this house we came,
Unasked by those who own it—they cannot be to blame.
Then let these peaceful people unquestioned pass you through,
And when they're placed in safety, I'll tell you what we'll do.'

"'Twas done. 'And now,' said Dwyer, 'your work you may begin:
You are a hundred outside—we're only four within.
We've heard your haughty summons, and this is our reply:
We're true United Irishmen, we'll fight until we die.'

"Then burst the war's red lightning, then poured the leaden rain;
The hills around re-echoed the thunder peals again.
The soldiers falling round him, brave Dwyer sees with pride;
But, ah! one gallant comrade is wounded by his side.

"Yet there are three remaining good battle for to do;
Their hands are strong and steady, their aim is quick and true;
But hark! that furious shouting the savage soldiers raise!
The house is fired around them; the roof is in a blaze!

"And brighter every moment the lurid flame arose,
And louder swelled the laughter and cheering of their foes.
Then spake the brave MacAlister, the weak and wounded man:
'You can escape, my comrades, and this shall be your plan:

"'Place in my hands a musket, then lie upon the floor:
I'll stand before the soldiers, and open wide the door:
They'll pour into my bosom the fire of their array;
Then, whilst their guns are empty, dash through them and away.'

"He stood before his foemen revealed amidst the flame,
From out their leveled pieces the wished-for volley came;
Up sprang the three survivors for whom the hero died,
But only Michael Dwyer broke through the ranks outside.

"He baffled his pursuers, who followed like the wind;
He swam the river Slaney, and left them far behind;

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DANIEL O'CONNELL.

MURPHY & MCCARTHY.

But many an English soldier he promised soon should fall,
For these, his gallant comrades, who died in wild Imaal."

The surrender of Michael Dwyer was the last event of the insurrection of 1798--1803. But, for several years subsequently, the Habeas Corpus Act continued suspended and an insurrection act was in full force. Never, up to the hour of Napoleon's abdiction at Fontainebleau, did the specter of a French invasion of Ireland cease to haunt the mind of England.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

HOW THE IRISH CATHOLICS, UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF O'CONNELL, WON CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

EMMET's insurrection riveted the Union chain on Ireland. It was for a time the death-blow of public life in the country. When political action reappeared, a startling change, a complete revolution, had been wrought. An entirely new order of things appeared in politics—an entirely new phase of national life and effort; new forces in new positions and with new tactics. Everything seemed changed.

Hitherto political Ireland meant the Protestant minority of the population alone. Within this section there were nationalists and anti-nationalists, Whigs and Tories, emancipationists and anti-emancipationists. They talked of, and at, and about the Catholics (the overwhelming mass of the population) very much as parties in America, previous to 1860, debated the theoretical views and doctrines relating to negro emancipation. Some went so far as to maintain that a Catholic was "a man and a brother." Others declared this a revolutionary proposition, subversive of the crown and government. The parties discussed the matter as a speculative subject. But now the Catholic millions themselves appeared on the scene to plead and agitate their own cause, and alongside the huge reality of their power, the exclusively Protestant political fabric sank into insignificance, and as such disappeared forever. In theory—legal theory—no doubt the Protestant minority were for a long time subsequently "The State," but men ignored the theory and dealt with the fact. From 1810 to 1829, the politics of Ireland were bound up in the one question—emancipation or no emancipation. The Catholics had many true and stanch friends among the Protestant patriots. Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, Burke, are names that will never be forgotten by enfranchized Catholic Irishmen. But by all British parties and party leaders alike they found themselves in turn deceived, abandoned, betrayed. Denounced by the king, assailed by the Tories, betrayed by the Whigs; one moment favored by a premier, a cabinet, or a section of a cabinet; the next, forbidden to hope, and commanded to desist from further effort, on the peril of fresh chains and scourges—the enslaved millions at length took the work of their redemption out of the hands of English party chiefs and cliques and resolved to make it a question of national emergency, not of party expediency.

The great victory of Catholic Emancipation was won outside of the Parliament, but within the lines of constitutional action. It was mainly the work of one man, whose place in the hearts of his countrymen was rarely, if ever before, reached, and probably will be rarely reached again by king or commoner. The people called him "Liberator." Others styled him truly the "Father of his Country"—the "Uncrowned Monarch of Ireland." All the nations of Christendom, as the simplest yet truest homage to his fame, recognize him in the world's history as "O'Connell."

It may well be doubted if any other man or any other tactics could have succeeded, where the majestic genius, the indomitable energy, and the protean strategy of O'Connell were so notably victorious. Irishmen of this generation can scarcely form an adequate conception of the herculean task that confronted the young barrister of 1812. The condition of Ireland was unlike that of any other country in the world in any age. The Catholic nobility and old gentry had read history so mournfully that the soul had quietly departed from them. They had seen nothing but confiscation result from past efforts, and they had learned to fear nothing more than new agitation that might end similarly. Like the lotus-eater, their cry was "Let us alone!" By degrees some of them crept out

a little into the popular movement; but at the utterance of an "extreme" doctrine or "violent" opinion by young O'Connell, or other of those "inflammatory politicians," they fled back to their retirement with terrified hearts, and called out to the government that for their parts, they reprobated anything that might displease the king or embarrass the ministry.

Nor was it the Catholic nobility and gentry alone whose unexampled pusillanimity long thwarted and retarded O'Connell. The Catholic bishops for a long time received him and the "advanced" school of emancipationists with unconcealed dislike and alarm. They had seen the terrors and rigors of the penal times; and "leave to live," even by mere connivance, seemed to them a great boon. The "extreme" ideas of this young O'Connell and his party could only result in mischief. Could he not go on in the old slow and prudent way? What could he gain by "extreme" and "impracticable" demands?

In nothing did O'Connell's supreme tact and prudence manifest itself more notably than in his dealings with the Catholic bishops who were opposed to and unfriendly to him. He never attempted to excite popular indignation against them as "Castle politicians;" he never allowed a word disrespectful toward them to be uttered; he never attempted to degrade them in public estimation even on the specious plea that it was "only in the capacity of politicians" he assailed them. Many and painful were the provocations he received; yet he never was betrayed from his impregnable position of mingled firmness and prudence. It was hard to find the powers of an oppressive government—fines and penalties, proclamations and prosecutions — smiting him at every step, and withal behold not only the Catholic aristocracy, but the chief members of the hierarchy also arrayed against him, negatively sustaining and encouraging the tyranny of the government. But he bore it all; for he well knew that, calamitous as was the conduct of those prelates, it proceeded from no corrupt or selfish consideration, but arose from weakness of judgment, when dealing with such critical legal and political questions. He bore their negative, if not positive, opposition long and patiently, and in the end had the triumph of seeing many converts from among his early opponents zealous in action by his side, and of feeling that no word or act of his had weakened the respect, veneration, and affection due from a Catholic people to their pastors and prelates.

From the outset he was loyally sustained by the Catholic mercantile classes, by the body of the clergy, and by the masses of the population in town and country. Owing to the attitude of the bishops, the secular or parochial clergy for a time deemed it prudent to hold aloof from any very prominent participation in the movement, though their sentiments were never doubted. But the regular clergy—the religious orders flung themselves ardently into the people's cause. When every other place of meeting, owing to one cause or another, was closed against the young Catholic leaders, the Carmelite church in Clarendon Street became their rallying point and place of assembly in Dublin, freely given for the purpose by the community.

O'Connell laid down as the basis of his political action in Ireland this proposition, "Ireland cannot fight England." From this he evolved others. "If Ireland try to fight England, she will be worsted. She has tried too often. She must not try it any more." That acumen, the prescience, in which he excelled all men of his generation, taught him that a change was coming over the world, and that superior might—brute force—would not always be able to resist the power of opinion, could not always afford to be made odious and rendered morally weak. Above all, he knew that there remained, at the worst, to an oppressed people unable to match their oppressors in a military struggle, the grand policy of Passive Resistance, by which the weak can drag down the haughty and the strong.

Moulding all his movements on these principles, O'Connell resolved to show his countrymen that they could win their rights by action strictly within the constitution. And, very naturally, therefore, he regarded the man who would even ever so slightly tempt them outside of it, as their direst enemy. He happily combined in himself all the qualifications for guiding them through that system of guerrilla warfare in politics which alone could enable them to defeat the government without violating the law; quick to meet each dexterous evolution of the foe by some equally ingenious artifice; evad-

ing the ponderous blow designed to crush him —disappearing in one guise only to start up in another. No man but himself could have carried the people, as he did, safely and victoriously through such a campaign, with the scanty political resources then possessed by Irish Catholics. It was scarcely hyperbole to call him the Moses of the modern Israel.

His was no smooth and straight road. Young Irishmen can scarcely realize the discouragements and difficulties, the repeated failures—seeming failures—the reverses, that often flung him backward, apparently defeated. But with him there was no such word as fail. The people trusted him and followed him with the docile and trustful obedience of troops obeying the commands of a chosen general. For them—for the service of Ireland—he gave up his professional prospects. He labored for them, he thought for them, he lived but for them; and he was ready to die for them. A trained shot—a chosen bravo—D'Esterre—was set on by the Orange Corporation of Dublin to shoot him down in a duel. O'Connell met his adversary at eighteen paces, and laid him mortally wounded on the field. By degrees even those who for long years had held aloof from the Catholic leader began to bow in homage to the sovereignty conferred by the popular will; and English ministries, one by one, found themselves powerless to grapple with the influence he wielded. If, indeed, they could but goad or entrap him into a breach of the law; if they could only persuade the banded Irish millions to obligingly meet England in the arena of her choice—namely, the field of war—then the ministerial anxieties would be over. They could soon make an end of the Catholic cause there. But, most provokingly, O'Connell was able to baffle this idea—was able to keep the most high-spirited, impetuous, and war-loving people in the world deaf, as it were, to all such challenges; callous, as it were to all such provocations. They would, most vexatiously, persist in choosing their own ground, their own tactics, their own time and mode of action, and would not allow England to force hers upon them at all. Such a policy broke the heart and maddened the brain of English oppression. In vain the king stormed and the Duke of York swore. In vain the old "saws" of "Utopian dreams" and "splendid phantoms" were flung at the emancipationists. Men sagely pointed out that emancipation was "inconsistent with the coronation oath;" was "incompatible with the British constitution; that it involved "the severance of the countries," "the dismemberment of the empire," and that "England would spend her last shilling, and her last man, rather than grant it." Others, equally profound, declared that in a week after emancipation, Irish Catholics, and Protestants "would be cutting each others' throats;" that there would be a massacre of Protestants all over the island, and that it was England's duty, in the interests of good order, civilization, and humanity, not to afford an opportunity for such anarchy.

There is a most ancient and fish-like smell about these precious arguments. They are, indeed, very old and much decayed; yet my young readers will find them always used whenever an Irish demand for freedom cannot be encountered on the merits.

But none of them could impose upon or frighten O'Connell. He went on rousing the whole people into one mass of fierce earnestness and enthusiasm until the island glowed and heaved like a volcano. Peel and Wellington threatened war. Coercion acts followed each other in quick succession. Suddenly there appeared a sight as horrific to English oppression as the hand upon the wall to Belshazzar—Irish regiments cheering for O'Connell! Then, indeed, the hand that held the chain shook with the palsy of mortal fear. Peal and Wellington —those same ministers whose especial "platform" was resistance *a l'outrance* to Catholic emancipation—came down to the House of Commons, and told the assembled Parliament that Catholic emancipation must be granted. "The Man of the People" had conquered!

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

HOW THE IRISH PEOPLE NEXT SOUGHT TO ACHIEVE THE RESTORATION OF THEIR LEGISLATIVE INDEPENDENCE—HOW ENGLAND ANSWERED THEM WITH A CHALLENGE TO THE SWORD.

EMANCIPATION was won; yet there was a question nearer and dear even than emancipation to

O'Connell's heart—the question of national independence—the repeal of the iniquitous Union. It might be thought that as an emancipated Catholic he would be drawn toward the legislature that had freed him rather than to that which had forged the shackles thus struck off. But O'Connell had the spirit and the manhood of a patriot. While yet he wore those penal chains, he publicly declared that he would willingly forfeit all chance of emancipation from the British parliament for the certainty of repeal. His first public speech had been made against the Union; and even so early as 1812, he contemplated relinquishing the agitation for emancipation and devoting all his energies to a movement for repeal, but was dissuaded from that purpose by his colleagues.

Now, however, his hands were free, and scarcely had he been a year in parliamentary harness when he unfurled the standard of repeal. His new organization was instantaneously suppressed by proclamation—the act of the Irish secretary, Sir Henry Hardinge. The proclamation was illegal, yet O'Connell bowed to it. He denounced it however as "an atrocious Polignac proclamation," and plainly intimated his conviction that Hardinge designed to force the country into a fight. Not that O'Connell "abjured the sword and stigmatized the sword" in the abstract; but as he himself expressed it, the time had not come. "Why," said he, "I would rather be a dog and bay the moon than the Irishman who would tamely submit to so infamous a proclamation. I have not opposed it hitherto, because that would implicate the people and give our enemies a triumph. But I will oppose it, and that, too, not in the way that the paltry Castle scribe would wish—by force. No. Ireland is not in a state for repelling force by force. Too short a period has elapsed since the cause of contention between Protestants and Catholics was removed—too little time has been given for healing the wounds of factious contention to allow Ireland to use physical force in the attainment of her rights, or her punishment of wrong."

Hardly had his first repeal society been suppressed by the "Polignac proclamation" than he established a second, styled "The Irish Volunteers for the Repeal of the Union." Another government proclamation as quickly appeared suppressing this body also. O'Connell, ever fertile of resort, now organized what he called "Repeal Breakfasts." "If the government," said he, "think fit to proclaim down breakfasts, then we'll resort to a political lunch. If the luncheon be equally dangerous to the peace of the great duke (the viceroy), we shall have political dinners. If the dinners be proclaimed down, we must, like certain sanctified dames, resort to 'tea and tracts.'" The breakfasts were "proclaimed;" but, in defiance of the proclamation, went on as usual, whereupon O'Connell was arrested, and held to bail to await his trial. He was not daunted. "Were I fated tomorrow," said he, "to ascend the scaffold or go down to the grave, I should bequeath to my children eternal hatred of the Union."

The prosecution was subsequently abandoned, and soon afterward it became plain that O'Connell had been persuaded by the English reform leaders that the question for Ireland was what they called "the great cause of reform"—and that from a reformed parliament Ireland would obtain full justice. Accordingly he flung himself heartily into the ranks of the English reformers. Reform was carried; and almost the first act of the reformed parliament was to pass a Coercion Bill for Ireland more atrocious than any of its numerous predecessors.

All the violence of the English Tories had failed to shake O'Connell. The blandishments of the Whigs fared otherwise. "Union with English liberals"—union with "the great liberal party"—was now made to appear to him the best hope of Ireland. To yoke this giant to the Whig chariot, the Whig leaders were willing to pay a high price. Place, pension, emolument to any extent, O'Connell might have had from them at will. The most lucrative and exalted posts—positions in which he and all his family might have lived and died in ease and affluence—were at his acceptance. But O'Connell was neither corrupt nor selfish, though in his alliance with the Whigs he exhibited a lack of his usual firmness and perspicuity. He would accept nothing for himself, but he demanded the nomination in great part of the Irish executive, and a veto, on the selection of a viceroy. The terms were granted, and it is unquestioned and un-

questionable that the Irish executive thus chosen —the administration of Lord Mulgrave—was the only one Ireland had known for nigh two hundred years—the first, and the only one, in the present century—that possessed the confidence and commanded the respect, attachment, and sympathy of the Irish people.

"Men, not measures," however was the sum total of advantage O'Connell found derivable from his alliance with the great liberal party. Excellent appointments were made, and numerous Catholics were, to the horror of the Orange faction, placed in administrative positions throughout the country. But this modicum of good (which had, moreover, as we shall see, its counterbalancing evil) did not, in O'Connell's estimation compensate for the inability or indisposition of the administration to pass adequate remedial measures for the country. He had given the Union system a fair trial under its most favorable circumstances, and the experiment only taught him that in Home Rule alone could Ireland hope for just or protective government.

Impelled by this conviction, on the 15th of April, 1840, he established the Loyal National Repeal Association, a body destined to play an important part in Irish politics.

The new association was a very weak and unpromising project for some time. Men were not at first, convinced that O'Connell was in earnest. Moreover, the evil that eventually tended so much to ruin the association was now, even in its incipient stages, beginning to be felt. The appointment by government of popular leaders to places of emolument—an apparent boon—a flattering concession, as it seemed to the spirit of emancipation—opened up to the administration an entirely new field of action in their designs against any embarrassing popular movement. O'Connell himself was a tower of personal and public integrity; but among his subordinates were men, who, by no means, possessed his admantine virtue. It was only when the Melbourne (Whig) ministry fell, and the Peel (Tory) ministry came into power, that (government places for Catholic agitators being no longer in the market) the full force of his old following raillied to O'Connell's side in his repeal campaign. It would have been well for Ireland if most of them had never taken such a step. Some of them were at best intrinsically rude, and almost worthless, instruments, whom O'Connell in past days had been obliged in sheer necessity to use. Others of them, of a better stamp, had had their day of usefulness and virtue, but now it was gone. Decay, physical and moral, had set in. A new generation was just stepping into manhood, with severer ideas of personal and public morality, with purer tastes and loftier ambitions, with more intense and fiery ardor. Yet there were also among the adherents of the great tribune, some who brought to the repeal cause a fidelity not to be surpassed, integrity beyond price, ability of the highest order, and a matured experience, in which of course, the new growth of men were entirely deficient.

In three years the movement for national autonomy swelled into a magnitude that startled the world. Never did a nation so strikingly manifest its will. About three millions of associates paid yearly toward the repeal association funds. As many more were allied to the cause by sympathy. Meetings to petition against the Union were, at several places, attended by six hundred thousand persons; by eight hundred thousand at two places; and by nearly a million at one—Tara Hill. All these gigantic demonstrations, about forty in number, were held without the slightest accident, or the slightest infringement of the peace. Order, sobriety, respect for the laws, were the watchwords of the millions.

England was stripped of the slightest chance of deceiving the world as to the nature of her relations with Ireland. The people of Israel, with one voice, besought Pharaoh to let them go free; but the heart of Pharaoh was hard as stone.

O'Connell was not prepared for the obduracy of tyrannic strength which he encountered. So completely was he impressed with the conviction that the ministry must yield to the array of an almost unanimous people, that in 1843 he committed himself to a specific promise and solemn undertaking that "within six months" repeal would be an accomplished fact.

This fatal promise—the gigantic error of his life—suggested to the minister the sure means to effect the overthrow of O'Connell and his

movement. To break the spell of his magic influence over the people—to destroy their hitherto unshaken confidence in him—to publicly discredit his most solemn and formal covenant with them—that if they would but keep the peace and obey his instructions he would as surely as the sun shone on them obtain repeal within six months)—it was now necessary merely to hold out for six or twelve months longer, and by some bold stroke, even at the risk of a civil war, to fall upon O'Connell and his colleagues with all the rigors of the law and publicly degrade them.

This daring and dangerous scheme Peel carried out. First he garrisoned the country with an overwhelming force, and then, so far from yielding repeal, trampled on the constitution, challenged the people to war, prepared for a massacre at Clontarf—averted only by the utmost exertions of the popular leaders—and, finally, he had O'Connell and his colleagues publicly arraigned, tried, and convicted as conspirators, and dragged to jail as criminals.

O'Connell's promise was defeated. His spell was broken from that hour. All the worse for England.

All the worse for England, as crime is always, even where it wins present advantage, all the worse for those who avail of it. For what had England done? Here was a man, the cornerstones of whose policy, the first principles of whose public teaching were—loyalty, firm and fervent, to the throne; respect, strict and scrupulous, for the laws; confidence in the prevalence of reasoning force; reliance, complete, and exclusive, upon the efficacy of peaceful, legal, and constitutional action.

Yet this was the man whom England prosecuted as a conspirator! These were the teachings she punished with fine and imprisonment!

The Irish people, through O'Connell, had said to England: "Let us reason this question. Let there be an end of resort to force." England answered by a flourish of the mailed hand. She would have no reasoning on the subject. She pointed to her armies and fleets, her arsenals and dockyards, her shotted gun and whetted saber.

In that hour a silent revolution was wrought in the popular mind of Ireland. Up to that moment a peaceable, an amicable, a friendly settlement of the question between the two countries, was easy enough. But now!

The law lords in the British House of Peers, by three votes to two, decided that the conviction of O'Connell and his colleagues was wrongful. Every one knew that. There was what the minister judged to be a "state necessity" for showing that the government could and would publicly defy and degrade O'Connell by conviction and imprisonment, innocent or guilty; and as this had been triumphantly accomplished, Peel cared not a jot that the full term of punishment was thus cut short. O'Connell left his prison cell a broken man. Overwhelming demonstrations of unchanged affection and personal attachment poured in upon him from his countrymen. Their faith in his devotion to Ireland was increased a hundredfold; but their faith in the efficacy of his policy, or the surety of his promises, was gone.

He himself saw and felt it, and marking the effect the government course had wrought upon the new generation of Irishmen, he was troubled in soul. England had dared them to grapple with her power. He trembled at the thought of what the result might be in years to come. Already the young crop of Irish manhood had become recognizable as a distinct political element—a distinct school of thought and action. At the head of this party blazed a galaxy of genius—poets, orators, scholars, writers, and organizers. It was the party of Youth, with its generous impulses, its roseate hopes, its classic models, its glorious daring, its pure devotion. The old man feared the issue between this hot blood and the cold, stern tyranny that had shown its disregard for law and conscience. Age was now heavily upon him, and, moreover, there were those around him full of jealousy against the young leaders of the Irish Gironde—full of envy of their brilliant genius, their public fame, their popular influence. The gloomiest forbodings arose to the old man's mind, or were sedulously conjured up before it by those who surrounded him.

Soon a darker shade came to deepen the gloom that was settling on the horizon of his future. Famine—terrible and merciless—fell upon the land. Or rather, one crop out of the many grown on Irish soil—that one on which the

masses of the people fed—perished; and it became plain the government would let the people perish too. In 1846 the long spell of conservative rule came to a close, and the Whigs came into office. Place was once more to be had by facile Catholic agitators; and now the Castle backstairs was literally thronged with the old hacks of Irish agitation, filled with a fine glowing indignation against those "purists" of the new school who denied that it was a good thing to have friends in office. Here was a new source of division between the old and new elements in Irish popular politics. O'Connell himself was as far as ever from bending to the acceptance of personal favor from the government; but some of his near relatives and long-time colleagues, or subordinates, in agitation, were one by one being "placed" by the viceroy, amid fierce invectives from the "Young Ireland" party, as they were called.

All these troubles seemed to be shaking from its foundations the mind of the old Tribune, who every day sunk more and more into the hands of his personal adherents. He became at length full persuaded of the necessity of fettering the young party. He framed a test declaration for members of the association, repudiating, disclaiming, denouncing, and abhorring the use of physical force under any possible circumstances, or in any age or country. This monstrous absurdity showed that the once glorious intellect of O'Connell was gone. In his constant brooding over the dangers of an insurrection in which the people would be slaughtered like sheep, he stuck upon this resort, apparently unable to see that it was opposed to all his own past teaching and practice—nay, opposed to all law, human and divine—that it would converse and enthrone the most iniquitous tyrannies, and render man the abject slave of power.

The young party offered to take this test as far as related to the present or the future of Ireland; but they refused to stigmatize the patriot brave of all history who had bled and died for liberty. This would not suffice, and the painful fact became clear enough that the monstrous test resolutions were meant to drive them from the association. On the 27th of July, 1846, the Young Ireland leaders, refusing a test which was a treason against truth, justice, and liberty, quitted Conciliation Hall, and Irish Ireland was rent into bitterly hostile parties.

Not long afterward the insidious disease, the approach of which was proclaimed clearly enough in O'Connell's recent proceedings—softening of the brain—laid the old chieftain low. He had felt the approach of dissolution, and set out on a pilgrimage that had been his life-long dream—a visit to Rome. And assuredly a splendid welcome awaited him there; the first Catholic layman in Europe, the Emancipator of seven millions of Catholics, the most illustrious Christian patriot of his age. But heaven decreed otherwise. A brighter welcome in a better land awaited the toil-worn soldier of faith and fatherland. At Marseilles, on his way to Rome, it became clear that a crisis was at hand; yet he would fain push onward for the Eternal City. In Genoa the Superb he breathed his last; bequeathing, with his dying breath, his body to Ireland, his heart to Rome, his soul to God. All Christendom was plunged into mourning. The world poured its homage of respect above his bier. Ireland, the land for which he had lived and labored, gave him a funeral nobly befitting his title of Uncrowned Monarch. But more honoring than funeral pageant, more worthy of his memory, was the abiding grief that fell upon the people who had loved him with such a deep devotion.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

HOW THE HORRORS OF THE FAMINE HAD THEIR EFFECT ON IRISH POLITICS—HOW THE FRENCH REVOLUTION SET EUROPE IN A FLAME—HOW IRELAND MADE A VAIN ATTEMPT AT INSURRECTION.

Amid the horrors of "Black Forty-seven," the reason of strong men gave way in Ireland. The people lay dead in hundreds on the highways and in the fields. There was food in abundance in the country;* but the government said it should not be touched, unless in accordance with the teachings of Adam Smith and the "laws of political economy."

The mechanism of an absentee government utterly broke down, even in carrying out its own

* The corn exported from Ireland that year would, alone, it is computed, have sufficed to feed a larger population.

tardy and inefficient measures. The charity of the English people toward the end generously endeavored to compensate for the inefficiency, or the heartlessness of the government. But it could not be done. The people perished in thousands. Ireland was one huge charnel-pit.

It is not wonderful that amid scenes like these some passionate natures burst into rash resolves. Better, they cried, the people died bravely with arms in their hands, ridding themselves of such an imbecile *régime;* better Ireland was reduced to a cinder than endure the horrible physical and moral ruin being wrought before men's eyes. The daring apostle of these doctrines was John Mitchel. Men called him mad. Well might it have been so. Few natures like his could have calmly looked on at a people perishing—rotting away—under the hands of blundering and incompetent, if not callous and heartless, foreign rulers. But he protested he was "not mad, most noble Festus." An unforeseen circumstance came to the aid of the frenzied leader. In February, 1848, the people rose in the streets of Paris, and in three days' struggle pulled down one of the strongest military governments in Europe. All the continent burst into a flame. North, south, east, and west, the people rose, thrones tottered, and rulers fell. Once again the blood of Ireland was turned to fire. What nation of them all, it was asked, had such maddening wrongs as Ireland? While all around her were rising in appeals to the God of battles, was she alone to crouch and whine like a beggar? Was England stronger than other governments that now daily crumbled at the first shock of conflict?

Even a people less impulsive and hot-blooded than the Irish would have been powerless to withstand these incitements. The Young Ireland leaders had almost unanimously condemned Mitchel's policy when first it had been preached; but this new state of things was too much for them. They were swept off their feet by the fierce billows of popular excitement. To resist the cry for war was deemed "cowardly." Ere long even the calmest of the Young Ireland chiefs yielded to the epidemic, and became persuaded that the time at length had come when Ireland might safely and righteously appeal for justice to God and her own strong right arm.

Alas! all this was the fire of fever in the blood, not the strength of health in that wasted, famine-stricken nation:

Nevertheless, the government was filled with alarm. It fell upon the popular leaders with savage fury. Mitchel was the first victim. He had openly defied the government to the issue. He had openly said and preached that English government was murdering the people, and ought to be swept away at once and forever. So prevalent was this conviction—at all events its first propositioni—in Ireland at the time, that the government felt that according the rules of fair constitutional procedure, Mitchel would be sustained in a court of justice. That is to say, a "jury of his countrymen" fairly impaneled, would, considering all the circumstances, declare him a patriot, not a criminal. So the government was fain to collect twelve of its own creatures, or partisans, and send them into a jury box to convict him in imitation of a "trial." Standing in the dock where Emmet stood half a century before, he gloried in the sacrifice he was about to consummate for Ireland, and, like another Scævola, told his judges that three hundred comrades were ready to dare the same fate. The court rang with shouts from the crowding auditors, that each one and all were ready to follow him — that not three hundred, but three hundred thousand, were his companions in the "crime" of which he stood convicted. Before the echoes had quite died away in Green Street, John Mitchel, loaded with irons, was hurried on board a government transport ship, and carried off into captivity.

He had not promised all in vain. Into his vacant place there now stepped one of the most remarkable men—one of the purest and most devoted patriots—Ireland ever produced. Gentle and guileless as a child, modest and retiring, disliking turmoil, and naturally averse to violence, his was, withal, true courage, and rarest, noblest daring. This was "John Martin of

* So distressingly obvious was the callousness of the government to the horrors of the famine—so inhuman its policy in declaring that the millions should perish rather than the corn market should be "disturbed" by the action of the State—that coroners' juries in several places, impaneled in the cases of famine victims, found as their verdict, on oath, "Wilful murder against Lord John Russell" (the premier) and his fellow cabinet ministers.

Loughorne," a Presbyterian gentleman of Ulster, who now, quitting the congenial tranquillity and easy independence of his northern home, took his place, all calmly, but lion-hearted, in the gap of danger. He loved peace, but he loved truth, honor, and manhood, and he hated tyranny, and was ready to give his life for Ireland. He now as boldly as Mitchel proclaimed that the English usurpation was murderous in its result, and hateful to all just men. Martin was seized also, and like Mitchel, was denied real trial by jury. He was brought before twelve government partisans selected for the purpose, convicted, sentenced, and hurried off in chains.

Seizures and convictions now multiplied rapidly. The people would have risen in insurrection immediately on Mitchel's conviction but for the exhortations of other leaders, who pointed out the ruin of such a course at a moment when the food question alone would defeat them. In harvest, it was resolved on all sides to take the field, and the interval was to be devoted to energetic preparation.

But the government was not going to permit this choice of time nor this interval of preparation. In the last week of June a bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act was suddenly hurried through Parliament, and the Young Ireland leaders, scattered through the country in the work of organization, taken utterly by surprise, and without opportunity or time for communication or concert, were absolutely flung into the field.

The result was what might be expected: no other result was possible, as human affairs are ordinarily determined. An abortive rising took place in Tipperary, and once more some of the purest, the bravest, and the best of Irishmen were fugitives or captives for "the old crime of their race"—high treason against England.

The leader in this movement was William Smith O'Brien, brother of the present Earl of Inchiquin, and a lineal descendant of the victor of Clontarf. Like some other of the ancient families of Ireland of royal lineage, O'Briens had, generations before his time, become completely identified with the Anglo-Irish nobility in political and religious faith. He was, therefore, by birth an aristocrat, and was by early education a "conservative" in politics. But he had a thoroughly Irish heart withal, and its promptings, seconded by the force of reason, brought him in 1844 into the ranks of the national movement. This act—the result of pure self-sacrificing conviction and sense of duty—sundered all the ties of his past life, and placed him in utter antagonism with his nearest and dearest relatives and friends. He was a man endowed with all the qualities of soul that truly ennoble humanity; a lofty integrity, a proud dignity, a perfect inability, so to speak, to fall into an ignoble or unworthy thought or action. Unfriendly critics called him haughty, and said he was proud of his family; and there was a proportion of truth in the charge. But it was not a failing to blush for, after all, and might well be held excusable in a scion of the royal house of Thomond, filled with the glorious spirit of his ancestors.

Such was the man—noble by birth, fortune, education, and social and public position—who, toward the close of 1848, lay in an Irish dungeon awaiting the fate of the Irish patriot who loves his country "not wisely but too well."

In those days the Irish peasantry—the wreck of that splendid population which a few years before were matchless in the world—were enduring all the pangs of famine, or the humiliations of "outdoor" pauper life. Amid this starving peasantry scores of political fugitives were now scattered, pursued by all the rigors of the government, and with a price set on each head. Not a man—not one—of the proscribed patriots who thus sought asylum amid the people was betrayed. The starving peasant housed them, sheltered them, shared with them his own scanty meal, guarded them while they slept, and guided them safely on their way. He knew that hundreds of pounds were on their heads; but he shrank, as from perdition, from the thought of selling for blood-money, men whose crime was, that they had dared and lost all for poor Ireland.*

* This devotedness, this singular fidelity, was strikingly illustrated in the conduct of some Tipperary peasants brought forward compulsorily by the crown as witnesses on the trial of Smith O'Brien for high treason. They were marched in between files of bayonets. The crown were aware that they could supply the evidence required, and they were now called upon to give it. One and all, they refused to give evidence. One and all, they made answer to the warnings of the court that such refusal would be

Dillon, Doheny, and O'Gorman made good their escape to America. O'Brien, Meagher, and MacManus, were sent to follow Mitchel, Martin, and O'Doherty into the convict chain-gangs of Van Diemen's Land. One man alone came scathless, as by miracle, out of the lion's den of British law; Gavan Duffy, the brain of the Young Ireland party. Three times he was brought to the torture of trial, each time defying his foes as proudly as if victory had crowned the venture of his colleagues. Despite packing of juries, the crown again and again failed to obtain a verdict against him, and at length had to let him go free. "Free"—but broken and ruined in health and fortune, yet not in hope.

Thus fell that party whose genius won the admiration of the world, the purity of whose motives, the chivalry of whose actions, even their direst foes confessed. They were wrecked in a hurricane of popular enthusiasm, to which they fatally spread sail. It is easy for us now to discern and declare the huge error into which they were impelled—the error of meditating an insurrection—the error of judging that a famishing peasantry, unarmed and undisciplined, could fight and conquer England at peace with all the world. But it is always easy to be wise after the fact. At the time—in the midst of that delirium of excitement, of passionate resolve and sanguine hope—it was not easy for generous natures to choose and determine otherwise than as they did. The verdict of public opinion—the judgment of their own country—the judgment of the world—has done them justice. It has proclaimed their unwise course the error of noble, generous, and self-sacrificing men.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

HOW THE IRISH EXODUS CAME ABOUT, AND THE ENGLISH PRESS GLOATED OVER THE ANTICIPATED EXTIRPATION OF THE IRISH RACE.

EIGHTEEN hundred and forty-nine found Ireland in a plight as wretched as had been hers for centuries. A year before, intoxicated with hope, delirious with enthusiasm, now she endured the sickening miseries of a fearful reaction. She had vowed daring deeds—deeds beyond her strength—and now, sick at heart, she looked like one who wished for death's relief from a lot of misery and despair. Political action was utterly given up. No political organization of any kind survived Mr. Birch and Lord Clarendon. There was not even a whisper to disturb the repose of the "Jailer-General:"

> "Even he, the tyrant Arab, slept;
> Calm while a nation round him wept."*

The parliament, for the benefit of the English people, had recently abolished the duty on imported foreign corn. Previously Ireland had grown corn extensively for the English market; but now, obliged to compete with corn-growing countries where the land was not weighted with such oppressive rents as had been laid on and exacted in Ireland under the old system, the Irish farmer found himself ruined by "tillage" or grain-raising. Coincidently came an increased demand for cattle to supply the English meat market. Corn might be safely and cheaply brought to England from even the most distant climes, but cattle could not. Ireland was close at hand, destined by nature, said one British statesman, to grow meat for "our great hives of human industry;" "clearly intended by Providence," said another, "to be the fruitful mother of flocks and herds." That is to say, if high rents cannot be paid in Ireland by growing corn, in consequence of "free trade," they can by raising cattle.

But turning a country from grain-raising to cattle-raising meant the annihilation of the agricultural population. For bullock ranges and sheep runs needed the consolidation of farms and the sweeping away of the human occupants. Two or three herdsmen or shepherds would alone be required throughout miles of such "ranges" and runs," where, under the tillage system, thousands of peasant families found employment and lived in peaceful contentment.

Thus, cleared farms came to be desirable with the landlords. For, as a consequence of "free trade," either the old rents must be abandoned,

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punished by lengthened imprisonment: "Take us out and shoot us if you like, but a word we won't swear against the noble gentleman in the dock." The threatened punishment was inflicted, and was borne without flinching.

*Irish Political Associations.

or the agricultural population be swept away *en masse.*

Then was witnessed a monstrous proceeding. In 1846 and 1847—the famine years—while the people lay perishing, the land lay wasted. Wherever seed was put in the ground, the hunger-maddened victims rooted it out and ate it raw. No crops were raised, and, of course, no rents were paid. In any other land on earth the first duty of the State would be to remit, or compound with the landowners for any claims advanced for the rents of those famine years. But, alas! in cruelties of oppression endured, Ireland is like no other country in the world. With the permission, concurrence, and sustainment, of the government, the landlords now commenced to demand what they called the arrears of rent for the past three years! And then—the object for which this monstrous demand was made—failing payment, "notices to quit" by the thousand carried the sentence of expulsion through the homesteads of the doomed people! The ring of the crowbar, the crash of the falling rooftree, the shriek of the evicted, flung on the roadside to die, resounded all over the island. Thousands of families, panic-stricken, did not wait for receipt of the dread mandate at their own door. With breaking hearts they quenched the hearth, and bade eternal farewell to the scenes of home, flying in crowds to the Land of Liberty in the West. The streams of fugitives swelled to dimensions that startled Christendom; but the English press burst into a pæan of joy and triumph: for now at last the Irish question would be settled. Now at last England would be at ease. Now at last this turbulent, disaffected, untamable race would be cleared out. "In a short time," said the *Times*, "a Catholic Celt will be as rare in Ireland as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan."

Their own countrymen who remained—their kindred—their own flesh and blood—their pastors and prelates—could not witness unmoved this spectacle, unexampled in history, the flight *en masse* of a population from their own beautiful land, not as adventurous emigrants, but as heart-crushed victims of expulsion. Some voices, accordingly, were raised to deplore this calamity—to appeal to England, to warn her that evil would come of it in the future. But as England did not see this—did not see it then—she turned heartlessly from the appeal, and laughed scornfully at the warning. There were philosopher-statesmen ready at hand to argue that the flying thousands were "surplus population." This was the cold-blooded official way of expressing it. The English press, however, went more directly to the mark. They called the sorrowing cavalcade wending their way to the emigrant ship, a race of assassins, creatures of superstition, lazy, ignorant, and brutified. Far in the progress of this exodus—even long after some of its baleful effects began to be felt—the London *Saturday Review* answered in the following language to a very natural expression of sympathy and grief wrung form an Irish prelate witnessing the destruction of his people:

"The Lion of St. Jarlath's surveys with an envious eye the Irish exodus, and sighs over the departing demons of assassination and murder. So complete is the rush of departing marauders, whose lives were profitably occupied in shooting Protestants from behind a hedge, that silence reigns over the vast solitude of Ireland."*

Pages might be filled with extracts of a like nature from the press of England; many still more coarse and brutal. There may, probably, be some Englishmen who now wish such language had not been used; that such blistering libels had not been rained on a departing people, to nourish in their hearts the terrible vow of vengeance with which they landed on American shores. But then—in that hour, when it seemed safe to be brutal and merciless—the grief-stricken, thrust-out people—

"Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe."

And so they went into banishment in thousands and tens of thousands, with hands uplifted to the just God who saw all this; and they cried aloud, "*Quousque Domine? Quousque?*"

An effort was made in Ireland to invoke legislative remedy for the state of things which was thus depopulating the country. A parliamentary party was formed to obtain some measure of protection for the agricultural population. For even where no arrears—for "famine years," or any other years—were due, even where the

* *Saturday Review*, November 28, 1863.

rent was paid to the day, the landlords stepped in, according to law, swept off the tenant, and confiscated his property. To terminate this shocking system, to secure from such robbery the property of the tenant, while strictly protecting that of the landlord, it was resolved to press for an act of parliament.

At vast sacrifices the suffering people, braving the anger of their landlords, returned to the legislature a number of representatives pledged to their cause. But the English minister, as if bent on teaching Irishmen to despair of redress by constitutional agencies, resisted those most just and equitable demands, and deliberately set himself to corrupt and break up that party. To humiliate and exasperate the people more and more, to mock them and insult them, the faithless men who had betrayed them were set over them as judges and rulers. And when, by means as nefarious as those that had carried the union, this last attempt of the Irish people to devote themselves to peaceful and constitutional action was baffled, defeated, trampled down, when the "Tenant League" had been broken up, and its leaders scattered—when Gavan Duffy had been driven into despairing exile, when Lucas had been sent broken-hearted into the grave, and Moore, the intrepid leader, the unequaled orator, had been relegated to private life, a shout of victory again went up from the press of England, as if a Trafalgar had been won.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

HOW SOME IRISHMEN TOOK TO "THE POLITICS OF DESPAIR"—HOW ENGLAND'S REVOLUTIONARY TEACHINGS "CAME HOME TO ROOST"—HOW GENERAL JOHN O'NEILL GAVE COLONEL BOOKER A TOUCH OF FONTENOY AT RIDGEWAY.

All may deplore, but none can wonder, that under circumstances such as those, a considerable section of the Irish people should have lent a ready ear to the "politics of despair."

"In vain the hero's heart had bled,
The Sage's voice had warned in vain."

In the face of all the lessons of history they would conspire anew, and dream once more of grappling England on the battlefield!

They were in the mood to hearken to any proposal, no matter how wild; to dare any risk, no matter how great; to follow any man, no matter whom he might be, promising to lead them to vengeance. Such a proposal presented itself in the shape of a conspiracy, an oath-bound secret society, designated the "Fenian Brotherhood," which made its appearance about this time. The project was strenuously reprehended by every one of the "Forty-eight" leaders with scarcely an exception, and by the Catholic clergy universally; in other words, by every patriotic influence in Ireland not reft of reason by despair. The first leaders of the conspiracy were not men well recommended to Irish confidence, and in the venomous manner in which they assailed all who endeavored to dissuade the people from their plot, they showed that they had not only copied the forms but imbibed the spirit of the continental secret societies. But the maddened people were ready to follow and worship any leader whose project gave a voice to the terrible passions surging in their breasts. They were ready to believe in him in the face of all warning, and at his bidding to distrust and denounce friends and guides whom, ordinarily, they would have followed to the death.

In simple truth the fatuous conduct of England had so prepared the soil and sown the seed, that the conspirator had but to step in and reap the crop. In 1843, she had answered to the people that their case would not be listened to. To the peaceful and amicable desire of Ireland to reason the questions at issue, England answered in the well-remembered words of the *Times:* "Repeal must not be argued with." "If the Union were gall it must be maintained." In other words, England, unable to rely on the weight of any other argument, flung the sword into the scale, and cried out: "*Væ Victis!*"

In the same year she showed the Irish people that loyalty to the throne, respect for the laws, and reliance exclusively on moral force, did not avail to save them from violence. When O'Connell was dragged to jail as a "conspirator"—a man notoriously the most loyal, peaceable, and law-respecting in the land—the people unhappily seemed to conclude that they might as well be real conspirators for any distinction England would draw between Irishmen pleading the just cause of their country.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

But there was yet a further reach of infatuation, and apparently England was resolved to leave no incitement unused in driving the Irish upon the policy of violence—of hate and hostility implacable.

At the very time that the agents of the secret society were preaching to the Irish people the doctrines of revolution, the English press resounded with like teachings. The sovereign and her ministers proclaimed them; Parliament re-echoed them; England with unanimous voice shouted them aloud. The right, nay, the duty of a people considering themselves, or fancying themselves, oppressed, to conspire against their rulers—even native and legitimate rulers—was day by day thundered forth by the English journals. Yet more than this. The most blistering taunts were flung against peoples who, fancying themselves oppressed, hoped to be righted by any means save by conspiracy, revolt, war, bloodshed, eternal resistance and hostility. "Let all such peoples know," wrote the *Times*, "that liberty is a thing to be fought out with knives and swords and hatchets."

To be sure these general propositions were formulated for the express use of the Italians at the time. So utterly had England's anxiety to overthrow the papacy blinded her that she never once recollected that those incitements were being hearkened to by a hot-blooded and passionate people like the Irish. At the worst, however, she judged the Irish to be too completely cowed to dream of applying them to their own case. At the very moment when William Smith O'Brien was freely sacrificing or periling his popularity in the endeavor to keep his countrymen from the revolutionary secret society, the *Times*—blind, stone-blind, to the state of the facts, blinded by intense national prejudice—assailed him truculently, as an antiquated traitor who could not get one man—not even one man—in all Ireland to share his "crazy dream" of national autonomy.

Alas! So much for England's ability to understand the Irish people! So much for her ignorance of a country which she insists on ruling!

Up to 1864 the Fenian enterprise—the absurd idea of challenging England (or rather accepting her challenge) to a war-duel—strenuously resisted by the Catholic clergy and other patriotic influences, made comparatively little headway in Ireland. In America, almost from the outset it secured large support. For England had filled the Western Continent with an Irish population burning for vengeance upon the power that had hunted them from their own land. On the termination of the great Civil War of 1861-1864, a vast army of Irish soldiers, trained, disciplined, and experienced—of valor proven on many a well-fought field, and each man willing to cross the globe a hundred times for "a blow at England"—were disengaged from service.

Suddenly the Irish revolutionary enterprise assumed in America a magnitude that startled and overwhelmed its originators. It was no longer the desperate following of an autocratic chief-conspirator, blindly bowing to his nod. It grew into the dimensions of a great national confederation with an army and a treasury at its disposal. The expansion in America was not without a corresponding effect in Ireland; but it was after all nothing proportionate. There was up to the last a fatuous amount of misunderstanding maintained by the "Head Center" on this side of the Atlantic, James Stephens, a man of marvelous subtlety and wondrous plausibility; crafty, cunning, and not always overscrupulous as to the employment of means to an end. However, the army ready to hand in America, if not utilized at once, would soon be melted away and gone, like the snows of past winters. So in the middle of 1865 it was resolved to take the field in the approaching autumn.

It is hard to contemplate this decision or declaration without deeming it either insincere or wicked on the part of the leader or leaders, who at the moment knew the real condition of affairs in Ireland. That the enroled members, howsoever few, would respond when called upon, was certain at any time; for the Irish are not cowards; the men who joined this desperate enterprise were sure to prove themselves courageous, if not either prudent or wise. But the pretence of the revolutionary chief—that there was a force able to afford the merest chance of success—was too utterly false not to be plainly criminal.

Toward the close of 1865 came almost contemporaneously the government swoop on the Irish

revolutionary executive, and the deposition—after solemn judicial trial, as prescribed by the laws of the society—of O'Mahony, the American "Head Center," for crimes and offenses alleged to be worse than mere imbecilty, and the election in his stead of Col. William R. Roberts, an Irish-American merchant of high standing and honorable character, whose fortune had always generously aided Irish patriotic, charitable, or religious purposes. The deposed official, however, did not submit to the application of the society rules. He set up a rival association, a course in which he was supported by the Irish Head Center; and a painful scene of factious and acrimonious contention between the two parties thus antagonized caused the English government to hope—nay, for a moment, fully to believe—that the disappearance of both must soon follow.

This hope quickly vanished when, on reliable intelligence, it was announced that the Irish-Americans, under the Roberts presidency, were substituting for the unreal or insincere project of an expedition to Ireland, as the first move, the plainly practicable scheme of an invasion of British North America in the first instance. The *Times* at once declared that now indeed England had need to buckle on her armor, for that the adoption of this new project showed the men in America to be in earnest, and to have sound military judgment in their councils. An invasion of Ireland by the Irish in the United States all might laugh at, but an invasion of Canada from the same quarter was quite another matter; the southern frontier of British North America being one impossible to defend in its entirety, unless by an army of one hundred thousand men. Clearly a vulnerable point of the British empire had been discovered.

This was a grievous hardship on the people of Canada. They had done no wrong to Ireland or to the Irish people. In Canada Irishmen had found friendly asylum, liberty, and protection. It seemed, therefore, a cruel resolve to visit on Canada the terrible penalty of war for the offenses of the parent country. To this the reply from the confederate Irish in the States was, that they would wage no war on the Canadian people; that it was only against British power their hostility would be exercised; and that Canada had no right to expect enjoyment of all the advantages without experiencing, on the other hand, the disadvantages of British connection.

It seemed very clear that England stood a serious chance of losing her North American dependencies. One hope alone remained. If the American government would but defend the frontier on its own side, and cut the invading parties from their base of supplies, the enterprise must naturally and inevitably fail. It seemed impossible, however, that the American government could be prevailed upon thus to become a British preventive police. During the civil war the Washington executive, and, indeed, the universal sentiment and action of the American people, had plainly and expressly encouraged the Fenian organization; and even so recently as the spring of 1866, the American government had sold to the agents of Colonel Roberts thousands of pounds' worth of arms and munitions of war, with the clear, though unofficial, knowledge that they were intended for the projected Canadian enterprise. Nevertheless, as we shall see, the American executive had no qualms about adopting the outrageously inconsistent course.

By the month of May, 1866, Roberts had established a line of depots along the Canadian frontier, and in great part filled them with the arms and material of war sold to him by the Washington government. Toward the close of the month the various "circles" throughout the Union received the command to start their contingents for the frontier. Never, probably, in Irish history was a call to the field more enthusiastically obeyed. From every State in the Union there was a simultaneous movement northward of bodies of Irishmen; the most intense excitement pervading the Irish population from Maine to Texas. At this moment, however, the Washington government flung off the mask. A vehement and bitterly-worded proclamation called for the instantaneous abandonment of the Irish projects. A powerful military force was marched to the northern frontier; United States gunboats were posted on the lakes and on the St. Lawrence River; all the arms and war material of the Irish were sought out, seized, and confiscated, and all the arriving contingents, on mere suspicion of their destination, were arrested.

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This course of proceeding fell like a thunderbolt on the Irish. It seemed impossible to credit its reality. Despite all those obstacles, however—a British army on one shore, an American army on the other, and hostile cruisers, British and American, guarding the waters between—one small battalion of the Irish under Colonel John O'Neill succeeded in crossing to the Canadian side on the night of the 31st of May, 1866. They landed on British ground close to Fort Erie, which place they at once occupied, hauling down the royal ensign of England, and hoisting over Fort Erie in its stead, amid a scene of boundless enthusiasm and joy, the Irish standard of green and gold.

The news that the Irish were across the St. Lawrence—that once more, for the first time for half a century, the green flag waved in the broad sunlight over the serried lines of men in arms for "the good old cause"—sent the Irish millions in the States into wild excitement. In twenty-four hours fifty thousand volunteers offered for service, ready to march at an hour's notice. But the Washington government stopped all action on the part of the Irish organization. Colonel Roberts, his military chief officer, and other officials were arrested, and it soon became plain the unexpected intervention of the American executive had utterly destroyed, for the time, the Canadian project, and saved to Great Britain her North American colonies.

Meanwhile O'Neill and his small force were in the enemy's country—in the midst of their foes. From all parts of Canada troops were hurried forward by rail to crush at once, by overwhelming force, the now isolated Irish battalion. On the morning of the 1st of June, 1866, Colonel Booker, at the head of the combined British force of regular infantry of the line and some volunteer regiments, marched against the invaders. At a place called Limestone Ridge, close by the village of Ridgeway, the advanced guard of the British found O'Neill drawn up in a position ready for battle. The action forthwith commenced. The Irish skirmishers appeared to fall back slowly before their assailants, a circumstance which caused the Canadian volunteer regiments to conclude hastily that the day was going very easily in their favor. Suddenly, however, the Irish skirmishers halted, and the British, to their dismay, found themselves face to face with the main force of the Irish, posted in a position which evidenced consummate ability on the part of O'Neill. Booker ordered an assault in full force on the Irish position, which was, however, disastrously repulsed. While the British commander was hesitating as to whether he should renew the battle, or await reinforcements reported to be coming up from Hamilton, his deliberations were cut short by a shout from the Irish lines, and a cry of alarm from his own—the Irish were advancing to a charge. They came on with a wild rush and a ringing cheer, bursting through the British ranks. There was a short but desperate struggle, when some one of the Canadian officers, observing an Irish aid-de-camp galloping through a wood close by, thought it was a body of Irish horse, and raised the cry of "Cavalry! cavalry!" Some of the regular regiments made a vain effort to form a square—a fatal blunder, there being no cavalry at hand; others, however, broke into confusion, and took to flight, the general, Booker, it is alleged, being the fleetest of the fugitives. The British rout soon became complete, the day was hopelessly lost, and the victorious Irish, with the captured British standards in their hands, stood on Ridgeway heights as proudly as their compeers at Fontenoy. "The field was fought and won."

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

THE UNFINISHED CHAPTER OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN—HOW IRELAND, "OFT DOOMED TO DEATH," HAS SHOWN THAT SHE IS "FATED NOT TO DIE."

JUDGED by the forces engaged, Ridgeway was an inconsiderable engagement. Yet the effect produced by the news in Canada, in the States, in England, and, of course, most of all in Ireland, could scarcely have been surpassed by the announcement of a second Fontenoy. Irish troops had met the levies of England in pitched battle and defeated them. English colors, trophies of victory, were in the hands of an Irish general. The green flag had come triumphant through the storm of battle. At home and abroad the Irish saw only these facts, and these appeared to be all-sufficient for national pride.

O'Neill, on the morrow of his victory, learned with poignant feelings that his supports and supplies had been all cut off by the American gunboats. In his front the enemy were concentrating in thousands. Behind him rolled the St. Lawrence, cruised by United States war steamers. He was ready to fight the British, but he could not match the combined powers of Britain and America. He saw the enterprise was defeated hopelessly, for this time, by the action of the Washington executive, and, feeling that he had truly "done enough for valor," he surrendered to the United States naval commander.

This brief episode at Ridgeway was for the confederated Irish the one gleam to lighten the page of their history for 1866. That page was otherwise darkened and blotted by a record of humiliating and disgraceful exposures in connection with the Irish Head Center. In autumn of that year he proceeded to America, and finding his authority repudiated and his integrity doubted, he resorted to a course which it would be difficult to characterize too strongly. By way of attracting a following to his own standard, and obtaining greater influence, he publicly announced that in the winter months close at hand, and before the new year dawned, he would (sealing his undertaking with an awful invocation of the Most High) be in Ireland, leading the long-promised insurrection. Had this been a mere "intention" which might be "disappointed," it was still manifestly criminal thus to announce it to the British government, unless, indeed, his resources in hand were so enormous as to render England's preparations a matter of indifference. But it was not an "intention," he announced it, and swore to it. He threatened with the most serious personal consequences any and every man soever, who might dare to express a doubt that the event would come off as he swore. The few months remaining of the year flew by; his intimate adherents spread the rumor that he had sailed for the scene of action, and in Ireland the news occasioned almost a panic. One day, toward the close of December, however, all New York rang with the exposure that Stephens had never quitted for Ireland, but was hiding from his own enraged followers in Brooklyn. The scenes that ensued were such as may well be omitted from these pages. In that bitter hour thousands of honest, impulsive, and self-sacrificing Irishmen endured the anguish of discovering that they had been deceived as never had men been before; that an idol worshipped with frenzied devotion was, after all, a thing of clay. There was great rejoicing by the government party in Ireland over this exposure of Stephens' failure. Now, at least, it was hoped, nay, confidently assumed, there would be an end of the revolutionary enterprise.

And now, assuredly, there would have been an end of it had Irish disaffection been a growth of yesterday; or had the unhappy war between England and the Irish race been merely a passing contention, a momentary flash of excitement. But it was not so; and these very exposures and scandals and recriminations seemed only fated to try in the fiery ordeal the strength, depth, and intensity of that disaffection.

In Ireland, where Stephens had been most implicitly believed in, the news of this collapse —which reached there early in 1867—filled the circles with keen humiliation. The more dispassionate wisely rejoiced that he had not attempted to keep a promise the making of which was in itself a crime; but the desire to wipe out the reproach supposed to be cast on the whole enrolment by his public defection became so overpowering that a rising was arranged to come off simultaneously all over Ireland on the 5th of March, 1867.

Of all the insensate attempts at revolution recorded in history, this one assuredly was preeminent. The most extravagant of the ancient Fenian tales supplies nothing more absurd. The inmates of a lunatic asylum could scarcely have produced a more impossible scheme. The one redeeming feature in the whole proceeding was the conduct of the hapless men who engaged in it. Firstly, their courage in responding to such a summons at all, unarmed and unaided as they were. Secondly, their intense religious feelings. On the days immediately preceding the 5th of March, the Catholic churches were crowded by the youth of the country, making spiritual preparations for what they believed would be a struggle in which many would fall and few survive. Thirdly, their noble humanity to the prisoners whom they captured, their scrupulous regard for private property, and their earnest

anxiety to carry on their struggle without infraction in aught of the laws and rules of honorable warfare.

In the vicinity of Dublin, and in Tipperary, Cork, and Limerick counties, attacks were made on the police stations, several of which were captured by or surrendered to the insurgents. But a circumstance as singular as any recorded in history intervened to suppress the movement more effectually than the armies and fleets of England ten times told could do. On the next night following the rising—the 6th of March—there commenced a snowstorm which will long be remembered in Ireland, as it was probably without precedent in our annals. For twelve days and nights, without intermission, a tempest of snow and sleet raged over the land, piling snow to the depth of yards on all the mountains, steets, and highways. The plan of the insurrection evidently had for its chief feature desultory warfare in the mountain districts; but this intervention of the elements utterly frustrated the project, and saved Ireland from the horrors of a protracted struggle.

The last episode of the "rising" was one one, the immediate and remote effects of which on public feeling were of astonishing magnitude, the capture and death of Peter O'Neill Crowley in Kilclooney Wood, near Mitchelstown. Crowley was a man highly esteemed, widely popular, and greatly loved in the neighborhood; a man of respectable position, and of good education, and of character so pure and life so blameless that the peasantry revered him almost as a saint. Toward the close of March the government authorities had information that some of the leaders in the late rising were concealed in Kilclooney Wood, and it was surrounded with military, "beating" the copse for the human game. Suddenly they came on Crowley and two comrades, and a bitter fusillade proclaimed the discovery. The fugitives defended themselves bravely, but eventually Crowley was shot down, and brought a corpse into the neighboring town. Around his neck (inside his shirt) hung a small silver crucifix and a medal of the Immaculate Conception. A bullet had struck the latter, and dinged it into a cup shape. Another had struck the crucifix. It turned out that the fugitives, during their concealment in the wood, under Crowley's direction, never omitted compliance with the customary Lenten devotions. Every night they knelt around the embers of their watchfire, and recited aloud the Rosary, and at the moment of their surprise by the soldiery they were at their morning prayers. All these circumstances—Crowley's high character, his edifying life, his tragic fate—profoundly impressed the public mind. While government was felicitating itself on the "final" suppression of its protean foe, Irish disaffection, and the English press was commencing anew the old vaunting story about how Ireland's "crazy dream" of nationality had been dispelled forever, a startling change, a silent revolution, was being wrought in the feelings, the sentiments, the resolutions of the Irish nation. First came compassion and sympathy; then anger and indignation, soon changing into resentment and hostility. The people heard their abstention from the impossible project of "Fenianism" construed into an approbation and sustainment of the existing rule—an acceptance of provincialism. They heard the hapless victims of the late rising reviled as "ruffians," "murderers," "robbers," "marauders," animated by a desire for plunder. They knew the horrible falseness, the baseness and cruelty of all this, coming as it did, too, from the press of a nation ready enough to hound on revolutionary cutthroats abroad, while venting such brutality upon Irishmen like Peter O'Neill Crowley. Ireland could not stand this. No people with a spark of manhood or of honor left, could be silent or neutral here. In the end proposed to themselves by those slain or captured Irishmen—the desire to lift their country up from her fallen state, to stanch her wounds, to right her wrongs—their countrymen all were at one with them; and the purity, the virtue of their motives, were warmly recognized by men who had been foremost in reprehending the hapless course by which they had immolated themselves. For whatever disorders had arisen from this conspiracy, for whatever there was to reprehend in it, the judgment of the Irish people held English policy and English acts and teachings to account. For who made those men conspirators? Who taught them to look to violence? Who challenged them to a trial of force? When they who had done these things

now turned round on the victims of a noble and generous impulse, and caluminated them, assuredly their fellow-countrymen could not stand by unmoved. And the conduct of "the men in the dock" brought all Ireland to their side. Never in any age, or in any country, did men bear themselves in such strait more nobly than those men of '67. They were not men to blush for. Captured at hazard by the government from among thousands, yet did they one and all demean themselves with a dignity, a fortitude, a heroism worthy of—

> The holiest cause that tongue or sword
> Of mortal ever lost or gained.

Some of them were peasants, others were professional men, others were soldiers, many were artisans. Not a man of them all quailed in the dock. Not one of them spoke a word or did an act which could bring a blush to the cheek of a Christian patriot. Some of them—like Peter O'Neill Crowley—had lived stainless lives, and met their fate with the spirit of the first Christian martyrs. Their last words were of God and Ireland. Their every thought and utterance seemed an inspiration of virtue, of patriotism, or of religion. As man after man of them was brought to his doom, and met it with bravery, the heart of Ireland swelled and throbbed with a force unknown for long years.

Meanwhile an almost permanent court-martial was sitting in Dublin for the trial of soldiers charged, some with sedition, others simply with the utterance of patriotic sentiments; and scenes which might be deemed incredible in years to come, had they not public witnesses and public record in the press, were filling to the brim the cup of public horror and indignation. The shrieks of Irish soldiers given over to the knout, resounded almost daily. Bloodclots from the lash sprinkled the barrack yards all over. Many of the Irishmen thus sentenced walked to the triangle stripped themselves for the torture, bore it without a groan, and when all was finished—while their comrades were turning away sickened and fainting—cheered anew for "poor Ireland," or repeated the "seditious" aspiration for which they had just suffered!

Amid such scenes, under such circumstances, a momentous transformation took place in Ireland. In the fires of such affliction the whole nation became fused. All minor political distinctions seemed to crumble or fade away, all past contentions seemed forgotten, and only two great parties seemed to exist in the Island, those who loved the *régime* of the blood-clotted lash, the penal chain and the gibbet, and those who hated it. Out of the ashes of "Fenianism," out of the shattered *débris* of that insane and hopeless enterprise, arose a gigantic power; and 1867 beheld Irish nationality more of a visible and potential reality than it had been for centuries.

Here abruptly pauses the History of Ireland; not ended, because "Ireland is not dead yet." Like that faith to which she has clung through ages of persecution, it may be said of her that, though "oft doomed to death," she is "fated not to die."

Victory must be with her. Already it is with her. Other nations have bowed to the yoke of conquest, and been wiped out from history. Other peoples have given up the faith of their fathers at the bidding of the sword. Other races have sold the glories of their past and the hopes of their future for a mess of pottage; as if there was nothing nobler in mans' destiny than to feed and sleep and die. But Ireland, after centuries of suffering and sacrifice such as have tried no other nation in the world, has successfully, proudly, gloriously, defended and retained her life, her faith, her nationality. Well may her children, proclaiming aloud that "there is a God in Israel," look forward to a serene and happy future, beyond the tearful clouds of this troubled present. Assuredly a people who have survived so much, resisted so much, retained so much, are destined to receive the rich reward of such devotion, such constancy, such heroism.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE FENIAN RISING AND WHAT FOLLOWED IT—THE "SURPRISE" OF CHESTER CASTLE—THE "JACKNELL" EXPEDITION—THE MANCHESTER RESCUE.

SEVENTEEN years have sped swiftly by since the author of the foregoing chapter, with the instinct of a deep thinker and student of political history, predicted for that land, to which he has proved his deep devotion, a glorious future and

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a deliverance from the long night of bondage. That hope is not yet realized; the goal is not reached yet; it is still the night; but our eyes are turned toward the East—a little while and the day of freedom shall have dawned upon Erin.

Before narrating the more important events that have occurred in Ireland within the period indicated, or speaking of that wave of agitation founded on constitutional lines, as laid down by the Liberator, which has passed over the land quite recently, it will be well, perhaps, to give a short *résumé* of those incidents of the rising of '67 that have not been recorded in the last chapter.

The 12th of February had been the day originally fixed for a simultaneous rising throughout the country by the council of delegates in Dublin. As the time approached, however, it was decided to postpone the movement until the 5th of March. The Fenian circles in Lancashire, England, had decided to co-operate with the Dublin movement on the day originally fixed, and their project was unquestionably a most daring one, being nothing less than the surprise of Chester Castle, which was known to contain many thousand stand of arms, with ammunition and military equipments; and which, moreover, had only a small garrison. It was resolved on by the Fenian military council in Liverpool to attack the castle, seize all the arms therein, and next, to attach the railway rolling stock, load the same with men and arms, and run the trains to Holyhead. At the latter place, all steamers in port were to be seized and converted into a transport fleet, which was to be headed immediately for Dublin Bay! The audacity of this enterprise has scarcely a parallel in military history; save it be that brief and unfortunate campaign that culminated in Ballingarry; yet, astounding as it may appear, it is conceded that its success, so far as regards the seizure of Chester Castle, might have been effected, were it not for the treachery of John Joseph Corydon, one of Stephens' lieutenants, and deemed to be one of the most reliable men in the conspiracy. Corydon had given information to the Chief Constable of Liverpool, and, so utterly incredulous were the authorities at the intelligence that considerable time was lost before steps were taken to thwart the movement by strengthening the garrison of the castle. Soon, however, mounted messengers hurried off in all directions for troops, who reached the scene of expected attack by special trains from Birkenhead and other local points. The arrival of these troops, and the bustle and stir observable in the vicinity of the castle, were not lost on several groups of men who had lounged all the forenoon around Birkenhead, and whose presence—most of them beging strangers—was, doubtless, an object of surprise to the inhabitants. These were the contingents from the Fenian circles in Manchester, Bolton, etc., who had come in by the morning trains, and who now departed as quickly, word having reached them that their plans were betrayed. One party of them who got on board the Dublin boat at Holyhead, were arrested immediately on its arrival in North Wall. The rising in Ireland, which occurred a few weeks later, was, if anything, a more abortive attempt at revolution than the expisode of Chester Castle; and its results, as all sane persons could predict, the reverse of what its foolhardy participants had anticipated. In the vicinity of Cork, the more formidable demonstrations took place; but they amounted to nothing more than attacks on constabulary barracks (one of which, Ballynokane, was burned) and a skirmish in the streets of Kilmallock. Two circumstances were paramount in rendering the movement wholly futile—the treachery of the arch informer, Corydon, and the tempestuous elements. The severity of the weather has been already spoken of. The traveller who is familiar with the aspect of Canadian hills, or the steppes of Russia, when the biting north wind from the pole drifts the cumbering snow, lying deep on the highways and deeper in ravines and mountain gorges, can best judge of the outlook for revolutionary warfare carried on in such a season on the hills of Tipperary or the mountains of Kerry; yet this was the plan of the Fenian military chiefs. Under more favorable circumstances—with a larger force supplied with arms and a commissariat—it is a moot question whether exposure on the bare hills of Ireland at such a season would not have caused its speedy decimation, as surely as the same cause effected the destruction of Napoleon's army retreating from Moscow. While it must be admitted that the Rising, as the outcome of the plans hatched

for long in secret by the Fenian brotherhood, served the National cause in so far as proving (if proof were necessary) the disaffection of the people at large, and as a clear and emphatic protest against misrule, yet it cannot be denied that its immediate consequences were, indeed, very sad. The young men who had taken an active part in the inglorious affair very quickly realized the enormity of conspiring against the British crown when they found themselves dragged off to prison—often out of their beds at night—and there held to await the trial where Justice seldom lent her ear to the plea of Mercy. Terms of ten, fifteen, and twenty years of penal servitude, and sometimes sentence for life, was the reward of those who had loved their country not wisely but too well.

The next affair in the order of time that followed after the Rising has acquired notoriety as the "Jacknell expedition." The Jacknell, a brigantine of about 250 tons' burden, formerly engaged in the West Indian trade, was chartered by a party of patriotic Irishmen in New York, who designed to supply the "men in the gap" with arms in the hour of their struggle—so grossly had the Irish-Fenian executive deceived the American contingents as to have left them for weeks under the delusion that the red tide of war was rolling over the hills of Ireland! The Jacknell was freighted with rifles, bayonets, cartridges, and a few field guns, all packed into wine barrels, sewing-machine and piano cases—the latter serving as a safe blind for "contraband of war" against the scrutiny of custom-house officials. The bill of lading was made out for the domestic articles just mentioned, and the ship cleared for a port in Cuba. Her destination, however, was not Cuba.

On the 12th of April, 1867, a party of forty or fifty men got on board a steamboat at a wharf in New York, ostensibly for a trip down the harbor. The whole party was composed of ex-officers and privates of the American army, and as they had no baggage with them, and presented nothing suspicious in appearance, their departure was unnoticed. They reached Sandy Hook in due time, and boarded the Jacknell, which quickly set sail toward the West Indies. The Jacknell's destination, however, was not the West Indies, but Ireland. The more prominent among the party were Gen. J. E. Kerrigan, Col. S. R. Tresilian, Col. John Warren, Col. Nagle, Lieut. Augustine E. Costello, and Capt. Cavanagh. The Jacknell steered southward for about twenty-four hours, then changed her course for the "old land." On Sunday, 29th of April, the sunburst of Erin was hoisted to the mainmast, and hailed with a salute from the three field pieces carried on board the "Erin's Hope," which was the new and auspicious name there and then bestowed on the adventurous brigantine. Sealed orders were then opened, and commissions assigned to the officers and men of the expedition. Sligo Bay, which was their destination, was reached on the 20th of May. The ship stood in the offing for a day or two, until boarded by an agent of the Confederates. His account of the real state of affairs in Ireland very quickly dispelled the visions conjured up in the minds of these men by perusal of sensational telegrams in the New York daily papers. A landing in Sligo, they were informed, was out of the question; but an effort should be made to land the arms and military stores somewhere on the southern coast. The government had intelligence of a suspicious-looking vessel hovering on the western coast. British gunboats cruised around, ever on the alert, and the Erin's Hope had a hard time of it, night and day, to escape capture. She had been sixty-two days at sea, and her stock of provisions and water were running short. In this extremity it was decided to land the bulk of the party and set sail for America with the others, who could be maintained on the meager stock of provisions. Accordingly, a fishing smack was hailed off Helvick Head, near Dungarvan, and when she came alongside, some thirty or more of the party jumped on board and were rowed to the shore. Their landing was not unobserved, as they were seen by a coast guard lookout, who promptly notified all the local police stations, and ere many hours, the whole Jacknell party were lodged within prison walls. In the minds of the government officials, the appearance of the suspicious craft in Sligo Bay had not, up to this time, been connected with the landing of the party of strangers at Helvick Head; but, as usual, a traitor, Buckley by name, was in the camp, who "blew" on the whole business, and at the next assize-commission every man of them

was indicted for treason-felony. The Jacknell expedition, though it in nowise helped to attain the grand object in view by the Fenian organization—to wit, the overthrow of English dominion in Ireland, yet was instrumental in effecting an important change of law in relation to Irish-born citizens of America: that is to say—persons born in Ireland, and afterward living in, and becoming naturalized citizens of, the United States. The issue was raised at the trial of the prisoner Warren, on the refusal of the crown to grant him a jury *mediatate linguæ*, and on his instructing his counsel thereupon to waive any defense as to whether the ancient doctrine of perpetual allegiance held good in law. The presiding judge decided in the affirmative, and Warren and Costello were both sentenced—the former to fifteen, the latter to twelve years' penal servitude. Warren claimed the protection of the United States Government, which, though it had abandoned him on his trial, found it necessary to its own status to assert and uphold the rights of American citizenship. Negotiations were entered into between the cabinets of Washington and London, and resulted in an act being passed in 1870—33 and 34 Vic., cap. 14 (known as the Warren and Costello Act), which finally disposed of the question—making it legal for a British subject to divest himself of his allegiance and become the citizen of another country.

The one event of this year—the saddest, perhaps, of all the mishaps that followed in the train of Fenianism, since this was tragic in almost every particular—has already passed into history as the "Manchester Rescue." To understand what led to this occurrence, and to the sacrifice of life which it entailed, it is necessary to explain that on the deposition of James Stephens from the rank of Head Center of the Fenian organization, he was succeeded by Col. Thomas J. Kelly. It was Kelly planned and directed the rescue of Stephens from Richmond, and subsequently his flight to France. Some six months after the Rising, Kelly crossed over to Manchester to attend a council of centers there. On the morning of the 11th of September, four men were observed by the police loitering at the corner of Oak Street, in the latter city. From some observations let drop by the former, the officers were led to think that the party were plotting some crime, and proceeded to arrest them. A struggle followed, and two of the suspects escaped. The other two had a first hearing before a magistrate, and were remanded at the request of a detective who "suspected" that they might be connected with Fenianism, and so the event proved, for they turned out to be none other than Colonel Kelly, the Fenian chief, and Captain Deasy, his assistant. The arrests excited the local Fenian circles beyond measure, and the daring resolve was taken to rescue the prisoners, come what would. On the 18th of September the prisoners were brought up again and identified as Kelly and Deasy, and were remanded once more. After the court adjourned, the prison van in which were Kelly and Deasy and four other prisoners—three women and a boy—drove off for Salford jail, distant about two miles from Manchester. Kelly and Deasy were handcuffed and locked in separate compartments of the van. Twelve policemen, instead of the usual number of three, formed the guard on this occasion. Sergeant Brett sat inside the van, five on the box-seat, two on the step behind, and four followed in a cab. Under the railway arch, which spans the Hyde Road at Bellevue, a party of about thirty powerfully-built men sprang over the fence and shouted to the driver to stop, which order not being obeyed, one of the party leveled his revolver at the horses and shot one of them. Then the whole party surrounded the van and demanded the keys. The police having no arms made scarcely any show of resistance, but took to flight. The rescuers had brought such tools as they deemed necessary, hatchets, crowbars, etc., but found that the task of breaking open the van was much slower than they had reckoned. Very soon the police returned, followed by a large crowd. Twenty or more of the rescuing party formed a ring around the van, and with revolvers pointed at the heads of the policemen, kept back both them and the crowd; while their companions worked might and main to force open the van. Through the ventilator over the door they spoke to Brett, commanding him to give up the keys, if he had them. Brett divined what was occuring on the outside, though he could not see the attacking party, and in order to obtain a glimpse

of them, placed his eye to the keyhole. On the instant some one in command shouted to "blow open the lock," and immediately a bullet whizzed through the aperture, and Brett as he withdrew (but all too late) received the ball in his head and dropped dead within the vehicle. One of the women screamed out, "He's killed." "Take the keys from his pocket, and hand them out;" was the mandate given her from outside. This was done; and immediately a young man, William Philip Allen, unlocked the door and released the prisoners, who were hurried away across the fields on the instant. In the struggle which ensued between the police and crowd on the one hand, and the Fenian party on the other, the latter were roughly handled, and five of them were arrested. Their names were William Philip Allen, Edward Condon, Michael Larkin, Thomas Maguire, and Michael O'Brien.

News of the rescue and the shooting of Brett was flashed all over the country in an hour, and raised a storm of indignation in the English public mind—awoke every slumbering prejudice of that hereditary hate of the Irish which is, even to this hour, a darling nursling of the Saxon breast, and boded not only the extreme penalty of the law to the prisoners, but indiscriminate vengeance on the entire Irish population resident in and around the scene of the outrage. Hounded on by a malignant press, the English executive of that day seems to have lost its head, in the indecent haste with which it ordered a special assize-commission for the trial of the prisoners, and in the mode of conducting the trial which was eminently unfair, and betrayed a clear intent to satisfy the popular craving for a victim or victims. The testimony in support of the indictment for Brett's murder was altogether of a doubtful nature, and hung chiefly on the evidence of a reprobate woman; but these men were, of course, foredoomed, and the sentence of death, pronounced on the five above named, could hardly be a surprise under the circumstances. So inconclusive did the evidence in the case of one of the prisoners, Maguire, appear to the reporters present at the trial, that they took the unusual course of petitioning the Home office in his favor; and this resulted in his being pardoned. Soon after, Condon was reprieved. This was a tacit admission of miscarriage of justice in the trial, and brought the public mind from its abnormal state of excitement to a sober second thought as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoners. It was expected, up to the last, that following Maguire and Condon, all the others would be reprieved. Many humane gentlemen exerted themselves for this object, and among the more distinguished may be mentioned Victor Hugo, who wrote a letter on their behalf to Queen Victoria; and Buchanan, the poet, who in pathetic verses published in a London evening paper pleaded for mercy. But all pleading was in vain—all hope of mercy was disappointed. The government had resolved on satisfying the popular thirst for blood. And it did. On the morning of November 23, 1867, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, were led out to the scaffold of Salford jail surrounded by military, and executed in the gaze of such another rabble as might have gathered around when the Savior of the world stood contrasted with the infamous Barabbas!

CHAPTER XC.

FUNERAL PROCESSIONS FOR THE MARTYRS—AGITATION FOR AMNESTY AND DISESTABLISHMENT—CLERKENWELL AND BALLYCOHEY.

The shooting of Sergeant Brett could not, save by overlooking the circumstances of the occurrence, or by perversion of fact, be construed as murder. Concurrent testimony has shown that there was no intention to kill him, and that his death was accidental. Not so in the case of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien: their execution was murder pure and simple. When the news of the Manchester executions reached Ireland, men gasped for breath in astonishment that that which no man expected had come to pass—that the blind fury of the English populace had been allowed to quench its frenzy in blood—that the rabbid hatred and malicious instigation of a calumniating press had overridden the calm, unbiased judgment which should guide a just administration, and prompted the Tory ministers to steel their hearts to every appeal for mercy. A wail of grief went up from the people; a cloud seemed to darken the land for days; and the heart of Ireland was wrung with anguish. The

stain of deepest degradation attempted to be set on the characters of the Manchester victims while living, by loading them with irons and manacles —the cruel devices of a barbarous, by-gone age— at their preliminary trial, and the ignominy of denying them Christian burial, and confounding them with common murderers, added an additional pang to the shocking outrage of their execution. But their mother Ireland would pray for, and honor the memory of, her martyred sons. In all the Catholic churches of the land prayers were asked for their souls, and the people knelt, and prayed, and wept; and when they quitted the churches, and realized in all its grim repulsiveness the tragedy that had been enacted, men knit their brows and clinched their teeth, and the prompting of every patriotic heart was defiance of that despotic power which, through the persons of these victims, aimed a blow at the national cause, and smote the manhood of Ireland in the face—thus obeying the dictum of the *Times* to "stamp out" sedition, and stifle all patriotic aspiration. This feeling soon grew almost universal, and extended even to men who, hitherto, had been ultra-loyal, but who now joined hands with the Nationalists in a resolve to resent the insult offered to the nation in the persons of these victims by a public display of sentiment which should at once approve the conduct of the latter and do homage to their memory. Then was inaugurated a movement, which may be said to be the parent of every other agitation that arose in the country in recent years—a plant which with truth can be said to have been watered by the blood of martyrs, and grew to immense proportions, namely—the funeral procession, which in every city of Ireland was a vast and imposing public display of mourning that would do honor to any earthly potentate. At the Dublin demonstration it was estimated sixty thousand persons walked in the procession, which was headed by Mr. John Martin, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan. The processions in Cork, Limerick, Killarney, and other places were proportionately large.

Then was witnessed a spectacle rarely seen in Ireland, or elsewhere before—viz., a funeral procession of vast proportions, where all the somber paraphernalia of a burial were present—all save the corpse or rather corpses; for the funeral represented the burial of the three men, and comprised three hearses and three coffins, with attendant mourners. The *Times* and other oracles, to which the British ministers had lent a willing ear in giving effect to the dictum of "stamping out" sedition, by such a holocaust as that of Manchester, now sounded the note of alarm by descrying the funeral processions as "seditious demonstrations," and called for their suppression. Then came a proclamation from "His Excellency," and next, the prosecution of the last-named gentlemen and others. Mr. A. M. Sullivan's speech, in his own defense, was a complete turning of the tables on the crown, and its myrmidons, past and present. It proved a powerful indictment of the law itself, as framed for, and administered in, Ireland up to a very recent period, and showed that "disesteem for the law"—for brutal laws and penal enactments—was not only natural, but inevitable. This speech and that of Mr. John Martin on the same occasion, had a very marked effect on public opinion; and, taken in connection with the sad occurrences which had caused their being uttered—the Manchester executions and the funeral processions—led many men, whose hostility to Fenianism hitherto was well known, to change their views altogether, and join hands with the Nationalists. This newly awakened sympathy with those who had recently suffered martyrdom for their country, extended itself to those poor political prisoners whose hard fate was to toil unrequited in the convict gangs at Portland and Chatham. The moment for an appeal to the government to pardon these men seemed opportune, as there had been a change of administration, and Gladstone, whose sympathies were supposed to be more Christian than his predecessors, was at the head of the Cabinet —and so there was started under direction of the CentralAmnesty Commttee in Dublin, a new agitation having this philanthropic object in view. The first great Amnesty meeting was held in the Rotunda, Dublin, on the evening of January 24, 1896, at which the lord-mayor presided.

Letters from nearly all the Catholic bishops, and many prominent persons unable to attend were read, expressing entire sympathy with the movement. The first resolution was intrusted to a distinguished man and true patriot—Isaac

Butt. At the mention of this name, and that of two others, snatched since then by the unsparing hand of death from Ireland and her cause—George Henry Moore and John Francis Maguire—few true Irishmen can repress a sigh of regret for their loss. Mr. Butt had won his way to distinction, and was the acknowledged leader of the Irish Bar; but won higher esteem as a convert to the National cause. He had sat for some years in the House of Commons, elected in the conservative interest for the borough of Youghal, and his political creed, for a period of his life, was directly opposed to Nationalistic views. When the political prosecutions were commenced, the government, following out its traditional policy, threw out its bait to enlist the services of Mr. Butt on its side, while at the same time the prisoners bid for his advocacy in their defense. The magnanimity of the man was shown in the readiness with which he espoused the weaker side, and in the fact that he gratuitously defended several of them who were too poor to pay the usual counsel fees. Then the shining abilities of Isaac Butt were given full scope in the legal arena, and were successful in mitigating the full measure of punishment which would otherwise have been the lot of many prisoners; and, notably, in one case saved a man's neck from the rope. This was the case of Robert Kelly, who shot Head Constable Talbot in the streets of Dublin. The latter lingered for some hours with a ball in his spine, and at a council of doctors, some were for extracting the bullet, and others were opposed to the operation. The former had their way, and and the patient died. By a clever piece of legal jugglery, Mr. Butt threw the onus of blame on the doctors, and saved the life of the prisoner, who was sentenced to a period of imprisonment.

Such was the man who stood up to move the first resolution and whose sympathies were altogether with those poor fellows for whom he had fought many a legal battle. The resolution ran thus:

"Resolved, That it is the persuasion of this meeting that the grant of a general amnesty to all persons convicted of political offenses would be most grateful to the feelings of the people of the Irish Nation."

Mr. Butt spoke up to the resolution with all the energy and impressiveness which characterised his oratory. The popular demand for amnesty, which hourly increased, he pronounced an indorsement and ratification of the principles for which the prisoners suffered, and a strong protest against English misrule. The resolution was carried with acclamation, and other resolutions, pledging the meeting to incessant agitation until the desired boon was granted, were adopted. It has been estimated that there were then in prison eighty-one civilians charged with treason-felony; of whom forty-two had been transported to Western Australia, while the remainder were divided between Chatham, Portland, Pentonville, and other English prisons. Beside these, there were several military convicts, and persons charged with murder. Toward the end of February, 1869, the first concession was made, and it was then announced that forty-nine prisoners were to be pardoned—thirty-four of those in Australia, and fifteen who were confined in England. This partial amnesty could not be expected to satisfy the popular demand; and so the agitation for a general amnesty was renewed, early the following summer, by open-air meetings, held near all the important towns and cities, and which, in some places—such as Cabra—assumed vast proportions. At the latter place, George Henry Moore and Isaac Butt addressed the assembled thousands, and at every meeting held to further this movement, there were not wanting men of distinction and ability to urge the popular demand. Yet it was not until December, 1870, that the government announced its intention of pardoning all the non-military treason-felony convicts. The condition imposed was to leave the United Kingdom, and not return until the term of their several sentences had expired; and agreeable to this stipulation, thirty-seven prisoners were set at liberty. Six of the convict soldiers at Swan River, Western Australia, were rescued from there in April, 1876, chiefly through the exertions of Mr. John J. Breslin, and by means of funds supplied by an Irish-American Society. The few remaining prisoners were released at intervals on tickets-of-leave or otherwise.

Side by side with the amnesty agitation, another great movement—in which the future prime minister of England was the prime mover—was

in progress, viz., the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. This institution—this "upas tree" as Gladstone described it, if it at any time had exhaled poison on the social atmosphere, was at least, no longer formidable. Its existence, or dissolution, was no longer the burning question of the hour, though as a standing mark of conquest—as the stronghold of the "Ascendency" party—its existence in a Catholic land was wholly anomalous, and its position untenable on any reasonable grounds. This had been shown long previously by several writers, foremost among whom may be mentioned Mr. W. J. O'Neill Daunt of Kilcascan Castle, County Cork, and Sir John Gray, M. P., for Kilkenny, and proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal.* Mr. Daunt had for a considerable time corresponded with Mr. Carvell Williams, Secretary of the Liberation Society, and, in conjunction with the latter gentleman, aroused public opinion against the Irish State Church. Sir John Gray, in a series of exhaustive reports on the history, revenues, and congregational strength of the establishment, entitled, "The Irish Church Commission," published in his own journal, made out an unanswerable case against its maintenance.

The assault on this ancient stronghold was initiated by what may be called a coalition of political and ecclesiastical power. The Liberation Society and that section of English Liberals represented by John Bright, had for some time carried on private negotiations with prominent Irish ecclesiastics and politicians, with a view to an alliance, and for the ulterior object of winning some concessions or effecting some needed reforms for the Irish people. Denominational education had been for long the issue raised by the bishops at every election, and the securing of this concession they considered paramount. When, however, the "National Association of Ireland," under the auspices of Cardinal Cullen, was founded in December, 1864, the education question was omitted and Disestablishment substituted as the primary object of the new agitation. This was done in accordance with the views of those English Liberals above mentioned, who could not be of one mind with Catholics on the education question, and suggested its postponement till other reforms could be won. The Irish Church motion moved by Sir John Gray on the 10th of April, 1866, found the Russell-Gladstone ministry more favorable to it than hitherto; but two months later, June, 1866, this ministry, defeated and deserted by the "Adullamites"—a section of their own party—lost office, and were succeeded by a conservative administration, facetiously termed the "Derby-Dizzy" ministry—that is, the Tory Cabinet of which Earl Derby was the premier, and Mr. Disraeli, the chancellor of the exchequer. During this administration occurred all the troubles detailed in the last chapter, and its policy toward Ireland for the period may be characterized as one of callous indifference to the grievances of the nation, and of cold unrelenting cruelty to the unfortunate men who had offended against its edicts.

When the storm of angry excitement which the Fenian outbreak and its concomitant incidents conjured up in England had subsided—when that grand object, the "vindication of the law," was accomplished—the better class of Englishmen began to ask themselves whether or not the disaffected nation had any real grievance which might be removed—any heavy burden on its shoulders which it was the duty of the legislature to lighten. The Liberation Society saw their opportunity in this growing interest manifested on the Irish question, and promptly furnished the answer by pointing to the Irish State Church as the true cause of all the humiliation and heartburning that afflicted the nation. Here, too, the leaders of the divided Liberal party saw a chance to form a new platform, where its scattered contingents might combine for a general onslaught on the Irish Establishment.

A debate which was continued for four days commenced in the House of Commons on the 10th of March, 1868, on the motion of Mr. J. F. Maguire for a committee to consider the state of Ireland. On the last day of the debate, Mr. Gladstone declared that the time had come when the Irish Church must be disestablished. On the 23d he introduced his "Resolutions." The debate to go into committee on the Resolutions opened on the 30th of March, and was carried by 331 to 270 votes. The debate in committee lasted eleven nghts, and on the 1st of May the first resolution was carried by a vote of 330 to

265. Four days later the ministers resigned, but it was announced that they would retain office at the request of the queen, until the state of public business admitted of a dissolution. Parliament was prorogued on the 31st of July, 1868, and on the 11th of November it was dissolved, and the ministers "appealed to the country."

At the general election which ensued, the Liberals were almost everywhere victorious, and on the 2d of December, Mr. Disraeli (who had succeeded Lord Derby), surrendered the seals, and Mr. Gladstone assumed the reins of power. On the 31st of May, 1869, the bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church (introduced by Mr. Gladstone on the 1st), passed the third reading, and on the 26th of July, received the royal assent. Its advantages to Catholics can be summed up in a few words. It throws open all public offices to them, save and except the lord-lieutenancy, and abolishes test oaths hitherto required of them on taking office.

The last, and perhaps most serious occurrence, in connection with Fenianism—as it was attended with heavy loss of life and other fatalities—happened at this period, and is known as the "Clerkenwell Explosion." It excited the indignation of the English people, and the reprobation of every right-thinking person. Captain Richard Burke was at the time a political convict confined in Clerkenwell Prison, London, and the design was formed by Fenian sympathizers in the metropolis to effect his release by making a breach in the outer wall of the prison by means of gunpowder at an hour of the day when he was supposed to be exercising in the yard inside of this wall; so as he might "bolt" directly after an aperture had been effected by the explosion. In pursuance of this plan, a barrel of gunpowder was placed against the wall on the 13th of December, 1867, and at the appointed hour was exploded by means of a fuse. The effect was fearful: one hundred and fifty feet of the wall was blown in, and a dozen tenement houses on the opposite side of the street were laid in ruins. There were twelve persons killed, and more than one hundred wounded in these houses. The report of the explosion was heard all over the metropolis, and brought crowds to the scene of the disaster. Utter ignorance of the nature and potency of explosives, in the minds of some man or men of the laboring class, who had executed this reckless business, is assigned as the true cause of this calamity.

One other event of this time also attended with fatalities, has a special interest, as it is said to have been the immediate cause—the motive power—which had moved the Gladstone Cabinet to the passing of the Land Act. This tragic affair is known as the "Battle of Ballycohey," and such it really was, on a small scale. It arose out of the difficulty existing between a landlord—William Scully, and his tenants, occupying holdings on the townland of Ballycohey, distant about three miles from the town of Tipperary. It well illustrates the arbitrary power possessed by landlords at this period, and the capricious methods in which these petty despots exercised it. The property in question was formerly owned by an old Catholic family of the same name, but of better principles than the present owner. It came into his possession not by descent, but by purchase. William Scully owned other property in the country, and a vast estate in the State of Illinois, America. He was known to be an avaricious man; exacting in his demands, and unsparing where his edicts were not complied with; and so the sequel will go to prove. His fame had preceded him, and the people of Ballycohey had gloomy apprehensions that his advent boded them no good. The character of the Ballycohey tenantry has been described as peaceful, industrious, and prompt to pay their rents; and at the time they were not in arrears for the same. The old leases having expired, a new lease was drawn up, and in the framing of this document, Mr. Scully showed the perversion of landlord ingenuity by trammeling his tenants with conditions abhorrent to any honest mind, and especially distasteful to the independent spirit which these humble but upright people endeavored to preserve. The tenants were required to pay rent quarterly; to surrender on twenty-one days notice at the end of any quarter; to forego all claims to their own crops that might be in the soil; to pay all rates and taxes; and always to have a half-year's rent paid in advance. Refusing compliance with these enactments, they must quit. Mr. Scully was warned of the danger of attempting to carry

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out this programme, but in vain. He obtained a police guard to attend him, and went forth himself armed *cap-a-pie,* or almost so, as he is supposed to have worn armor under his clothing. In the summer of 1868, he notified his tenants to meet him personally at Dobbyns' Hotel in Tipperary, and there to pay him the May rent. Only four tenants responded—the others sending their rents by deputy. This riled Mr. Scully considerably, as the personal attendance was for an important purpose—to obtain their signatures to the lease, or in the event of refusal, to serve them with notice to quit. Mr. Scully now took out ejectment processes, which require to be served personally, or left with some member of the tenant's household at the house. Despite all expostulation he determined on "crossing the Rubicon," so to speak, and at the head of a small army of police and bailiffs, set out to serve the notices on Tuesday the 11th of August. The signal that the invading force was approaching was passed from house to house, and every dwelling was quickly abandoned. Very soon an angry, excited crowd had surrounded the Scully party, cursing and threatening the latter vehemently. By the advice of the police officer in command, Mr. Scully abandoned the service of the notices for that day, and retreated ignominiously to his hotel in Tipperary. On the following Friday Mr. Scully and his party set out again on the same mission, and were equally unsuccessful in accomplishing its object. The attitude of the mob, increased in number, and incensed to the highest pitch, menaced the life of Scully, and the police had much difficulty in guarding him on his second retreat toward the railway station. On the way thither they passed close by the house of one of the tenants, named John Dwyer, and Scully, undeterred by his recent experience, resolved on renewing the experiment at this point. A farmyard, flanked with out-offices, faced the byroad which led to the house, and through this farmyard, four of the party, viz., a policeman named Morrow, two of Scully's bailiffs—Gorman and Maher, and Scully himself, approached the door of the house and entered. Immediately a volley fired from within the house, and also from the out-offices, greeted their entrance. Morrow and Gorman were shot dead, and Scully and his bailiff Maher were both severely wounded. Scully, undaunted by this bold show of resistance, and unmindful of his wounds, withdrew a few paces and fired with his breech-loader and revolver at the house, and the police at the same time poured a volley into the dwelling and out-offices; but no response came from within; and a search soon revealed the fact that the occupants had effected a retreat through apertures made in the roofs of the houses at the rear.

The news of the dreadful affair at Ballycohey spread rapidly throughout the kingdom, and an outcry was raised against Scully, not only in the Irish but in the English press, which furnished the one needful impulse—more potent than any amount of argument—to the passing of the Gladstone Land Act of 1870.

CHAPTER XCI.

THE HOME RULE MOVEMENT—ITS DEFECTS AND FAILURE —"OBSTRUCTION"—A SUCCESS—THE LAND LEAGUE.

THE Home Government Association had its origin at a meeting held at the Bilton Hotel, Dublin, on the evening of the 19th of May, 1870. The meeting was a private one, composed of prominent professional and mercantile gentlemen of the metropolis, and may be said to have been made up of the most heterogeneous elements, as it embraced men of various creeds and of every shade of political opinion—Orangemen, Ultramontanes, Conservatives, Liberals, Repealers, Nationlists, Fenian sympathizers and sturdy Loyalists. The one object, which for the first time, perhaps, in the history of Ireland, effected, at least, a temporary truce between men of divergent views and conflicting opinions, was the consideration of the condition of their common country, with a view to the amelioration of the present state of things therein.

The following names with the religious persuasion and political creed of each person indicated, will exemplify the mixed character of this meeting: the Rt. Hon. Edward Purdon, Lord Mayor of Dublin (Protestant and Conservative); the ex-Lord Mayor, Sir John Barrington (Protestant and Conservative); Sir William Wilde (Protestant and Conservative, father of the poet, Oscar Wilde); Rev. Joseph Galbraith, F. T. C. D.

(Protestant and Conservative), Isaac Butt, Q.C. (Protestant and Nationalist, John Martin (Protestant and Nationalist, "'48 man"), Dr. Maunsell, editor of the *Evening Mail* (Protestant and Tory); James O'Connor, late of the *Irish People* (Catholic and Fenian); Venerable Archdeacon Gould (Protestant and Tory), A. M. Sullivan (Catholic and Nationalist), Capt. E. R. King-Harman (Protestant and Conservative), Hon. Lawrence Harman King-Harman (Protestant and Conservative), and many other leading citizens and representative men.

The sentiment of the Protestant section of the assembly, as indicated by its spokesmen, was, that they could no longer view with equanimity the uncertain state of things in the country, the insecurity to property, and the dangers inseparable from periodical revolutionary outbreaks such as had disturbed the country for the past five years; that the experiment of an alien parliament for Ireland had been tried and found wanting; and that the time had arrived to demand the restoration of her native parliament to legislate her domestic affairs. This proposal, however, was limited by a distinct disavowal of any wish to sever the imperial connection and a profession of unswerving loyalty to the English throne.

Such a declaration coming from the old "Ascendency" party might well be termed a new departure, and a wonderful stride toward the goal of national aspiration; and, uttered thirty years previously, and joined by so powerful an ally, O'Connell might have carried Repeal. The objects of the Repeal movement and those aimed at by the speakers at the Bilton Hotel meeting had, however, some points of difference. The popular idea of Repeal in O'Connell's time was the restoration of the national parliament, and the old order of things as existing before the Act of Union in 1800, although O'Connell, for a wise motive, doubtless, never defined in detail the Repeal programme; not so the new organization, as will be seen from a perusal of the resolutions drawn up by a committee appointed at the meeting held at the Bilton Hotel. They were as follows:

1. This Association is formed for the purpose of obtaining for Ireland the right of self-government by means of a national parliament.

2. It is hereby declared as the essential principle of this Association that the objects, and the only objects, contemplated by its organization are:

To obtain for our country the right and privilege of managing our own affairs, by a parliament assembled in Ireland, composed of her majesty the sovereign, and her successors, and the lords and commons of Ireland.

To secure for that parliament, under a federal arrangement, the right of legislating for, and regulating all matters relating to, the internal affairs of Ireland, and control over Irish resources and revenues; subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the imperial expenditures.

To leave to an imperial parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the imperial crown and government; legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the crown; and relations of the United Empire with foreign states; and all matters appertaining to the defense and the stability of the empire at large.

To attain such an adjustment of the relations between the two countries without any interference with the prerogatives of the crown or any disturbance of the principles of the constitution.

3. The Association invites the co-operation of all Irishmen who are willing to join in seeking for Ireland a federal arrangement based upon these general principles.

4. The Association will endeavor to forward the object it has in view by using all legitimate means of influencing public sentiment, both in Ireland and Great Britain; by taking all opportunities of instructing and informing public opinion, and by seeking to unite Irishmen of all creeds and classes in one national movement, in support of the great national object hereby contemplated.

5. It is declared to be an essential principle of the Association that, while every member is understood by joining it to concur in its general object and plan of action, no person so joining is committed to any political opinion except the advisability of seeking for Ireland the amount of self-government contemplated in the objects of the Association.

The most conspicuous political figure at this meeting, perhaps, was Isaac Butt, who has been already mentioned in connection with the political trials, and the Amnesty Association, of which he was now the president. Mr. Butt was distinguished for legal learning, eloquence, and sterling patriotism; albeit his political bark had been launched on the waters under conservative colors; but the changes of the time had converted him from the distorted dogmas of Tory bigotry to National principles. His voice was all-powerful on this occasion in allaying disquiet in the minds of many of his co-religionists, who had come to this meeting full of doubt and apprehension in regard to the advisability of an alliance with their Catholic fellow-countrymen at such a period. The Irish Church Disestablishment Act had been but a short time passed, and this "leveling up" of the Catholics, was naturally enough viewed with no little concern by the Protestant body, who, many of them, in their blind ignorance of the real state of feeling on the question, conjured up a vision of the Catholic community exulting in triumph over a fallen foe. Mr. Butt's words to his co-religionists were reassuring: "Trust me, we have all grievously wronged the Irish Catholics, priests and laymen."

The Home Rule movement at the outset encountered the opposition of the Catholic bishops, whose hopes in regard to their favorite scheme of denominational education were considerably encouraged by the concession—if such it can be called—of disestablishment of the Protestant Church, and who regarded the promoters of the new movement as unreasonable in pursuing what they deemed to be a premature policy.

A by-election for the county Meath, which occurred in 1871, was the first test of the popular will in its pronouncement on the new policy. John Martin, of "'48" fame, and a Presbyterian, was the Home Rule candidate chosen against the Hon. Mr. Plunkett, a Catholic, and brother of Lord Fingall, a nobleman warmly esteemed in the county. Notwithstanding that Mr. Plunkett had the support of the clergy, and the advantage of family influence, he suffered a crushing defeat, Mr. Martin polling double the number of his votes. This was followed by a succession of Home Rule victories. Mitchell-Henry was elected for Galway; P. J. Smyth for Westmeath; Isaac Butt, the Home Rule president, for Limerick; and lastly, young Blennerhassett, for Kerry, the last, perhaps, the greatest victory; as the landlord power of that county was most formidable, and put forth all its resources for the struggle, but went down in the dust.

In October, 1873, the council of the Home Rule Association decided on summoning a National conference to consider and debate the question of Home Rule. A requisition, signed with the names of twenty-five thousand men of position and mark, was circulated thoughout the country. The conference met in the great hall of the Rotunda, Dublin, on the 18th of November, 1873. The attendance was large and the representation complete, as it comprised about nine hundred delegates from all parts of the kingdom, made up of men of various religious denominations, and of every political shade. Mr. William Shaw, M.P. for Cork county, presided. The conference lasted four days, and the proceedings were conducted in the most dignified and harmonious manner.

The principles of the Home Government Association were fully confirmed by this National conference, and the Association being then dissolved, a new organization, "The Irish Home Rule League," was established to control and direct the new movement.

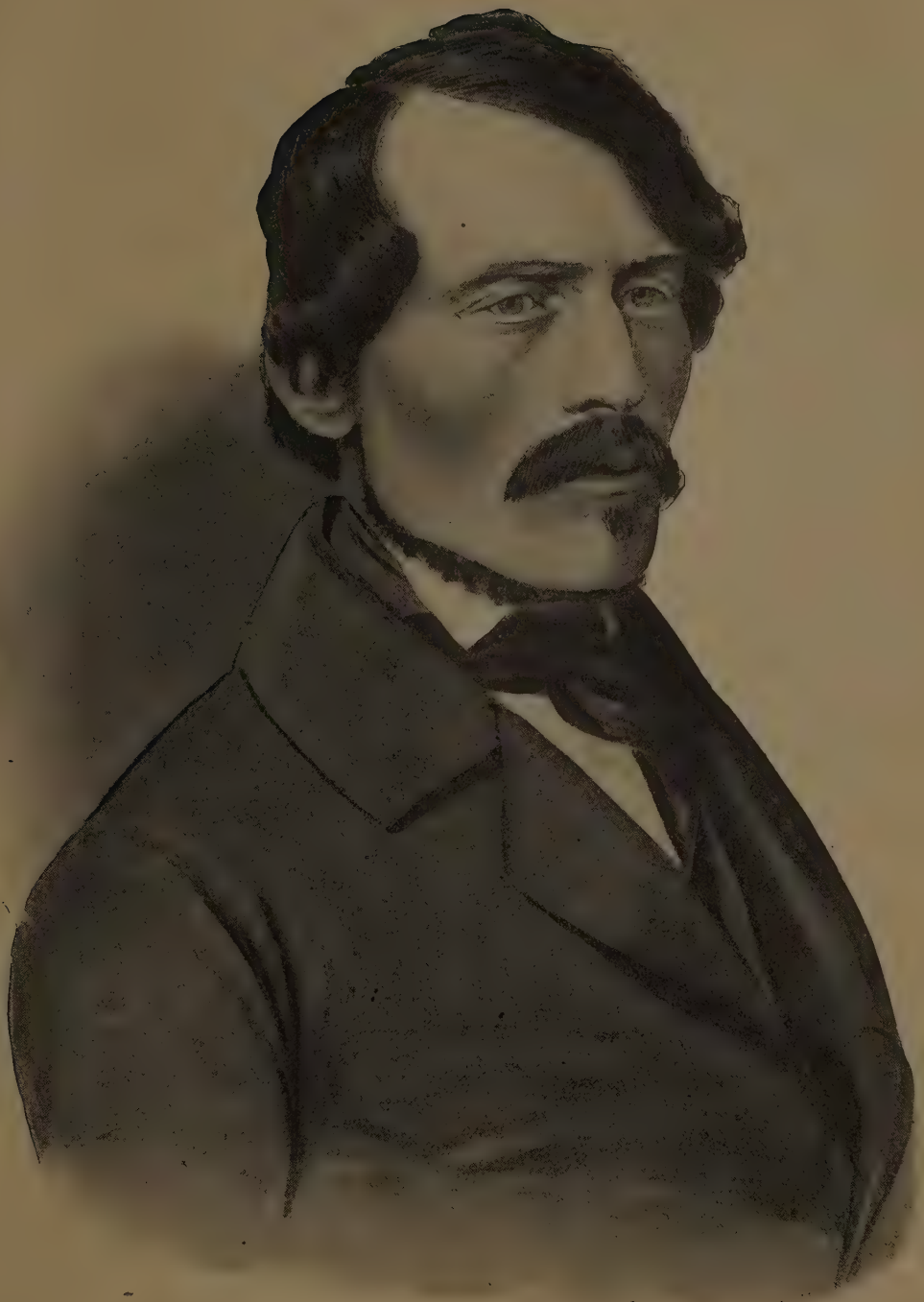
In January, 1874, Mr. Gladstone dissolved parliament quite unexpectedly. A general election followed, and now the new organization found its opportunity. The effect of the conference had been undoubtedly good, as it set the seal of national approval on the movement, and the electors showed their faith in the national leaders, for they rallied to the hustings under the Home Rule banner, and the result was a return of sixty Home Rule members to the House of Commons, under the leadership of Mr. Butt.

The party decided on pursuing the policy of persistent agitation in parliament for moderate concessions, and the securing of at least one annual debate on the question of Home Government for Ireland. It may be said, in a word, that for some years no concession of any consequence was obtained from the Tory ministry in power, and no advance toward the goal of Home Government could be noted.

Meanwhile, there returned an illustrious exile, John Mitchell, to the land of his birth, after an absence of sixteen years. His visit, for such merely it was, was due to a cause which heretofore would seem to be the last inducement that would prompt his return. Some of his friends in the National party conceived the novel idea of administering a merited rebuke to the British government, which had banished men of ability such as Mitchell, by having him nominated and elected to a seat in parliament. Accordingly he was nominated for Cork City, and also for Tipperary County, without being apprised of the fact. His well-known scepticism in moral force, made it doubtful whether he would accept the honor were it tendered him, and made the people uncertain how to act under the circumstances, and to this cause was due his defeat.

His arrival in Queenstown on the 25th of July, 1874, was unexpected, but when he reached Cork a procession of ten thousand people escorted him to his hotel. Then he repaired to Newry, his native town, where he sojourned for a few months to recruit his health, and await the opportunity of being elected to parliament if a vacancy occurred. This did not happen, however, and Mitchell returned to New York in October. A few months later, February, 1875, a vacancy occurred again for Tipperary, and John Mitchell was set up as the popular candidate. He sailed from America forthwith, and landed in Ireland on the 16th of February. The day before, he had been elected without opposition, but his election, as every one foresaw, was unavailing. On the motion of Mr. Disraeli, the House of Commons, by a large majority, pronounced him ineligible. John Mitchell survived this, which was to be his last struggle for the land he had loved, but a short while. He died at Dromolane in the house where he was born, on the morning of March 20, 1875.

Setting out on its career with the purpose of agitating in parliament for minor reforms beneficial to Ireland, and an annual motion in favor of Home Government, so as to pave the way to the accomplishment of the latter, and having no well-defined plan of pursuing its objects to their attainment, save by obsolete methods, it is not to be wondered at that the Home Rule party disappointed the hopes of its supporters, and earned the contempt of the British assembly. Mr. Butt, notwithstanding his known ability and his undoubted sincerity in the cause he had espoused, showed no originality in party management. His early training and conservative predilections, inclined him to pursue his policy in a deferential manner, careful not to offend the susceptibilities of English ministers by taking a bold stand, or assuming a menacing attitude on behalf of an oppressed people; but believing in the potency of calm, unanswerable argument, and persistent pleading of his country's cause, he designed to bring the English people to a better mind on the Irish question, and to awaken that mythical adjunct—the conscience of the British ministry! He must have overlooked the fact that seldom was even a brief hearing vouchsafed to an Irish question, and the shelving and procrastinating process was almost invariably the fate of such bills as were debated. An independent, uncompromising attitude, and the preservation of its individuality as a distinct body, were necessary to the status of the Home Rule party; but when division between its leaders showed itself, and defection from its ranks was followed by recrimination and disunion among its members, to the delight of the hostile English majority, its fate was wellnigh foredoomed. An accession to its ranks, however, saved it from total disruption in the person of Charles Stewart Parnell, who had been elected to fill the vacancy for the county Meath, occasioned by the death of John Martin. Mr. Parnell's fame is world-wide, and his character well known. His most salient traits are courage, coolness of temper and clearness of aim; and that crowning condition of success—perseverance in pursuit of his political ends through all difficulties, and despite every form of opposition. Mr. Parnell has been accredited with inventing the "Obstruction" tactics, which so exasperated the British ministers during the sessions of 1877-78, and drove the Commons almost to despair in their efforts to shake off this brake which, by the temerity of one man, had been imposed on the legislative chariot wheels. The idea of obstruction, however, is said to have originated with the late Mr. Joseph Ronayne, formerly member for the city of Cork—"honest Joe Ronayne," as his colleagues were wont to speak of him. Mr.



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JOHN MITCHELL.

MURPHY & McCARTHY.

Ronayne's suggestion to the Irish members was in these words:

"You will never get them to listen to you until you begin to take as active an interest in English affairs as they take in Irish ones. I am too old to have the necessary energy for the work. Why don't some of you young fellows try it?"

Mr. Parnell is said to have pondered frequently on these words, and be that as it may, he was the first to put the theory in practice. This he did with good effect on the English Prisons Bill, which he succeeded in having amended to his desires, and afterward insisted that the Irish Prisons Bill which followed, should be on the same model.

"Obstruction"—of which a very fair sample was shown at the opening of the session of 1876—may be described as an availing of the privileges of the House with a vengeance—that is to say, for the purpose of delaying, rather than of expediting, business. Let it be understood, however, that Mr. Parnell and his *confrères* had ample cause for adopting a retaliatory course toward the framers of the "half-past twelve rule," as it was called. This rule was evidently made for the thwarting and indefinite postponement of Irish bills, and the fact that it came into use simultaneously with the appearance of the Irish members united as a party, showed what it was intended for. It ordered that no bill, to which previous notice of objection or amendment had been offered, could be advanced a stage after half-past twelve at night. Notice of opposition was, of course, given to every Irish measure, while other bills were left unchallenged.

At the commencement of each session, the Commons elect members to sit on the various committees having duties to discharge in connection with the business of the House. Hitherto, a list of members for each committee, taken impartially from the Liberal and Tory parties, was usually agreed on by their respective leaders. The appearance of a third party—the Home Rulers—disturbed this arrangement; but that difficulty was easily settled by ignoring them altogether. Now it occurred to Mr. Parnell and his co-workers that they would resent this unfair proceeding by challenging every name on the committees. Such a thing as taking a division on any name proposed had never been heard of. There were but six Irish members in the House, but they determined to fight out the matter resolutely. And they did. Every name was challenged, and a division taken on it, which necessitates the adjournment of both parties—the "ayes" and the "noes"—to the lobbies, there to be counted by their respective tellers, and a return to the House. In this way a whole night was consumed to the infinite chagrin and humiliation of the British majority, and the secret joy of Parnell, the Leonidas of this Thermopylæ. Victory was with the faithful band, for the majority had to give in, and exclusion from committees was no more thought of. Mr. Parnell, always and ably supported by Mr. Biggar, member for Cavan, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. O'Connor Power, and sometimes others, pursued the obstructive policy throughout the parliamentary sessions of 1877 and 1878.

The obstruction consisted of giving notice of numerous amendments to a bill, which, when it came up for hearing, was thereby delayed in its passage, and an enormous amount of time spent in considering side issues raised by the Obstructionists, and which they claimed their right of speaking on. Many important changes in the Prisons Bill, the Mutiny Bill and others, are due to the activity of the Obstructionists. Motions that "the chairman leave the chair," and "the chairman do report progress"—all in order—were also quite frequent.

At the outset of his parliamentary career, Mr. Parnell did not at once develop his untried powers as a speaker; but made the Rules and cumbrous procedure of the House his special study: and his mastery of these technicalities proved most useful when, after awhile, his novel tactics were put in practice. Mr. Parnell found able supporters of his methods in Messrs. Biggar, Frank Hugh O'Donnell, and O'Connor Power. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar presented a striking contrast, both in appearance and manner. The former of tall, slight, erect figure, and handsome features; his manner, calm and collected; an innate self-control seeming to subdue any hasty impulse prompted by exciting episodes of debate; his voice clear and distinct; and his diction evincing a train of ideas marshaled on the subject, and a store of facts ready for the occa-

sion. His early training and education in England gave him the advantage of knowing that a cool, dignified demeanor, a perfect *sang froid*, even under provocation, would be as a bag of wool to a bullet in the conflict which he foresaw his policy would provoke. The impending onslaught he never dreaded; it would strike, but not annihilate him. Mr. Biggar, in person and voice, had no attractiveness for the assembly beyond the palpable fact of abundant obtrusiveness. In the eyes of the English majority, he was an ogre, an Old Man of the Sea sitting on the senatorial Sindbad, and refusing to be shaken off. He is ill-shapen through a personal deformity, and his voice, flavored with the broad Scotch accent that prevails in the North of Ireland, had no music for the English ear. Mr. O'Donnell is reputed to be a man of varied accomplishments, and had a previous experience which eminently qualified him to enter the lists as an Obstructive. He had graduated in the Queen's College, Galway, and becoming impressed with the evils of the mixed system, set himself to cry it down on every occasion. He attended the annual convocation of the Queen's Colleges every year, and denounced the system publicly, undeterred by the taunts and rebuffs of its supporters. To silence and squelch this small but invincible band, "the first assembly of gentlemen in the world"—as it has been miscalled—lost all self-respect and forfeited their claim to good breeding by the methods they resorted to. The vulgar groaning, jeering, and hooting, were supplemented by imitations of the rooster and of the scream of the locomotive. The cry of obstruction was raised both within and without the House. Efforts were made to trip up the Obstructionists by calling them to order for words they never uttered. This was nobtably the case when Sir Stafford Northcote ordered some words of Mr. Parnell to be taken down during the debate on the South African Confederation Bill, and moved his suspension which was voted. This proved merely temporary, however, for there was nothing in his speech to warrant such a penalty; and it became more evident every day that unpleasant as obstruction was to the House—though the "galled jade might wince"—it had to be borne. London and provincial editors were in a white heat, and wrote down Parnell and his followers as incendiaries, and said "something should be done," but could by no means tell what to do. To curtail the privileges of the House was so dangerous an experiment that the Commons, though it chafed and foamed in impotent rage, paused before trying it.

Mr. Parnell and his supporters, however, went on their way undismayed, and he had the satisfaction to make good his threat for which he had been called to order that "by determined action they (the Irish members) would force the House to treat Irish questions properly." On the Irish Judicature Bill and the County Courts Bill, important amendments were carried by the Irish party; beside effecting improvements in the Local Government Board, and having the Phœnix Park police outrage thoroughly sifted, the Army Discipline Act and the Factories Act, also owe their best provisions to the indefatigable Obstructionists. Mr. Butt, it is to be regretted, was behind the time in failing to understand the tactics of the only fighting battalion of his party, and committed the unpardonable blunder of censuring them publicly in the House, which must ever be a blot on his otherwise clear record. Mr. Butt's death occurred in 1879, and Mr. Shaw, M.P., for Cork, succeeded him as Leader of the Home Rule party.

A monster meeting—memorable as the inauguration of what subsequently developed into a gigantic movement—was held on a plain a few miles from Claremorris, in the County Mayo, on Sunday, April 20, 1879. It was estimated that there were present from fifteen to twenty thousand people, and it included nearly all the farmers of the counties Mayo, Galway, and Roscommon. Five hundred horsemen wearing green emblems formed a conspicuous cavalcade at this concourse. The land and rent questions were discussed by the speakers, chief among whom were O'Connor Power, M.P., John Ferguson, of Glasgow, and Mr. Landen, Barrister, of Westport. At this time, it should be borne in mind, three bad harvests in succession had told with dire effect on the farmers, and their distress was becoming extreme; the wolf of hunger was at their doors, and that sword of Damocles—the ejectment writ—hung over their heads. At this meeting some novel opinions were expressed,

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and a few strong resolutions taken—the novel doctrine being but the echo of what had been quite recently expounded in the United States by a very remarkable man—Michael Davitt, whose name, let me add, will go down in history with that of Hofer and Kossuth and William Tell; for his record is a paradigm of true patriotism, and the voluntary sacrifice of his liberty, in his country's cause, not once but often, as great, almost, as that of the noble Roman leaping into the gulf to save the city. It was at his instance this meeting was held; but through the accident of missing a train, he was not present.

Michael Davitt was a native of a spot close to where this meeting was held. The earliest impression indelibly stamped on his memory by the sorrowful circumstances that attended it, was the eviction of himself and his family from their home. They emigrated to England, where in time Michael went to work in a factory, and, unfortunately, lost his arm by an accident. Exile and lapse of time did not efface the recollection of that sorrowful scene, where he and his kindred were flung out on the roadside; on the contrary, the condition of the working classes in England, which contrasted so favorably with that of his own poor countrymen, impressed him more and more that the legalized oppression which executed this wickedness in broad day, invited universal execration, and called to Heaven for vengeance on its perpetrators. Like Hannibal, but mentally, he registered a vow on his country's altar to devote his life and talents to overturn the oppressive system, and crush the malignant power of Landlordism.

For his part in the Fenian conspiracy he was tried and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, of which he served eight years. Immediately on his release he went to America, and, as before mentioned, promulgated the doctrine of "The land for the people." Returning to Ireland, he caused the above-named meeting at Irishtown to be convened by circular. This was the first of its kind. It was followed by others —nearly all as large—in every part of the country. As the summer advanced, the distress in the Western counties increased. Mr. Parnell and his colleagues repeatedly stated the fact in the House of Commons, and invited government aid, but the premier of the day—the *dilettante* Disraeli—was as the deaf adder to the tale of Irish distress. Mr. Parnell then went to Ireland, and entered heartily into the Land agitation. He told the tenant farmers at a meeting in Westport to "keep a grip of their holdings," and this dictum, to their credit, they obeyed; and it proved the great distinguishing belligerent feature of this movement; it was no longer words, but a brave defense of their homes and little property against landlord rapacity. In October the Land League was regularly organized in Dublin, with Mr. Parnell as President; Thomas Brennan, Secretary; and Patrick Egan, Treasurer. Michael Davitt and others went through the country and organized local Land League clubs in all the towns of any note, and ere the end of the year, the Land League in strength of numbers and effective force for a determined struggle, surpassed any movement hitherto attempted in the country. The extreme poverty of the Western farmers excited universal sympathy. Two relief committees, one under charge of the Lady-Lieutenant, the Duchess of Marlboro, the other presided over by the Lord Mayor, sat in Dublin to collect and distribute relief. Mr. Parnell and Mr. John Dillon, went on their memorable mission of charity to the United States in December, where a large sum was raised for the suffering people. The New York *Herald*, on this occasion did noble work by opening a relief fund in its columns, which it headed with the magnificent sum of twenty thousand dollars. The *Irish World*, also, for its unceasing efforts on behalf of the famine-stricken people, and the immense sums of money it was instrumental in raising at that period and every week during the existence of the Land League, has merited the undying gratitude of the Irish race. The United States Government gave a warship — the Constitution—to bring over the supplies of provisions collected in the States for the same charitable object.

Toward the end of 1879, Lord Beaconsfield (Mr. Disraeli having been raised to the peerage with this title) and his cabinet got ousted from office by a combination of adverse circumstances. In April, 1880, a general election was held and the Liberals returned to power, with Mr. Gladstone at the helm. The new ministry attempted to stem the torrent of agitation in Ireland, which

had then reached high water, by introducing one of those half-hearted measures called the Disturbance Bill; but that sleepy institution, the House of Lords, when it went up for their consideration, saw, perhaps, something in its provisions to disturb their normal somnolence, and vetoed it instantly. The Land League may be said to have been in the zenith of its power at this period. In membership it counted by millions, and its treasury was continually replenished by large sums transmitted by the treasurer of the American wing of the organization, the late Rev. Lawrence Walsh, of Waterbury, Conn., and also by the *Irish World*, of New York, as well as by money raised in Ireland. The numerous open-air meetings held every week chiefly on Sundays—were not surpassed in point of numbers by those of the Repeal or Tithe agitations, and of the intelligence and earnestness of those who attended them, daily proof was afforded by the bold, unyielding opposition offered on almost every occasion to the executive of that loving legal instrument, the ejectment writ. The advent of the sheriff and his posse of "peelers" in the neighborhood was heralded by the ringing of the local chapel bell, and as at the whistle of Roderick Dhu all his clansmen sprang from the heather, so in a twinkling all the "boys"—some of them of the mature age of sixty or seventy—and the dear girls swarmed to the rescue. And a rescue it very often proved, when it happened to be a seizure for rent. On such occasions, usually after the seizure had been effected, the crowd surrounded the bailiffs and police, badgered and worried them, drove the confiscated cow in one direction, and the sacrificial pigs in another, and crippled the well-meant efforts of the rent-raising expedition. It was at this period that the gentle Mr. Boycott, came into public notice, and earned for himself immortality in the next edition of Webster's Dictionary. His crime was not an uncommon one—the taking of an evicted tenant's farm—but he had other bad points, and his reputation was altogether unsavory. The punishment meted out to him was the same as dealt to others, but in an aggravated form. "Boycotting," as it came to be called, was ostracism and worse: it was to be shunned by one's species, even as the rooks take wing at the sight of the scarecrow. At this time, also, the English press, quite alarmed at the boldness and progress of the Land League, got up among them the "outrage" mill, for the manufacture of hideous tales of midnight barbarities by Irish peasants, of the cutting off of cows' tails and men's ears; and these, in most cases, were afterward shown to have been cut out of whole cloth. The following gentlemen were indicted in October, 1880, for inciting the tenant farmers to pay no rent; Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Brennan, Egan, Boyton and some others. A Dublin jury were manly enough on this occasion to do the right thing—they disagreed and the prosecution was dropped.

Early in the parliamentary session of 1881, Mr. Gladstone, hounded on by the "outrage mill" wing of the press, and his half frightened followers, who began to appreciate the Land League as a formidable organization, introduced the Coercion Bill, and in doing so, held out the promise of a Land Reform measure to follow. The Coercion Act was passed, but not until it encountered all the obstructive tactics of the Irish party, and after the determined resistance offered to its passage had been protracted for a whole month. The Coercion Act was followed by the enactment of a set of stringent rules—substantially a Coercion Act also—for the House of Commons itself. This penal code was, of course, framed for the extinguishment of the obnoxious party in the House—a muzzle for the Obstruction dog, and a clipping of the wings of the Irish oratorical bird.

On the 7th of April, 1881, Mr. Gladstone introduced his Irish Land Bill, which became law on the 22d of August following. The main feature of the bill was the establishment of Land courts throughout the country to arbitrate between landlords and tenants, and with power to adjudicate a scale of fair rents in all cases where lands were held by tenants-at-will. It also offered facilities for the tenant to become the owner of his holding—the partial creation of a peasant-proprietary—by a government loan of a proportion of the purchase money to be advanced under certain conditions. Though this bill was a wonderful advance on Mr. Gladstone's first concession in this direction in 1870, yet it had some very serious defects rendering it almost practically useless to the majority of tenants who

were in arrear for rent—in many cases for two or three years' rent.

This condition of the tenant made him invalid in law and put him out of court. An equally grave defect of the bill was the omission—intentional or otherwise—to offer any opposition to the eviction crusade which was daily devastating the country and depopulating whole districts. Taken on the whole, however—granting that its beneficial provisions could be availed of—it was such a boon as a British ministry never hitherto dreamed of bestowing on Ireland; but not to them, save to the able and humane statesman at the head of the cabinet, Mr. Gladstone, is the merit of this measure due.

The Land Bill was won by the Land League. The goal they had struggled to reach, lay a long way ahead of it, perhaps; but beyond this point, the Leaguers made no perceptible advance, and in a retrospect of their long struggle they can point with pride to this achievement as a signal triumph.

CHAPTER XCII.

THE VISIONS AT KNOCK—THE LAND LEAGUE PROCLAIMED—ARREST OF THE LEADERS—THE "NO RENT" MANIFESTO—THE ARREARS ACT—THE PHŒNIX PARK TRAGEDY—SHOOTING OF JAMES CAREY AND TRIAL OF O'DONNELL—THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

THERE is a remarkable coincidence in the fact that a wild, desolate region of the remote, unflourishing county of Mayo, should, in the same year, become the scene of the inauguration of a mighty political movement that shook the social foundations to their center, namely the Land League, and also of a supernatural apparition the most wonderful. The visions at Knock have a celebrity as wide, and were of a character as mysterious, as those of the Grotto of Lourdes, or of any others on record.

From a little book entitled, "The Apparition at Knock," published at Limerick in the year 1880, I subjoin a description of Knock Church and its surroundings:

"We at length reached our destination at Knock, and recognized the parish church from what we had previously heard of it, though we were not prepared to see that it is really the handsome, well-proportioned building it is. Viewing it as we approach, its cruciform shape, and handsome, square bell-tower, with corners crocketed and pinnacled, and a cross rising from the apex of the roof, displays much good taste in its architectural features, not, indeed, to be expected in these remote Mayo hills. The tower is sixty feet high, and is furnished with a full-toned, sonorous bell, which may be heard a great distance as it calls the people to mass. In the tower there is an aperture inside which opens into the church, and which forms a place for a vocal choir with which the services are supplied. The height of the church is thirty feet to the top of the gable, and about twenty-four feet wide. The gable is topped with a plain cross of large proportions. It was on the face of the gable-wall the apparition was seen on the 21st of August, 1879. The interior of the church is rather bare; small stations of the cross; no benches, except a few private pews; one confessional, and over the altar a not-very-well-done painting of the Crucifixion. The floor is of cement, but is now all cut up and pitted into holes, the people carrying away the cement, which renders it impossible to keep one's foot on it. The altar is a plain one—the façade supported by two plain pillars at either side; and a stained-glass window above, which is inserted in the gable. "Gloria in excelsis Deo," is the legend over the altar. A lamp always burns before the tabernacle, in which the Blessed Sacrament is constantly preserved for the adoration of the faithful. The writer proceeds to narrate the account of the apparition as related to him by Miss Mary Byrne, and others, who witnessed it on the evening of August 21, 1879: As my visit was for a twofold purpose, to investigate facts, and to make drawings, etc., I, in the first instance, made the acquaintance of Miss Mary Byrne, a highly intelligent and respectable young lady, the daughter of the widow Byrne, who, with her two brothers and a sister, lived together in a farmhouse about three hundred yards from Knock Church. There is no mistaking the earnestness, truthfulness, and sincerity of Miss Mary Byrne; and it is evident to every one that she is one of the last persons who could be influenced by imagination, or invent a story. She at once readily entered into a full account of the apparition, when I informed her of the

nature of my visit and presented my credentials. She stated that on the 21st of August, at about 8 P.M., there being perfect daylight at the time, before crossing the boundary wall or ditch which separates the church meadow from their grounds, he saw the apparition against the sacristy gable —about a foot distant from the gable, and about a foot in height from the ground, on a level, in fact, with the meadow grass. She saw three figures—the Blessed Virgin in the middle, St. Joseph to the left, St. John to the right. To the right of St. John was a Lamb, recumbent, with the cross laid over the shoulder. To the right of the Lamb was what she described to be an altar; this was in the center of the gable and extended up to the window circle from the ground, to the breadth of seven or eight feet. She was petrified, terrified, transfixed; but, taking courage, she ran to call her brother, Dominick Byrne, a young man of about twenty years of age, as fine a specimen of a Milesian as one could see in a day's walk; highly intelligent, and answering rapidly and clearly every question. Mary told Dominick to come and see the Blessed Virgin. "Nonsense, nonsense!" said he. "What are you dreaming of, girl?"—"Come, come," she replied. "Come and see and judge for yourself. Come and see what you may see, and believe my word." He at once proceed to see, followed by his mother, sister and brother. They passed the schoolhouse wall, and stood in utter amazement at the vision which they no longer disbelieved in. They were soon joined by others, including another Dominick Byrne, a cattle jobber of about thirty years of age; a courageous and powerful man. As they stood gazing at the apparition in profound astonishment the rain began to fall heavily, and the wind to blow; but they remained where they stood, drenched with the downpour, and never leaving the spot. After gazing on it for some time, Dominick Byrne, the cattle jobber, said, "Let us go over the wall, and come nearer and see what it is all about." "No," said Dominick Byrne, Jr., who is clerk of the church, "no, not till the priest comes down. We shall send some one for the priest." "Let us go in at once," said Byrne, the cattle jobber, "what can they or she do to us? Surely no harm; and if harm, why we shall call out. In the name of God, I'll go in; here's my hat, take care of it." He then went over the wall, the others followed, gradually approaching nearer to the gable. As they approached, the figures seemed to recede back, closer to the gable. When they came within two yards of the apparition, though the rain continued to come down in torrents, the ground was perfectly dry, and there was a semicircle around the gable—the rain beat down on the gable wall above the apparition, and stopped when it came to the figures; turning on either side it ran down to the ground and formed a pool of water, which was collected next morning in bottles and preserved, by Archdeacon Kavanagh, the parish priest, but which he has long since distributed to the faithful. . . . To the right of the Lamb was what seemed to be an altar; this extended from the ground to about a foot of the window-sill of the sacristy, and like the figures, it seemed to rest on the tops of the grass. It was between seven and eight feet wide. The base of the altar had on it what seemed to be a large, heavy moulding; and on the altar there appeared to be, in rows of three, statuettes of angels or saints—Dominick Byrne could not define which. Mary Byrne could give no description of the altar whatever. The middle row of angels and saints on the altar was more numerous than the lowest, and the uppermost more numerous than the other two. All the figures seemed to have a slight fringe of silvery cloud under them; the figure of St. John was partially concealed, from the knees down, in the cloud; the position of St. Joseph was that of one in the act of making a profound obesiance, with hands joined, and partly turned toward our Blessed Lady. The figure of St. Joseph was clothed in one garment, perfectly white, the hair and beard somewhat gray, the flesh had a natural tint. The Blessed Virgin stood facing those who saw the apparition; the figure was clothed in resplendent white; on her head was a brilliant crown; her shoulders were covered with a short mantle; the inner garment full, flowing; her eyes directed downward, her hands raised to the shoulders, the palms turned toward each other, somewhat like a priest's when celebrating mass. The hair fell on the shoulders and back in long ringlets; the feet were visible and covered with a sort of sandal. The figure of St. John was

turned partly toward the altar and partly toward the people. In his left hand he held a large book; his eyes turned toward it as if reading, and his right hand raised as if in the attitude of preaching or confirming his words. The figure of St. John was clothed in one long garment of white, and on his head was a miter of the same color. A brilliant light surrounded all the figures, which light, however, had not the effect of illuminating the places around or outside the circle of the apparition; brilliant lights were seen to coruscate now and again on the gable. Dominick Byrne, Sr., after gazing intently for some time at the apparition, took courage and gradually approached nearer, so near as to touch the figures, which he made an effort to do. An aged female in the group of those who saw the apparition, endeavored to kiss the feet of the Blessed Virgin, but could feel no substance. Dominick Byrne, when asked did he endeavor to touch the figures, said he endeavored, with the open index and middle fingers of his right hand, to touch the eyes of the figure of the Blessed Virgin, but said he could feel no substance, though he covered the eyes with the tops of his fingers. After about two hours from the time the Byrnes first saw the apparition, a messenger came to them stating that an old woman named Campbell, who resided near the church was dying. They ran off to see her; when they returned to the church the whole place was in darkness." A second apparition was seen on the 2d of January, 1880, and a third on the 6th of January following, the Feast of the Epiphany. A large number of persons witnessed these later apparitions, including the pastor, Archdeacon Kavanagh and two members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The fame of Knock soon spread throughout the land, and numbers of persons afflicted with bodily ailments and infirmities flocked there. In many cases miraculous cures took place; and almost every afflicted person who visited the shrine of Knock obtained instant relief. The number of pilgrims steadily increased, some from the most remote places; and many have visited it from England, Scotland and the United States. The authenticity, both of the apparitions and of the cures effected at the Shrine of Knock has been established beyond all doubt; and it is asserted that a visit to the spot, hallowed as the scene of a celestial visitation, will inspire even a sceptic with feelings of awe and reverence.

After the passage of the Land Act of 1881, the government commenced a vigorous persecution of the Land League, and banned it as an illegal society, giving practical effect to the fierce crusade preached against it in the landlord organs and English press. The argument thought least vulnerable, in voting down a longer toleration of the existence of the Land League, was, that its mission—if it ever had one—was now fulfilled. That the one great grievance of Ireland had been removed. That, in the Land Act, an inestimable boon had been conferred on the country; and that it devolved on the people to show their gratitude to that ministry which furnished the long-sought panacea for their ills, and watched over their interests with paternal solicitude. This reasoning was wrong in the premises, for the Land Act, as we have pointed out, though superior to anything that had preceded it, yet was a very imperfect legislative measure; of no practical benefit to the majority of small tenants, unless they had funds to fight out their newly-acquired rights in the Land courts, and to support their starving families while their suits were pending. And here the Land League gave ample proof that its occupation was not gone, nor its day of usefulness ended. It was the League furnished the legal expenses of the poorer tenants when they brought forward their claims and grievances in the Land courts, and supplied them and their families with the necessaries of life while the struggle lasted.

The government ran amuck in its raid on the Land League, and grasped the latter with a hand of iron. The executive of the Central Land League Office, in Dublin, were nearly all arrested; but, fortunately, the treasurer, Mr. Patrick Egan, transferred the funds and himself to Paris in time to evade seizure. The police swooped down on League meetings wherever held and dispersed them, sometimes at the bayonet point. Editors of newspapers, and hundreds of officers and members of local Land League clubs throughout the country were hurried off to prison without warning or trial, there to be detained at the pleasure of the lord lieutenant,

during part or the whole term of the Coercion Act, which would not expire until September 30, 1882. The parliamentary leaders did not escape the general proscription. Mr. Parnell, John Dillon, Mr. O'Kelly and others were relegated to the retirement of Kilmainham; and the father of the Land League, as he may well be called—Michael Davitt—on the flimsy pretext of having broken his ticket-of-leave parole, was hurried off to Portland.

Time was when the brains were out the man would die, and, on the strength of the Shakesperian aphorism, perhaps, the government had calculated that when the head was cut off the Land League body would cease to exist. But here it miscalculated. The Land League doctrine, preached for two years from the platform, and disseminated widely by the press, had made too deep an impression on the popular mind. Every man now knew his duty, and the work of the Land League went on, though the suppression of the organization was carried out. Fortunately the Land League had been recently supplemented by the Ladies' Land League; and the society of brave women deserve immortal honor for the sacrifices of time and liberty—some of them also being imprisoned—they offered in the cause; and the untiring energy they displayed in distributing relief, and discharging all the duties of the male Land League officials who had been arrested. To their exertions, and to the fact that the League funds were safe in the keeping of the treasurer in Paris, is due that the struggle was not relinquished until one other notable concession was gained—namely, the Arrears Bill. This Act met with a stubborn resistance in the House of Lords, intensified by some occurrences which preceded it, to which we will briefly allude.

The immediate effect of the high-handed policy the government had entered on by wholesale arrests of "suspects," and especially by the imprisonment of Parnell and other members of parliament, was to exasperate the public mind to retaliate on the landlords and their satraps. Consequently for a period—happily brief—it was no longer the shadow, but the substance, of agrarian crime that stalked abroad: proving how false the accusation that the Land League leaders had excited the people to deeds of violence; while they were, on the contrary, the preservers of peace, and it was the first principle of their programme. This fact Mr. Parnell and others had repeatedly urged on the government without effect, but now the event verified his words, for a state of things resembling the White-boy period began to prevail in the rural districts. As a retaliatory measure, and probably without designing to sustain so advanced a position, Mr. Parnell at this time issued the famous "No Rent" manifesto, which in its dissyllabic form, and bearing the signature of all the Land League leaders, was readily interpreted by the people as an injunction to pay no more rent until the "suspects" were all set at liberty. There supervened on this bold stroke of Parnell a regular reign of terror. Buckshot Forster, the modern Cromwell, revelling in the delight of exercising to the utmost the autocratic powers conferred on him by the Coercion Act, poured his bayonetted police and military on every point where a public meeting was announced to be held or a gathering of the people for any purpose was expected, and filled the land with spies in the pay of the castle. In this Coercion campaign, his satellite, Clifford Lloyd, whose jurisdiction was in the South, seconded him most ably; and between these worthies, the people—the male portion of them, at least—lived in mortal fear of being hurried off to prison at any hour for a lightly spoken word or an innocent act, construed by some cutthroat spy into a breach of law. There is a class of men, however, who in excited periods like this cannot be awed into submission by such methods; but who are goaded into madness by the tyrant's lash, and fling defiance in his teeth. To this category, doubtless, belonged the desperate band of men known as "Moonlighters," who "made night hideous" in the rural districts of Cork and Kerry at this period by midnight raids on the houses of obnoxious persons and deeds of vindictive cruelty. The English premier could no longer shut his eyes to the serious consequences of imprisoning the leaders of the people, or of keeping in custody hundreds of men, the hope and mainstay of many a home, on the shadow of a suspicion, or on strength of some paltry accusation, attested by a perjured policeman or spy. A change of policy was decided on.

The suspects were released, and the nation at large was also released from the iron rule of that monster Buckshot Forster, who was superseded in office by Lord Frederick Cavendish as chief secretary. These auspicious changes seemed to herald a reign of peace, or, at least, a period of more harmonious relations between the people and their rulers; but that evil genius which, in the life of a nation as in that of an individual, steps in to mar its hope and dash to the ground its joyous cup, intruded early on the scene. The Phœnix Park tragedy, as it may well be called, occurred on the evening of Saturday, May 6, 1882. Its victims were Mr. Thomas H. Burke, the under-secretary, and Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new chief-secretary. Under-secretary Burke, on that evening, was walking from the Castle to his lodge or official residence in the Phœnix Park, when he accidentally met Lord Cavendish, who accompanied him in the direction he was going. When near the Phœnix Monument, they were surrounded by five or six men, armed with knives, who attacked them instantly. Surprised and unarmed the secretaries made scarcely any resistance, and were stabbed and hurled to the ground where they expired in a few minutes. This awful affair, as might well be expected, aroused a fierce feeling of indignation against Ireland in the sister kingdom, more especially for the murder of Lord Cavendish, who was commissioned to be the bearer of an olive-branch, and the herald of an era of tranquillity to the oppressed country. Lord Cavendish's murder, however, it has been almost conclusively shown, was not planned nor intended. He happened to be in bad company on this occasion, and through this accident, shared the fate of his companion—Burke—who, it has been asserted, busied himself unnecessarily in unearthing Fenian fugitives at the time of the Rising, and indicating to the lord-lieutenant the "Suspects" of the Land League period. This circumstance however, was overlooked in the storm of anger and indignation provoked by the perpetration of the cold-blooded deed; and a clamor was raised in the press, and from platform and pulpit, calling on the government to put a period to the era of assassination and anarchy in Ireland. The English government responded by framing a measure—the Crimes Act—for a model of which they must have searched among the musty records of the Spanish Inquisition, or sought in the archives of the czar. It conferred autocratic powers on judges—trial by jury being in abeyance—suppressed public meetings and gagged the press. In a word, it essayed to extinguish the already faint, flickering light of liberty in the land.

The enactment of this measure, however, was not accomplished without meeting determined but, of course, unavailing opposition, from Mr. Parnell and his colleagues. The powers conferred on the magistrates, the police and the entire Irish executive, were such as afforded the latter facilities for searching any house or premises, at any hour of the day or night; and the Phœnix Park murderers, though for months they eluded search and inquiry, were at length in the toils. It was discovered that they belonged to a secret society, called the "Irish Invincibles," presided over by a man styled "Number One" and their mission was the assassination of Castle and other officials of the Crown in Ireland.

Soon after the enactment of the Crimes Act, the Arrears Act was introduced, and notwithstanding the attempts of the House of Lords to neutralize its beneficial features by sundry amendments, it finally became law on August 11, 1882. The Arrears Act was intended to supplement the Land Act, by remedying a radical defect in the latter. The small tenants, at the time the Land Act was passed, were most of them in arrear for three years' rent. The Land Courts could not hear their cases as they were disqualified, and the landlord might evict them summarily. The Arrears Act was designed to remedy this distressing state of things, and its provisions were, that the tenant should pay one-third the amount he owed the landlord; that the government should also out of the public treasury pay one-third to the landlords; and that the landlords should forego the remaining one-third.

The trials of the Phœnix Park prisoners took place in the spring of 1883, and lasted nearly two months. In their midst was a Judas named James Carey, whose treachery was of so black a hue that when the sanctimonious hypocrite—the regular church-attendant and meek Christian—presented his saturnine visage on the witness

stand, some of the prisoners started back with a shudder, incredulous that he of all men, who had plotted the whole infernal business, who had been their guide and counselor and leader, was there to sell them body and soul. This he did to save his own dirty skin, and he accomplished his object, so far for awhile—for awhile how brief the sequel will serve to show. On the evidence of James Carey five of the "Invincible" prisoners were convicted and received the capital sentence. Their names were Joseph Brady, Daniel Curley, Michael Fagan, Thomas Caffrey and Timothy Kelly. Their executions took place in Dublin, in the months of May and June, 1883. Several others received sentence of penal servitude for being implicated in the assassination plot. Such a blot on the face of creation as James Carey must needs hide from the light of day like the owl, and of all places on earth the government chose for him a most congenial retreat — Newgate prison, hoary and begrimed with the dust and sooty London smoke of centuries, its atmosphere laden with the muttered curses and despairing blasphemies of condemned criminals. This was the temporary abode of James Carey; better for him had it been his permanent residence; and more appropriate his passage to that higher or lower apotheosis which awaited him by way of the hangman's trap, which on occasion, adorns the courtyard of that gloomy hostlery. But the government must needs transplant, in one of its distant colonies, this precious sprout, with a view, doubtless, to the propagation of the genus informer, and so they shipped James and his better-half and chicks to Port Elizabeth, in Cape Colony, South Africa. Cape Town was reached in safety, and here James Carey and family transshipped on board the steamer Melrose, for Port Elizabeth. Nemesis was on his track in the person of Patrick O'Donnell, a fellow-passenger on board the Melrose. An acquaintance sprang up between the two men; and O'Donnell, from the descriptions he had heard of Carey's personal appearance, was not slow in recognizing in his *compangon de voyage*, the notorious informer; and his sensibilities were shocked by the discovery that he had given the hand of friendship to such a wretch. An altercation between these men on Sunday, July 29, 1883, resulted (according to O'Donnell's statement) in Carey drawing his revolver on O'Donnell, whereupon O'Donnell—as he claims in self-defense—fired his own revolver twice at Carey, with fatal effect. O'Donnell was immediately placed under arrest, and on the arrival of the Melrose at Port Elizabeth, was taken before a magistrate, who recommitted him for trial in England, as the shooting had taken place on the high seas. The doom of O'Donnell, tried before an English judge and jury, was a foregone conclusion, and though he had the advantage of the most able counsel that money could procure, and there was no lack of funds for his defense—the *Irish World* alone having raised upward of fifty-five thousand dollars for this purpose—his conviction was secured. One of the most eminent lawyers of the New York bar, Gen. Roger A. Pryor, was specially retained and sent to London to assist his English counsel, Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., and Mr. A. M. Sullivan. The line of defense adopted was admittedly skillful, and the pleading most able; but reason and rhetoric were alike unavailing to make the least impression on the stolid minds of an English jury, swayed by a strong bias and bound to convict. His execution took place on the morning of December 17, 1883, at Newgate Prison, London. At Derrybeg, in the county Donegal, where he was born, a requiem mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul, and a funeral procession in his memory took place on the 24th of January, 1884. In connection with this latter episode of Irish history, two circumstances are particularly noticeable, namely, that the "taking off" of James Carey evoked not one solitary sigh of regret (outside of his family circle) throughout the wide domain of Christendom, nor has the act of Patrick O'Donnell, whether criminal, or as he claimed in self-defense, brought on him public censure, living or dead. And the reason is not far to seek. The lifeless body of the Roman usurper, laid at the foot of Pompey's Pillar, or the blood-dripping head of Holofernes, are not historical objects of pity, and never till the men and women who have rid the world of tyranny, treachery, corruption are held up to universal execration, shall the stigma of murder be set on the fame of Patrick O'Donnell.

The revolutionary "blowing up" idea, which so far back as the year 1867, at the Clerkenwell

explosion took practical shape, has been revived again in the present year and following on many abortive attempts, such as those on the Mansion House and elsewhere, has, at length, by the decided impression created on the new government Home-Offices in Whitehall, proved to the world at large that it is a factor in Irish politics by no means to be ignored, and since it is no longer the comparatively easy-going gunpowder of our ancestors, but the newly-found dynamite demon, its possibilities of development and destructiveness are quite incalculable. O'Donovan Rossa, the implacable enemy of England, who, at his trial, bearded the British lion in his den, is said (with what amount of truth I am unable to say) to be the guiding spirit of this movement.

The year 1883 will be memorable for an event which brought sorrow to many an Irish heart at home, and the news of which had a mournful significance for thousands of exiles beyond the billows of the Atlantic, namely, the death of the illustrious orator and divine, Father Burke. Father Burke's sermons and lectures attracted thousands of auditors on almost every occasion of their delivery, and evoked the highest encomiums, even from the Protestant press of England. They are marked by profound learning and incontrovertible logic, and in their delivery he possessed a facility of expression and an attractiveness of style which fascinated his hearers. His visit to America was opportune, as it gave to the Irish race in the United States a champion of their character and nation against the libelous slanders of the mercenary historian, James Athony Froude. In Father Burke, Froude encountered a foeman worthy of his steel. The great Dominican, whose ripe scholarship and unerring reasoning powers fully equipped him for such a controversy, scattered to the winds the lies attempted to be foisted on American audiences under the guise of history; and this great public service alone will forever endear him to the grateful remembrance of his countrymen, and has earned for him the admiration of all lovers of truth. His death occurred at Tallaght, in the county of Dublin, on the 2d of July, 1883.

One other most important political event of this year remains to be noted, namely, the founding of the National League, which has merged the Land Leagues of Ireland and America and amalgamated with it all other Irish organizations in the United States. The National Conference, which preceded the organization of the National League, was held at the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin, on the 7th of October, 1882. It showed the activity of the Irish leaders, and proved that those at the helm would no longer sit idly on their oars, for, as the Land League could be no longer be made available for further usefulness, an organization to succeed it, capable of wider expansion and with a broader constitution, was then and there discussed. The programme of the National League was subsequently drawn up at a convention held in the Rotunda, Dublin, and included National and Local Self-government, Land Law Reform, extension of the parliamentary and municipal franchises, and also the development and encouragement of the industrial and labor interests of the country.

The Philadelphia Convention, held in June, 1883, attended by delegates from all the Irish-American societies, fully indorsed the constitution drawn up by the Dublin Convention. The Land League being then declared dissolved, the National League of America was founded amid the greatest enthusiasm.

So far runs the record of seventeen years—a brief space in a nation's life—yet fraught with many exciting national events in Ireland, and fruitful of important and beneficial changes in her welfare. The organization of the National League just mentioned, of all other events, warrants the hope with which this supplementary history set out, namely, that the day of Ireland's independence is not far distant. A United Ireland, the dream of her poets, and the aim of her patriots and martyrs; the Celtic race at home and in exile, linked in one great fraternity; this have we seen accomplished in our day. Guided by judicious leaders, and pursuing its course with unflinching fidelity to the policy outlined in its constitution, its power and importance must be immense; and may, at any critical juncture, prove irresistible to its ancient foe. Much has been accomplished in a few years, and the possibilities of the future are incalculable. Let us not sit idly in the market place. Let each man's hand be on the plow,

and his part in this great struggle be honestly performed. Commensurate with the fulfillment of these conditions shall be the success of this great organization; and in the hope that wisdom will guide its councils, and persistency mark its progress, I am not over-sanguine in predicting that the hope of this generation will be fulfilled in the next—a National Parliament again assembled in College Green, above which shall wave the green flag of Ireland, and proclaim her a free nation.

CHAPTER XCIII.

"PARNELLISM AND CRIME"—THE HOME RULE BILL.

IRELAND'S arch enemy, the London *Times*, did not miss the opportunity offered by the Phœnix Park tragedy to unmask its batteries of slander against its victim, and singled out the great national leader for special attack in a series of articles entitled "Parnellism and Crime," the purport of which was to show conclusively that Mr. Parnell, Michael Davitt, and all the prominent Nationalists were secretly in league with the "Invincibles," the "Moonlighters," and all the malcontents and miscreants of the period. Not only in league with the latter, but had instigated and abetted their evil deeds, especially the Phœnix Park murders. That money had been advanced from the Land League fund to James Carey, of the "Invincibles," and others, to forward their nefarious designs, was also averred. No qualifying doubts or hesitancy characterized the language in which these serious charges against Parnell and his colleagues were set down; but, on the contrary, a solemn, portentous tone pervaded the writer's startling avowal. The underlying motive—to ruin the reputation of the Irish leaders, especially in the eyes of the English electors—was veiled under a well-assumed sincerity and pretended sense of duty, impelling the writer to forewarn the public what manner of men these Nationalists were. To those acquainted with Mr. Parnell's character and methods, those who had watched his public career from his first entry into the arena of politics, and noted the constitutional methods he had invariably pursued, these disclosures were simply incredible. Yet the persistency with which the charges were reiterated was well calculated to raise up doubt and apprehension in most men's minds. For three months or more these libels were on the intellectual bill of fare furnished forth daily to John Bull. But the end was not yet. While the Coercion Bill was under debate (Balfour's first-born, stamped indelibly with original sin) the "Thunderer" fulminated a new kind of projectile, calculated to carry conviction to doubting minds and create consternation in the Parnellite constituencies—a forged letter authenticated with Parnell's own signature, and then another, and several others in succession. It will not be out of place to insert here a few of these interesting epistles.

"MAY 15, 1882.

"DEAR SIR: I am not surprised at your friend's anger, but he and you should know that to denounce the murders was the only course open to us. To do that promptly was plainly our best policy. But you can tell him and all others concerned that though I regret the accident of Lord F. Cavendish's death, I cannot refuse to admit that Burke got no more than his deserts. You are at liberty to show him this and others whom you can trust also, but let not my address be known. He can write to House of Commons.

"Yours very truly,
"CHAS. S. PARNELL."

Another letter was as follows:

"JANUARY 9, 1882.

"DEAR E.: What are these fellows waiting for? This inaction is inexcusable; our best men are in prison and nothing is being done. Let there be an end of this hesitancy. Prompt action is called for. You undertook to make it hot for old Forster, etc. Let us have some evidence of your power to do so. My health is good, thanks.

"Yours very truly,
"CHAS. S. PARNELL."

The following letter purporting to be written by Patrick Egan, treasurer of the Land League, also appeared:

"I have by this post sent M. £200. He will give you what you want. When will you undertake to get to work and give us value for our money?

"Faithfully yours,
"PATRICK EGAN.

"JAMES CAREY, Esq."

Subsequent disclosures proved conclusively that the Government was behind the *Times* in the conspiracy to ruin Mr. Parnell; and the Tory leader of the House of Commons, W. H. Smith, was noticeably active in circulating these libels, which were published in pamphlet form and for sale at all his railroad book-stalls. Mr. Parnell was urged to take action against the *Times*, and clear himself of the odium heaped on his name; but he hesitated for long, and not without good and sufficient reasons. At length, however, he demanded that the charges be tested before a tribunal composed of members of the House. Mr. Smith answered that the Government would consent to have a criminal prosecution entered against the *Times*, and that the attorney-general be instructed to act as counsel for the prosecution. The duplicity shown in this evasive answer, the mockery of making a show of fighting Parnell's battle while they were playing into the hands of the *Times*, could not fail of being detected even by men less wary than the Nationalist members. The offer was declined, and the *Times* immediately renewed the charges in more aggravated terms, and challenged Mr. Parnell to go before a London jury; but the wise leader hesitated to take what under ordinary circumstances would have been the proper course. The cockney juryman is not remarkable for capacity of intellect, and could hardly be expected to form a just estimate of an Irish political organization, or determine whether its leaders led, as was charged, double lives in a political sense, pursuing their objects by open and constitutional methods in daytime, but under cover of darkness sending out murderous emissaries armed with knives and six-shooters. A London jury would, in all probability, be swayed by their prejudices, as in the case of O'Donnell, who was hurried to his doom even though a grave doubt existed that the charge of murder could be sustained, his plea being that Carey was the aggressor, and that he (O'Donnell) had fired on the informer in self-defence. An unlooked-for incident or precedent occurred at this juncture which precipitated the famous *Times* prosecution case. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, a writer on the *Morning Post*, considering that he also had been libelled, began suit against the *Times*. In this action the plaintiff was not successful, but the case directed renewed attention to the forged letters, and further pressure being brought to bear on the Government, a royal commission, presided over by three judges, was appointed to hear what proved to be perhaps the most remarkable libel suit of this century Sir Charles Russell's speech for the plaintiff—a masterly effort which took several days in delivery—was in reality a historical review of the causes proximate or remote of crime in Ireland, and was in itself not only an indictment of the *Times*, but also of the Government back of it. One extract from this remarkable address will reveal piecemeal one phase of Ireland's wrongs. Quoting Lord Dufferin (late Governor-General of Canada) in his work, "Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland," Sir Charles read this remarkable passage to the court: "From Queen Elizabeth's reign until within a few years all the known and authorized commercial confraternities of Great Britain never for a moment relaxed their relentless grasp on the trades of Ireland. One by one each of our nascent industries was either strangled in its birth or handed over gagged and bound to the jealous custody of the rival interest in England, until at last every fountain of wealth was hermetically sealed, and even the traditions of commercial enterprise have perished through desuetude." Another passage *apropos* of the Land question was as follows: "The owners of England's pastures opened the campaign. As early as the commencement of the 16th century the beeves of Roscommon, Tipperary and Queen's County undersold the produce of the English grass counties in their own market. By an Act of the 20th of Elizabeth, Irish cattle were declared a "nuisance" and their importation was prohibited. Forbidden to send our beasts alive across the Channel, we killed them at home and began to supply the sister country with cured provisions. A second act of Parliament imposed prohibitory duties on salted meats. The hides of the animals still remained, but the same influence soon put a stop to the importation of leather. Our cattle trade abolished, we tried sheep farming. The sheep breeders of England immediately took alarm, and Irish wool was declared contraband by a parliament of Charles II. Headed in this direction we tried to work

up the raw material at home, but this created the greatest outcry of all. Every maker of fustian, flannel and broadcloth in the country rose up in arms, and by an Act of William III. the woollen trade of Ireland was extinguished, and twenty thousand manufacturers left the island. The easiness of the Irish labor market and the cheapness of provisions still giving us an advantage, even though we had to import our materials, we next made a dash at the silk business; but the silk manufacturer proved as pitiless as the wool staplers. The cotton manufacturer, the sugar refiner, the soap and candle maker, and any other trade or interest that thought it worth while to petition was received by Parliament with the same partial cordiality, until the most searching scrutiny failed to detect a single vent through which it was possible for the hated industry of Ireland to respire. But, although excluded from the markets of Britain, a hundred harbors gave her access to the universal sea. Alas! a rival commerce on her own element was still less welcome to England, and as early as the reign of Charles II., the Levant, the ports of Europe, and the oceans beyond the Cape were forbidden to the flag of Ireland. The colonial trade alone was in any manner open—if that could be called an open which for a long time precluded all exports whatever, and excluded from direct importation to Ireland such important articles as sugar, cotton, and tobacco. What has been the consequence of such a system pursued with relentless pertinacity for two hundred and fifty years? This: that, debarred from every other trade and industry, the entire nation flung itself back upon *the land* with as fatal an impulse as when a river whose current is suddenly impeded rolls back and drowns the valley it once fertilized."

In the unraveling of the case was disclosed a vile conspiracy having for its principal agent a man named Houston, the Secretary of the Loyal and Patriotic Union (a landlord brotherhood), and Richard Pigott, at one time owner of a well-known Dublin paper, *The Irishman.* Pigott's baseness was of earlier date. He had offered his wares—forged letters and information relating to the Nationalists—to the late Chief-Secretary Forster—"Buckshot" Forster as he is best known. Forster declined to purchase the letters, though he helped out Pigott with loans of money until the latter became too importunate in his demands. The end of this remarkable case—the confession of Richard Pigott to Mr. Labouchere in presence of George Augustus Sala that all the libelous letters published in the *Times* were forged by his own hand—was followed by the wretched man's flight and suicide at a hotel in Madrid. This unlooked-for denouement was a signal triumph for Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, and the scene in the House of Commons on March 1st when Mr. Parnell rose to speak was altogether unprecedented. Every Liberal—Gladstone, Morley, Harcourt, included—arose and cheered him wildly for several minutes.

On June 8th, 1885, an amendment to the second reading of Mr. Gladstone's Budget, proposed by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, led to a division that unseated the ministry, and the chief factor in its downfall was the Irish vote, which then numbered only thirty-nine, and was thrown into the opposition scale. The exultation of the party over the downfall of "Buckshot" Forster and his tyrannical regime was well merited, and Mr. Parnell was heard to remark: "A united Irish party can hold in its hand the destinies of England's governments." A bill enlarging the franchise in Ireland so as to equalize it with the franchise in England and Scotland had been passed while the Gladstone Ministry was in power. In the general election that ensued the effect was seen in an overwhelming majority for the Parnellites. Mr. Gladstone was again returned to power under a pledge to bring in a Home Rule bill. Several members of his cabinet were opposed to the measure and resigned—the Marquis of Hartington, Sir George Trevelyan, and Joseph Chambers. Notwithstanding this desertion by his lieutenants, Mr. Gladstone redeemed his promise on April 8, 1886, by introducing his Home Rule bill in a speech which by many is ranked as the masterpiece of all his orations. The main features of the bill may be summed up briefly as follows. It provides for the constitution of an Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin with the queen at its head. The Parliament, which is to be quinquennial, is to consist of three hundred and nine members divided into two "orders;" one hun-

dred and three members in the first and two hundred and six in the second order. The first order to consist of the twenty-eight Irish representative peers and its remaining members to be elective. At the end of thirty years the rights of peerage members will lapse and the whole of the first order will be elective. The elective members will sit for ten years and will be elected by constituencies subsequently to be formed. The elective member must possess a property qualification or income of two hundred pounds a year. The franchise is restricted: the elector having to possess or occupy land of the annual value of twenty-five pounds. The second "order" is to be elected on the existing franchise—the representation of each constituency being doubled. For the first Parliament the Irish members now sitting in the House of Commons will constitute one-half the members of the second order. The lord lieutenant has power given him to arrange for the procedure at the first sitting, the election of Speaker and other details. If a bill is lost by the disagreement of the two orders voting separately, the matter in dispute shall be considered as vetoed, or lost, for three years. After that time, if the question shall be again raised, it shall be submitted to the legislative body as a whole, both shall vote together and the majority decide. The responsible executive will be constituted the same as in England. The leader of the majority will be called upon by the lord lieutenant to form a government responsible to the Irish Parliament. The queen retains the right—to be exercised through the lord lieutenant—of giving or withholding her assent to bills and can dissolve or summon Parliament when she pleases. All constitutional questions that may arise as to whether the Irish Parliament has exceeded its powers will be decided by the judicial committee of the privy council. The prerogatives of the crown are untouched. Imperial questions—the making of peace or war, all foreign relations, questions of international law or treaties, matters relating to naturalization, to trade, navigation and quarantine; coinage, weights and measures; copyrights and patents; all these and others to be controlled by the Imperial Parliament. For a time, the customs and excise duties are to be levied by officers appointed, as now, by the British treasury. All other taxes will be imposed and collected under the authority of the Irish Parliament. We have given merely a few leading features of the bill which on all hands was admitted to be very defective—in fact, a lame and halting measure and regarded by Mr. Parnell as by no means a final settlement of the Irish question; but rather as a first instalment of justice, he and his followers supported it. The bill was defeated, however by a majority of thirty on June 7th, and then came another general election.

CHAPTER XCIV.

COERCION—THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN—DEATH OF MR. PARNELL—THE HOME RULE BILL PASSED—RETIREMENT OF MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Parnell early in the last session of Parliament had introduced a bill for the amelioration of small tenants precluded from the benefits of the Land Act, and in distress through arrears. The bill was defeated, and the prospect before the poorer class of farmers whom it might have saved was wholesale eviction. To combat the horrors implied in that term a distinguished member of the Nationalist party (it is said John Dillon) formulated the famous plan of campaign. In October, 1886, *United Ireland* published the programme which was laid down for the oppressed tenantry, and it is but just to say they proved loyal to it; and so were, in most cases, saved from being utterly crushed under the tyrannical regime that ensued when the new coalition ministry came into office. The latter, with Lord Salisbury for premier, was composed of true-blue Tories and weak-kneed Liberals who styled themselves "Liberal-Unionists." When Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who was then chief secretary for Ireland, resigned, he was succeeded by the prime minister's nephew, Mr. Arthur Balfour. If history should not give this gentleman's name prominence and rank him with Lord Arthur Grey and other of Queen Elizabeth's gentle lieutenants, such as Carew and Inchiquin, then it is not because the aspiring young statesman has not earned that distinction. First by framing a coercion bill which invested every policeman with judicial powers so that he might arrest whom he pleased as a "suspect." The "suspect" could be held for an indefinite period

and was denied the opportunity of proving his innocence, for by another provision of the bill, trial by jury was in abeyance and Justice with her scales was ruled out of court. Crime, or rather the shadow or "suspicion" of crime, against which the measure was to operate consisted chiefly in unlawful assemblies, and by its ingenious framers any gathering of people in the open air or behind closed doors could be classed unlawful and dispersed and its leaders locked up. Like Caligula, the new secretary evinced a desire—such was the spirit in which the diabolical bill was drawn—that the nation collectively had but one neck so as he might clutch it by the throat. As it was, nearly all the prominent members of Parliament were caught in the toils beside the Lord Mayor of Dublin and many other notable persons; and while all these innocent men languished in jail a reign of terror was inaugurated outside. One of the saddest occurrences of this period happened at Mitchelstown, in county Cork. A meeting was being held there on behalf of the tenantry of a local estate at which Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Dillon and several English gentlemen sympathizers were present. Without warning of any kind the police burst in upon the crowd and batoned every one in the vicinity of the platform or on the street, and when in retaliation for this gross outrage and supererogation on the part of the "guardians of the peace" a few stones were flung at these brutal hirelings, they withdrew to the shelter of their barracks and opened fire on the unarmed people—deadly fire, for, sad to relate, three men and a boy paid the forfeit of their lives to that inhuman savagery. Mr. Balfour endeavored to shift responsibility from the police and rid himself of the odium this cowardly massacre entailed on the government by lying and prevarication, and utterly ignored the result of the coroner's inquest, which was a verdict of murder against the police. The treatment of Mr. William O'Brien, of poor Mandeville and others while in prison—brutal and ferocious—brought Balfour's regime under universal condemnation; but yet had little effect in staying the tyrant's iron hand. The plan of campaign proved perhaps the most effectual safeguard against the cold-blooded crusade set on foot by this latter-day Cromwell. Notwithstanding the fact that the rack-renting landlords were openly backed up by government, since at every eviction large contingents of police and often military were present to aid the sheriffs and his bailiffs; yet the campaigners won many a victory even from stern, unyielding lords of the soil. The fight was long and bitter and attracted world-wide attention.

The split which at a most inopportune moment divided the Nationalist party into two hostile camps, cast a gloomy cloud on the horizon of Ireland's rising hopes; and left in doubt for many a day the issue of this unlooked-for and most unnatural antagonism. In reverence to the memory of the great departed leader—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—we will do no more than allude to the divorce trial in which his name figured and which caused Mr. Gladstone to disavow all future alliance with Mr. Parnell as leader of the Irish Home Rule party. The secession of many of Mr. Parnell's own followers, his denouncement by the Irish bishops—the contested elections, and all the bitterness and recriminaton and bad blood evoked through this unseemly contention, can only be mentioned with deep regret and humiliation that ever such an exhibition was made before the nations by former friends and allies, and comrades in the fight. But a greater affliction was soon to plunge the nation in grief and cast a dark pall over the land, and wring the bitter pang of regret even from those who had lately taunted and vilified him. Parnell, the high-souled patriot the far-seeing statesman—the fearless, unflinching champion of Erin's rights, who had struggled and battled and led the people to within sight of the promised land of freedom—Parnell was no more! His death occurred at Brighton, England, on October 6, 1891. The immense funeral cortege that escorted his remains to Glasnevin Cemetery—the entire city of Dublin draped in mourning, but more than that, the sobbing and weeping above his bier and along the route of the funeral procession—attested the universal grief of the people for the loss of Ireland's greatest son.

The long-wished-for exit of Lord Salisbury's Tory cabinet came at the expiration of their full term in office, and again Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals returned to power.

The Liberal premier who had pledged himself

to Home Rule as the first measure on the party programme proceeded to redeem his promise soon after the opening of Parliament, which latter took place on the January 13, 1893. The speech in which the new bill was introduced was lucid and comprehensive—going into every detail and providing for every exigency that might confront the embryo Irish legislature. In his introductory remarks Mr. Gladstone laid it down as a well-proved axiom that Ireland could only be governed in one of two ways—coercion or autonomy; but coercion was a flagrant breach of the promise on the face of which the Act of Union was obtained. The provisions of the bill showed that many defects in the bill of 1886 had been remedied—notably those in regard to the continuity of Irish representation in the English House of Commons; the constitution of a legislative council; the equitable adjustment of Ireland's contribution to the imperial exchequer and the fiscal arrangements in general; the gradual retirement of the existing police force; and other various details relating to the Irish legislature and executive. On the whole, the bill was a long step in advance of its predecessor, and though not a full realization of the hopes of the Irish Home Rulers, yet it received their cordial support. The bill after being debated in the House and in committee passed its third reading and was sent to the House of Lords, where it was rejected by an overwhelming majority, and amid contemptuous laughter, on September 8, 1893. This only showed the Peers true to their traditional instincts, and caused little surprise; and Mr. Gladstone was fully prepared for such a contingency. He did not dissolve Parliament, but would continue to hold the reins of power until every measure of reform on the Liberal programme had been passed by the Commons. Then he would appeal to the country with every prospect of receiving a full indorsement of his policy, and send back to the Lords the Home Rule bill and several English Reform bills. If the Lords persisted in their antagonism to the popular will, then there remained for the Liberal leader that *dernier ressort* for which a precedent is found so far back as two hundred and forty years ago—namely, to propose the abolition of the Upper Chamber. Common sense is in accord with the opinions of shrewd politicians who predict that the Lords will not long pursue a suicidal policy; and hence it is not deluding one's self to take an optimistic view of the situation.

The enforced retirement of Mr. Gladstone from public life some six months ago on account of the impairment of his eyesight caused a feeling of genuine and widespread regret that the House should know no more, perhaps, the Nestor of debate and that the Home Rule movement had lost its brilliant standard-bearer. The latest account of the great statesman's condition affords a hope that he may re-enter public life; but whether it be so or not, the Home Rulers and the Liberal party in general can congratulate themselves that the mantle of the Grand Old Man has fallen on a nobleman who, so far, has proved himself loyal to the principles that in later years have guided Mr. Gladstone's policy; and men in the position to know him, ground their faith in Lord Roseberry on the sincerity of purpose shown in his public career. The Home Rule question, however, is no longer dependent on the fealty or caprice of any leader: the great Liberal party of England as a unit has placed it first and foremost of every other reform; and no obstruction by an imbecile House of Peers can stay the wheels of progress, or nullify the will of the people and its representatives.

VALEDICTORY.

Dear Young Fellow-Countrymen: The story of our country, which I have endeavored to narrate for your instruction and entertainment, terminates here—for the present. Time as it rolls onward will always be adding to its chapters. Let us hope it may be adding to its glories.

The lesson which "The Story of Ireland" teaches is, Hope, Faith, Confidence in God. Tracing the struggles of the Irish people, one finds himself overpowered by the conviction that an all-wise Providence has sustained and preserved them as a nation for a great purpose, for a glorious destiny.

My task is done; and now I bid farewell to my young friends who have followed my story-telling so far. I trust I have not failed in the purpose, and shall not be disappointed in the hopes which impelled me to this labor of love.

God Save Ireland!

ROBERT EMMET.

DYING SPEECH OF THE GREAT PATRIOT OF '98—WORDS THAT WILL EVER THRILL THE HEARTS OF FREEMEN.

"Not in Power, Not in Profit, but in the Glory of the Achievement," his Only Ambition.

WHAT have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination, nor that it becomes me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and by which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored, as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country, to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am about to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammeled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is at present buffeted. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy, for there must be guilt somewhere—whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the fields in defense of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.

Lord Norbury: "The weak and wicked enthusiasts who feel as you feel are unequal to the accomplishment of their wild designs."

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the Throne of Heaven before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence.

ROBERT EMMETT.

Think not, my lords, that I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to utter a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated will not leave a weapon in the power of envy nor a pretense to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

Lord Norbury: "You proceed to unwarrantable lengths in order to exasperate or delude the unwary, and circulate opinions of the most dangerous tendency for purposes of mischief."

Again I say that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy; my expressions were for my countrymen. If there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction—

Lord Norbury: "What you have hitherto said confirms and justifies the verdict of the jury."

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is that boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame of the scaffold's terror would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice? If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts upon my body, also condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; as a man to whom fame is dearer than life I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressor, or—

Lord Norbury: "Stop, sir! Listen to the sentence of the law."

My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me? Or rather, why insult justice in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question. The form also presumes the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since the sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury were impaneled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle. I submit to the sacrifice, but I insist on the whole of the forms.

Lord Norbury: "You may proceed, sir."

I am charged with being an emissary of France.

An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my countrymen; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No; I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? A change of masters? No; but for my ambition. Oh, my country! was it personal ambition that influenced me, had it been the soul of my actions, could it not, by my education and fortune, by the rank of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, whose reward is the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had destined her to fill. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only so far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought their aid—and we sought it as we had assurance we could obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war, and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass; the last spot on which the hope of freedom should desert me, there would I hold, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself in my fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is dishonorable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserve to be assisted—that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country; I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valor; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; that of allies who would perceive the good and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our trials and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. And it was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

. . . . . .

Lord Norbury: "I exhort you not to depart this life with such sentiments of rooted hostility to your country as those which you have expressed."

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and misery of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks my views, no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or objection, humiliation or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have

fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should only enter by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence—am I to be loaded with calumny and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions. To which Mr. Emmet replied:

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim (the soldiery filled and surrounded the Sessions House)—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave is open to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is—the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let them and me rest in obscurity and peace, and my name remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.